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Schopenhauer and Pessimism.

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I.

Many years ago, in old Greece, merry Democritus used to laugh at everybody, and gloomy Heraclitus was constantly seen with a look of sadness and melancholy. In them appeared the double phase of human life where a tear is always hidden behind a smile. Pessimism is but that dark disposition of the soul, become a second nature and reduced to an exclusive system. Considered from this standpoint it belongs to all ages and civilizations. Rarer among new-born nations, more frequent in antiquated monarchies, it fills the celebrated pages of Ecclesiastes, appears here and there in Homer and Virgil, permeates the poetry as well as the philosophy of Lucretius, transforms itself in the Fathers of the Church, buds amid the gigantic ruins made by the barbarians, appears again wild and bitter in Pascal, till it becomes the dominant note of European literature after the frightful convulsions of the French Revolution. But whether concealed under Goethe's elegant scepticism, Châteaubriand's dazzling imagination and Lamartine's vague sentimentality, or bursting forth in Byron's proud blasphemies and Longfellow's sweet, though monotonous melodies, it seems to have penetrated many a select soul, more naturally inclined to feel those highly-refined tastes of literary sorrows, and love with passion those extreme emotions of poetical despair. "The robust minds of modern times"—as one of them modestly calls his friends,—are too much taken up with the revelations of science or the severe lessons of history;

nor have they leisure enough to listen to those mournful voices which sing strange lamentations in the tender souls of mystical dreamers. And yet, notwithstanding the material discoveries of which our age is so proud, life is not easier, nor suffering less real, nor the causes of sadness less widely spread.

One point, moreover, remained to be proved: that what had been before looked upon as the dilettanteism of a few delicate or morbid imaginations was indeed the true, exact expression of reality. In order to establish scientifically the universal sway of pain and the imperious kingdom of sorrow, there must be something more decisive, more positive, than a few verses; though eloquent or inspired. A pretentious philosophy tried to replace the doubtful intuitions of poetry by exact demonstrations based on irrefutable reasonings. The question is no longer to know if this or that individual of the human race has a right to complain of his lot, or to doubt of a Providence ruling over all. We are told to believe that mankind, all nature even, is the wicked work of an evil power; in short, here below everything without exception is irrevocably doomed to suffer and finally to despair and die forever. Evil is not merely subjective and accidental, or the transitory state of single individuals; it is eternal, necessary, universal, an inevitable rule imposed by a cruel, implacable fatality to which all beings are subject; a merciless tyrant, more dreadful than the *δυναστης* of Greece or the "Fatum" of Rome. Formerly Buddhism attempted in India to embody and popularize this soul-harrowing doctrine; but it was reserved for Germany—the parent of bold theories in metaphysics—to build up a more radical system on Pessimism that was to undermine the strongest convictions and ruin the most sanguine hopes of mankind.

Our intention in this paper is to give merely a sketch of German Pessimism by briefly summing up the life, character and writings of its founder—Arthur Schopenhauer. Born at Dantzic in the year 1788, he exhibited even from his earliest childhood strange oddities and numberless manias. Too great importance has been attached nowadays to theories of inheritance. While objecting to the extreme conclusions drawn from blood and physiological tendencies, we believe the more firmly in the influence of home education. The child's father, absorbed as he was by the powerful interests of a large trade, does not seem to have given much time and care to the training of his son. Moreover, his mother, a kind of second-hand blue stocking, exceedingly fond of æsthetic assemblies and still more of worldly pleasures, appears to have had more at heart literary and artistic tastes than the formation of her child's conscience and soul. Thus young Arthur, almost left to himself, was never cheered and encouraged by the light, love and life of the family circle. And yet the youth, according to those who knew him, had a very expressive countenance with clean-cut and prominent features. His face, one of his admirers remarks, was "phosphorescent with wit." Necessity and circumstances independent of his will—even had he not been misanthropically inclined—brought him at an early age into contact with strangers, made him more serious than became his years, and awakened in him the spirit of observation by opening before his eyes the book of nature. He was scarcely ten years old, when he went to France, and there he may have heard of the first publications which made the name of Châteaubriand so popular. Whether he read them is very doubtful; but it is certain that they left no impression on his mind, for the contrast seems too striking between René's gentle, melancholy complaints and the bitter expression of his unsparing sarcasms.

His father having died in 1804, one would think that, heir to a considerable estate, he would devote himself to commercial pursuits for the remainder of his life; but all at once he gave himself wholly to philosophy. From his first master Schulze—a sceptic of some reputation—he heard these words: "Do not read any other philosopher before having deeply impressed yourself with Plato and Kant." Strange! The new disciple followed to the letter the advice of his master, and later on set his heart upon reconciling the greatest political metaphysician of Greece with the sharpest critic of modern Germany. In Berlin, where for a time he attended Fichte's lectures, far from being

dazzled, like many others, by that transcendent idealism, he took pleasure in adorning his university notes with biting remarks and the same cutting irony which afterwards contributed so much to the success of his books. But soon, giving up all the systems of his time, he began boldly to construct his own. In his two fundamental works, "The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason" and "The World as Will and Idea," lies his whole pessimism, not in a latent state, but clearly affirmed in its sweeping principles and strictly carried out to its direst consequences.

What was the great source of his bitter misanthropy? Whence arose that profound contempt for everything in the world? The cause of it cannot be found in the historical events of his age. Germany, inspired by an ardent patriotism, had just made an immense and victorious effort to free herself from a foreign yoke. Uhland's and Körner's warlike strains had far and wide electrified all noble souls, and political liberties, after receiving so many fair promises still cherished the most fruitful hopes. We cannot—as is the case with Lamartine and Byron—appeal to the various troubles, still less the precocious storms, of a changeable destiny or a venturesome career. Schopenhauer had to suffer neither the sternness of fate, nor the fickleness of fortune, and nothing leads us to believe that he felt from his first steps in life the gall or disconsolate bitterness of a blunted soul. For want of a better solution can we have recourse to his temperament? Some otherwise eminent critics declare that the most interesting point of his inexplicable metaphysics is what we know from his personality. In other instances it is especially by his writings that we are enabled to understand a writer; but here it seems that it is rather the author himself who must help us to explain his works. Schopenhauer had been gifted by nature with a morose mind and a disagreeable temper, holding a very high opinion of himself blended with an inexplicable scorn for others. "He was narrow and selfish, gloomy and conceited, bringing no cheer to other hearts and inspiring no noble thoughts as to the majesty of the human soul and the grandeur of human destiny." He suspected enemies everywhere, and fancied he could never invent precautions sufficient against their many attacks. "When I had nothing serious to disturb me," says he, "I used to fear on account of some imaginary danger." If after Hume he repeated the too well-known maxim "*homo homini lupus*," he constantly put it into practice till it became for him a real conviction.

II.

However this may be, his destiny completed what his personal humor had begun. After publishing his first work, the young philosopher went to Italy, seeking repose and distraction. There it was that he met the most notorious pessimist of the age—Lord Byron. On his return to Germany his name was not more widely known than when he left. Goethe and John Paul alone had a sort of presentiment of the noise which would be made one day by that new metaphysician. Excited by opposition and emboldened by failure, Schopenhauer conceived the ambition of becoming a master in his turn. Thus it is that at the age of thirty-eight we see him making his *début* as “privat-docent” in the University of Berlin. Did he expect a success the more certain because his views were more rash and his theories more original? Were perhaps his rashness and paradoxical teaching the cause of his failure? Or rather did the brilliant reputation of Schleiermacher, and still more that of Hegel, throw in the shade all new-born geniuses? At any rate, tired after the first session of addressing only empty seats, Schopenhauer resigned his professorship forever. From this fruitless attempt he preserved only a profound contempt of his countrymen and an implacable resentment for the official professors—“those old fogies, poor slaves tied down to routine, quite incapable of any intellectual independence, overloaded with an antiquated baggage of empty formulæ, impeded by a cargo of silly regards and selfish interests, and unfit to take their flight to higher and purer regions on the wings of progress and liberty.” What gives us the key to such graceful compliments is that during nearly a half century those stubborn professors purposely forgot to study Schopenhauer’s works, or even affected not to know him at all. The philosopher, thus left alone by the official body of the universities, did his best to avenge himself by cutting epigrams: “The terrible dread which they have of my writings,” said he one day, “is but the fear they have of truth.”

At that time Hegel ruled with an iron rod over all Germany; the yoke of his philosophical system pressed upon the country even more heavily than that of Eclecticism upon France. Nothing short of the political and social earthquake of 1848 became necessary to shake the empire of Hegelianism and restore some common sense to its most fanatical admirers. Schopenhauer showed the firmness and determination of his mind by revolting, alone and young as he was, against the barbarous philosophy with which all Germany was then intoxicated,

and which was to lead some of Hegel’s disciples into a kind of intellectual madness.

The fact is, however, that the first works of the new philosopher, “The Will in Nature” and “The Fundamental Problems of Ethics,” had but few readers, and a still smaller number of admirers. On seeing this almost universal indifference he felt naturally inclined to believe that “the human race was wanting in reason and truly deserving of pity.” There is nothing like wounded self-love to transform a peaceful and timid character into a sour, peevish and bilious nature. As this was his instinctive tendency, he had but to follow the bent of his temperament. It appears that as soon as his talent began to be known and praised, he found the world less hateful; his brow, sombre before, grew clearer, and his humor more cheerful. One of his friends, after meeting him at Frankfort in 1856, represents him “all amazed at the unexpected noise made around his doctrines,” whereas his astonishment or indignation had during forty years a cause entirely different.

A few months only before his death—which occurred in 1860—his chief work had scarcely reached a third edition. The philosopher so obstinately unknown, the prophet so utterly ignored even in his own country, used, or at least feigned, to console himself by giving vent to fits and freaks like these: “My age, after proclaiming Hegel—that intellectual Caliban, the most eminent of all metaphysicians,—has no longer any crown to award, any glory to bestow.” “I really pity my countrymen, accustomed as they are from their childhood to take airy verbiage for philosophy, worn-out sophistry for wisdom, and flat nonsense for dialectics.” “By daily feeding their brains with hollow words, which clash when put together, and stuffing their heads with formulæ so deeply obscure that the teacher knows nothing about their meaning, nor can the pupil find in them the least substance of reason nor even the shadow of thought, they have only succeeded in creating everywhere disorder and confusion.” In another passage of his great work, while explaining one of the famous maxims of Seneca, boldly inscribed on the first page, Schopenhauer cast into the face of his contemporaries this haughty declaration: “I am not a man of my age, but a man of the future—who knows? perhaps the Wagner of German Philosophy. You do not want to hear about me, and you pretend not to know so much as my name. It is all in vain: your sons, your grandsons, your great-grandsons will read me.” True, it was not to canonize him, as he expected, that they have waited till after his

death. Nevertheless, his prediction was partly fulfilled; his merit was tardily recognized, and not only at home but also abroad his name has thrown into the shade the glory of his most illustrious rivals.

There is a great philosopher, in particular, to whom Schopenhauer, far from dissembling his obligations, loudly declares that he is greatly indebted—Kant. "I admire," says he, "the depth of his intellect. I owe him so much, I took from him such valuable information, I received from him so powerful an impetus, that his genius might with reason and in full justice use towards me this beautiful line of Homer:

"Ἀχλὺν δ' αὐτὸς ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἔλκον, ἣ πρὶν ἐπ' ἦεν."

The two *critiques* are looked upon by him as the golden key that opens the door to Metaphysics. "Whosoever does not know Kant's philosophy, however extensive his science may be, is still, so to speak, in the state of innocence—that is, in that low condition of natural and instinctive realism in which we are all born." There remains for us to know if the new disciple really did credit to his master, or if, on the contrary, he did not justify to a great extent this judgment passed by a sagacious critic: "In spite of the good intentions of its founder, Kantism has been the fountain-head of the most abundant errors ever seen in philosophy. Neither the sophistry of Greece nor the scholasticism of the Middle Ages presents us with the spectacle of such an intellectual disorganization." Indeed, do not mention to Schopenhauer any of the legitimate or pretended continuators of the bold innovator: Fichte, Schelling, Hegel and their partisans are but mountebanks, as powerless to understand themselves as to make themselves understood by others. "The genuine and serious Philosophy is still where Kant left it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Byron.

The leading authors of the age may be divided into three classes, the first of which may comprehend those who have written avowedly and entirely for the few; the second those who have engaged the many, and the third those who have sought their audience in both classes, and have succeeded in forming, to some extent, at once an exoteric and esoteric school of admirers. Of the first class Coleridge and Wordsworth are the most noted, while Scott and Dickens lead the next. Byron easily heads the last. He began his career by appealing to the sympathies of the multitude.

When, either satiated by his too easy success, or driven on by the progress of his giant mind, he aimed at higher things, he sought—nor sought in vain—an audience more select. He used candor as a shield for malice, and how well, how fatally he used it, God alone knows. But the worst men speak something of what is good, and Byron was not an exception. He had his calmer moments, and these were chiefly when he was weary of hurling double-edged darts of sarcasm at the critics. It was then he wrote lines that express all the beauty of his mind without the bitterness of his spirit. His intellect, in itself essentially unspeculative, was forced upward into those rugged and dangerous tracks of thought where he gathered his rarest gems by intimacy with Shelley, by envious emulation of his Lake contemporaries and, more than all, by the wan hand of misery, unveiling heights and depths in his nature and genius which were before unknown and unsuspected, beckoning him onward through their grim and shadowy regions. He grew at once and equally in guilt, misery and power. An intruder, too, on domains where other minds had long fixed their calm and permanent dwelling, his appearance was startling. Here was a dandy discussing the great questions of natural and moral evil; a debauchee in silk hose meditating suicide or mouthing blasphemy on Alpine rocks; a brilliant and popular wit satirizing the principalities and powers of heaven as bitterly as he had the bards and reviewers of earth. Into those dizzy and fear-inspiring heights where Milton had entered a permitted guest, in privilege of virtue, into which Goethe had walked like a passionless and prying cherub, forgetting to worship in his absorbing desire to know, and on which Shelley was wrecked and stranded in the tempest of his fanatical unbelief—Byron is upborne by the presumption and despair of his mental misery. Unable to see through the high walls which bound and beset our limited faculties and little life, he can at least dash his head against them. Hence in his later poems we have him calling upon the higher minds of the time to be as miserable as he was, just as he had in his early works addressed the same sad message, less energetically and less earnestly, to the multitude. Were it not unspeakably painful to behold such a noble mind engaged in this profitless "apostleship of affliction," this thankless gospel of proclamation to men—that because they are miserable it is their duty to become more so; that because they are bad they are bound to become worse,—we might be moved to laughter by its striking resemblance to the old story of

the fox who had no tail. Poor Byron! If a kind Providence had but added to the exquisite qualities with which Nature had endowed this favored son, a nobler Faith and higher purpose; if It had but lent a guide to direct this wondrous mind, what a blessing it were for the race! what horrid moments it had spared the poet!

M. A. DONAHUE.

Gladiators.

The word gladiator is derived from the Latin *gladius*, a sword; and the name was given to a body of men whose duty it was to attack one another with the sword for the amusement of the Roman people. Originally, only captives, slaves and criminals took part in these combats; and, bound together two by two, they were obliged to fight till death. Afterwards, however, this art of murder rose to the dignity of a profession, which freemen felt no dishonor in embracing. They bound themselves by oath to fight till the last gasp, under penalty of being dispatched by the sword or of being whipped to death should they violate their engagement. Schools were established in which the profession of gladiator was taught, in order to have always on hand a sufficient number of artists.

Gladiators always wore a special costume by which they could be recognized. Gladiatorial combats took place at first only at the funerals of those who had been prominent in the state; but in course of time it became a point of honor with rich private citizens to leave a certain sum of money to defray the expenses of combats at their obsequies. At a still later date the magistrates and emperors, in their thirst for popularity, made these sanguinary exhibitions an occasion of rejoicing for the people, especially at the Saturnalia and festivals of Minerva. In early times, women were allowed to assist at these combats only with the permission of the authorities; but the universal corruption of morals soon caused this prohibition to cease, and reserved seats were assigned to women on the highest benches of the Amphitheatre. Senators, ambassadors from foreign nations, and vestal virgins, occupied the seats adjoining the emperor's throne. The passion for these atrocious amusements eventually became so violent that the most prominent men in the state—knights, magistrates, senators, and even the emperors themselves, adopted the profession of gladiators, and *O tempora! O mores!* even women, trampling under foot all the laws of modesty and all the decorum of their sex, unblushingly

entered the arena to oppose brutal mercenaries in single combat. Fathers and mothers witnessed and applauded the butchery of their own children, and considered themselves amply rewarded by the acclamations of those ferocious monsters who delighted in drowning in the enthusiasm of their brutal joy the last sighs of the unhappy wretches hacked to pieces before their eyes or given over to the fury of savage beasts. The number of victims thus sacrificed to the amusement of the Roman people can scarcely be imagined. Nero, wishing to enjoy a spectacle of a novel kind, obliged four hundred senators and six hundred knights to murder one another in his presence. Trajan, whom some historians profess to regard as a model prince, celebrated his victory over the Thracians by a grand combat in which ten thousand gladiators took part. Commodus, from his exploits in the arena, added to his long list of titles that of "Conqueror of a thousand gladiators." A reliable historian informs us that more lives were destroyed in these sanguinary games than in war.

In spite of the protestations of philosophers, the unbridled passion of the Romans for the combats of the arena communicated itself to the Greeks. It must be acknowledged also that many Roman writers raised their voices against these frightful amusements, but in vain. Livy and Marcellinus tell us that many dreaded to see Drusus and Gallus ascend the throne on account of their passion for these bloody spectacles. Seneca, in different passages of his works, declaims against the disorder to which they gave rise. Human philosophy, however, with all its pompous but powerless maxims, could not, as might be expected, triumph over the dispositions of a people habituated to regale itself with scenes of blood and slaughter. This glory was reserved for Christianity. Our Saviour, by the institution of Baptism, rendered sacred the life of man; the clergy never for an instant ceased to condemn these scenes of carnage, and in fact nothing less than the divine authority of Christianity would have been able to overcome a custom which had existed for centuries, or triumph over the pleasure which the Romans took in these infamous games. A people which asked of its tyrants only bread and games—"*panem et circenses*"—had to be taught that man has not the right to sacrifice the lives of his fellow-men simply for his own amusement. Gladiators were not admitted to baptism until they had renounced their profession. If they ever re-entered the arena they were excommunicated and considered as apostates, because, besides rendering one guilty of the crime of

voluntary murder, these combats were also public acts of idolatry, since they were given in honor of the pagan gods. Tertullian, Lactantius, St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, and all the other Fathers, denounced these cruel and shameful amusements in accents of the bitterest indignation. "Games are prepared," says St. Cyprian, "in order that eyes accustomed to carnage may be recreated with scenes of blood; men already robust are fattened like beasts that they may sell their lives more dearly. A man is slaughtered for the amusement of his fellow-men. It is now an art, a talent, a proof of skill to know how to kill. Crime is now not only committed, but taught. What can be more horrible than that one man should glory in taking away the life of another! What can, what must, we think of those senseless beings who, of their own accord, abandon themselves to the fury of savage beasts? In the prime of life and the flower of health, these victims are crowned with garlands for a voluntary death, and the unfortunate wretches themselves are vain of what they consider an honor and a privilege. They fight against beasts, not as criminals, but impelled by a sort of blind fury. And yet, such is the fate to which fathers condemn their children, which sisters every day see their brothers meet, and to which, O horror! mothers not unfrequently entice their own sons."

Gladiatorial combats were forbidden by the Christian emperors, the first edicts of prohibition being issued by Constantine and his son. These princes were nevertheless obliged to tolerate them for a time, as the people were furiously opposed to their entire abolition. The anchorite Telemachus having come from the Holy Land to Rome during the reign of Honorius to procure their final suppression, a great excitement immediately arose in the city and the venerable hermit was stoned to death by the enraged populace. Honorius, justly irritated at this murder, completed the task which his predecessors had begun; the bloody sports of the arena were finally and forever suppressed, and this suppression enforced by the severest penalties.

W.

Astronomical Phenomena.

The principal phenomena predicted for the year 1891 are four eclipses—two of the sun and two of the moon—a transit of Mercury over the sun's disk, and the disappearance and reappearance of Saturn's rings.

A total eclipse of the moon, May 23, will be invisible in the United States, but visible generally throughout the western part of the Pacific Ocean, Australia, Asia, Africa and Europe.

An annular eclipse of the sun, June 6, will be visible in the northern part of Siberia. It will be visible as a partial eclipse in the western part of the United States, in British America, Europe and Siberia.

A total eclipse of the moon, November 15, will be visible throughout North and South America, Asia, Africa, Europe and the Atlantic Ocean. It will begin at 3h. 36m. and end at 9h. 03m. p. m. central time.

A partial eclipse of the sun, December 1, will be visible only in the southern part of South America and the south polar region.

The transit of Mercury across the sun's disk will take place on May 9, beginning at 5h. 55m. and ending at 10.53 p. m. central time. It will be partly visible in the United States and throughout the western part of North and South America and Asia. The whole transit will be visible in Japan, China, Eastern Siberia, Australia, and the Malaysian Islands. It is not likely that any expeditions will be sent out for the purpose of obtaining observations of this transit under favorable circumstances, for such observations would be of value only in determining the place of the planet. The solar parallax, for which such great pains have been taken in observing transits of Venus, has, by other means, been determined with much greater accuracy than could be attained from transits of Mercury. There are, however, interesting questions as to the planet's appearance during transit, its atmosphere and motion. No one who has the opportunity to observe this transit should neglect to make all the use possible of it.

Professor G. W. Coakley, of the University of New York, has computed the times of the contacts for several of the observatories of the United States, data which will be found very useful to those wishing to observe the transit.

On September 22 the earth will pass through the plane of Saturn's rings. The rings then, in telescopes of sufficient power to show them, will appear as a fine straight thread of light. From September 22 to October 30 the earth will be above the plane of the rings, while the sun will be below that plane, shining upon the south side of the rings. The rings then should entirely disappear, except the very fine thread of light which comes from the outer edges of Rings A and B. After October 30 the sun will be on the north side of the plane of the rings, so that its light will illuminate the same side of the rings at which we look. Many interesting observations were made at the time of the disappearance of Saturn's rings in 1878, and, although the position of the planet will be very unfavorable, it is to be hoped that many of them will be repeated this year, and accurate data obtained for the solution of the problems connected with the rings. Saturn will be in conjunction with the sun on September 12, so that at the time of the disappearance of the rings it will be very close to the sun and can be observed only very near the horizon.—*Sidereal Messenger*.

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Mind Your own Business.

There would be far less trouble and vexation in this world were people generally to observe strictly "the eleventh commandment"—or in other words to mind their own business and let that of others alone. It seems passing strange that in this world, where everyone has enough to do during his natural life to attend to himself, some must take time to bother themselves about the affairs of others. That they are prompted to do this through motives of charity we never could believe, but are of the opinion that every one so interesting himself is led to meddle with the affairs of others through idle curiosity, if not through malice.

There are many ways in which one can sin against "the eleventh commandment." There are those who seem filled with the desire of searching out little secrets for their own gratification, that they may indulge in idle gossip. This hurts no one save themselves. But there is another class of people who take it that they have been delegated to attend to the affairs, both spiritual and temporal of their neighbors, and from the manner in which they discharge their supposed duties we must conclude that their call was not received from on high. We find this class of moral censors always on the look-out for the little failings—or what may seem to them failings—of their neighbors, and when they have discovered any they are in no wise particular about telling the exact truth about it. If they do not expressly exaggerate the faults, they tell them in such a manner as to leave everyone under the impression that the failings mentioned may be much greater than they really are. For example, they say, with an ominous shrug or shake of the head, this one or that one did or said so-and-so—something that may not altogether be to the credit of the person, though not by any means bad in itself, yet leaving the minds of the hearers open to the inference that there are other things at the back of it that are still less creditable.

The busybody is very numerous, and he fails not to speak of the faults he discovers in his neighbors. Their little failings are so magnified,

and their good qualities so kept in the background that the accused pass for much worse than they really are. It may be—and such in many instances we know it certainly is—that those very faults which are reported with such gusto are possessed to a larger degree by the meddler himself; but this makes no difference with him. He has discovered that his neighbors are not perfect, and that is enough for him.

Frequently you find the busybody possessed of a very tender conscience. He has seen the faults which he himself has committed time and again, in another, and he is in duty bound to report them to the parents, guardians, or others in charge. If his conscience would tell him to first remove the beam from his own eye before he complains of the mote in his brother's, it would be more in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel. Were such gossipers to devote to their own moral improvement the time given to their neighbor's—were they to reform themselves and master their own passions before reporting or endeavoring to correct their brother's—they would be far better off.

Nor is there aught that is selfish in what is familiarly, perhaps irreverently, called the "eleventh commandment"—in this attention to what concerns oneself. It is certainly implied in the prescriptions of the Decalogue; and if complied with, all the requirements of charity will be fully satisfied. Shakspeare, whose best thoughts were inspired by Christian faith, expresses this in the advice which "Polonius" gives to "Laertes":

"This above all:—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Besides, when, as above stated, this meddling takes the form of gossiping about the faults and failings of one's neighbor, destroying his reputation or lowering him in the esteem of others, there is a greater offence committed than that of theft. And yet how many there are who hold themselves too honorable (!) to steal to deprive their neighbor of material goods, but scruple not to take from him what is far more precious—his good name! As the immortal Bard again so justly says:

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

Mind your own business, then; you will be happy; you will make others happy, and the world will be all the better that you live and do.

B.

Ireland's Cause, Ireland's Leader.*

Only a few months ago the friends of Ireland throughout the civilized world were anxiously watching the struggle for Home Rule carried on by the Irish Parliamentary party under Parnell, and powerfully aided by the veteran Gladstone and the Liberals of Great Britain. The questions which the most experienced and sagacious observers asked themselves were: "Will the long-tried endurance of the Irish agricultural population hold out till the end of the present Parliament? Will the desperate resistance of the wretched tenantry not give way to the ever-increasing energy of Secretary Balfour's coercive measures, to the skilfully combined assaults of both the constabulary and the military? Where are the many thousands of evicted tenant-farmers, whose numbers are fearfully swelled of late, to look to for money to provide them with the bare necessities of life while they heroically 'keep their grip of the land?'"

Such questions we asked ourselves as the autumn of 1890 drew nigh, and the dreadful spectre of famine arose and stalked abroad in the open daylight in the desolated districts of the south and west of Ireland, adding the horrors of possible starvation and fever to the chronic and manifold evils of the Irish farmer's lot.

The exploring tour undertaken by the Irish Secretary through Ireland—through the distressed districts of Connaught and Munster especially—surprised not a few even of the most observant. But to those who knew with what formidable armed forces Mr. Balfour had garrisoned every mile of Irish ground it was clear that he had nothing to fear. While he was pursuing his exploration, the O'Shea trial, which good people had hoped never to hear of again, was announced, all of a sudden, as about to be brought to a final issue. This suit—and the Salisbury government were well aware of it—was the last and most masterly movement in their strategy against the National cause.

At the first credible reports of great distress and probable famine in one-half at least of Ireland, the generous American heart was moved; and forthwith public meetings were held, an organization was formed for the relief of the sufferers, and well-known citizens, Americans of the Americans, appealed to their countrymen for prompt succor. . . . Just then came among us a deputation of the Irish Parliamentary party with the twofold purpose of soliciting pecuniary aid in favor of the multitudes of tenants evicted by Balfour's merciless magistracy and constabulary, and for helping to carry on the parliamentary campaign in favor of Home Rule. The visitors, while among us, were to

explain to the citizens of the great republic, in every State of the Union, the objects for which Parnell, Gladstone and their followers contended.

It had been remarked that when the proposed visit to this country of the Irish representatives was made known in Ireland, indictments for conspiracy and violation of the Crimes' Act were brought against Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, the most deservedly popular of the Nationalist leaders—the very men whose simple appearance in any American city, or among the least Irish of American audiences, was sure to create enthusiasm. Few words would be needed from such men, so tried and so true, to obtain from our people much more than the advocates of Home Rule would ask for.

Mr. Balfour knew this, and he hoped to defeat the appeal of Ireland to the American republic by sending once more to prison and the plank-bed, John Dillon and William O'Brien. But the imprisonment of these two patriots under such circumstances would not have quenched the ardent sympathy felt here for Irish wrongs, nor closed our hearts nor our purses to the need of Ireland.

They baffled Balfour and came to us. The world knows what a welcome we gave them. They kindled a flame of enthusiasm in favor of Irish nationality which spread over the continent, crossing our border to Canada and warming up its less ardent population to give in due time practical aid to the righteous cause of Ireland.

The funds contributed for the Home Rule campaign promised already to go far beyond hundreds of thousands of dollars, when the anti-Irish conspiracy in Great Britain suddenly "played its trump card." The O'Shea case was called. The "respondent" obstinately refused to appear or to put in an answer. Of course, the "co-respondent" could not appear alone. And so, while the members of the Irish deputation were busy canvassing the Eastern and Middle States, the Atlantic cables brought, morning and evening, to our daily papers the delectable details of the one-sided testimony furnished by Captain O'Shea. . . .

Time which ends by tearing the mask from the deepest hypocrites and the veil from the darkest plots, may possibly reveal to us some day, sooner even than we think, how the enemies of Ireland planned and achieved, for the time being, and to all human seeming, the defeat of the Irish national cause, the overthrow of the fondest, holiest hopes ever cherished by a people.

If Mr. Parnell is really innocent, and can triumphantly prove himself to be so, he may indeed thus vindicate his personal purity, but the vindication must henceforth be at the expense of his political sagacity. For he, the leader of a nation, by his very willingness to appear guilty, has precipitated in Irish affairs

* Extracts from an article by the Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, in the January number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, 1891.

the same disastrous consequences as if he were the guilty and dishonored man Captain O'Shea has been endeavoring to prove him to be. It was unpardonable—considering the position he held among a people so proverbially pure and so watchfully jealous of the sanctity of their homes—in Mr. Parnell to continue his relations with the O'Sheas after the Galway election, together with his suspicious and mysterious conduct ever since.

This is a first count on which the verdict of public opinion must be against him.

The second fault committed by him, in this regard, was his not making known to the men, who had a right to his confidence, some good reason for the silence maintained by him after the verdict in the divorce suit was rendered, and more especially for not reaffirming the assurances given to the Archbishop of Dublin when the divorce proceedings were first instituted.

A learned jurist once said that "the next thing to being right was to *appear to be right*." If this be true—and it is most certainly—surely the worst thing conceivable for the cause of Ireland was that her chosen and popularly idolized leader should be really innocent of the one sin most abhorrent to Irishmen next to faithlessness to God, while allowing himself deliberately to be proclaimed or to be held guilty of it.

Under whichever of these two aspects we view the case of Mr. Parnell, we are compelled to say that he has betrayed a weakness of which he was not suspected—grievous moral frailty on the one hand, and a woful lack of political sagacity on the other.

* * *

Another feature of this sadly memorable series of events is the part taken by the body of Irish archbishops and bishops in their endeavor to save the life of their nation and the cause of Home Rule, by saving the unity and integrity of the Parliamentary party, by laboring to reunite its two sections, and by securing to them the continued support of the English Liberals.

This is a point on which the Irish hierarchy have been both misunderstood and misrepresented. Let us here remind Irish-American Catholics that the part which the bishops and priests of Ireland have, perforce, to play in so momentous a crisis in the history of their nation can neither be compared to nor judged by the conduct of our own bishops and clergy here in the United States.

Home Rule, and all that goes to constitute a real and effective independence for Ireland, can only be won by constitutional methods, with the active and generous co-operation of the British Liberals; aided by the ever-growing public opinion in Great Britain in favor of long-denied justice to Ireland. But the only national movement carried on in Ireland on constitutional lines, which this British public opinion could sanction and successfully support, is one in which the great vital force of Religion would form *one* with the united forces of patriotism

and politics. Bishops and priests, the people and their representatives, must be the strands of the cable binding all classes together, and the core of that cable must be Religion, firing the national soul with its incomparable energies.

This was the hopeful condition of things in November, 1889, when Mr. Parnell went to Hawarden to consult Mr. Gladstone on the prospects of the Irish question in the contingency of an early dissolution of Parliament, and of a general election favorable to the Liberals in the three kingdoms.

We say that Religion was then the chief unifying and energizing element in the National movement. In the autumn of 1889, as in that of 1890, this was so confessedly the case that the Tory journals and their Roman correspondents were continually setting afloat rumors about the Vatican's interference with Irish politics. People on both sides of the Atlantic, who knew anything about the sentiments of the Pope, were thoroughly aware that he had, again and again, expressed his opinion that the National cause was a just one, and that all just-minded men must wish it success, so long as it was carried on in accordance with legal and constitutional methods. No word was ever spoken or written by him, save only to keep the Irish Nationalists from employing, in the furtherance of their sacred Cause, any means of a nature to injure it in the eyes of God and man. He was, and is, and ever must be, anxious to see the vital interests of an ancient Catholic nation kept free from guilty or questionable agencies—so dear to the venerable Pontiff are the righteous claims of the Irish people!

English intrigue and influence in Rome, as well as Tory manœuvres in London and Dublin, were used to weaken or divide the Irish episcopacy, standing practically, as it did, a unit for Home Rule, during the twelvemonth elapsed since the now memorable Hawarden conference; and the issuing, on November 29, 1890, of Mr. Parnell's Manifesto. The bishops at the first sounds of discord in the Parliamentary party, at the first notice of the reopening of the O'Shea divorce suit, were very reasonably alarmed at the probable consequences to the cause so dear to them and to the august Head of the Church.

What did the Irish bishops do in this trying emergency? Remembering the assurance that Mr. Parnell had commissioned Michael Davitt to give to Archbishop Walsh, at the first inception of the divorce proceedings, that he would come out of the ordeal with his honor free of spot and untarnished, they did simply what thousands and tens of thousands of their fellow-countrymen did throughout the world, they waited—patiently, prayerfully, hopefully—for that one word of reassurance from Mr. Parnell which would have gladdened their hearts and lifted the cloud from their unhappy country. But, alas! they waited in vain, for that word was never spoken; and so they acted—and acted only as the religious teachers and the

moral guides of a Catholic people could act. The task was a sad one, but its performance was imperative. Guilty or innocent, Mr. Parnell himself had made it so.

To those who understand anything of the relations of the Irish bishops and priests to the Irish people and their political movements, and especially during the present crisis, their action needs no explanation or defence. They were the backbone of the whole struggle from the very beginning, and to their influence, both at home and in America, more than to any other one agency, is due its magnificent success at every stage. Therefore it was to them that the people first looked in the hour of doubt and danger, as they ever will look in trial or in triumph, as their safest guides and truest friends.

The bishops of Ireland, not only by their position, but by the well-deserved confidence of all past generations, are the natural guardians of the nation's interests, and as much looked up to for a faithful discharge of their trust as are the National representatives in Parliament.

Their action, during the lamentable occurrences which have filled the past two months, was not an uncalled for, unwelcome, or obtrusive meddling with politics outside of the sphere of their sacred ministry. It was the performance of a high and holy duty—one which they owed to Ireland and to Religion.

And that some such document as the Address of the Episcopal Standing Committee was expected by the great body of the Irish people is furthermore proved by the fact that during the entire period when the divorce proceedings were so painfully fixing men's attention, no accredited organ in the Nationalist press ventured to say that Parnell, dishonored, should continue to be the leader of a Catholic nation proverbially chaste and cherishing the sanctities of the home. Mr. Parnell perfectly understood this when he commissioned Michael Davitt to assure the Irish archbishops and bishops of his innocence. And that he fully appreciated the position of the Irish bishops and priests in the National struggle is afforded by the testimony of the present Archbishop of Cashel, who, at a memorable assembly held in Kildare, about mid-October, 1885, in presence of the Archbishop of Dublin, of several other prelates, of Mr. Parnell and others—members of Parliament, clergymen, and leading gentlemen from the surrounding counties—gave an historical account of the beginning of the Land League movement under Mr. Parnell's direction. He affirmed that Mr. Parnell came to him and declared, in view of the incalculable importance which the new agitation seemed likely or certain to attain, *that he was unwilling to take a single step without securing the sympathy and co-operation of the bishops and priests of Ireland.* This discourse, and Mr. Parnell's confirmatory reply, were made in the hearing of the author.

The letter of Mr. Gladstone, calling for the withdrawal of Mr. Parnell, taken together with

the verdict of the divorce court, seems to have disturbed the usual equanimity of a man weakened by long illness and racking anxieties. We cannot otherwise account for the contradictory judgments given by Mr. Parnell himself of the famous visit to Hawarden Castle, and his irreconcilable estimates of Mr. Gladstone's trustworthiness as an advocate of a full measure of Home Rule for Ireland.

* *

Whoever may henceforward be chosen to lead the Irish Nationalist members of Parliament, must not so isolate himself from his associates, as to be, or to appear to be, a kind of dictator, bearing within his own breast the mightiest State secrets and consulting no one in matters and emergencies involving the ruin of a Cause and the very life of a nation. It is not so that Americans understand political leadership. It is not so understood by the two great British parties. Why should it be understood differently in Ireland?—as if the Irish National movement were something like the insurrection of the Roman slaves under Spartacus, in which a servile mob blindly followed its leader, as fearful of his rebuke or his lash as of the threats of their masters and oppressors of yesterday.

There are few, if any, incidents on record in the most momentous debates of any representative assembly that can be compared in thrilling dramatic interest to the passage of arms between Mr. Sexton and Mr. Parnell during the stormy debate of December 1. The former had been, together with the members of the opposing majority, openly, formally accused of having allowed "their integrity and independence to be sapped and destroyed" by the radical wing of the Liberal party.

"Integrity," proudly replies Mr. Sexton, "is not an unconditional acceptance of the views of any man. Independence is not submission to the will of any man. We are your colleagues, Mr. Parnell, but we are not your slaves. . . . I claim in the face of the world; I claim in the presence of the Most High, that the integrity of the Irish party is unstained, and that its independence is absolute. The question—the urgent question—is between the leader we have loved, whom we never can forget and whose useful tenure of his position circumstances have rendered impossible—and between the *Cause* to which our fealty is due. If the leader is retained, in my judgment the Cause is lost. If the Cause is to be won, the leader must retire."

This is the very soul of the Irish question: the *Cause of Ireland* must be the supreme law for every National leader. The leader must be guided by the vital interests of that Cause; nor should these interests and that Cause ever be made secondary or subservient to the interests of any one man or party.

* *

Passing over the deplorable scenes enacted before and during the Kilkenny election, and

writing while the conferences at Boulogne between Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Brien are still in progress, one thing seems clear: that Mr. Parnell must retire from the National leadership. But who is to succeed him?

Parnell, as we now convince ourselves, has what the French call *les défauts de ses qualités*, "the very defects, or excesses rather, of his acknowledged qualities." No one, up to the moral cataclysm which followed the verdict of the divorce court, could justly deny him the elements of leadership. He was skilful, sagacious, cool, deliberate, courageous and firm. We need not, after what precedes, dwell on his defects. A few months ago—ere the blight of a dishonored name had fallen on him, and ere the "hard necessities" of retaining his leadership had made him recklessly unjust to the Liberal party, and the English people, to his faithful colleagues and to his country—the Irish race everywhere was proud of him, worshipped him.

Parnell was identified with the *Cause* of Ireland; that *Cause* had made him what he was. He had been able, with the co-operation of a united people and clergy, to make a living and powerful reality in Parliament of the Independent Party of Opposition, which John of Tuam strenuously advocated all his life; which O'Connell sought to create; which the great Archbishop of the West preached so eloquently after O'Connell had passed away, after the Catholic Defence Association had disappeared in the Sadlier-Keogh betrayal; and pressed unweariedly on public attention until the new Home Rule movement under Isaac Butt sprang up and fired the soul of the nation. The moral force wielded by Isaac Butt Mr. Parnell had the sagacity to grasp and to increase.

This party of Independent Opposition and the Land League movement started by Michael Davitt had carried the car of Charles Stewart Parnell triumphantly forward till the end of last November. All the moral forces which stirred the depths of a nation's soul and inspired the hopes of all its past generations, Mr. Parnell wielded as the electrician uses the mighty elementary forces of nature.

These great moral forces existed in the past in greater volume even than at present. But Irish statesmen or politicians knew not how to store up these resistless energies in unity. It shall ever be Parnell's glory that he may be said to have created and kept together an independent Parliamentary party such as Ireland never had known till now. Supported by the Catholic masses and by their religious guides, and appealing to legal and constitutional methods only, he forced the Liberal party of Great Britain and its leaders to confess that all the former methods of government in Ireland had been wrong, cruel, unjust and oppressive. *Justice* alone must be tried and coercion abandoned. And so the Cause of Ireland, represented by a compact body of eighty-six Irish representatives

in the Imperial Parliament, advocated by Mr. Gladstone and the great Liberal party, supported by a majority of the people of great Britain and by the constantly increasing public opinion of the three kingdoms and of the English-speaking world,—was morally certain of a great legislative victory in the near future—when in last November came the O'Shea verdict and Mr. Parnell's Manifesto.

But though the leader has fallen, the Cause is not lost. It is a most just Cause; and *justice* is immortal and eternal.

Mr. Parnell was heard with attention both in the British Senate and all over the civilized world; because his voice was that of Ireland, too long misgoverned and oppressed.

Is her Cause so absolutely identified with Mr. Parnell's fortunes that his disgrace, or his retirement from political life, or even his death, would so paralyze her voice, so injure her claims, that the people of Great Britain, so lately awakening to the sense of her cruel wrongs, would close their ears, their minds, their hearts to what justice, humanity and their own dearest political interests demand in favor of the sister island? And will Irishmen and men of Irish race consent to bury forever out of sight and beneath the earth that Cause of Ireland so enthusiastically upheld but yesterday? God knows, we Irishmen are clannish enough; and this very clannishness, the devotion to a name and a man, the narrow love of the tribe and the locality in preference to the country and the nation, has been too often our bane in the past. It dashed all the hopes of our people and rendered useless all the slaughters and sacrifices made for religion and nationality for the past two or three centuries.

That this clannishness is not a thing of the past, what has just happened in Ireland, as well as in our own free America, proves but too conclusively. The name of the man, not that of the Cause or the country, is the spell our speakers conjure with, the Will-o'-the-wisp which leads our countrymen astray and lands their country's Cause in quagmires from which there seems no escape.

We must learn to love Ireland for her own sake, not for the sake of the men who represent or misrepresent her. We must be devoted to the *Cause* through good repute and evil repute, through good and ill-fortune, because we believe it to be a Cause fated never to be lost.

It depends on us, on Irishmen in the three kingdoms, and on Irishmen here and wherever the English language is spoken, to prevent the Cause of Ireland from being a lost Cause. The man who shall be chosen to succeed Mr. Parnell will be the lawful representative of the *Cause*, and bear the flag around which all should rally who deserve the name of Irishmen.

This is no time to listen to the utterances of the Tory press at home, or to the correspondents of such of our great journals as love to echo the sentiments and prophecies of the ene-

mies of Ireland and Home Rule. And if we cease to quarrel among ourselves in the United States, and if we give our united aid and sympathy to the men who are fighting in the gap at home, and upholding the Cause and the flag, we shall easily win back to both the American friends we have lost by our bickerings and dissensions.

A leader will have to be chosen, competent to speak for the party in the House of Commons, to occupy officially the place just made vacant, to be the acknowledged and respected representative of Ireland in dealing with Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. We do not see among the Irish Parliamentary party any one man, who may, for the time being at least, enjoy the confidence won by Mr. Parnell as a statesman, debater and leader. But whoever is chosen, he will be a man of ability and unblemished character. There are, among his followers, no lack of tried, varied and eminent talent; there are plenty of men to do, and do well, all the work which the coming struggle for final success will put upon them.

Present divisions and the awful dangers which these threaten for Ireland, will, we doubt not, serve to make the present majority more united than ever before. Let them show to the minority, the present dissentients, that forbearance and spirit of conciliation to be expected from true patriots working disinterestedly for the noblest of causes, and there will be soon no minority.....

Local Items.

—Pretty big cannon, wasn't it?

—What's the matter with the upper lake? It was moonstruck!

—Don't stuff the ballot-box next time; each citizen is entitled to only one vote.

—The Columbians desire to thank Rev. Father Regan, Prof. Liscombe and others who so kindly assisted in making their recent play such a grand success.

—An exchange wants to know if the "Ernest" punster has died a *violent* death yet. They say he deserves it. Anyhow, let the assassin be in earnest at his work.

—Lost—A bunch of keys on Wednesday afternoon on St. Mary's Lake, or in the immediate vicinity. The finder will confer a favor by leaving them at the students' office.

—Dr. J. B. Berteling, '80, of South Bend, the attending physician of Notre Dame University, was elected President of the St. Joseph County Medical Association at their regular meeting on Tuesday last.

—Through the kindness of their talented and energetic President, Prof. Gallagher, the Columbians assembled in the Seniors' reading-room last Saturday where they passed the evening in a most pleasant way.

—Mr. E. Murphy, C. S. C., until recently professor of Mathematics in the University, has been appointed Superior of the Manual Labor School. Mr. Murphy has shown that he is possessed of many sterling qualities fitting him for the post, and his many friends hope that his appointment, while still so young, to so responsible a position may be but an index of his future.

—The recreations are passed pleasantly on the lake by the boys when bad weather does not interfere. Polo is a very popular game among the Carrolls, and whether on the ice in the day time or in the "gym" after supper, they are sure to be found playing that time-honored game. The contests in the "gym" are especially spirited and interesting, and the players must be very watchful even when the place is lighted by electricity.

—From the *National Tribune* (Washington) we quote the following interesting item:

"VETERANS IN THE CITY."

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 29, 1891.

"Comrade William Hoynes, 20th Wis., 97 Clarke St., Chicago and Notre Dame, Ind. Comrade Hoynes is Professor of Law in the University of Notre Dame. He has just returned from an important mission to the Indians of North Dakota, whither he was sent at the instance of President Harrison, with whom he has enjoyed a long acquaintance."

—A "chapter" of the Agassiz Association is about to be organized among the advanced students in the Scientific Course. This society now numbers over a thousand "chapters" all over the world, and has a membership of over 15,000. The object of the association is to promote the study of the natural and physical sciences, and create among the members a love for nature. The beautiful motto of the association is "*Per naturam ad Deum*," and their badge is a cross.

—Tuesday afternoon was enjoyed by all as an extra "rec." Base-ball was first on the programme, and the "grand stand" was utilized as something new on the Carrolls' grounds. Although it has served the purpose of a toboggan slide, some one has remarked that it is just the thing for a grand stand. The slide could be taken down, but the main part will harm no one in being left where it is. We earnestly hope that the pride of the Carrolls will not be removed with the return of spring.

—The first meeting of the Philodemics for the second session was held last Saturday, President Fitzgibbon in the chair. The meeting was called to reorganize the society, and the following officers were elected: President, J. B. Sullivan; Vice-President, J. R. Fitzgibbon; Recording Secretary, H. Murphy; Corresponding Secretary, N. J. Sinnott; Treasurer, C. Gillon; Censor, J. F. Sullivan. It was resolved to hold a congress similar to the one of last year, which made the society so popular. Committees were appointed to take the necessary steps for the

organization, and the first meeting will be held Saturday evening.

—The St. Cecilians held their regular meeting on Wednesday evening. The newly-elected officers took their respective places, after which each delivered his inaugural address. Mr. R. Boyd spoke at some length on the St. Cecilians as a body, and brought forth arguments to show that the St. Cecilians do more for the advancement of students than any other society in the College. Messrs. P. A. Murphy and F. Carney thanked the members for the honor conferred upon them in their election, and promised to do all in their power to promote the welfare of the society. Mr. M. Quinlan was elected to fill the office of second censor, and will fill it in a manner that will be a credit to the society and himself. The office of Sergeant-at-Arms still remains vacant. After the regular exercises were over the President spoke highly on the manner in which the newly-elected officers delivered their addresses. Messrs. T. Boland and F. Thorne were elected to membership.

—A beautiful painting representing the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, and worthy to rank among the art treasures of Notre Dame, has just been secured for the Novitiate through the efforts of Rev. Father Fitte. The picture is about $3 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in size, and is enclosed by an elegant frame in perfect harmony with the colors of the painting. The background is an artistic bit of painted atmosphere in which the halo of light which surrounds the Divine countenance fades imperceptibly into the darker tints that crowd about the margin. The figure of Our Lord is designed as an interpretation of the words "Behold this Heart which has loved men so much," and the attitude and whole aspect of the painting is perfect in conception and remarkably happy in execution. The expression of the Face of the Redeemer is at once tender and pensive, loving and sad, while His hands are raised to direct attention to the Sacred Heart which is seen through His garments. The effect of this beautiful picture—which is the work of a Chicago artist of rare talent—is entirely religious, and it cannot fail to inspire sentiments of ardent piety in the breasts of all who behold it.

—In the Moot-court last Saturday the case of Elizabeth Shelley *vs.* William Smith *et al.* was called, Hon. Judge Hubbard presiding, Messrs. Herman and Gaffey appearing for the plaintiff, and Messrs. McConlogue and Houlihan for the defendant. It was a suit brought by the plaintiff to set aside the will of John Smith deceased, in which the defendant Wm. Smith, the testator's brother, was the principal legatee. The plaintiff's husband had circulated a story of a scandalous nature concerning the testator, which the defendant told the testator; and for this story, and the fact that plaintiff had, in the lifetime of the testator, sold a house and lot contrary to the wishes of the testator—which he had given her—the testator at his death had disinherited the plaintiff

and her two sisters who were his nieces. The complaint prays to have the will set aside on the ground of "undue influence, deceit and misrepresentation" said to have been exercised by the defendant. The court held that the influence was not of such a character as to invalidate the will. Judgment in favor of the defendant.

In the Moot-court last Wednesday the case called by the clerk was that of John Jones *vs.* Samuel Brown, Hon. Judge Brick presiding. Messrs. Tivnen and Coady appearing for the plaintiff, and Messrs. O'Neill and King for the defendant. The "Indiana Retail Lumber Dealers Association" is an association formed to prevent wholesale lumbers and brokers from competing with them in the State of Indiana. Scalpers and brokers are not admitted into the association, and when any wholesale dealer or agent sells any lumber to any such scalper or dealer, the wholesale dealer who makes such sale shall be notified by any regular dealer that he has a claim against him for \$100 for making such shipment. The defendant demanded \$100 from the "Northern Michigan Lumber Co." which they paid for having violated one of the rules of the association. The plaintiff had no regular yard and did not belong to the association. He filled orders of lumber, from which he made large commission. Having contracted to furnish two large orders, the commissions of which amounted to \$2000, he was unable to procure the lumber from the "Northern Michigan Lumber Co." because of the penalty that would be exacted of them. On account of this action the plaintiff suffered great loss, and he now brings suit against Samuel Brown for \$5000 and "prays the court to enjoin the defendant from henceforth complaining of him." Mr. O'Neill demurred to the complaint, but the demurrer was overruled. The trial resulted in favor of the plaintiff, the court granting the damages that could be actually proven and an injunction was also granted.

—The members of the Leonine Society, Holy Cross Seminary, enjoy a high reputation for good taste and skill in preparing a night's entertainment. Since the organization of this society by the Rev. Father French, C. S. C., its career has been marked by a series of triumphs, each excelling the preceding one in conception and execution. The latest public appearance of the society was on the 21st inst., when the members presented the following interesting

PROGRAMME:

Quartette "Soldiers' Chorus".....Seminary Quartette

"WILLIAM TELL."

IN TWO SCENES.

William Tell.....	Jno. O'Rourke
Gesler.....	F. Curry
Sarmen.....	Jas. Ready
Tell's Son.....	Jas. McDonald
Verner.....	J. Flynn.
Michael.....	Jas. Leo
Peirre.....	T. Hennessy
Quartette.....	"No Cross, no Crown"

"SIR THOMAS MORE."

IN FOUR SCENES.

Henry VIII.....H. Santen
 Duke of Norfolk.....J. Maguire
 Sir Thomas More.....T. Crumley
 William (More's son).....R. Marciniak
 Cromwell.....M. Donahue
 Sir Alfred Allerton.....P. Quinn
 Judges, Citizens and Guards—A. Kehoe, P. Morris,
 J. Gallagher, J. Ready.

For those who know the quality of the Church music rendered at the students' Mass on Sunday, no words are needed in praise of the "selections in song." They were pure, touching, well selected and well executed. But the dramatic performance showed the young Leonines in a new aspect, and although they labored under great disadvantages, through want of costumes and suitable stage equipments, the result of the entertainment far exceeded the expectation of the most sanguine friends. Much space would be required were we to mention the excellencies of elocution and interpretation in each individual participant, and to tell of some to the exclusion of others might be invidious. Suffice it to say that each of the young gentlemen surpassed himself in his part, and of course, there is no room for adverse criticism. The audience—which included many members of the college Faculty, clerical and lay—proved very appreciative, and frequently testified its pleasure by rounds of applause.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, Berry, Brady, Blackman, Brelsford, Cartier, Clayton, F. Chute, L. Chute, Daniels, DuBrul, Fitzgibbon, Wright, Hackett, Hummer, Vurpillat, Howard, Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Prichard, Paquette, Rothert, Schaack, O. Sullivan, C. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, E. Scherrer, J. B. Sullivan.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Brown, Brookfield, Castenado, Cassidy, Crall, Correll, Combe, Cotty, Colton, J. Crowley, P. Crowley, Cahill, Chilcote, T. Coady, P. Coady, Dechant, Devanny, Dunlap, Frizzelle, T. Flannigan, Franks, L. Gillon, Green, Grothous, Gaffey, Gorman, Gruber, H. H. Heineman, Hauske, Houlihan, Hayes, Hagan, H. Heineman, J. Johnson, O. Johnson, Jacobs, J. King, Kearns, Karasynski, Keenan, Krembs, M. Kelly, T. King, E. Kelly, Kyle, Lesner, Layton, Langan, Lindeke, A. Lancaster, G. Lancaster, Mozier, Manly, Mitchell, Monarch, Maurus, McDonnell, J. McKee, F. McKee, McConlogue, McGonigle, Miller, McErlain, F. E. Murphy, C. Murphy, J. Murphy, McCallan, Newman, O'Shea, Otero, Powers, Phillips Richardson, Roper, Rebillot, Ragan, Stanton, J. F. Sullivan, Scholfield, Sanford, Spalding, Soran, Vurpillat, Vidal, Vital, Weakland, Yenn.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ayer, Bergland, Booher, Burns, Boland, Ball, E. Bates, Brady, Boyd, B. Bates, Beaud, Brown, Casey, Cole, Carney, Coe, Creiger, Connolly, Connell, Collins, Coll, Connors, Dion, Dierkes, DuBois, Delany, Dorsey, Ellwanger, Egan, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Alfred Funke, Gibert, Gerlach, J. Greene, Garennes De, G. Gilbert, Girsch, Gifford, A. Greene, Glass, Grund, Hill, Hack, Hagus, Hoerr, Hake, Hahn, Jackson, Jewett, Keough, Kearney, Kennedy, Kanmeyer, Keith, Kick, Leonard, Lorie, Luther, LaMour, H. Mitchell, Mattox, Mott, Molitor, McCartney, A. McPhillips, McLeod, Monarch, S. Mitchell, E. Mitchell, Murphy, Miller, W. Nichols, Neef, O'Rourke, Orton, O'Mara, Pope, Pena Dela, Pomeroy,

Payne, Palmer, Prichard, Quill, Quinlan, Russell, Renesh, W. Regan, Roper, Roberts, A. Regan, Rend, Scallan, Spurgeon, Schillo, E. Smith, Shimp, Sullivan, Schierman, Treff, Tong, Tucker, Thorn, Teeter, Thornton, Wellington, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Zinn.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Allen, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blumenthal, Bixby, Burns, Blake, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Cornell, Coon, Curry, Crandall, Chapaton, Cross, Croke, Christ, Crepeaw, Correy, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Drant, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Ezekiel, Everest, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, Fossick, Funke, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Freeman, Girardin, Griesheimer, Hoffman, Hathaway, Haddican, Hamilton, Higginson, Howell, Jonquet, Jones, King, Kinney, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Loomis, Lounsbery, Lonergan, Levi, G. Lowrey, T. Lowrey, Langevin, Lee, Langley, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Londoner, McPhee, Maternes, R. McIntyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, McLeod, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, O'Connor, Otero, Pieser, Paul, Patterson, Ronning, Ransome, Rose, Russell, Stephens, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stone, Trujillo, Trankle, Vorhang, Wolf, Wilcox, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Young, Zoehrlaut.

Red Blankets.

Aria: "Tit-willow."

[At the seventeenth regular meeting of "The Promoters of Public Culture" the following pathetic ballad was feelingly sung by its author, the senior member from the Northwestern District. The genial promoter assured his fellow-members that while he did not claim any exalted rank among the poets, he felt that he possessed one of their highest attributes—the prophetic spirit; and he confidently asserted that the prediction contained in the concluding lines of the third stanza would be verified in the immediate future,—a statement that was applauded to the echo.—M. McGARRY, *Sec'y P. of P. C.*]

A canary-bird, perched on a brass-wire cage,
 Swore: "Blankets, red blankets, red blankets!"
 And I said to him: "Dicky-bird, why do you rage,
 Swearing 'Blankets, red blankets, red blankets'?"
 "Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
 "Or art thou the victim of foul avicide?"
 With a nod of his poor little head, he replied:
 "Oh, blankets, red blankets, red blankets!"

He turned up his eyes as he sat on that perch,
 Groaning: "Blankets, red blankets, red blankets!"
 And his head to one side gave an ominous lurch;
 Oh, blankets, red blankets, red blankets!
 Then he fell from his seat and collapsed on the floor;
 And although he was probably half dead or more,
 Yet his voice was quite vigorous still as he swore,
 "Oh, blank the red blanketty blankets!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
 Isn't blankets, red blankets, red blankets,
 'Twas inhaling vermilion that made him exclaim:
 "Oh, blankets, red blankets, red blankets!"
 And if the red bed-clothes of birdies *will* float
 Where an eyesore they prove to all people of note,
 Then said birdies will die at a date not remote,
 And the cause will be,—"doctored" red blankets.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The article in last week's SCHOLASTIC, entitled "A Sad Case," should have been credited to Mabel Clifford, of the Junior department.

—The semi-annual examination in Christian Doctrine was held on Sunday last. The several classes were honored by the presence of Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Walsh, Zahm, Morrissey and Scherer.

—The lecture for the month of January was given on the 27th, and was a real literary treat. The subject chosen by Professor M. F. Egan was "Dante," a sketch of whose life introduced a critical analysis of the great Italian's principal works.

—On Monday and Tuesday of the present week the French and German classes were examined, and their proficiency in these languages thoroughly tested. The result, according to the examiners—Rev. Fathers Fitte and Scherrer—was most satisfactory.

—Miss Clara Ruger, of the Senior department, has the sympathy of all at St. Mary's in the sad loss she has sustained. Her esteemed father, Mr. J. B. Ruger, departed this life on the 22d inst., at Lafayette, Ind., of which place he was an honored citizen over forty years. Expressions of condolence are extended the bereaved family.

—The "politeness cross," a marked distinction so eagerly sought by the members of the Junior department, has not ceased to be a source of emulation among the little girls. All those whose names grace the "Tablet of Honor" this week were entitled to draw for the privilege of wearing the cross, and the fortunate one was Miss Pearl Germain.

—The visitors of the past week were: Mrs. J. C. Henry, S. Whitby, Ind.; Mrs. M. Niemann, J. O'Connor, Mrs. F. M. Gray, S. B. Van Ridder, Chicago; Mrs. W. P. Allen, Laporte, Ind.; Mrs. F. E. Rice, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Crane, Miss S. Crane, Frankfort, Mich.; Mr. J. Ryder, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss M. Lavelle, Miss S. Bunbury, Niles, Mich.

—The pupils of the art department are exercising untiring diligence in their drawing and painting. The gathering together of the session's work in the form of an exhibit, is an incentive to special effort, and faithful striving must surely meet with success. The rudimentary work is deserving of special mention, and elicits the admiration of visitors to the studio.

—The interest in all that pertains to fancy-work shows no sign of abatement. Roman embroidery, work on silk, satin, bolting-cloth, etc., in all stages of completion, may be seen any day during recreation hours, when an industrious circle of young ladies may be found always at work. There are so many little dainty ornaments that go to make a house pretty and

cheerful-looking the work of the needle that it is scarcely to be wondered at that the art has so many devotees.

—Rev. Father Fitte honored the graduates, on Thursday last, by presiding at their examination in Mental Philosophy. The animation and earnestness which come only when there is sympathy between examiner and pupils soon became manifest, and, as a result, the young ladies did themselves justice, and reaped the reward of commendatory words from the reverend examiner, to whom they offer grateful acknowledgments for devoting so much of his valuable time to them.

—On Monday morning, at the conclusion of Mass, Very Rev. Father General addressed a few words of instruction to the Catholic pupils. He spoke of the necessity of earnestness of purpose in study, and exhorted all to seek aid from our Blessed Mother, who never refuses the petitions of those who ask in faith. After referring in words of kindly counsel to the opening session—for the prosperity of which he had offered the Holy Sacrifice,—he reminded his hearers of the final examination, for which life is a preparation.

Feast of the Purification.

Toward the Temple's shadow stealing
E'er the day's full glory breaks;
In its mystic silence kneeling,
While her love its offering makes;

Like the smile of the Eternal
Resting on her, bending low,
Radiance, born of Jesus' presence,
Lights her face with rapture's glow.

Eyes that mirror but His image
'Neath those lids whose gentle fall
Breathe of virtues fair that drew Him
To her heart, so sweet their call.

Oh! the grandeur of her offering
God Eternal, though her son!
Ah! the lowliness of Mary,
Queen and Mother, both in one.

Teach us, Mother, how to linger
O'er this mystery of love;
Bend our wills to sweet submission,
Life's devotion let us prove.

Purify our hearts and spirits
With the fire of love divine;
Taken from the heart of Jesus,
Given by His Heart to thine.

Surroundings.

It was the evening of a grand ball at the court of Napoleon; the guests were assembling, and much curiosity was felt by all as to the costume which was to be worn by the Princess Pauline, who, it was rumored, would carry off

the honors of the evening by the magnificence of her toilet. At last her name was announced, and, with all the dignity which ever marked her bearing, she crossed the grand salon to greet Josephine. Disposing the folds of her rich robe, she sank gracefully upon a divan close at hand, and began to converse as if unconscious that all eyes were fixed upon her. After a few moments she turned to look at those assembled, and catching a view of herself in a large mirror opposite, she changed color, grew faint and had to be carried from the room; a little later, and she was on her way home consumed with vexation. And why this chagrin? Robed in all the glory of a green gown, she had seated herself on a blue sofa! Her surroundings had destroyed the effect of her artistic toilet, and her expected triumph had proven but a dream!

Between the lines that relate this little incident there is a deep lesson; for, though our sensibilities may never be tried so severely as were those of the ill-fated Princess Pauline, there are circumstances in life when surroundings have a wonderful power in changing the prevailing hue of our character. Of course, we are what we are; but much depends upon the development of our faculties, and it is the friction of daily life which brings out the latent powers of mind and heart.

Two persons born on the same day, endowed with the same mental and physical traits—one baptized amid pomp and ceremony, the other in a hamlet chapel—start out in life equal in many respects. The former enjoys a collegiate education; his mental capabilities are developed; his character is formed, his habits brought under discipline. The other finds his path paved in the rugged stones of poverty's ordeals; want of means retards his advancement mentally; discouragement holds him back by failures, bad example and lack of discipline, and it does not need many assaults to batter the soul's fortifications, leaving a ruined life. Had surroundings nothing to do with the difference to be noted in these two lives?

The great slave question with all its attendant miseries owed its existence and protracted struggle for life, in a large measure, to circumstances. Had the staunchest upholders of the slavery system and the most enthusiastic advocates for emancipation exchanged birth-places and surroundings they would likewise have exchanged sentiments and opinions.

The inborn principle, characteristic of the individual, cannot be altered; but the manifestations of such principles are governed in many cases by the atmosphere which surrounds us in

social life. Not unfrequently do we hear of one whom we regarded as the soul of honor and probity convicted of dishonesty in his business dealings. Everything within him, we feel sure, must have turned him from such a course of life; and yet, surroundings, circumstances, opportunities—all played into his hands, and in an evil moment he sacrificed that which gave him a place in the heart of his fellow-men—his good name.

We are told that our actions are congenital, passional, or habitual, and that our natural or inborn qualities will manifest themselves at unguarded moments, but that our surroundings form a code of laws which govern us in most of the circumstances of daily life. From this we may easily infer the importance of making our surroundings favorable for the development of all that is best in us, and this care should extend to our choice of friends, books and profession. If we exercise this solicitude, all the colors of our life will harmonize, and we will not be surprised, should we chance to see ourselves in truth's mirror, by a vision of beautiful actions, made unbeautiful by our surroundings.

ROSE VAN MOURICK (*Class '91*).

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Allen, Balch, Bassett, Bunbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, M. Byrnes, Brady, Bradford, Black, Bonebrake, Bogart, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cooper, Call, Dority, Dennison, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, Dempsey, Margaret Donehue, Dougherty, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Good, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Minnie Hess, Mollie Hess, Maude Hess, Hanson, Hunt, Hopkins, Johnson, Kimmell, Kirley, Kingsbaker, Kieffer, Kinney, Lynch, G. Lauth, Ludwig, Leahy, McFarland, F. Moore, N. Morse, K. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, Murphy, M. Moore, McCormack, Mullaney, N. Moore, S. McGuire, McPhillips, McCarthy, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, O. O'Brien, O'Leary, C. O'Brien, Quinlan, Quinn, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Root, Rizer, Ryder, Spurgeon, M. Smyth, Sanford, Sena, Thirds, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Wile, Witkowski, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Whitmore, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, Coady, Clifford, Cooper, M. Davis, B. Davis, Fossick, Gilmore, A. Girsch, B. Germain, P. Germain, Holmes, Hammond, Kasper, Kelly, Meskill, O'Mara, Quealy, Rosing, Silvey, Scherrer, J. Smyth, Soper, Van Liew, Wurzburg, Wagner, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, L. McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, L. Smith, V. Smith, Windsor, Young.