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Francis of Assisi, Saint and Poet.\*

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## I.

In the year 1203, there was no Italy, in the sense which means a nation or a united country. There were many independent states, cities and towns, each defiant, proud, local. There was no real patriotism—in the broad sense of the word,—for the inhabitants of that land had no nationality, no general language, no poetry, no literature. The echoes of the stories of the trouvères of Northern France and of the songs of the troubadours of Provence had reached them; but the great prelates and nobles of the land preferred the stately Latin and sometimes the flowing Provençal. The dialects of Italy were the dialects of the vulgar. They were beneath the notice of the scholar or the singer.

City warred against city, town against town. Local pride made each little place sufficient for its citizens. The Florentines knew no country but Florence. Assisi, the quaint little town in the valley of Umbria, was ready to fly at the throat of Perugia. While this intensely local feeling led the citizens to do all in their power to make their small towns beautiful, as the great towns of Florence and Siena and Milan were made beautiful from similar motives, it excited unchristian bitterness among Christian, and made the Italian burgher the most narrow-minded and belligerent of human beings.

\* This lecture is the second in the course on "The Makers of Language and Literature,"—the first being on "Dante."

In Rome alone dwelt a spirit greater than all else in Italy. The popes struggled in vain against the avarice and ambition of the nobles, each anxious to add to his petty domain. But Rome—Innocent III was Pope—saw itself surrounded by dangers so threatening that nothing except the promise of the Eternal God to His Church could have consoled and encouraged the Vicar of Christ. In 1203, when Francis of Assisi was twenty-one years of age, Pope Innocent was obliged to fly from the burning city of Rome. Nearly a year later he returned in triumph, but his conflicts had only begun. For a time it seemed as the Guelphs were victorious in the peninsula of Italy and the Ghibellines at last conquered. But the old struggle between the popes and the emperor had only begun again. In a palace in Palermo there dwelt even then the most dangerous enemy of the Church, the young panther, beautiful, graceful, treacherous—Frederick of Suabia, grandson of the Pope-hater, Frederick the Red-bearded. This child, as Frederick II., ruler of Sicily, was to be Julian the Apostate of the thirteenth century.

The position of the Pope was magnificent, but fraught with horrible perils. On one man—Innocent III.—the future of the Christian world depended. The temporal power was necessary to the support of the spiritual; and yet the popes had none of the safeguards which solidified the power of the temporal princes of the time. Rome was like a little bark tossed on the very storms which it alone could control, and which, in the interests of Christianity and religion, it must control.

In the city of Rome, the mob spirit which Arnold of Brescia—worst of demagogues—had called into being, was alternately tyrannical and anarchical. The nobles intrigued with the mob or fought one another with poniard, sword and

poison. The feuds which Shakspeare so truly pictures, in "Romeo and Juliet," divided every town in Italy. In Rome, there were many Montagues and Capulets. As a brilliant, but not always trustworthy writer puts it\*:

"From the heights of the Lateran where he lived alone, protected by the Annibaldi, the Pope heard night and day the tocsin of the Capitol ringing civil war. Around Rome the barons and senators were masters of the whole country; farther off, German counts, captains of the emperor camped in all the provinces of the Church; still farther, Henry VI. had in the two Sicilies established the pivot of the empire."

Everywhere in the Peninsula was the Pope threatened, and all the threatening powers seemed ready to join for the Emperor against him. It is false to say that there were no heresies at this time. In Sicily particularly strange forms of religious opinion had arisen, for Sicily had not been purged from Arabic subtleties and Saracenic superstition. Everywhere there was disorder, spiritual and temporal. In spite of all, Innocent III. had managed to strengthen his position as Sovereign Pontiff. But he looked out upon chaos. There was never a time when, for the salvation of Christendom, there seemed more need that the Church should meet physical force with physical force; and besides Innocent III. heard the clamors of hatred and avarice and vengeance, and from France, from his own Italy, and from Spain came the Babal of strange sects who threatened to destroy all government.

The condition of the poor was frightful, for poverty was utterly despised and hated by the proud nobles and the opulent merchants. The suspicion and envy with which the destitute all over the world look on the wealthy in the nineteenth century was just as rampant in the thirteenth. Christianity was the only force that could protect the poor and the sick, as the Pope was, in spite of the charges of inconsistent historians, the only friend of liberty. But riches and the love of riches had corrupted even many of those vowed to the service of Christ, and there were bishops and priests and monks who had put the spiritual below the material. What earthly power could meet and cleanse a world which had begun to forget the Crucified,—a world in which desire for riches, for luxury, for earthly power had cast out sacrifice for the love of God,—a world in which hatred for one's neighbor had, like a noisome weed, overgrown the flower of love of God and His children?

It almost seemed as if the spirit of Antichrist had begun to reign. All men—even some of the great baron-prelates and splendid cardinals

who surrounded the Pope himself—needed a lesson. The pagan world had become so eaten up with vile ambitions and low desires, with the lust of all things ungodly, that God Himself had become the poorest of the poor, and died the death of a criminal to save it. In the thirteenth century, the worst passions of paganism had been re-born in the Christian world. This renaissance of un-faith demanded a renaissance of that love which casteth out fear; and it came—as it could only come—through a human being who would give up all and follow the way of Christ. It came through a fool, if you will, for the son of the merchant of Assisi was looked on by his father and brother and his people as a fool, because he had become a child for the sake of his Lord.

## II.

The merriest of all the youth of Assisi in 1203 was our Francisco Bernardone. He was the son of a rich merchant of the beautiful little town and of his wife, Madonna Pica. Messer Pietro Bernardone made many journeys in search of the rich velvet, silk and cloth of gold with which nobles, ladies, and citizens bedecked themselves. He was a person of importance; he knew how to drive a sharp bargain and at the same time to spend his money generously whenever occasion required. He went into France in search of the rich and tasteful fabrics for which that country was noted; and he came back in love with the French and their country. In 1182, he entered again the lovely vale of Umbria to find that a little son had been sent by God to him. The proud Pica had already named him Giovanni, in honor of the dear St. John, the companion of the Infant Jesus. But when Pietro saw him, he commanded that the little fellow should be called Francisco in honor of the bright land he had learned to love.

One can imagine the happy Pica and the little Francisco in those days after the father's return from his trip to France, by looking at any of the lovely pictures of mothers and children of which the Italian painters were so fond. Pica dwelt in an earthly paradise. The bluest of blue skies spread over her head, and violets sweet as those of Parma grew at her feet. Giotto, or Cimabue, or Fra Angelico might have painted her as she sat with her soft-eyed little son, holding a bunch of grapes above the grasp of his little hands, against one of the rose-trellises loved at Assisi, while the kindly swallows hovered above their little brother. The vale of Umbria, travellers say, should be visited in the summer; for then we see it as St. Francis loved it best, and the very groups the Italian painters

\* Gebhart: *L'Italie Mystique*.

transferred to their canvases and made immortal. It is the country of poets; Florence, with all its memories is not far off. Near, too, is Arezzo, the birthplace of that Fra Guittone who borrowed the sonnet from the Sicilians and made it Italian, and of an older poet, Propertius. Here our saint and poet grew, in the very heart of all those natural beauties which he loved as the reflections of God Himself.

Francis spent a happy boyhood and a gay youth between the shadowing mountains, above whose summits blew the fresh winds from the two seas. His father sent him to the priests of the Church of St. George. And from them he learned those rudiments which helped to make both the poet and the saint. They taught him a little Latin and much French, for his father loved that language, and all over the peninsula, the speech of Provence was regarded as the most delightful of expressions. Francis learned, too, what all his countrymen learned—music. Poetry, in its first blossoming, was part of music. Afterwards the sonnets of Dante, of Petrarca, were sung,—for a sonnet is only a little lyre with fourteen strings. But in Francis' youth, Dante and Petrarca and Tasso had not yet appeared, for he was to be their precursor, to make them possible. He sang in a very sweet voice the songs of Provence to the lute or rote; and so passionately did he love music that, a legend says, he remained up all one night singing a duet with a nightingale. The nightingale conquered, and Francis,—this was after he had answered to the inspiration of God,—praised the nightingale in a new poem and the Creator who had given it such a voice.

Until he reached his twenty-fourth year, Francis Bernardone lived the life of a cheerful and innocent young man of his day. His father, parsimonious in many ways, was proud to see his handsome and cheerful son hold up his head with the gayest youths in Assisi. To his father and mother he was as a swan among ducks. He was the first to adopt all the French fashions; he loved gay clothes, sprightly music and, above all, the poetry of the *trouvères* and *troubadours*. The youth of Assisi imitated the youth of other Italian cities, and gave feasts at which there was much singing of Provençal poems. They were extravagant and luxurious. They formed an association called the *corti* for their own amusement and the practice of the gay Provençal sciences of music and poetry. From a series of sonnets written by Folgore da San Gemini—ano somewhat later we can gather some facts about the amusements of the gilded youth of the Middle Ages. At Siena twelve youths agreed to

spend nearly all their fortunes in pleasuring for a year. They gave feasts twice a month; three tables were set sumptuously adorned; the youths feasted at one, washed their beards at another, and threw the other out of the window. The amusements of the gay Francis Bernardone may be conjectured from the sonnets of Folgore on the merry-making of the Sienese. January, says Folgore, was the time for

“Smooth silken sheets and furry counterpanes,  
And sweetmeats baked.”

February was the month for the hunting of harts and hinds and “great wild boars”; March was the season of fishing for

“—lamprey, salmon, eel and trout  
Dental and dolphin, sturgeon, all the rout  
Of fish in all the streams, that fill the seas.”

In April the youths went into the fields to enjoy Provençal songs and dances,

“—and through hollow brass  
A sound of German music on the air.”

Folgore goes on to promise

“For July, in Siena, by the willow tree  
I give you barrels of white Tuscan wine,  
In ice far down your cellars stored supine;  
And morn and eve to eat in company  
Of those vast jellies dear to you and me,  
Of partridges and youngling pheasants sweet,  
Boiled capons, sovereign kids; and let their treat  
Be veal and garlic, with whom these agree.”

In December, Folgore orders

“—logs heaped mountain high,  
And carpets stretched and newest games to try,  
And torches lit, and gifts from man to man.”

Whether Francis was as extravagant as these Sienese, who became paupers in a twelve-month, is doubtful. He, however, had an indulgent father to depend on,—a father whose purse had no limits so long as his son was the gayest, the cleverest and most dashing member of the *corti* of Assisi. The neighbors reproached his mother, Pica: “Your son throws money away as if he were the son of a prince,” they said. Pietro was flattered by this. Whose business was it, so long as he, the richest cloth merchant of Assisi, could keep his son in a fashion that many poor but proud nobles might envy? Francis himself had dreams of greatness; the romances of chivalry had not been without their effect on him. His mother, worried by the fault-finding of her neighbors, had answered: “He whom you call the son of a prince will yet be a child of God.” He was made the lord of all the revels. With his companions, singing songs and carrying torches, he made the streets of the little town ring with laughter. But during all this time of enjoyment, there is not one word to

show that he looked down on the poor, or committed any grave sin. His dreams, as was natural in those stormy times, were of war. In one of the quarrels between the men of Assisi and the Perugians Francis was taken prisoner. He amazed everybody by his cheerfulness. "I will one day be honored by the whole world, though I am a prisoner now," he said. His companions probably took this for one of those jests with which the young man lightened his captivity, and he probably meant it so; but afterwards it was remembered. When the Count de Brienne made war for the recovery of the Sicilies from the German Emperor, Francis joined him. This was after a long sickness which had cast him down, and from which he arose a changed man. He had learned to desire more than a life of revelry, or even of such action as the feuds of his townsmen with the surrounding places offered him. Restless and depressed for the first time, he threw himself into the train of the Count de Brienne. About this time he met a poor cavalier, badly dressed and shivering with cold. At once Francis took off his splendid outer suit and forced the soldier to exchange with him. That same night at Spoleto he had a dream. He thought that the Divine Voice asked him, what was his aim in life? "Earthly honor," Francis answered. "And which of the two can serve you more," the Divine Voice further asked, "the master or the servant? And why," It continued, "will you forsake the master for the servant, the lord for the slave?" "O Lord, what shall I do?" cried Francis, eagerly. "Return into the city, and there it shall be told you what you shall do and how you may interpret this vision."

Francis obeyed the Voice; he left the army of the Count and went back to Assisi, heedless that his friends and neighbors might call him a coward. But they did not; the youth hailed his return with joy, and again Francis became a leader of the splendid feasts and processions; he was about twenty-five years of age at this time. He was not the Francis of old; he had the same full, soft dark eyes, the ruddy lips, the graceful figure and the rounded cheeks, somewhat paled by illness and a year's imprisonment in Perugia; but he walked abroad as one in a dream. Now Francis was essentially a man of action; so his companions laughed at him and said he was in love. "I am indeed thinking of a bride," he said, "more noble, more rich, and more beautiful than the world has ever seen."

As high as Francis mounted in sanctity, he never forgot the ideas or the language of chivalry, and he was always a poet. Cervantes, in

Spain, laughed the bedizened spectre of chivalry out of existence, while he recognized the gentleness and innocence of his hero, Don Quixote. Francis Bernardone, seeing how inadequate and how worldly the old chivalry had become, resolved to found a new order for the succor of the weak, the poor, the afflicted. What knight was there in all Christendom who would embrace the leper as his brother? What hater of the Saracen, what cross-bearer in all the Italian peninsula, would kiss the ulcers of the sick pauper and call him friend? Who among all the nobles at tournament, or in the ranks of Count de Brienne, on their way to wrest the Sicilies from Frederick II. and his father—who among all these abhorers of heresy would imitate Christ Himself, and become poor for His sake? There were many who would fight in Christ's name for titles and renown; few who would serve the poor as one of the poor. All knights of chivalry chose a woman love for whom they fought and whose colors they wore. The Chevalier Bayard had as his queen a lady whom he scarcely ever saw; Dante, in imitation of this custom, sang to Beatrice, whom he had seen afar off only, and Petrarca offered his laurels to Laura, whom he knew only slightly. Francis, the precursor of these poets, adopted poverty as his lady love. Frederick Ozanam, in his charming *Poètes Franciscains*, says: "He thus designated what had become for him the ideal of all perfection, the type of all moral beauty. He loved to personify poverty as the symbolic genius of his time; he imagined her as the daughter of heaven, and he called her by turns the lady of his thoughts, his affianced, and his bride."

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

### Schopenhauer and Pessimism.

BY REV. S. FITTE, C. S. C.

(CONCLUSION.)

#### IX.

"Many a philosopher, from the beginning up to the present, has laid down principles of morality, presented as precepts of virtue and laws binding man in conscience. For my part, I have neither law nor duty to impose on a will eternally free." These lines written by Schopenhauer show that, after borrowing so much from Kant's "Pure Reason," he was practically separated from him. In his system there is no place for the so-called sacred idea of duty, which is, says he, hardly suitable for children or primitive nations. Modern peoples wonder at hearing of

laws, while on all sides liberty is proclaimed and extolled; so, too, if the will is the only real being it is impossible, without contradiction, to make it a slave to any rule or law. In spite of this sweeping declaration, Schopenhauer claims to teach a morality logically derived from his metaphysics; but here as elsewhere he pretends to look for what he had already found.

It was believed at all times that the greatest victory consists in conquering oneself; this, according to Schopenhauer, is a great mistake. The moral character is imperious and as unchangeable as physical properties; no exterior influence, no education, can modify it. It may be that sometimes motives are powerful enough to change the direction of our will, still, the will itself is never moved; in short—and this is the synopsis of his moral doctrine—"virtue cannot be taught." As to ourselves, we ought to know our tendencies and faculties, as well as their limits; this is the safest way to arrive at the highest satisfaction possible. So far, so good; and Xenophon says almost the same in the *Memorabilia*, but with a commentary which is missing here.

Listen to this strange explanation of remorse—that first and dreadful punishment of duty ignored: "By the violence with which he affirms life in inflicting pain and suffering on others, the wicked measures the distance which separates him from the will he has to live, the only refuge left for him between the world and his own self." We must confess that we do not understand, or if we do at all, the ideas are false and dangerous. As to other men, the writer has prepared for us an agreeable surprise. He eloquently appeals to the heart, and his ethics springs from feeling as from a deep fountain, the clear waters of which reflect the chaste beauties of landscape, horizon and sky. He seems to have passed through those trials, felt those sufferings, shared those joys, tasted those sweet hopes. "For a charitable man the illusions of the individual have vanished; he recognizes himself, his being, his will in all creatures, especially in all that suffers." Absolute devotion to another's good, this is the motto, if not the principle, of that new morality where pity is commanded in the name of metaphysics. Hatred, indeed, and wickedness were born of selfishness; and to depict kindness and sympathy Schopenhauer found, even after Adam Smith, considerations no less elevating than original; to be good is nothing but self-sacrifice, and the consoling Nirvâna is disinterestedness.

But let us not be deceived. What our moralist advocates is an intellectual disposition rather

than a practical self-abnegation, which, were it put in practice, would end only in keeping up the evil of existence. It was said of Lucretius that he preached egotism with the voice of charity; Schopenhauer, on the contrary, teaches charity with a refinement of selfishness. For when regarding the sufferings of others as its own, the will breaks off with life, and man conceives a dislike for all enjoyments in which he sees an affirmation of his personality. Self-denial, resignation, self-forgetfulness invade the soul, which begins to detest that passion for life as the essential of a world empty and desolate. Thus do we succeed in giving up all affections and strengthening within ourselves a complete indifference for everything. Human life and its images flutter before our eyes like fleeting shadows; no more anger against evil, no more desire for apparent good. The knowledge of our nature has become a narcotic of our will. In a word, a complete ataraxia more absolute than was ever professed by any Stoic of Greece or Rome in the darkest days of pagan decadence; this is the ideal proposed to mankind.

And what about the religious idea? Schopenhauer has no use for it, no more than Laplace for creation. Even those who, like Kant, think that the notion of God is not necessary to establish the principles of morality, yet believe in its practical necessity. But our moralist got rid of this last scruple; and, certainly, his so-called ethics does not require any divine origin, nor any life to come. If he admits any religion it must be after the fashion of some eclectic philosophers who condescend to tolerate it under the name of "popular metaphysics." All kinds of positive worship exasperate him; he attributes to them the most absurd doctrine and the most ridiculous practices, feeling, however, a more special aversion for the Jewish theism, the optimism of which irritates him the more on account of its sternness and greater absolutism. Still, he has moments, we may say, of forgetfulness or frankness, when he would readily exclaim with Rousseau: "The beauty of the Gospel speaks to my heart." Thus, after admiringly criticising the asceticism of Zeno and Epictetus, he cries out in a fit of enthusiasm: "How small they look, those Stoic sages, when compared to the Saviour of Christians, beside that Figure full of life, poetical truth and high significance! And yet, we behold Him, with all His perfect holiness, His earnestness and sublimity, overwhelmed by the most unheard-of sufferings!" Yes, it pleases him to think that Christianity has for its symbol an instrument of

martyrdom and looks upon the earth as a valley of tears; it pleases him infinitely more when reading in the Gospel this stern exhortation of the Master: "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell thy goods, deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow Me." Doubtless, these words express His doctrine; but if we search it to the bottom, we easily see the difference, or rather the opposition, there is between Jesus and Schopenhauer; it is, indeed, the whole distance between earth and heaven.

Like more than one German philosopher of our day, Schopenhauer took at times his inspiration from the Mystics of the Middle Ages. He declares after them that our mission here below consists in conquering nature to enter again into the kingdom of grace: "Let us meditate upon the life and actions of the saints. This is, indeed, the only means to dispel the mournful impression of that nothingness which hovers above our heads as the final result of all virtue and sanctity." Hence, as he was full of admiration for the spirit and monastic constitutions of La Trappe, so, too, among the books which he advised his disciples to read, he reckoned as the best the "*Vie de Rancé*," by Chateaubriand, and the "*Vie de Sainte Elizabeth*" by Montalembert. The fact is, that if we consider his works from a merely speculative standpoint, the most mortified solitaries, nay, the most exalted Jansenists never imagined anything that went beyond his prescriptions. Pleasures real or apparent make us cling to existence; we must fly from them; trials and outrages inspire us with disgust for life; we must accept them gratefully. Contemplated in others or felt in ourselves, suffering contains a sanctifying virtue. The denial of the desire of life—that supreme effort of an intelligent man—can only be realized when immense sorrows have dashed to pieces our whole being. But then, our philosopher exclaims, what profound peace! what unalterable serenity! It is amid gloomy songs and pessimistic hymns that the great battle between life and death is fought.

What can be the logical conclusion of such a doctrine? The justification, nay, the glorification of suicide. Was Schopenhauer wanting in logic or in resignation? However this may be, he calls a voluntary death an endless folly. According to him, man ought to do away with the phenomenal part: that is the insignificant and perishable properties of his being, for deliverance is elsewhere. "The haven which the dark and ice-cold Orcus offers to the unfortunate, attracting and dazzling his fancy, is but a deceitful mirage." Why so? Admire here the

cruel refinement of sophistry: "The denial of the will consists in hating not the evils but the enjoyments of life. Self-murder is eager of life, being dissatisfied only with the conditions of its present realities. More than that: self-destruction is the most emphatical affirmation of the desire of living." Let us listen to the extraordinary reasoning which must triumph over the most frightful despair: "I do not wish to escape from suffering; pain must help me to annihilate the desire of life, the accidents of which are full of tears—pain must strengthen in me knowledge, and the true knowledge of nature shall become the narcotic of my will and the source of my eternal salvation." These are, assuredly, but the morbid fancies of a false Mysticism, and their deadly fruit is pantheistic absorption.

Is, then, suffering for suffering's sake man's lot and destiny? No: after covering everything with an inexorable contempt, Schopenhauer makes an exception. A lover of fine arts, he believes in their soothing and pacifying virtue, and their distracting influence—by affording to the human soul the forgetfulness of life—will give man to drink the consoling waters of Lethe. Plato, in the "*Philebe*," says that the perception of truth is accompanied by a kind of divine pleasure that re-establishes the broken harmony of our melancholy nature. Schopenhauer took from this poetical theory a vague definition of art, which he called "the contemplation of things apart from the principle of sufficient reason." I prefer by far the ingenious parallel between science and art, where he compares the former to a waterfall unceasingly gushing, and the latter to the rainbow continually resplendent above a foaming abyss. Art, indeed, has a divine mission. At the sight of a masterpiece the unfortunate slave of life forgot himself, and the object contemplated fades away behind the idea; the intellect emancipates itself; the wheel of Ixion stops; and man is suddenly raised above the infinite stream of the will till he is still more suddenly plunged again in the ocean of realities. But even this swift enthusiasm of the artist—a privilege of a few select souls—is a poor compensation for the immense sadness growing in his heart with the depth of thought and the illuminations of consciousness. Music seems to have been Schopenhauer's sweetest delight. "Whence arises," says he, "that unspeakable charm which causes a piece of music to sound to my ears as the echo of a remote paradise? From this: that it paints the most secret emotions of my soul, but deprived of all reality, and consequently of all suffering. Music, indeed, expresses by a unique process,

with truth and exactness, all the motions of the will. But to understand it fully, it is necessary to be well acquainted with the leading idea of my works." Shall we say that we believe it without any demonstration?

## X.

Let us try to sum up Schopenhauer's qualities and defects. In the first place, like all sceptics and those who contradict good common sense, he is inconsistent with himself. Others try to excuse their paradoxes; he rather glories in his. He alone tore the veil that covers the eyes of unfortunate mortals; he alone shook off the yoke of that old illusion which weighs down upon the human race as a curse and gives all men a prey to error and suffering. In vain might you set forth the constant beliefs, aspirations and hopes of mankind; all that is but lie and deceit—a very easy explanation which gives an answer to everything, but explains nothing.

After hearing his praises about sympathy and universal pity, we meet in his writings only disparagement and misanthropy. His "Catholic meekness," which he would like to infuse into others, makes a striking contrast with the violence of his hatreds and the brutality of his anathemas, whether he hurls the thunder of his rage upon "the sovereign rabble" or upon the "leaders of public opinion." And when speaking of Hegel, one of his rivals, he seems to have exhausted in insults the whole vocabulary of the German language. Again, Schopenhauer's life was not in conformity with his principles. Like Rousseau, he hated women and nobles in writing only. He seemed to admire the Trappists, but never retired to a desert, never lived like a hermit; and, merrily preaching a doctrine of despair, a sensual smile on his lips, he spent his evenings in the opera house where the ideal love of music was likely too spiritual for his appetites. The darkest pessimism is often an admirable pretext for gross enjoyments. An ascetic in theory and a Buddhist by fashion—never forgetting himself when pitying others—he finely expatiates on sorrows unknown to him, as Seneca wrote on a golden table his treatise "De Paupertate." Genuine misery, when keenly felt, is not artistic, and there is no real feeling in bombastic declamations; such a literary process is either hypocrisy or mystification. Hence a critic rightly concludes: "His work is a great intellectual crime, crying to heaven for vengeance; there is no vice, however horrible it may be, that his writings may not inspire and justify."

But perhaps his philosophical system, though wanting in solid foundation, is remarkable for its symmetry and regularity? No; as his only aim was to reconcile contradictory theories: here an absolutely negative idealist, he professes there a realism essentially dogmatic; after rising with Plato on the wings of spiritual ideas, he sinks into the depths of materialism even lower than Epicurus. He wants the absolute and

appeals to experience; he makes the will to be the essence of everything, and any individuality excites his horror; he believes in a transcendental liberty, and proclaims an irresistible fate; he admits a progressive development, and the very idea of progress excites him to frenzy. Nay, more: in the same page he gives a deadly blow to his own pessimism. "Everything passes away, hastening to death. Plants and insects die before the end of summer; animals and man after a few years; death is an indefatigable mower." If you turn over the page you read: "Everything is in its place, as though it were immortal. From eternity plants bud and blossom, insects hum, man shows an everlasting youth, and every summer brings back the same cherries we tasted the year before." The most fanatic optimist never wrote anything more forcible in praise of divine Providence.

It is very sad to say that Schopenhauer's works testify to both the intellectual and moral decay of the society which gave birth to such a dangerous sophist and listened after his death to the vagaries of his morbid imagination. In Germany, some have extolled his name to the skies, others studied his works as a meteor or a sickly genius. But the best judges called him an exotic importation or an excrescence of the Kantian philosophy; and his own disciple Hartmann declares that he left behind but "a medley of incompatible doctrines, borrowed from different sources and utterly fruitless in results." Still, a first-class writer, he polished his style with an infinite patience, and gave a marvellous life to the driest abstractions; full of wit, he interspersed his writings with *bon mots* and flashing pungency; an original humorist or, more correctly, a bilious satirist, he spread sometimes a cheerful coloring, sometimes a bitter irony over the most disheartening theories. Greater than John Paul in bantering, he almost rivals Henry Heine in sarcasm.

Hegel is the logician of absurdity; Schelling the prophet of scepticism; but Schopenhauer, an indomitable positivist, replaced the metaphysics of the former and the dreams of the latter by a kind of speculative physics and a living picture of humors and characters. Invoking by turns Bichat the physician and Boehm the illuminist, the scientist Flourens and the fantastical hymns of Veda, he assimilates everything, making everything personal. From Spain to India, his learned curiosity has gleaned throughout literature. He sat at the banquets of antiquity, at the French orgies of the *régence* and skilfully gathered the remains of all feasts. All the discoveries of science, all the treasures of erudition, all the resources of dialectics, together with bold hypotheses and the mad ramblings of passion, were artistically combined in his books. Of him, as well as of Rabelais, can it be said: "Where he is good, he surpasses the best and most delicate writers: where he is bad, he goes beyond the worst and the coarsest: *c'est le charme de la canaille.*"

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-FOURTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

*THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:*

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—On Monday last the REV. LOUIS COOK, C. SS. R., departed this life after a short illness at the house of the Order in Detroit. The sad news was received with deep regret by all at Notre Dame, where the deceased religious was well known, having preached several retreats here with marked ability and success. May he rest in peace!

—With more than ordinary feeling does Notre Dame join in the universal expression of sympathy and regret with which the nation mourns the loss of one of her most patriotic and distinguished sons—GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN. Here at Notre Dame, during the early years of the war, General Sherman was a familiar figure, through the occasional visits he was able to make. For a number of years his sons, William and Thomas, were students of the Preparatory Department of the University, while Mrs. Sherman resided near by. Here the remains of his favorite son Willie, who died in his twelfth

year—during one of his father's Southern campaigns—and mourned by the whole army, were interred and remained for a number of years until the family moved to St. Louis. The funeral services over the departed little hero took place in the Chapel of the Portiuncula in 1864. Very Rev. Father General Sorin officiated, and in the course of his address he remarked, with impressive feeling, that his vestments should rather be of white than black on that solemn occasion, for he was convinced that the pure soul of little Willie was then rejoicing with the angels in heaven. In June, 1865, Gen. Sherman presided at the Commencement exercises of the University, and delivered an eloquent and patriotic address. And in the years that followed many of the departed General's near relatives have at times made their home at Notre Dame, and have been associated with its history and progress. Thus in the death of General Sherman our *Alma Mater* mourns the loss of a personal friend, and extends its sincere sympathy to the bereaved relatives. With the country at large Notre Dame expresses the deepest regret at the death of one whose memory will shine with undying lustre as that of the model soldier and citizen of our great American Republic—one of the immortal three who saved our country in the hour of her greatest peril. May peace and rest be his for evermore! \*

## The Hon. Daniel Dougherty at Notre Dame

A visit from the world-famed orator, the Hon. Daniel Dougherty, was a hope that had for some time been held out to the students of the University. Nowhere has his matchless power more enthusiastic admirers; nowhere is the witchery of his "silver tongue" more thoroughly felt and appreciated. He came with commendation the highest; and the unmistakable applause with which a willing world has always greeted his efforts served to raise expectation to its highest pitch. Thus last Monday evening, notwithstanding the cheerless state of the weather, a distinguished gathering, coming principally from the University and the neighboring city, was comfortably seated in Washington Hall when Rev. President Walsh and Mr. Dougherty appeared upon the platform, and were greeted enthusiastically.

In a few choice sentences President Walsh stated that his purpose was not to introduce the speaker—for that were a superfluous office—but to give expression to the pleasure which the

Faculty and students felt in being privileged to entertain him. When the applause following this announcement had subsided, Mr. Dougherty advanced to the foot-lights and, after expressing his own pleasure in the realization of a desire he had long experienced to visit Notre Dame, of which he had heard so much, began his lecture on "Oratory." He quoted the numerous definitions of the word, passed judgment on them with the critical penetration which distinguishes him, and pointed out the requisites for the orator as he knew them. He drew a nice distinction between the speech, the lecture and the oration, and indicated the advantages which one of these species of literature enjoys over another. He showed by irresistible illustrations the necessity of scrupulous fidelity to the canons of good taste. The Ancient Masters were enumerated and characterized with wonderful skill, and—what was one of the best features of the lecture—the men who talk in the British Parliament, from the member who leans upon his arm and stutters out "Me Luds" to the incisive, powerful style of Mr. Gladstone, were made to appear upon the stage just as Mr. Dougherty had observed them.

We must here be permitted the ungentle remark that, as a rule, small boys should not attend entertainments or lectures designed for a serious purpose. Their restlessness and want of attention are an imposition upon other auditors, and they often prove anything but a pleasure to the speaker himself. On the present occasion the lecturer, whose geniality is so much remarked, was forced to pause and make a concession to his young tormentors—the concession taking the form of a number of humorous episodes irresistibly portrayed. And now grave and reverend Seniors, though they regarded the youngsters with dubious glances, were forced to acknowledge that it was a *felix culpa*. One of these episodes concerned the speaker's first appearance before an audience, and as it could only suffer violence at our hands we are compelled to omit the story, though with many regrets that we cannot reproduce his phraseology and manner.

Two hours had now passed since Mr. Dougherty began his lecture, though not one of his auditors but would maintain that the clock went fast; and when, after a brilliant sketch of the capabilities of the pulpit, it became evident that he was closing his effort, there were many regrets. But the part which might be termed the most "practical"—though this is a horrible word—was yet to come. Mr. Dougherty said that the power of the orator had been supplanted

by the power of the press; the spoken word had yielded its might to the printed word, and that oratory might now be considered a thing of the past. With a hope and a fear for the safety of the cause of truth when left to the tender mercies of the great modern invention the speaker closed.

During all this time the audience had given him its undivided attention, and the proof of his power is found in the fact that his hearers were so enchanted that they almost forgot to applaud. But they made ample amends at the conclusion, for few speakers have ever caused greater enthusiasm in Washington Hall.

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It was understood that Mr. Dougherty was to appear in Niles in the evening, but he returned to Notre Dame the next morning, in company with President Walsh and Father Zahm, who had accompanied him to our neighboring city. About half-past nine on the following morning there was a suspicious gathering of representative students ranged before the Presbytery, and when Mr. Dougherty, who had come to pay his respects to Very Rev. Father General, emerged he was besieged with petitions to prolong his stay and treat them to an "informal talk" in the College parlor during the afternoon. The genial gentleman, who, to quote himself, "finds it so hard to say 'no' when he is disposed to say 'yes,'" kindly consented to the boys' plan. At four o'clock the College parlor was comfortably filled by the Faculty and the students of the higher classes. Mr. Dougherty was in his happiest mood, and rendered four declamations with astonishing effect. The reminiscences and bits of advice which were freely interspersed between the selections rendered the performance doubly attractive, and when, at its conclusion, he demanded an extra recreation-day, the enthusiasm of the students found vent in prolonged cheers.

Mr. Dougherty is almost without a peer in oratory. He is the perfection of his art; the personification of all that was best in the classic orators and the living embodiment of the qualities which the old rhetoricians thought necessary to the speaker. His magnificent *physique*, fine features, rich, flexible voice, with its matchless adaptability to his various moods, his dramatic power, and a thousand graces of look and manner, are in some way responsible for his unique place among orators. His visit to Notre Dame will continue to be a pleasant memory during the scholastic year, and it is not too much to say that those who heard him will never forget the intellectual feast which his presence here afforded.

C.

## Two Questions and their Answers.

How insignificant, apparently, is the passing question or the idle word of some acquaintance. Yet how fraught with great consequences do they not oftentimes prove to be! Two very striking illustrations of this have been given recently, and, though well known to many, may merit renewed attention. Questions that may have been asked indifferently have given rise to two of the most popular books of the age. And, strange to say, they both are answers to inquiries concerning one whose life forms a most important factor in the history of the world; one around whose existence is entwined the past, the present and the future history of man—Christ.

One of the most remarkable replies to interrogatories in regard to Christ is in the shape of a book which is now attracting the attention of both worlds—Père Didon's "Life of Christ."

This distinguished scholar and pulpit orator was asked some years ago by an anonymous correspondent how it could be that Christ was at one and the same time God and man. In response to this epistle he communicated eighteen pages of letter paper by way of explanation, stating, however, that he deemed it far from satisfactory, promising to give in the future a more suitable explanation.

Now, after many years of labor, we have his answer. How eagerly that answer was looked for, and with what welcome it was received by the public, may be realized from the fact that the first edition of the work was exhausted on the very day of publication.

That this great work should attract the attention of the world is not at all strange; for we are told that its author was a distinguished and erudite pulpit orator who held a Parisian audience spellbound for hours. His language in the sanctuary was firm and earnest. The words fell from his lips like fiery darts forged in the furnace of eloquence. He did not flatter his audience with rounded periods, flowing language or high-sounding figures that please the ear but fail to reach the heart to rouse it from the lethargy of passion.

That this same earnestness is characteristic of his publication is evident from the labor spent in its preparation. Being bent upon giving his unknown correspondent a fuller explanation, he set about looking for the best material in regard to his book. Seeing that the German language was filled with treasures of Scripture lore,

he betook himself to the study of that tongue, till the key of perseverance opened to him the hidden treasures. In connection with this pursuit of facts, he visited Palestine twice in order to view the places where Christ was born, lived, worked and died. All this research and labor is embodied in that masterpiece of a true scholar, Père Didon's "Life of Christ."

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The other question, or questions, causing the publication of a very popular book occurred in the following conversation. "What is your opinion of Christ? Do you consider Him a myth? Do you look upon Him as He is represented to be?" This is the sum or import of a few interrogatories addressed to General Lew Wallace by an unbeliever. The conversation was started as the two gentlemen were seated together in a railway coach. Mr. Wallace at the time stated that he had never given the subject much thought. It seemed to have bothered him very little. Whereupon Mr. Ingersoll expressed his surprise, saying: "What! has not a question of so vital importance caught your attention? My dear friend my whole life has been devoted to the study of these questions. If you consider this matter seriously you will come to the same conclusion that I have."

After the friends separated Mr. Wallace felt chagrined at not being able to converse upon such a subject. In view, however, of the result he may be congratulated on his ignorance at the time; for had he laid claim to some incomplete, indifferent knowledge of the subject, the wily Bob might have ensnared him in speech and brought him over to his own infidel opinions. But you may ask did General Wallace find a response in after years to these questions? He did. And you, among the many readers of his work, while perusing the narrative of the story, interwoven with facts in regard to Christ, little thought your pleasure was the sequel to what in these days of irreligion is apt to be styled a question of little significance.

For where is the person that has not heard of or read "Ben Hur"? Or, as the narrative proceeds, watched the coming of the Magi, travelled with them over the hill to Bethlehem, where they found the Child—the Christ.

How ingeniously is the space of Christ's silent life at Nazareth filled up with the pleasing story of "Ben Hur"! How touching, how sad the scene "at the oars"! How quickly the feelings of one's heart are aroused to intense excitement in the "fight at sea." How pleasantly and beautifully to the reader's eye does

the artist bring the Grove of Daphne; as also the scenes associated with the fountains of Castollia, the motley crowds passing to and fro within the radius of the cool, sweet water as it pours forth into a basin of black marble.

But the "chariot race!" who has not read that with delight? Who has not been touched by that picture of a mother's love where the leprous mother of Ben Hur discovers him asleep upon the ground. Her first impulse is to rush forward and kiss her long absent son; but, no: such a rash act would impart the loathsome contagion; and yet that mother's love must be satiated. This is done by the mother slowly bending to the ground and kissing the very clay of her son's sandals, he being asleep the while.

Who has not felt that He who cured the lepers at the gate of the city near the valley of the unclean was more than human? And as the scenes roll by, and we find ourselves with the rabble pouring out of the archway on the road to Calvary, have we not shrunk back, as it were, refusing to be party to the contumely and obloquy being heaped upon the Christ? And as the preparation for the crucifixion is hurried on, have we not stood by with dread and awe, with a feeling of shame manifesting itself at our being present at such a disgraceful performance? And as the drama is brought to a close, and we see the deserted Redeemer dying upon the gibbet, the cross, have we not, on hearing His words of pardon to His enemies, said to ourselves as did the centurion: "Truly, this Christ was the Son of God."

"This book," says Mr. Wallace, "is my answer to the questions addressed to me in respect to Christ." And is it not strange, gentle reader, that far from husbanding the views of the great unbeliever, he is, if we may judge from his publications, being brought nearer to that Light which enlightens every man coming into this world, while poor Mr. Ingersoll, with all his worldly acumen, is still groping in the pitiable darkness of infidelity. A. K.

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#### Books and Periodicals.

CHRISTIAN ART IN OUR OWN AGE. By Eliza Allen Starr. Notre Dame, Ind.: Office of the "Ave Maria."

Miss Starr is at her best in this valuable little book, which is saying much, for her calm judgment and fervid enthusiasm in all matters pertaining to art have long been accepted as good literature as well as authority. The idea prevails that the worthiest of Christian art died

when the spirit of progress awakened; it is the author's pleasant task to choose a few modern artists, and prove to us by their works that there are no special centuries or ages set apart for the development of the gifts God gives to man; that, to use her own words, "The arm which created is not shortened, nor has the love which prompted creation grown cold. Every age possesses in itself, like our world while still without form, the elements of the most glorious periods of production; and revival and decline are to be noted, as we note the seasons of the year, by budding, unfolding and fall of the leaves of the forest and grove." Frederick Overbeck and the painter of "The Angelus" are naturally prominent in these pages and the story of the origin of Millet's masterpiece, which one never tires of hearing, is treated in a new way. The mechanical part of the book is worthy of the subject, the author and the office from which it emanates.

A TREATISE ON THE LAW OF ROADS AND STREETS. By Byron K. Elliott and William F. Elliott, Authors of "The Work of the Advocate." Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1890.

We congratulate the authors of this treatise on having given the profession the ablest and most comprehensive work ever written on the Law of Roads and Streets. And we felicitate the bar on the publication in most attractive form of a work so highly meritorious and so greatly needed. A subject of vast and growing importance, as that of roads and streets is—a subject that marks our advance in industrial development and commercial progress—it seems remarkable that it had been almost overlooked by noted law-writers until it received the attention of Judge Elliott and his brilliant co-worker. The publication of Judge Elliott's name on the title-page of a book is of itself an assurance of the luminous contents and undoubted merit of the work. The Judge has taken a conspicuous place in the first rank of our ablest lawyers, and his deserved prominence in law literature is already a source of pride to the Hoosier bar and the Hoosier public. His opinions in the Indiana Reports command the respectful consideration and acknowledgment of courts and lawyers throughout the country, and surely this "Treatise on the Law of Roads and Streets" and "The Work of the Advocate" easily rank first in the branches of which they respectively treat. The work already done by Judge Elliott is full of encouragement, and justifies the prediction that his name will some day be found admittedly first on the list of American law-writers.

—From J. Singenberger, St. Francis, Wis., we have received two new beautiful illustrations of modern ecclesiastical music, which may be rendered with pleasing as well as due religious effect: (1) Offertorium "Afferentur regi," for four voices with organ accompaniment, by John Singenberger; (2) In Honorem B. M. V. "Ave Trinitatis Sacrarium," for solo and chorus, with organ accompaniment, by Rev. Dr. Fr. Witt.

## A Tribute.

The third volume of Doctor John Gilmary Shea's monumental work—"The History of the Catholic Church in America"—has appeared, and will, no doubt, be heartily welcomed by every lover of history in the country. We hope, in the near future, to give a notice of the work that may, to some extent, at least, be appreciative of its merits. Two more volumes must yet appear to perfect this masterpiece of the genius and research of the gifted historian, and the fervent wishes of hosts of admirers will accompany him in his laborious task, that Heaven may bless him with health and strength to perfect its accomplishment and enjoy for many years the fruition of his labors.

At present we may notice a paragraph in the preface to the volume before us in which Dr. Shea says:

"For aid in obtaining material I am especially indebted to his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, to their Graces, Archbishops Corrigan and Williams, to Rt. Rev. Camillus P. Maes, to Very Rev. Mgr. Quigly, to the Dominican Fathers, and to Professor J. F. Edwards whose patient and diligent research has gathered such treasures in Bishops' Memorial Hall."

This is but one among the many good results which have attended the patient labors of our genial Prof. Edwards in the formation of the vast and valuable collections in the Memorial Hall of the University. It has now become a storehouse of historical monuments, as Dr. Shea so forcibly intimates, and more than once have its treasures proven of practical utility and material assistance to the learned of this and other countries in the preparation of works designed for public interest and information.

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Prof. Egan at St. Viator's.

## EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

Prof. Maurice F. Egan, LL. D., lectured at St. Viator's College, Wednesday evening. The exercises began at 8 p. m. After the rendition of a short programme—consisting of vocal and instrumental music, the reading of a poem to Dr. Egan by J. J. Condon—Rev. E. L. Rivard arose and introduced as the lecturer of the evening the well-known *littérateur*. Dr. Egan has a very pleasing and intellectual appearance. His manner of coming before an audience, and his skill in handling himself while there, manifest perfect ease and culture. His subject was, "The Pests of Society; or, Novels and Novelists." At the outset the speaker carefully and clearly distinguished novels and novelists of merit from those that are pernicious. In the real novel, he said, our admiration is always with the true but unfortunate individual, while in the worthless one we are encouraged to sympathize with the unscrupulous and designing person; and here lies the danger—that we exalt the vile rather than love and esteem the good. He

asked his hearers, while reading novels, to always contrast the unreal with the real; the hurtful with the beneficial; the destructive with the elevating, ennobling and all-inspiring, and then conclude which class was the more worthy of a rational being to peruse. For over an hour the lecturer delighted, enraptured his attentive listeners with his extensive reading and critical analysis of the various authors.

His visit to St. Viator's will long be remembered and appreciated by the faculty and students; and the deep impression made by his words of wisdom—the result of experience and careful research—shall long remain. It is with pleasure, then, that we say: Well may Notre Dame in particular, and educators in general, feel proud of having such a man in the field of letters as Dr. Maurice F. Egan. S.

KANKAKEE, ILL., Feb. 19, 1890.

## Personal.

—Rev. President Walsh spent Thursday in Chicago, and in the evening lectured at Holy Angels' Church, Oakwood Boulevard, of which the Rev. Denis A. Tighe, '70, is the efficient and zealous Rector.

—The genial Col. William Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, returned to Notre Dame on Wednesday last, and was heartily welcomed by his hosts of friends. Col. Hoynes has made his report to the President on the commission with which he was entrusted, and will now resume his active duties in connection with the department over which he has for many years so ably presided.

—The Rev. A. E. Saulnier, C. S. C., formerly chaplain at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., is now the popular and energetic pastor of Sacred Heart Church, New Orleans, La. He has had two missions in his church recently, one for the French and one for the English-speaking members of his congregation. They were conducted by the Redemptorist Fathers, and were very successful. Several conversions are reported, besides a general renewal of fervor and piety throughout the entire parish. The second mission closed last Sunday. Quite recently Father Saulnier had a church fair at which he realized a handsome sum, and will, no doubt, be out of debt very soon.

—The Hon. Senator J. A. Ancheta, '86, member of the legislative council of the Territory of New Mexico, narrowly escaped assassination a few weeks ago while engaged in his judicial duties at Santa Fé. Five shots were lodged in his body by some unknown ruffians; but, fortunately, none proved fatal, and since then he is reported as improving rapidly. Mr. Ancheta, during his years at Notre Dame, was recognized as the brightest in his classes, a general favorite among the students, and when graduated received the highest honors. He has the heartiest congratu-

lations of his friends here, all of whom rejoice at his providential escape, and wish for him many years of life and vigor to continue the successful and brilliant career upon which he has entered.

—From the *College Echo* of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, we clip the following interesting item concerning a prominent student of the Class of '86:

"Among the most welcome visitors at the College was the Hon. John J. Kleiber, of Brownsville, member-elect of the House of Representatives of the Twenty-second Legislature. Mr. Kleiber is said to be the youngest member of the House of Representatives; but as a recognition of his signal talents and ability he has been appointed to one of the most important committees of the House. Mr. Kleiber is only twenty-four years old; he received a classical education at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and is also a graduate of the Law class of that Institution. After concluding his legal studies he entered upon the practice of law at his home in Brownsville with such signal success that within a year he was elected to the State Legislature."

#### Local Items.

—Mr. Speaker! MR. SPEAKER!

—Ed is sick with *pinguedo cordis*.

—Locals are a little scarce this week.

—Now who be ye famous McCrackey?

—It takes a quart of milk daily to nurse that embryo mustache.

—Information wanted about O'Brien and Dillon: Address B. E.

—J. B's beacon is beginning to appear. Now doth all protestation seem vain.

—On the afternoon of the 16th, the Carrolls participated in a very spirited game of football.

—Who is the *bona fide* chairman of that committee, anyway? The gentleman from Oregon has the floor.

—A large number of new periodicals and journals has been placed on the subscription list of the Lemonnier Library.

—The Carrolls are taking renewed interest in hand-ball of late, while the Brownsons are devoting their time to indoor base-ball.

—By mistake Victor Washburn's name was omitted from the programme of the Sorins' celebration of Father General's birthday.

—The Director of the Lemonnier Library returns thanks to Bro. Albert, of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, for a gift of valuable books.

—Professor Edwards has lately received from a distinguished Western prelate a valuable collection of documents relating to the Catholic history of our country.

—The Brownson Hall men expect to hold a reception in honor of Washington's birthday. The musical programme will be in charge of the Crescent Club Orchestra.

—A new novel, entitled "The Disappearance of the Censor; or, How a Deep Laid Scheme Failed," will soon be published by two of the

prominent leaders of the republican side of the Mock Congress.

—We wish it distinctly understood that we are chronicling actual facts, not throwing out underhand insinuations, when we state that a red shirt floated from a post at the railroad crossing one day last week.

—Rev. T. E. Walsh presided over the third regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association. He expressed his gratification at the improvement they have made since the last session, and finds it a great pleasure to be present at the meetings of the society.

—The regular weekly meeting of the Philo-demic Association was held Sunday evening, February 15, Mr. J. B. Sullivan presiding. After disposing of the business of the society, the meeting of the fifty-first Congress was called to order by the speaker, J. B. Sullivan. The evening was wholly taken up with the discussion of a new apportionment of members submitted to the congress by the credential committee. The report was adopted by a vote of the members. The "Education" bill was read for the third time, and debated upon until adjournment was moved and carried.

—In Father Zahm's room may be seen a new invention in the line of musical instruments. It appears exactly like a parlor organ, with its rows of white and black keys and pedal pneumatic attachments; but a musician touching it for the first time would be greatly astonished by the relation between the black and white keys. In short, the instrument is called "The Harmonical," and is an Harmonium specially tuned, according to the designs of Alexander J. Ellis, F. R. S., to illustrate his translation of Prof. Helmholtz's "Sensations of Tone." It derives its name from furnishing 26 out of the first 32 harmonics of the lowest C (only the 11th, 13th, 21st, 23d, 27th and 31st being absent) and all the first 16 harmonics of the second lowest or tenor C. All the uses of the Harmonical—an indispensable adjunct to the musical and acoustical class-room—are indicated in Mr. Ellis' work. It is essentially an experimental, not a practical, musical instrument. Its object is to demonstrate the facts upon which musical theory depends and show the meaning of just intonation. Its range is far too limited to play pieces of music.

—A special meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Thursday last. To the regret of all, Professor Edwards resigned his office, owing to pressure of other duties. The election of officers for the second session was held with the following result: Rt. Rev. Jos. Dwenger, D. D., Very Rev. E. Sorin and Rev. T. E. Walsh Honorary Directors; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, Promoter; Prof. A. J. Zahm, President; J. O'Neill, 1st Vice-President; L. Stone, 2d Vice-President; C. McPhee, Corresponding Secretary; W. Crawford, Recording Secretary; A. Crawford, Treasurer; V. Washburn, Marshal;

W. Hamilton, 1st Monitor; J. Marre, 2d Monitor; T. Finnerty, 3d Monitor; H. Durand, 4th Monitor; P. Stephens, Librarian; G. Funke, 1st Censor; W. Girardin, 2d Censor; F. Brown, 3d Censor; M. Levi, 4th Censor; G. Bixby, Critic; G. Coon, *Chargé-d'Affaires*; F. McPhillips, Sergeant-at-Arms; A. Ronning, Standard-Bearer.

—A few days ago Company "C" had a competitive drill in the hall of their armory to determine the officers of the company. As soon as anyone made a mistake he dropped out of the ranks, and soon only five remained. Then ensued a severe contest for first place, and it took some difficult catch commands to drop them out; but finally only B. Bates remained, who was congratulated by the captain and company for standing up last. Some of the former officers were promoted, and the company's officers are now as follows: Captain, W. Blackman; First Sergeant, D. Monarch; Second Sergeant, W. Bates; Third Sergeant, A. Welch; Fourth Sergeant B. Bates; First Corporal, J. Hack; Second Corporal, McDonald; Third Corporal, H. Gilbert; Fourth Corporal, W. Lorie; Drummer, J. Miller. Sometime in the near future there will be a competitive drill for a flag between this company and the Sorin Cadets (Minims).

—In an exquisite article on "The Æsthetic in Education" in the current number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Miss Eliza Allen Starr makes the following pleasing allusion to one of the most beautiful features of the ecclesiastical festivals at Notre Dame:

"Quite as pointedly stands forth the Corpus Christi procession. Beautiful as this can be even within the limits of a parish church the far-reaching effect is never so apparent as when this Corpus Christi procession goes forth under the blue sky of the beautiful season in which it occurs. In our own country, these open-air processions are left to those favored regions under monastic patronage, inviting, as they do, not only their own communities but the inhabitants for ten, twenty miles often to share in the gracious hospitality of this Feast of Divine Love. Of the beauty of such processions as we have enjoyed in these favored districts, it would be vain to write; above all, when, as at Notre Dame, Indiana, nature has lent herself so completely to their service as to reflect in her pellucid lakes the procession on their shores, until we repeat that line from Wordsworth:

'The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake  
Floats double, swan and shadow';

and we feel for the time being that nature is once more in accord with her Creator, no more to bring forth thorns and thistles as her participation in man's fall, but to join with him in the joyous canticles of a renovated world."

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, Bachrach, Clayton, L. Chute, F. Chute, DuBrul, Fitzgibbon, Hummer, Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, W. O'Brien, Rothert, Schaack, O. Sullivan, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, E. Scherrer, J. B. Sullivan, F. J. Sullivan, Vurpillat, Wright.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Bell, Brown, Benz, Cassidy, Correll, Combe, T. Coady, Corrigan, P. Coady, J. Crowley, P. Crowley, Cahill, Chilcote, Dechant,

Devanny, Dunlap, T. Flannigan, Franks, Gruber, L. Gil-  
lon, Green, Gaffey, P. Gillon, Gorman, Heard, Hauske,  
Houlihan, Hubbard, Hagan, Heineman, J. Johnson, Jos-  
lyn, Jacobs, O. Johnson, Karasynski, T. King, Lesner,  
Layton, G. Lancaster, McGrath, Manly, Mitchell, Mau-  
rus, McAuliff, J. McKee, McConlogue, J. Murphy, Mc-  
Callan, Moshier, Newman, Norton, O'Shea, S. O'Brien,  
Powers, Phillips, Parker, Rebillot, Roberts, Ragan, Stan-  
ton, J. F. Sullivan, Scholfield, Sanford, J. Smith, Soran,  
Tracey, Vital, White, Weakland, Yenn, Zeitler.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Burns, Boland, Ball, E. Bates, B.  
Bates, Brady, Boyd, Brown, Beaud, Casey, Chassaing,  
Cole, Carney, Coe, Collman, Connolly, Connell, Collins,  
Cummings, Corry, Cheney, Du Bois, Dion, Drumm, Dor-  
sey, Delany, Dempsey Eagan, Ellwanger, Foley, Fitz-  
gerald, Farrell, Falk, Alfred Funke, Arthur Funke, Fal-  
vey, Fales, Gibert, G. Gilbert, J. Greene, A. Greene, Grund,  
Hagus, Hahn, Hack, Hake, Hoerr, Jackson, Kearney,  
Kennedy, Kick, Keith, Langevin, Leonard, Luther, La  
Moure, Lorie, H. Mitchell, E. Mitchell, Mattox, Morris-  
son, Martin, Marr, Miller, Murphy, Minor, McCartney,  
W. McDonnell, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, Nichols,  
Neef, O'Rourke, O'Meara, Orton, Payne, Pomeroy, Pope,  
Prichard, Pena de la, Quinlan, Russell, Roper, A. Regan,  
W. Regan, Rice, Shimp, Slevin, Scallen, Smith, Sutter,  
Sullivan, Scheffele, Treff, Thornton, Thome, Taylor,  
Todd, Wellington, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Yates, Zinn,  
Zoehrlaut.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

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

### An Irregular Verb.

A young lady from Boston, travelling abroad, met a French gentleman who was bent upon learning English, and who insisted upon speaking that language exclusively, for the sake of the practice. Returning home she met the same gentleman a year later at Newport, but found him quite willing to speak French. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "what a wretched, what a dreadful language is yours! I have given up all hope. I can never learn it." "What has happened," she asked, "to discourage you so completely?" "On the steamer coming over," he replied, "there was a young American gentleman. He took a great interest in my studies. He wrote down for me the present indicative of your verb 'to go.' That finished me." "Surely," exclaimed the lady, "our verb 'to go,' is simple enough in the present tense." "Hah! You call it simple! Here, wait; I have it as he wrote it down." Thereupon he produced a paper upon which the young American had written:

'Present tense, indicative mood, *to go*.

"I go.

"Thou startest.

"He departs.

"We make tracks.

"You cut sticks.

"They absquatulate, or skedaddle."

—*Boston Post.*

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The honor of wearing the "politeness cross" was won last week by Sadie Smith, and on the previous week by Leona Reeves, both of the Junior department.

—We are glad to announce that in the near future the young ladies of St. Mary's will have the pleasure of hearing that distinguished orator Hon. Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia.

—A very interesting and instructive lecture on "Moral Liberty" was delivered on Thursday afternoon by the Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., Professor of Philosophy in the University. A more extended notice will appear next week.

—Monsignor A. Ravoux, Vicar-General of the Diocese of St. Paul, Minn., and author of the book entitled "Reminiscences, Memoirs and Lectures," has presented a copy of this valuable work to the library of St. Mary's, for which favor many thanks are extended.

—Very Rev. Father General celebrated the Community Mass on last Monday morning, after which he addressed to the Catholic pupils words of advice in regard to the Lenten season, showing his paternal interest in their welfare, which cannot fail to produce good effect in their hearts.

—The usual academic meeting took place on Sunday, Feb. 15, Very Rev. Father General presiding. The first number of *The Chimes*, edited by the Second Senior class, was read with good effect by the Misses K. Ryan and E. Dennison. Many of the articles were sprightly and amusing and promise well for the future.

—The eloquent lecture delivered last week by Rev. Father Walsh, on "The Popes and the Papacy," was the theme of enthusiastic praise from those who had the good fortune to hear it. Opening with a modest introduction, the lecture, as it progressed, rose gradually to an admirable climax of sound and sense. The long chain of Apostolic succession was shown to stretch across the centuries, unbroken in strength and beauty, from its first adamant link, St. Peter, until, in our own day, it is adorned by the statesman and Pontiff-poet, Leo XIII. The salient points in the history of the papal dynasty were touched upon, and attention was called to the yeoman's service done by the popes in the way of Christianizing the barbarous nations that hastened the fall of the Imperial Eagle. It was also shown that the papacy has always promoted true progress, and that in her monasteries learning found an impregnable fortress when mailed ignorance stalked through Europe. And as this dynasty has seen the rise, decline and fall of empires, so will it last till time shall be no more; for, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

## Castles in Spain.

It has been said that the spirit of architecture, like all other artistic aspirations, is innate and is confined to the minds of a favored few; and yet, which of us has not designed such a palace as, when completed, would far surpass the grandest structures ever reared by the hand of man? In Spain, that marvellous land whose soil needs not the toil of excavating, where, within a thought's space, marble and gold arrange themselves as did the Theban Wall, where fountains and streams arise in obedience to one impulse of our will,—there it is that we erect those dazzling piles whose construction costs so little effort. Did any one ever have such complete possession over landed estates as we have over those Spanish domains? No laws to be observed in constructing our chateau; no boundaries to confine our lands; no claims of others over which to be troubled, and no statutes to be studied that we may enter untrammelled into our proprietorship,—such are the inducements which lead us to build in Spain.

From the most remote ages we bring the wealth of the Pharaohs to adorn our palace. Within it are grouped all the marvels in art or sculpture we have ever seen, and the beautiful creatures of poetry tread its marble corridors as our honored guests. Libraries containing the lost manuscripts of the famous Alexandrian libraries, with all the wealth of the succeeding eras of literature, are there to absorb our more serious moments, while from delightful arbors, streams of music come to us from orchestras alternated with voices blending all the charms of a Patti or a Tamagno to beguile our gayer hours; and, sweeter than all, the soft incense of praise, that has ever been whispered by our admiring friends, forms the atmosphere we breathe. Thus are the Spanish castles oftentimes built; but in each one some special apartments are decorated more delicately, furnished more sumptuously, and on whose adornment the mind rests most fondly. Oftentimes all that we fabricate is as the setting for the face of one dearest to us. But, alas! the hand of reality points out to us a motto over the door of our castle; it is one word—"impossible."

Are there any who have not built those dazzling air structures? Are there any who have not some imaginary scheme that can never be accomplished? How great the contrast between castles reared on the same soil! One is inclined to think fertility of imagination makes the much greater change; yet that education has to do with

the design is more than evident. The practical man has in mind a castle which in the thoughts of others would be mean; yet we know it seems most like the castles of our day and time. Wealth must characterize all in his domain, and his pleasure must be sated by the completion of great schemes rather than by music or art. Within his estate he places nothing that bears not the mark of having been won by effort. And indeed what distinguishes all in his castle is that "labor" has been the fabricator. The romantic extravagance of a highly imaginative mind revels in castles of such a magnificence, all falling to their lot, not as a reward of merit, but rather as gifts to the "favorites of fortune," that, in comparison, other air structures might really be possible. Hence we know how all the employments or events that tend to develop the imagination, aid also in embellishing some castle in Spain. Books, more than all else, have exerted such an influence, and books of fiction particularly. The ideas in many often constituting the air castle of the author, when dwelt and enlarged upon by young minds, form the foundations for most of those delightful palaces reared in the ether by young and romantic people.

The difference between the ideal life of the uneducated and the educated is discerned chiefly in the castles each rears in the "land of nowhere." All that delights, all that history or travel or the Muses unfold, adorn the estates of one, while the other bears the traces only of uncultivated tastes, chiefly the pleasures of the senses.

That everyone has Utopian ideas, each one, like Dr. Johnson, some "happy valley" where all is just as one desires, we are aware; yet to dwell therein too often is as frequently productive of evil as of good. This building of day-dreams, we know, when carried to extremes by very imaginative persons, has filled many wards of asylums for the insane, though this, of course, is exceptional. Shakspeare says:

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact,"

and we know that naturally fanciful people feeding on the "lotos fruits" of the imagination are totally unfitted for the ways and means of everyday life. To their minds, intoxicated with all the delightful ideas of Spanish castle-building, affairs of to-day and yesterday seem but trivial; and it is a question whether or not they may ever be classed as useful men and women. However, it cannot be denied that from the poet's "idle day-dreams" arise his most beau-

tiful conceptions—thoughts that come when "Fancy flows in and muse flies high. Much, too, of our fiction, though not always the best part, is what constituted the Utopian estate, the ideal life of the author.

Practical people argue that memory is weakened by continued indulgence of the imagination, but we know also it has acted as inspiration to genius and as a spur to success; and, even were we to weigh in the balance the good and evil results, what would it avail? For will not all of us go on just the same through life building our Spanish castles, laying out our domains of fancy? Yes, till the great end will come when we will leave behind us our real and our shadowy estates to pass to castles and lands fairer than dreams can picture, far surpassing even the most impossible "castles in Spain"; for, "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the glories of the kingdom of God."

HELEN A. NACEY.

#### Roll of Honor.

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

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Bunbury, E. Burns, Bogart, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Crilly, Call, Carpenter, Dennison, L. Du Bois, Dempsey, M. Donehue, Margaret Donehue, Daley, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Good, Grauman, M. Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Mollie Hess, Minnie Hess, Hutchinson, Hunt, Hopkins, D. Johnson, Kirley, Kingsbaker, Kieffer, Kinney, Kierman, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, Leahy, N. Morse, M. Moynahan, M. Murphy, M. Moore, McCormack, N. Moore, McPhillips, E. Murphy, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, O. O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Quinlan, Quinn, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rizer, Ryder, Ripley, Spurgeon, Smyth, Sanford, Sena, Seeley, Singler, Tipton, M. Tormey, H. Van Mourick, Witkowsky, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Whitmore, Young, Zahm.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. G. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, Culp, Coady, Crandall, M. Clifford, M. Davis, Fossick, Gilmore, B. Germain, P. Germain, K. Hickey, Holmes, Hammond, C. Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, McLaughlin, Meskill, Mestling, O'Mara, Palmer, Quealy, Roesing, Shaffer, Scherrer, J. Smyth, L. Schaefer, S. Smyth, Seeley, N. Smyth, Tormey, Van Liew, Wurzburg, Wagner, White, Young.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

SOME have eyes that see not; but in every block of marble I see a statue—see it as plainly as if it stood before me shaped and perfect in attitude and action. I have only to hew away the stone walls that imprison the lovely apparition, and reveal it to other eyes as mine already see it.—MICHAEL ANGELO.