THE
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

·DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS· ·VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS.

VOL. XXVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 11, 1893. No. 21.

Maurice de Guerin.*

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The name of Maurice de Guérin was unknown in French literature until a year after his death. Georges Sand introduced him to the reading public through an appreciative and sympathetic article written in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in May, 1840. His great poem "*Le Centaure*" soon made its own way; and, later, the critic Sainte-Beuve joined the three names, De Montalembert, De Musset and De Guérin.

Maurice Georges De Guérin came of an ancient but reduced family of the South of France—a family that traced its descent from the Italian Guarini, through the Counts of Auvergne and Salisbury to the De Guérin who settled at Cayla, in Languedoc, where Maurice was born.

"My birth is honorable, and that is all," he says in a letter; "for poverty and misfortune are hereditary in my family. I tell you this because it may have influenced my character. And why may not the *sentiment* of misfortune be communicated from father to son in the blood, as natural deformities are transmitted? My first years were extremely sad. At the age of six I lost my mother. Witnessing the sorrow of my father, and surrounded by scenes of mourning, I, perhaps, contracted a habit of melancholy. In the country my life was solitary. I never knew those plays or boisterous pleasures that fill the early years of children. I was the only child in the house."

He passed long hours under a beloved almond tree over the much-thumbed volumes of Rollin's History. He watched the clouds and heard voices in the air, which he called the "sounds of nature." At the age of seven his father sent him to the "little seminary" of Toulouse. It was intended that he should become a priest. From the "little seminary" he went to the College Stanislas in Paris. He made great progress in his studies; but his vocation for the ecclesiastical state was uncertain. He hesitated. He returned to his family, and it is suspected that he fell in love with one of his sister's friends. Even this did not decide him. He took refuge at La Chênaie, in order to find repose, forgetfulness and the strength to choose. On Christmas, 1832—he was then twenty-two—Maurice entered La Chênaie. La Chênaie was a kind of oasis in the middle of the Breton steppes, where De Lamennais lived, with four or five young men who, secluded from the world, prayed, studied and thought. This year was an epoch in the life of Maurice and in that of his master, De Lamennais.

The apostle whom the young men at La Chênaie so loved and admired had just been forced to suspend the publication of his journal *L'Avenir*, and had apparently submitted to the decision of the Holy Father against his principles. He was meditating his infamous "Paroles d'un Croyant"—a book which was the defiance of a Titan, and which was to strip him of all the beliefs and practices of his former life, and leave him a disfoliaged oak that might break but would never bend. Wrapt in his political and religious dreams, this satanically proud De Lamennais did not know that among his young disciples there was one into whose soul nature was pouring floods of freshness and beauty, which were exhaling and forming such exquisite pictures as the frost makes in winter. The journal

* Lecture to the Belles-Lettres Class in the course of Comparative Literature.

of Maurice de Guérin is a book of the sweetest poetry in the form of prose. The book is full of the loveliest "bits" of landscape painting, drawn with a truer and more delicate touch than we find in any poet that the world knows. The invisible and the unseen in nature, like a network of thread-like roots supporting a bed of fern, are brought to us in his work. His landscapes do not smell of the paint. You cannot see the brush marks. And of what poets, with the exception of Keats, Burns and David Gray, can this be said? In Scott the exigencies of his rhyme seem often to form and color his landscapes; in Tennyson's pictures one sees the art and admires it; but De Guérin's are clear, wonderfully true, and as apparently artless and unconscious as the song of the meadow lark. It is true that De Guérin's descriptions are not shackled by rhythm and rhyme, as those of other landscape poets have been; but he chose his form as they did, and he deserves praise for having selected the form best suited to his genius.

"Thou, Nature, art my Goddess," he wrote—quoting Shakspere—at the head of one of his poems, expressing a truth which, during his short life, was his joy and his torment. He adored nature in all forms; he studied her with love and reverence, and yet he was continually bruising his heart against the bars that guard her mysteries. He was not content to describe and interpret the things that were vouchsafed to him; he longed to know all the secrets of creation; and when his poetic soul found a deep meaning, he quailed before the impossibility of finding worthy expression. This is the secret of that carelessness in his verses which some critics have deplored. It was the carelessness of despair. He was forced to speak of nature, but he could find no words, no form worthy of her: "*Cherchez-vous les dieux, ô Macarée, et d'où sont issus les hommes, les animaux, et les principes du feu universel?*" He says, in "*Le Centaure*": "*Les dieux jaloux ont enfoui quelque part les témoinages de la descendance des choses, mais au bord de quel ocean ont-ils roulé la pierre qui les couvre, ô Macarée?*"

Questions like these haunted him morbidly. He was overwhelmed with a sense of his own impotence as a poet; not in comparison with other poets, but in comparison with that unseen world of which he dreamed, and which he longed, with all his strength, to interpret. In one of the letters quoted by Georges Sand, in the *Revue*, he says: "If I listened to my better judgment I would never write another line. The more I advance, the more the phantom (the ideal) flies beyond my reach." It was this divine despair which, mixing with all his efforts, filled them with the sadness that broods over a desolate place at night. It is hard for one outside the charmed circle to estimate a poetic temperament, particularly a poetic temperament so intensely subjective as De Guérin's. If poets like him be, as Matthew Arnold suggests, not moral agents but only divinely-appointed vessels into which the sacred inspiration is poured, they are Levites apart, and, approaching them, one feels as Porphyro felt at the holy portal of Madeline's chamber.

Maurice de Guérin did not care for fame. The literary life and its rewards appeared to him inconsistent and even absurd. He did not write for the world. He believed that there was more strength and beauty in well-guarded thoughts than in the display of a whole heaven that might be in him. "*Le Centaure*" was given to the world after his death. This poem is one of the most remarkable in literature. It is short; it is burdened with no superfluous words. It is sublime in conception, and truer to the spirit of Greek mythology than "Endymion." If De Guérin had been born a Greek of old, this fragment would have been as precious to us as the Venus Anadyomene of Apelles.

The last of the "*Centaures*," grown old, stands, desolate and melancholy, near his cave in the mountains. He looks with pity and contempt on a man who asks him questions of his life; for in his eyes a man is only a degraded Centaur. He tells the story of his youth when the forces of a nature, half-human, half-brute, filled him with mad, wild joy. He spurned the earth; and the winds parted before him as he dashed wildly through the world in those youthful days. You feel the wind; you see the Centaur in his freedom, and you sympathize with the boundless regret with which this last of the Centaurs looks upon the past when the world was new. "*Le Centaure*" is a poem of only twelve pages; but the reader awakens from it as from a dream, and its impression is not easily shaken off. The gallery of the Louvre furnished its author with other antique subjects, among them a "Bacchante," prelude to a never-finished poem on Bacchus in India. If De Guérin had lived his classic poems would have been different from those of Swinburne. Swinburne's classicism is tainted with the blood-thirsty gloom of the Northern nations. His feeling, when he tries to project himself into the Greece of classic days, is not that of a Greek of the time of Alcibiades, but a feeling that a Grecianized Dane might experience.

Aided by his dear yet awful mother, nature, De Guérin read the mysteries of classical Greece aright, and the "Bacchante," fragmentary as it is, is very precious. Writing in French, he was fortunately careless about his form in poetry. Though he uses the Alexandrine verse, it is not the intolerable, stilted form we generally find in French. His vehicle for expression was ready made for him; but he, fearing no judgment, and doubting his own, followed his inspiration and made a form which, although Sainte-Beuve calls it "unfinished," seems to be the best he could have chosen. His verse never gallops. He had a horror of that, and he warned his sister, Eugénie, against it. "Thy verse sings too much," he wrote, "it does not talk enough."

His life was short and uneventful in its outward circumstances. He lived in a reverie, or, rather, in constant conversation with his interior life. He was in this world but not of it. His world was that which the wise among the ancients knew—a world of silent sounds and unseen sights. Leaving the half-monastic seclusion of La Chênaie, where religion, as he saw it, seemed to possess something antagonistic to his full enjoyment of nature, he went to Paris, and there supported himself by giving lessons. The turbulent life of Paris weakened, though it did not efface, his early religious impressions. While not less of a poet, he became more of a man of the world. He soon learned to lay aside his timidity; and he who had feared to utter his thoughts became a brilliant talker in a society of brilliant talkers.

His arduous work in Paris oppressed him; but as he had learned to love Brittany after he left his sunny South, he learned to love Paris, and his worship wavered between the god of cities and the god of deserts. He longed ardently for leisure and rest, and they came. By his marriage with a lovely and wealthy young creole, Caroline de Gervain, he gained that leisure which he had so long desired; and rest came, too—the rest of death. In July, 1839, not a year after his marriage, consumption, which had been insidiously preying upon him, gave him its last stroke. He died at home, in the South, consoled by his wife and that rare, tender soul, his sister Eugénie.

Of his poems "*Le Centaure*" is the greatest; one written on the St. Theresa of Gérard, and one to his sister Eugénie rank after "*La Bacchante.*" They are in verse. That he wrote little is explained by the fact that he died at the age of twenty-eight. Of the two, Eugénie was the stronger. If he was like his favorite symbol, the white lilac, she was like a young cherry tree giving shade to the weary, blossoms and fruit, each in its season. Her "Journals" give refreshment and consolation, where those of Maurice give only æsthetic pleasure.

The Exodus.

"Our persecutors were swifter than the eagles of the air; they pursued us upon the mountains, they lay in wait for us in the wilderness."—JEREMIAS.

I.

Like a mermaid fresh from ocean rises up a lovely land
From her bed—a crystal cradle rocked by Neptune's stormy hand:
This is Erin, queen of nations in her happy days of yore
Ere the Dane and Norman Baron came to desecrate her shore.
Now dethroned, but look how noble, as she smiles from out her tears
Like the hid sun when in April through a rain-shower brightly peers.
Yet each day she suffers hourly, and her eyes as fountains be
Whence there flow salt streams of anguish filling up her sorrow's sea:
And she sees like Niobe her children torn from her embrace
And consigned unto dark dungeons, since she boasted of her race;
Others, pinched by gaunt, grim hunger, seek their bread in far-off lands,
As at home the tyrant landlord grabs the food from out their hands.
Have you ever seen a parting like to that which e'er takes place
When from Ireland leaves her manhood?—See the sadness on that face!
There is pathos in their leaving, thinking they may never more
See the land that in her sorrow bore them to defend her shore.
Yet withal in tribulation 'tis the custom, now as e'er,
For the Celt to smile 'mid sorrow, driving from him sad despair.

II.

If you listen just a moment I shall tell a plaintive tale
Just how two youths spent their last night ere they left fair Innisfail.
'Tis the eve of their departure and for miles the country round
Neighbors come to bid good-bye to those to-morrow westward bound.
In the barn there sits the fiddler; lads and lasses foot the floor
As the lively music bursts upon them like the torrent's roar.
In the kitchen 'round the turf fire old are in a saddened mood
Talking how the poor are starving, tho' the land is filled with food:
How the rents are ever rising, while the produce's falling low;
And the "absent" landlords but sneer at their growing weight of woe.

Stole the brothers from the music, toward the river wound their way
Where in quiet they might linger, fondly, lovingly delay.
On the bridge that spans the Lubec near the town of "Sweet Adair"
Stood the brothers all in silence—both were young—a manly pair.
From o'erhead the myriad nations, planets, stars and mild-eyed moon,
Smiled benignly on the valley—valley they were leaving soon:
Danced the water in the moon-light bending back the rays of light
Coming from the *red* sun, thro' the medium of the moon by night:
Down the vale along the river, where 'twas said the fairies played,
Lay a sheet of burnished silver, carpet for their frolics laid.
All was quiet, all was lovely; naught disturbed this placid scene
Save the dashing, gentle splashing of the water purplish green.
From their homestead in the distance came the music's laughing note
Gliding thro' the moonlight like a dream of fairyland afloat.
Then the scene and thoughts of morrow filled their hearts with sorrow sore
As they mused how it was poverty urged them on to leave her shore;
How the country groaned and suffered for the past sev'n hundred years—
Ay! *their* hearts were truly Celtic, hence they felt for Ireland's tears.
They were poor, but they were noble, and, tho' humble, in their veins
Flowed that blood which thrilled O'Donnells, those chivalric Irish thanes.
No "Childe Harolds" were they, only simple, guileless youths,
Forced to flee their native country plundered of her fairest fruits.

III.

Breaking silence, spoke the younger: "Oh, it grieves my heart to roam
From my country—dear old Ireland—loveliest, fondest home!
Yet it must be: for proud England stealing takes our wealth away—
Robs poor Ireland of her riches, robs her midnight well as day.
I remember—for I read it—how our cankering chains were wrought;
How the Norman, fierce invader, dire destruction to us brought;
How the Henries were as cruel holding with the reddened sword
Ireland, by dissention troubled, in a bondage downward low'red.
Then Queen 'Bess'—that haughty woman, from an impious union sprung—
Filled our country with all horrors—to express them where's the tongue!
With the hand that slew Queen Mary did she rule a sister Isle,
Do to death our chiefs and nobles, and she calmly smiled the while.
Not content with killing bodies, she did strive to wean their hearts
From the true faith of their fathers;—but she failed with all her arts:
For our people saw that her religion was a bastard creed
Outcome of depravéd nature, baneful food whereon to feed.
Hapless peasants! Prey of robbers, of their liberty deprived,
Of their teachers, of their pastors, few indeed (how few!) survived.
Their proud victors, heartless monsters, fain would kill them—were they poor;
But if rich their all was taken, they could naught but to endure:
Were they learned, they were butchered; were they blockheads they were fools
Worthy only of the scaffold, worthy of the hangman's tools:
Did they offer slight resistance they were outlawed, forced to fly,
Forced to seek another homestead 'neath some kindlier sheltering sky.
Every century gave a Cromwell—he who loved to spike the child,
While the mother gazed upon the scene with anguish wild.
Oh, poor mothers! you were martyrs, if on earth was ever found
One deserving of the palm of glory—by the tyrant crowned.
Ah, the Stuarts! faithless sovereigns, we to them were always true:
But how false were they to Ireland at the Boyne—at Limerick too.
And the Georges—no compassion had they for our suffering land;
They were weaklings; they were worthless; never gave a helping hand.
Oh, loved Erin, Queen of Sorrows! weeping, weeping all those years,
Where's the clime that shed so many bitter, scorching, burning tears?
'Tis no wonder that her people rose a nation to redress their wrongs;
'Tis no wonder! they were maddened! do not blame them in your songs!
Did her people rise a 'Demos' without reason, without right?
Were they not pricked to the action? did not England force the fight?
Dearest brother, I am chattering in a wild and angry mood;
Do not blame; I must speak; I cannot on this subject brood.
There's a King, the Judge of judges, one who knows all nations well;
He shall come to right the wrong done, come to ring the tyrant's knell;
Mete out justice to the despot till the mighty debt is paid—
Then shall Ireland end her sorrows, England's grave be made."

IV.

"'Tis but true what thou hast spoken, brother, and I wait the day
Till the Sun of Erin's glory shed o'er all its blessed ray.
But how sad 'tis: Irish youths and maidens all are leaving home

None are left but helpless infants, old men walking in death's gloam.
And to-morrow, too, shall find us riding on the wavy crest
Sailing onward toward the land where the poor are not oppressed.
Our brave Uncle Denis was among the men who striving rose,
Rose for Ireland, fought for freedom, but *the might* was with her foes
Who were legion, who were potent, and the heroes strove in vain;
Some were slaughtered, some were captured, sent in ships across the main.
Our own uncle was one of many exiled to Van Diemen's Land,
There to weary out his strong life on that bleak and barren strand.
Times are changing for the better: in the not far distant days
I have hopes that our Queen Erin will be crowned with laurel bays.
Then a nation shall be Erin, home of Freedom once again
When in College Green will be her Parliament of Irish men."

V.

Quickly wheeled the twinkling planets thro' the heavens on their way;
And Orion sloping westward pointed to America
Where no landlords lapt in riches grind the poor to very dust;
But where Freedom smiles on plenty, and the poorest find a crust.
Rose the sun betimes in splendor, dappling th' azure with its smile
As if nothing was to happen in the cradled Emerald Isle:
Surely *nothing* was to happen, it was but that on that day
Two were leaving broken-hearted, from poor Erin going away—
From the dear land of their childhood which they loved so passing well;
What they felt and what they suffered only one who knows can tell.

T. J. HENNESSY, '93.

James Clarence Mangan.

In this busy, knowledge-seeking nineteenth century, it is a very common thing to see the great masters of art and literature brought forth from the dust and darkness, which the lack of appreciation has thrown around them.

We see men studying the great works of Dante, of Milton and of Shakspere. Each event in the lives of the great authors is carefully scanned, in order to throw light on the darkness which obscures parts of their works. There is now a generally prevalent desire to know more than has hitherto been known of the beauty which the great minds in days gone by created.

It is the purpose of this article to consider the works of a poet, which, if they do not rank with the foremost lights of literature, still possess elements of greatness too apparent to be ignored by the reader.

James Clarence Mangan, the subject of this sketch, is considered to be one of the greatest poets Ireland has produced. His life, like that of his country, had once its few days of sunshine and gladness; then came darkness, treachery and sorrow.

To attempt to give a complete notice of his life would be fruitless; for there is much in his life which shall probably never be known. One may read the lives of Poe and of Savage; neither of these possessed Mangan's genius; neither was so miserable a mortal.

This poet of sorrow and misfortune first saw the light of day in the year 1803. His father being a grocer who had failed in business, our poet was sent to a common school of his native city, Dublin. There he labored for seven weary years as a copyist in a scrivener's office, during which time his mind conceived many of the poems which he afterwards wrote. When he began this monotonous life in the scrivener's office is not known. Nor has he told us when he left, or was discharged from, that position; for his whole life is shrouded in mystery, lighted up here and there by faint gleams which only make his misfortunes the more sad by contrast.

For some years after his labors in the attorney's office there is a gap which has never been filled up by any biographer. We only know that he entered that period of his existence a bright-haired youth, and emerged a withered and stricken man. For he, like Poe, had loved and lost; but the keen refinement in his nature felt the blow terribly. He has given expression to his sorrow in these beautiful lines from Rueckert:

"I saw her once, one little while, and then no more;
'Twas Eden's light on earth the while, and then no more;
Amid the throng she passed along the meadow floor.
Spring seemed to smile on earth awhile, and then no more;
But whence she came, which way she went, what garb she wore
I noted; I gazed awhile, and then no more.
. . . . . .
Oh, might I see her once again, as once before,
Through chance or wile that shape awhile, and then no more!
Death soon would heal my griefs; this heart, now sad and sore
Would beat anew a little while, and then no more."

How very different is this from the tirade against the world by Tennyson. We can feel that the anguish of his heart gushes forth in these verses. From this time on his life was

obscure. With the loss of one he had loved so deeply, betrayed by false friends, is it to be marvelled that he took for bread opium and for water brandy?

When twenty-seven years of age he began to contribute his translations from the German. He also wrote, at the same time, many poems on Irish subjects. It was at this time that Mangan's life became indeed a sorrowful one. There seemed to be two Mangans: one was known to the Muses, the other to the police; one soared above the thoughts of earthly things, the other was often found in the gutter. About the year 1842, the *Nation* secured him as a permanent contributor after he had previously written for the *Dublin Magazine*.

He sounded on all the chords of Ireland's harp of liberty, and thus many true men of '48 were inspired by his poems. But the time was close at hand when the tired and troubled spirit was to find rest. 'Twas in the spring of 1849, weakened by loss of nourishment, he fell ill, and this, heightened by an attack of cholera, soon destroyed what still remained of Mangan's earthly life. He died in a most edifying manner, consoled by the Sacraments of the one true Church.

His love of nature is shown in his translation from Koerner:

"What though no maiden's tears ever be shed o'er my clay bed
Yet will the generous night never refuse to weep its dews."

The poem which seems to shine and glisten in the tears of a pathos almost too deep for words is "Twenty Golden Years Ago," written when he was dying:

"O the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
How it plashes on the window-sill!
Night, I guess, too, must be on the wane,
Strass and Gass around are grown so still.
Here I sit with coffee in my cup—
Ah! 'tis rarely I beheld it flow
In the tavern where I loved to sup
Twenty golden years ago."

Mangan's life is seen better in his poetry. There is very little that is light and airy in it. It possesses a weirdness that is fascinating. It possesses all that strange individuality of Poe, but rises above the latter's work in being greater in thought and execution. Take, for instance, the "Student of Prague," which adopts from Immermann, it is a picture drawn by a man filled with sorrow and disappointment. He has written a beautiful translation from Schiller, which he calls the unrealities. It must have been written when his unfortunate life was nearing its end:

"O summer of existence, golden, glowing!
Can naught avail to curb thine onward motion?"

His translations of the German ballads are very well done; and his Irish ballads also are real gems. Probably one of the lighter poems he wrote is the "Rose," which possesses musical qualities of no mean order.

J. A. DEVANNEY, '95.

Prose of Daniel Webster.

A giant in an age of giants was Daniel Webster, statesman, orator, scholar and author, and filling the requirements of each with inborn genius and natural modesty.

Of his ability as a statesman, history is yet sounding his praises. No American has attained a greater height in the study of eloquence; a scholar of great research, and an author of remarkable force, such was the man whom America delights to call her greatest orator and one of her most gifted sons. We are to discuss now one of the many sides of this versatile man—his prose.

This is an age of progress, and, without exhibiting any of the American fondness for boasting, we can point to our last quarter of a century, and, for the while, disregarding politics, ask if we are not leading the van? Our system of education has given us a mediocrity of genius; but the literature which lives and will live is embraced in the writings of these eminent men.

The true-hearted son of a kindly mother country can point with pride and glory to the names of some of the greatest *littérateurs* the world has ever known. Genius springs triumphant from the soil first dedicated by the Pilgrim Fathers. The pure, free air of America's land has inspired the poet, the novelist and the historian. With the grand old names of Milton, Shakspere, Shelley and Tennyson must be placed those of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier and a multitude of others.

We are the possessors of the writings of novelists and historians of no mean rank. With Thackeray and Dickens we rank Hawthorne, and beside the names of Hallam, Gibbons and Lingard we put Bancroft and Prescott.

In the field of oratory and statesmanship, who can the Old World pit against that true-hearted, patriotic son of America—Daniel Webster? He stands pre-eminent in the field of oratory. His ringing sentences shall go down in all their might to coming ages. His name shall ever be revered by the American people.

We are essentially a patriotic race, and to whom should we pay homage before Daniel

Webster? We love our loyal citizens and give them all just praise. The Stars and Stripes are flung to the breezes in every spot throughout this broad land, and are everywhere greeted with the cheers of a loyal, liberty-loving people. The mention of the names of Washington, Lincoln, Sheridan and Grant, thrills the hearts of patriots. Their work has made the Nation what it is.

But now we see before our eyes the giant of free speech, the all-powerful, all-eloquent Webster. We associate not his name with war and carnage, but instead we hear the outpourings of a patriotic soul. Love for home and native land are the qualities which we revere in Webster. We admire and applaud the noble sentiments he advanced, and we honor the memory of the giant of free speech.

The words, "I was born an American, I live an American, I shall die an American," are engraven on our hearts, and we cannot think harshly of their author. Webster, although holding high rank, and, in fact, the first place among American orators, has never been given the credit for his style which it deserves. It is the personification of the man, strong, sturdy and masterful.

Webster's individuality is portrayed in it as clearly as a crystal stream reflects the image of a person looking into it. He was a man to command the attention of all who came within range of his voice; his style is such as to reach the thousands who, without that privilege, still admire the man and his works. Hundreds, saw and heard him. Thousands reading, after the lapse of a half century, his magnificent bursts of eloquence, his grand, sonorous sentences, do homage to the man. Man must die, but his labors he leaves after him. They are not carried to "that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

The man lives in his works. If they were done but for his time and generation, posterity never meets them. They enter the same grave in which their author is interred. It is different, however, with those whom nature makes of clay, but moulds in the die of genius. Such men as these are not fettered to their surroundings, but rise above them. Among this class was Daniel Webster. The time in which he lived is one of the most interesting of our history. There were giants in those days—no pygmy could lift his voice in our halls of Congress.

Calhoun, Hayne, Webster and Clay were all men of genius, and Webster must come first. His style is one which we become attached to readily. Without the color of many of his contemporaries his clear, ringing sentences inspire and excite us to better work, nobler deeds.

D.

Irish Literature.*

Speaking to a society of young Irishmen who love their country and burn to serve her, I am tempted to broach a subject which has long lain in my mind, waiting for the fit audience. The famine of 1846 paralyzed many forces in Ireland, and none more disastrously than our growing literature. How little has been done in the region of mind since that calamity, and by what isolated and spasmodic efforts? The era on which the famine fell was, intellectually, a singularly fruitful one. A company of young men, among the most generous and disinterested in our annals, were busy digging up the buried relics of our history, to enlighten the present by a knowledge of the past, setting up on their pedestals anew the overthrown statues of Irish worthies, assailing wrongs which under long impunity had become unquestioned and even venerable, and warming as with strong wine the heart of the country by songs of valor and hope; and happily not standing isolated in their pious work, but encouraged and sustained by just such an army of students and sympathizers as I see around me to-day. The famine swept away their labors, and their passionate attempts to arrest and redress the destruction it inflicted, delivered themselves over to imprisonment and penal exile. Their incomplete work, produced amid the tumult and conflict of a great political struggle, has been a treasure to two generations of Irishmen; and it supplied the impulse of work equal to their own, for Lefanu, Butt, Lecky and others whom I refrain from naming, and even their seniors and predecessors, Petrie and O'Donovan, were kindled into new ardor by the flame lighted by these enthusiasts. The patriot's library has not been burthensome in latter times. But Moore's Melodies, Griffin's and Banim's novels, the histories of MacGeoghegan and Curry, and the writings of these young men have been a constant cordial to the sorely-tried spirit of our people. Since their day individual writers have done useful work from the unquenchable desire God has planted in men's hearts to serve their own race; but there has been no organized attempt to raise the mind of the country to higher and more generous ideals of life and duty, or to quicken its interest in things which it behoves us to know. No nation can with impunity neglect

* From an address delivered before the Irish Literary Society, London, on July 23d, 1892, by SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, K. C. M. G.

the mind of the growing generation, the generation which after a little time will guide its counsels and guard its interests. The thought which has long haunted my reveries, and which I desire to speak out to-day, is that the young men of this generation might and should take up anew the unfinished work of their predecessors, and carry it another stage towards the end which they aimed to reach. Why should they not? Every generation of men furnishes its own tale of thinkers and workers. The mind of Ireland has not grown barren, nor will I believe that it has grown indifferent, though public cares have diverted it away from intellectual pursuits. There are men, I do not doubt, fit and worthy and willing to undertake such a a task.

Have you reflected on all we have lost and are losing by the subsidence of the intellectual enthusiasm of half a century ago? It is not alone that we are deficient in knowledge essential to equip us for the battle of life by an acquaintance with the character, capacities and history of our own country, but, far worse than that, the mind of the generation destined some day to fill our places, the youthful mind which used to be kindled and purified by the poetry and legends of Ireland, runs serious risk of becoming debased, perhaps depraved, by battening on the garbage of literature. I have made enquiries, and I am assured that the books chiefly read by the young in Ireland are Detective, or other sensational stories from England and America, and vile translations from the French of vile originals. It is for the moralist, and indeed for all of us who love Ireland, to consider whether the virtues for which our people were distinguished—purity, piety and simplicity—are not seriously endangered by such intellectual diet. I have been vehemently warned that these detestable books can only be driven out by books more attractive, and I will not dispute the proposition. There are histories and biographies which delight the student; there is a poetry which is an inspiration and a solace to healthy minds, which it would be useless, I admit, to offer to young men accustomed to the dram-drinking of sensational literature. To them, at any rate, you must bring books which will excite and gratify the love of the wonderful, and carry them from the commonplace world to the regions of romance. And why may not this be done? Why may there not be opened to them a nobler world of wonder—the story of transcendent achievements, the romance of history, the "fairy tales of science"? In the dominion of intellectual wonder there are many fair fields and only one narrow corner which is vicious and debased. To the student—using that word in the wide sense which covers all who study—you must bring solider and more attractive offerings than the things you ask him to reject; and again, I ask, why should you not?

It may be demanded: where are the writers to supply these captivating books? Let me ask, where in 1840 were the writers who were exciting universal enthusiasm in 1843? Like them the men of the future are, consciously or unconsciously preparing for their task; they are waiting the occasion—occasion which is the stage where alone great achievements are performed. I could name, if it were needful, a few writers not unworthy to succeed the men of '43, but their work will speak for them. I prefer to say that if there were not one man of genius left of the Irish race there are already materials sufficient to furnish useful and delightful books for half-a-dozen years. With a memory running back over ten decades of reading, I confidently affirm that there are scattered in magazines and annuals, in luckless books overlooked in the hurry of our political march, in publications the very names of which are forgotten by the present generation, Irish stories of surpassing interest fit to win and fascinate young Irish readers, which would not degrade or debase them, but make them better men and better Irishmen. And in the other domains of literature, Irish writers living in or belonging to a country where unhappily there was no market for books, carried their work to periodicals where it has lain interred for generations. How many rare and interesting books there are of which we have lost all trace and memory! I put lately into the hands of a friend of large intellectual appetite half a dozen little volumes of which he had never heard. "This," I said, pointing to the first, "was written by a Presbyterian minister, who described with infinite humor the relations between the squire and the peasant a hundred years ago, and it is almost as true to-day as it was then. The writer was hanged as a rebel in '98 by the very squire whom he had depicted, and his little book is read with enthusiasm to this day by northern farmers who call themselves Orangemen and Unionists. This second volume," I said, "is the first poem written by Bulwer Lytton, and the hero is an O'Neill who rallied his nation against England. Here's a little volume on the Land Question, published in America fifty years ago by a poor exiled Irishman, which anticipates the alarming proclamation of first principles by Fintan Lalor and Henry George, and it is as unknown in Ireland, as the lost books of Livy." I do not suggest that you should publish these books or any of them; but surely they are finger-posts pointing to an unexplored territory. Speaking of the resources for a popular library, which we already have in hand, I may say that one-third of the writings of Thomas Davis and Clarence Mangan have not been collected in volumes. Davis's most remarkable achievement as an historian, "The Patriot Parliament"—he calls it not the Parliament of Grattan, but the Parliament of Tyrconnell—was prepared for publication by his own hand, and it has remained without a publisher for two generations. Nothing

of the miscellaneous writings of John Blake Dillon, John O'Hagan, Thomas Meagher, or Charles Kickham have been gathered into books. And how much of the wealth of our ancient Gaelic literature still lies buried in untranslated MSS., or in the transactions of learned societies.

A perfectly honest and respectable blockhead asked me recently, what was the use of books for men working for their daily bread, or for young fellows whose first business in life was to make some way in the world? From the highest class in the nation to the lowest, good books are the salt of life. They make us wiser, manlier, more honest, and what is less than any of these, more prosperous. It is not the least of their merits that good books make good men and patriotic citizens. Robert Burns declared that reading the "Life of William Wallace" poured a tide of Scotish sentiment into his veins, which would boil till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest. A man who has done and suffered much for Ireland during the last forty years has often avowed that he was made a patriot by reading the poems of Thomas Davis, when recovering from a severe illness; and how many other Irishmen have confessed the same debt to him and his associates? The great Dominican, Father Burke, and Professor Tyndall of Belfast, the fierce Unionist, are equally warm in their acknowledgment of the effect produced upon them in their youth by the writings of the Young Irelanders. The late Judge O'Hagan, one of the most upright and gifted of Irishmen, used to declare that the evening when he first read the address of John Blake Dillon to the College Historical Society, he was a Whig, but the next day, and ever after, he was a Nationalist. To how many of us is that address still inaccessible? Would it not be a beneficent work to republish it? Surely there is no Irishman of any political persuasion who would not be glad of the opportunity of reading a work which produced such an effect on such a man.

The discipline of education is not for ornament merely, but for practical use. Without it men and nations miss their path in life, and let slip opportunities of progress and prosperity. It is as precious to the poor man as to the rich one. In Australia I have seen a generation of shepherds and sheep-farmers, who long trod a soil seamed with gold, knowing nothing of the treasures beneath their feet. Is not the Irish farmer often as ignorant of the wealth which other nations draw from the earth, or from the enterprise born of the leisure and security which the possession of the soil creates? The petty industries which helped to make French farms prosperous are just as suitable to our own country, and just as feasible in it. London is supplied from Normandy with farm produce which would come more naturally from Munster, and the French make their households pleasant with dainty preparations of vegetables which the Irish fling away with contempt. Switzerland is more destitute of coal than Ireland, but Switzerland competes successfully with England in her own markets with manufactures for which she does not possess the raw material. When I met in France, Italy and Egypt the marmalade manufactured at Dundee, I felt it like a silent reproach. Oranges do not grow in Dundee, and sugar is not manufactured there, but enterprise and industrial education are native to the soil. Is not this a department in which there is something to be taught the people by useful books?

What do we hope and desire to make of Ireland? This is the question on which the character of education ought to depend. In Switzerland the bulk of the people live on their own farms, not needing, nor even desiring, great wealth, but enjoying free, simple lives, ennobled by the perfect liberty which the poet declares is a child of the mountains. In Belgium there are many husbandmen thriving on the benign industries cultivated at home, which rear a nobler class of men than the stricken legions who serve the steam-engine and the water-wheel. It is not for me to dogmatize on the proper development of Ireland; but assuredly to be wise and successful it must harmonize with the nature of the people, and correct it where correction is needful. Education is far-stronger than nature, and there is no doubt the deficiencies in national character may be repaired by discipline. The highest teaching of a people is to accustom them to have a strict regard for the rights of others, to be prudent and temperate in action, and to regard the whole nation as members of a common household. To make our people politically free, yet leave them bond-slaves of some debasing social system like that which crowds the mines and factories of England with squalid victims, or make the artisans of France so often godless scoffers, would be a poor result of all Ireland's labors and sacrifices.

Liberty will do much for a nation, but it will not do everything. Among a people who do not know and reverence their own ancestors, who do not submit cheerfully to lawful authority, and do not love the eternal principles of justice, it will do little. But the moral sentiments, the generous impulses, the religious feelings still survive in the Irish race, and they give assurance that in that mystic clime on the verge of the Western Ocean, where the more debasing currents of European civilization only visit it at high tide, there is a place for a great experiment for humanity. There within our circling seas we may rear a race in which the fine qualities of the Celtic family, fortified by the sterner strength of the North, and disciplined by the Norman genius of Munster, may at last have fair play; and where at lowest a pious and gallant race may after long struggles and and nameless sufferings possess their own soil and their own souls in peace.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 11, 1893.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Lecture by Hon. Henry Watterson.

The brilliant Kentucky journalist and Southern Democrat lectured before the students on Tuesday last. His subject was "Money and Morals." He is a practical speaker, and mingles with his rhetoric such an easy flow of pleasant and satirical merriment that he catches his auditors with serious words just to leave them smiling at his sallies. He takes "humor to be to philosophy," as he put it, "what dew is to the earth." But the good ethics is in him; he has a positive penchant to spurn the tricks of oratory, and give full expression to his pungent thoughts.

Mr. Watterson said he did not hold that his question of "Money and Morals" was different from others in not having two sides to it. "We are often nearest wrong when we are most emphatic." The Duke of Melbourne once said: "I wish I were as positive of any one thing as Tom Macaulay is of *everything*." He would not enter upon a dissertation with the feeling that he had the only correct solution to the problem, but only make a few guesses at the truth. His eulogy to America was the rhetorical beginning of a speech that bubbled with genine Kentucky wit. He pictured America to the disparagement of the Roman realms of Cæsar, and the tracts of land Napoleon's ambition bought. "Is there anything," he said, "to keep back the train of progress? Canada and Mexico, are they not the refuge of defaulters? . . . No one here has ever broken into an apple orchard or robbed a watermelon patch that has not thought what a blessed thing it is to have plenty. All of us have thought what a great thing is money. And who *hasn't* thought what good he would do if he had lots of money?" And as his wheel of fancy turned round, he watched to see the lucky number "turn up in the phantom lottery." What spendthrift has not paid his debts in visions, and what millionaire has not wished his money a vision? "Money is illusive and elusive to one who goes into debt on expectation." Take the capitalist in the counting house, whose money is a burden to him; and then the boy behind the counter who hands you out princes and calicos and to whom it is as light as—a vision. Is that not baffling? a paradox?—to the one its power is *ennui* and care; to the other it is a *genius*. "But money is a material fact and the piston rod that drives all else." Bacon has said: "It is the baggage to virtue," yet he must concede that, "though it impede the march, it cannot be left behind." "All pretend to hold it lightly," said Mr. Watterson, "yet secretly strive for it. I would hate to think money barred out one from salvation. We have records of many good rich men. Too many a good fellow has gone down to perdition aided by money." Its possession is a power. And if it can be earned honorably, it is neither a curse nor disgrace; but it hardens ten times where it elevates once.

The moneyed man takes on the metalic brittleness of coin. And how few have ennobled the soul and elevated the mind with it? There are maxims that have gone through all the languages and, like firebrands, when misinterpreted, play havoc. "Perseverance conquers all things," it is said; "labor conquers all things, love conquers all things." Perseverance will not divest man, and labor can never make a clod a painter or a poet; love never made a "silk purse out of a sow's ear." You hear them exclaim, I will be rich, famous! "No one thing on this earth, as an end, ever brought happiness." Success somehow always disappoints us.

"One of the United States great senators once told me," said Mr. Watterson, "that by treason on the part of one of his friends he was thrown out of his place as senator at the age of thirty, having held it only a short time. For fifteen years he strove to get it back again. The time he told me this happened to date soon after his re-election, and he said to me: 'What does it all amount to?—Nothing.' A President told me that his name was sent to the conventions for twenty years and he had given up all hopes. His friends whom he would have wished to reward were all dead; his enemies had all become his friends, when he was elected, 'an old man with the responsibility of a nation on him.' G. D. Prentice, the poet, editor

and orator, averred that if Henry Clay had been elected President he would have been the most wretched man on earth. 'Because, said Mr. Prentice, 'he had coated the public three-ply deep with promises that he could never have fulfilled. Clay was naturally an affable whole-souled Kentuckian and made friends as rapidly as promises.'"

If we make one aim in life and set our hearts on that alone the ultimate insipidity of it is directly proportionate to the work. If we could look at it without that pleasant, elusive anticipation we would start back from it in horror. "The man who is happy is the one who thinks his wife the best woman in the world; who would not exchange his ivy-covered cottage for the palatial quarters of a king; who would not 'swop' his freckled-faced, red-headed brats for the handsomest little lord Fauntleroys on earth. Men *in their places* are the men that stand. Millions won't ease the sensitiveness of a sore toe, and fame never paid a debt." Mr. Watterson said he did not believe every man that was found short in accounts was a scoundrel, nor necessarily every refugee a thief. The gambling mania seems to have half of the defaulters. Gamblers never think they'll lose. But what a mistake when a man lays his hand on a dollar he cannot call his own! "And I know something about that myself," said the lecturer, significantly. In the duties incumbent upon him as editor of a college serial it finally devolved upon him, as he held one office after another, to accept the functions of treasurer. The proverbial man at-the-wrong-time called upon him for a report, and he was four dollars and fifty cents short. He kept awake all one night thinking how he would "fix the books." But next morning, as tired as he was determined, he made a clean breast of it to his uncle, who helped him out, with the admonition that "it was a bad piece of business, and never do it again." Among the most pitiable persons who appropriate money that does not belong to them is the "pillar of the Church," or one who has been masquerading as an example of integrity. The hypocrisy which is so deep that it thinks itself virtue is the politic enemy that often makes a man a mongrel devil.

Look to the sin of a nation before you can estimate the grandeur of it. "Is it the race question?" That it is the menacing evil in this country is the problem the wisest have yet to solve, and its future the most sagacious have yet to see. Voting? Those questions must settle themselves. We are not the slaves of false convention. "Any ragged being who slips in at the back door of creation has as much chance to be president as the one who shakes his little fist at grey-headed senators, or pulls the whiskers of a billionair fraternity." What would there be in our "Liberty" were this not true:

> "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

There's no issue menacing the State. One hundred years have brought about many changes, and "public opinion" is still hard at work. The war of the South bound us stronger together. "Our danger is a moral danger and springs from money and people. Everyone strives to put money into his purse. The $10,000 pulpit and $100,000 seat in the Senate—it seems salvation would be reached for a dollar." How quick we are to condemn the rich, yet how willing are we to forgive them *for their money!* What a keen pleasure it affords us to put our feet under their mahogany! "When Agassiz was offered $1000 a night to lecture and refused, saying, 'What time have I to work for money,' people thought him crazy; but what a pity we have not more Agassizes! The young man of to-day turns from public life with scorn. 'I'll make my money first and then, perhaps, buy my seat in the Senate.'"

There is more happiness to be gotten from coining one kind thought than from millions of dollars. "Do to others as you would have them do unto you" is the secret philosophy of raising money and morals up to an equal standing. There is hope. We are upon the ascent with government and civilization. We are masters of the greatest system of rule the mind of man ever conceived. Money has always trampled morals at times—from the thirty pieces of silver to the South Sea bubble. It has always shown its brawniness and tenacity. Shakspere's Wolsey was a man "that once trod the ways of glory, and sounded all the depths and shoals of honor."

> "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
> By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
> The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
> Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
> Corruption wins not more than honesty.
> Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
> To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
> Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's
> Thy God's and truth's; *then* if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
> Thou fall'st a blesed martyr."

That is the epitome of all man's happiness in vain glory. There is one who saw how weak is pride and how strong is money.

Our national differences are all external, local. But we, people of to-day, if we wish to raise the standard of morality, and put money in its place, we must not let it lure generosity and manhood—the only sources of a people's wealth.

L. M.

A Picture.

He lived the life of a hermit. Save when he strayed into the woodlands or open meadows to converse with nature, or walked through the unfrequented streets of his little village, he was at home silent and alone. I saw him once when he paused on his way before a bed of violets; he loved flowers, he loved nature herself, but that was all. I saw him again with the books of his choice piled up by his side, and his unmarked tablet lying before him; and as I gazed upon him while he sat there in the gloomy room, with no light but a faintly glimmering candle, that scarcely cast his shadow on the wall, I thought of the wise men of ancient times. He seemed like a gray-haired philosopher wrestling with the false systems of a by-gone civilization, or, like another determined Archimedes, oblivious to all except the problem he was endeavoring to solve. Set deep in their sockets, his penetrating eyes seemed to be peering into the mysteries of something indiscernible. One hand rested on his ink-stained desk, the other idly caught the arm of his chair. The aged man was a poet striving for fame—striving with all the energy of his being, as he had often and often done before, yet striving in vain. The efforts of his whole life had been to no avail.

His well-worn pen had written its last word. But lofty ambition still spread her aerial wings. Unsatisfied, he tormented his spirit: something was wanting to him. His brow, wrinkled as it was, would at times even show the more impetuous workings of his fettered genius; again it would unfold itself, becoming calm and placid only as the ever-moving ocean does, always leaving there the deep original furrows, and once more he would dip his pen into the ink, as if ready to put his thoughts upon the paper; but he knew not the words to write, and, throwing himself back into his chair, he would stare blankly out of his window into the clear winter night where the moon touched the crusted snow with a purple mantle which seemed to reflect back from its depths an image of the sky—clouded, not clear—he saw the image below and the clear sky above, and he saw there, too, bending under its burden, a lonely evergreen that day after day had made of its bushy branches a cradle for the falling feathery flakes. He looked upon the scene a moment; then, closing his eyes and placing his hand upon his forehead, as if to keep the image there, read its meaning. To him it was an unwritten poem, and it was more. For him it contained the spirit of his life-work, yet none but he knew that spirit. Beauty was there, the smiling child of nature, and he saw her graceful form; poetry, her sister, cast furtive glances at him—he knew she was there, but he could not see her. Sorrow, all too familiar, for she had often come before, alone made bold upon him. He had read deep down under the surface of the moon-lit snow the story of his grief, the story of his failure. There he saw the image of reflected clouds, but there were no clouds in the sky. Nature had painted the picture, and the clouds were only the darkened patches here and there spread over the glassy surface. The clear sky above was his great ideal; the image below meant imperfection, and the drooping evergreen was the poet himself, bending low under the weight of an unsuccessful life.

The candle flickered and was continually wasting itself away, but the sorrow-stricken man knew it not, for the hour was late and, wrapped up in the cloak of his misfortunes, he had fallen asleep. There in his dreams he lived another more auspicious day. Life was no longer a failure. Fortune smiled upon him and Calliope communed with his spirit. He was glad at heart, for at last he had written his ideal masterpiece. He was overjoyed beyond measure that the great work was completed. But, alas! what a delusion! The old wooden clock that stood on a shelf above his desk broke the stillness of the night and woke him from his dream. He opened his eyes and looked about him. It was dark without, so dark that he could not see the clouds which had arisen and hid the moon from view. The candle gave only a faint light, for the wick was nearly extinguished in the pool of melted wax. At a glance the old man saw all this; at a glance he saw the tablet on which nothing was written. His elated heart was suddenly struck with intensified grief, and, overcome in his aged feebleness, he fell back in his chair—broken-hearted. The clock struck twelve and the candle ceased to give its light.

M. A. QUINLAN, '93.

Side Lights on College Life.

I.
COLLEGE PLAYS.

How few people realize the trials and tribulations, the disadvantages and disappointments under which college actors must labor! Just now, that the Thespians are full in the midst of the throes attendant on the production of their Washington's Birthday performance, and the

Columbians are anxiously casting about for new dramatic fields unconquered and untrodden, a few words on this subject may not be inopportune.

The difficulties begin at the very outset. The play must first be selected, and in the selection great care must be taken to find one fulfilling all necessary conditions. It must be passable in itself, not beyond the ability of the company, not too elaborate, and of course for male characters only. If the gentler sex be represented, the characters must be remorselessly cut out or metamorphosed, a sister to a brother, a sweetheart to a friend, a mother to a father, grandfather or anyone else most suitable. Nothing seems to be impossible in that line. When "Hamlet" is played without Ophelia, "The Merchant of Venice" without Portia, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" without Eva the slaughterer's art seems to have reached the acme of perfection. Not quite however, for Lady Macbeth still holds forth and, like another character inseparably connected with her, will not down. In such a case there is but one thing left. Dress some one up as a woman, and risk having him laughed at in the most tragic part. Now such a thing could be easily done in comedy, as "a little laughter now and then is relished by the funniest actors" to make a horrible parody.

The aspiring tragedians,—for all college actors do nothing but tragedy, and why it should be so is beyond mortal ken—the tragedians, to repeat, now have their play. The next trouble is met in forming the cast. "Who'll be who?" is the vital question. Naturally, every member of the organization is a "star," and naturally each one insists on being the "bright, particular star." Oh, that some genius of a play-wright might fill this truly long-felt want. As yet we have nothing of the kind, and hence we are subject to the wranglings, the jealousies, the tiffs and the miffs attendant on amateur theatricals.

The cast is finally made out, and gives complete and general dissatisfaction. Rehearsals take place, always with one grumblingly reading the part of some one else who happens to be absent, with or without reason. The manager's worry and bustle are pitiful to behold. Day after day he goes over the whole play with stage manager, stage carpenter, property man and scenic artist. Not a point is overlooked: "Chains here," he says to the property man; "This scene needs a daub of paint here," to the artist; "Be sure to have the steps solid," this to the carpenter; "Now, don't forget about the lightning and thunder," to the stage manager. And on the night of the final performance, no matter how thorough the drill, no matter how smoothly the scenes run, the manager always asks in an agonized tone: "Are you sure everything is all right?"

The costumes arrive; there is a general and undignified scramble for them. Each one procures his own, and if it suit him not he surreptitiously borrows a part of some one else's. Each one makes a grab for the best sword, or the brightest helmet. "Look out for No. 1" is a motto well observed.

The performance night comes; two hours before the time the young actors hurry to the hall, don their costumes, "make up" and stand at the windows to be gazed upon and admired by the hundreds below. How proudly they strut around, nodding their plumes and flourishing their swords! What a sight is presented! Parts of costumes are scattered around in glorious confusion. The stage manager is taking a farewell look at the setting; the hero is vainly endeavoring to squeeze No. 6 feet into No. 3 sandals; the heavy villain is practising the duel and death, the remainder of the company stand around in groups talking, or helping one another put the finishing touch to their "make-up." Soon all is ready. The hall is cleared of impediments, the orchestra take their places; the sawing of violins, the tooting of horns and flutes, the banging of the piano go on until all the instruments are in perfect accord. The audience enter, and with the appearance of the noted personages the orchestra strikes up, and the overture is begun. At the back of the curtain anxious players glue their eyes to the peep holes and survey the audience. The music stops, the curtain rises on the old familiar "mountain gorge, wild scenery, rocky path," etc. The actors are sure of a hearty reception, for the audience is not inclined to be too critical.

The spectators understand the circumstances of the case well enough to make all proper allowances. The play goes on; the hero suffers and triumphs, as he did four or five years ago on the same stage; the villain is baffled and dies, just as he did the last time; the curtain falls on the last tableau amid the usual storm of applause and the play is over. Back to the dressing rooms hurry the excited and tired performers. Costumes are whisked off, and as the paint is scrubbed off anxious inquiries are made between rubs as to whether everything went smoothly or whether so-and-so's "break" was noticeable off the stage. Then the wearied actors rejoin their friends, receive congratulations—college actors are invariably congratulated—and listen to comments on the performance and all its attendant circumstances.

ERNEST F. DUBRUL.

The Man in The Tower.

There is one thing that my eagle eye has observed for some time past, and my massive brain has often thought that a little care would remedy it. What a pity it is that a great many persons never think about the noise that a pair of shoes will create in a quiet room! I have frequently seen people come late to class, or lectures and, utterly regardless of the rules of politeness, or a sense of respect for the lecturer, and without any consideration for the delicate auricular feelings of the listeners, parade to their seat, allowing their pedal extremities to tend to themselves; and then, when at their seat, throw books around and jostle their chair about in a most annoying manner.

What is the effect of this on those who were unfortunate enough to be present? It simply makes them think hard. Sometimes this *think* is not of the salutary kind. It is often in the nature of a naughty think, and it would be more Christian not to provoke the auditors. Probably some of these disturbers of the peace have lived in places where custom decreed that the wooden shoe was fashion, and the more noise, the merrier. But such persons, coming to a civilized country, should fall into the ways of their new associates, and if, perchance, they find themselves late for class or lecture, let them enter the room in a quiet, gentlemanly way; and when they must unlock or pull up a chair, use their fingers dexterously and raise the chair from the floor while moving it. This would prevent much disturbance.

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Why is there such a similarity in our college plays? Why do our societies always give us plays founded on the downfall of princes, the falsely accused, or the struggle between Turks and Christians for supremacy? The St. Cecilia Society, for instance, has always followed in this rut. The Thespians generally give us a Shaksperean or some other legitimate drama; and I am glad to see that the Columbians, under the efficient management of Professor C. P. Neil, have quit representing English misrule and Irish home rule. Why can we not have comedy once in a while? Why need we be always inflicted with blood and thunder? No matter how well the infliction be performed by the actors the dry chestnut plot remains. When I think of a play in Washington Hall a cold shiver or two plays tag up and down my spine.

Now I admire the Philopatrians for the innovation they made in presenting operettas and musicales. Such a thing deserves to be encouraged. I suppose by this time that the Thespians are preparing their play; but if it is not too late, I would humbly suggest to the Columbians, "Let us have comedy." Now comedy does not mean farce. An occasional comedy interspersed here and there throughout the year would cater to our æsthetic dramatic taste much more agreeably than the tragedy now presented.

Obituary.

REV. RICHARD MAHER, C. S. C.

Yesterday (Friday) morning, at two o'clock, the soul of the Rev. Richard Maher, C. S. C., passed away from earth into the hands of its Creator. Father Maher had been lingering through a painful illness for nearly six months, and the end found him not unprepared. He was in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the eighteenth of his religious profession. After his ordination, in 1875, he was for a number of years Rector of Holy Cross Church near Luzerne, Iowa. Subsequently he became chaplain of St. Mary's Academy for one year, and then Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Richwood, Wis., which position he filled at the time of his last illness. He made several trips to his native Ireland in the interests of the Community, and was very successful in attracting subjects to the religious life. His character was marked by a spirit of devotedness and a geniality which won hearts, while the lessons of his life and teachings failed not to edify and instruct. He labored well in the cause of religion, and we may confidently trust that he has received an ineffable reward from the Master whom he served. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—Snow.
—Competitions!
—Locals are scarce.
—Why did he quit the "so."
—Tim says he will box Oscar.
—He never gets back on time.
—That billiard game was exciting.
—A public debate is next in order.
—Tim has been ruled off for slugging.
—Tommy is down with eyes wide open.
—Are Henry George's theories exploded?

—Who is that somnambulistic fiend in the first?

—The "referee" received his fifth case this week.

—'Twasn't his fault he stayed there two years.

—Dick's memorial address was a brilliant effort.

—The "yawner" should stay in the study-hall hereafter.

—What people lived in the first century before Christ?

—The St.Cecilians' banquet on Thursday was a grand success.

—Next Wednesday is Ash-Wednesday—the beginning of Lent.

—Wonder who it is that wants to know about the hour he takes the music.

—Seat No. 44 has a patent lid; it has only to be seen to be appreciated.

—Sir John has issued a challenge to all comers to an encounter in the manly art.

—"Spikes" and Sir John have entered the fistic arena, and now challenge all comers.

—If you haven't joined Dick's corresponding bureau yet, come early and avoid the rush.

—The "referee" has been disbarred for three years for giving gratuitous advice to clients.

—Skating must have been fine when two Brownsonites forgot that their ears were frozen.

—To-morrow (Quinquagesima Sunday) the Devotion of the Forty Hours will be opened in the college church.

—Rev. President Walsh returned last night from his Southern trip. He was heartily greeted by Faculty and students.

—Many of the Carollites are making rapid strides in gymnastics under the tutelage of professors Marr and Dion.

—He wasn't alluding to the "red bud"; but the red bud understood the case, and came down like the wolf on the field.

—The Rev. John O'Keeffe, C. C. S., President of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., was a welcome visitor on Sunday last.

—LOST—Between Brownson and Sorin halls, a watch charm, shape "pocket-book." Please return to Prefect of Brownson Hall.

—Capt. Coady, of Co. *A*, has taken charge of the Sorin Cadets, and held his first drill Sunday evening. Officers will be appointed next week.

—The Carrolls are to have a hand-ball league ere long. They feel confident they can show the Brownsons many of the nice points of the game.

—Mr. Andrew Coolidge, of Arkansas, filled very acceptably, the position of instructor one evening during the week, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Marr.

—Very Rev. Father General sent the princes a treat of delicious oranges on his birthday, for which he has the warm thanks of the one hundred and six *nobles*.

—Several Brownsonites are now in active preparation for St. Patrick's day, and from appearances it looks as though "Donegal's" will be a fashionable fod.

—The Rt. Rev. J. A. Watterson, D. D., Bishop of Columbus, was a very welcome visitor to Notre Dame during the week. The distinguished prelate arrived on Tuesday evening, in company with his kinsman, the Hon. Henry Watterson, and remained until Thursday morning. The visit was highly appreciated, and all hope it will soon be repeated.

—The second regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held on Saturday evening, Feb. 4, with Vice-President Coady in the chair. The debate, though concise, was meritorious. The subject was: "Resolved, That the logic of the late election points to absolute free trade as the economic policy for this country." The participants were Messrs. Ansberry and Cullen on the affirmative, and Messrs. Sinnott and Kennedy on the negative. The young orators well deserved the encomiums which they received from their appreciative fellow-members.

—FATHER GENERAL'S BIRTHDAY.—On Monday morning the princes repaired to the Presbytery to offer their congratulations to Very Rev. Father General on the 79th anniversary of his birthday. He seemed very much touched by the presence of his little favorites and by the sentiments of affection contained in their greetings. In the course of his remarks he said he thanked them for their good wishes, that it was a delight for him to see such a large number, and that he thought he had never seen such a lot of fine-looking, neatly-dressed, polite, bright boys; that he prayed for them every day, and he hoped they would all live to see the 79th anniversary of their own birthdays. Very Rev. Father Provincial made a short but appropriate speech, congratulating the venerable Founder on his great work. Rev. Fathers Granger and Franciscus also spoke, wishing Very Rev. Father General joy on his steady convalescence, and hoping that he may see many returns of his birthday.

—Members of the Electrical Engineeering class will contribute to the SCHOLASTIC, during the present session, a series of popular, interesting articles on electrical topics. Following are the titles and authors: "Electric Railway," E. H. Jewett; "Electric Transmission of Energy," J. F. Schillo; "Electro-Metallurgy," E. A. Scherrer; "Electrical Measurement," A. A. Vignos; "Electric Time Systems," E. B. Douglas; "Secondary Batteries," N. S. Dinkel; "Primary Batteries," P. C. Jacobs; "Electric Heating," J. P. Barrett, Jr.; "Insullation," F. E. Murphy.

In their new laboratory the members of the class are doing earnest, manly work. They show by their enthusiasm that they appreciate

and desire to emulate the men of energy and application who have made modern electrical science what it is.

—MOOT-COURT.—The case before the University Moot-Court Wednesday evening was that of Benjamin Andrews, executor of the estate of John Andrews, deceased, *vs.* Charles Andrews. The statement of facts read as follows: Andrews, a farmer owning real and personal property worth $7,500, has two sons—Benjamin, the eldest, who lives near him and takes care of his business, and Charles, the younger, who lives a few miles distant. The father has made the same advancement to each and has executed his will giving all his property, real and personal, to his sons share and share alike. Among other articles of property he has a horse, which he values highly and which is worth $750. In his last sickness his youngest son comes over and makes him a short visit. Knowing his situation, the father tells his youngest son that he wishes to make him a present of that horse, and directs a servant to go and fetch the horse from the pasture for his son. The two, the servant and the son, go out together and the servant catches the horse and brings him to the stable, and puts on him a saddle and bridle and the son rides him home. Unknown to them, the father dies while the servant is saddling the horse. The oldest son, the executor of the will, having proved it and obtained letters testamentary thereon, now demands the horse; and being refused, brings an action as executor to recover the same or its value. Judge Hoynes gave a lucid talk on both a gift *inter vivos* and a gift *causa mortis*, and said the point in the case was when did the gift become effective? He decided that the power to act ceased in the servant at the death of the donor, and that there was no such delivery of the animal as would constitute a valid gift. If the horse was delivered before the donor died, the gift would have been valid. The attorneys were: A. A. Heer for plaintiff, and Messrs. Ansberry and Kelly for defendant.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Crawley, Chute, Dacy, DuBrul, Fernedding, Flannery, J. Fitzgerald, Heer, Kearney, Keough, Kunert, Langan, Maurus, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, McAuliffe, Neef, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, Raney, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

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CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, R. E. Brown, R. Brown, J. Brown, Berles, Bixby, Baldauf, Burns, Breen, Brennan, Blake, Cornell, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, A. Coolidge, Cullen, Cavanagh, Carney, Dorsey, Durand, Druecker, Ducey, Dannemiller, Dempsey, Dixon, DeLormier, Dutt, Fleming, Franke, Fossick, Funke, G. Gilbert, L. Gibson, Gerding, Gonzales, Gerdes, Girardin, Hill, Hack, Hittson, Hurley, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Howell, Jones, Janssen, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliher, Kindler, Kinney, Klees, Lanagan, G. Lee, M. Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Lawler, Langevin, T. Lowrey, Loser, G. Lowrey, Ludwig, Lynch, Lane, Lippman, Levy, Maurer, Mitchell, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, J. Miller, L. Miller, Mengis, Mills, Moss, Miles, Moore, Monaghan, C. Meyers, R. Miers, Martin, McDermott, S. McDonald, McPhee, McCarrick, McCarthy, J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, F. McDonald, Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill, Oliver, Pim, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Roesing, Romero, Renesch, Reilly, Reber, Sievers, Sweet, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Schaack, Sparks, Segenfelter, Strauss, Sharp, Schroth, Shillington, Tong, Taylor, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Thornton, Wagner, Walde, Wensinger, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Whitehead, Ward, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wallace, O. Wright, D. Wright, Yeager, L. Yglesia, York, Yingst, A. Yglesia, C. Zoehrlaut,

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Arnold, Ball, Bump, Bopp, Barrett, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Crandall, Christ, Croke, Curry, Corry, Corcoran, Cressey, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, F. Campau, Cross, Durand, Dugas, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Engelhardt, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Eagle, Finnerty, Freeman, Flynn, Feltenstein, Girsch, Green, Graff, Howard, Higginson, Holbrook, J. Higgins, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, W. Healy, J. Healy, Ives, Jones, Johntry, Jonquet, Kinney, Kilgallen, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Lowrey, Lohner, Lysle, Maritzen, McGinley, McPhee, McAllister, McGushin, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, Emmet McCarthy, McCorry, McDonald, Ninneman, Oatman, Otero, O'Neill, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pyle, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, A. Romero, V. Romero, Roache, Roesing, Robb, Rohrbach, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckart, Segenfelter, Shipp, Trankle, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Wagner, Wells.

THE EDUCATIONAL BUILDING AT THE FAIR.

The *American Journal of Education*, December 9, 1892, noticing the action of the Executive Committee of the World's Fair, Chicago, in ordering plans for an educational building, says: "Brother Maurelian, of Chicago, and William T. Harris, LL. D., United States Commissioner of Education, are justly entitled to the credit of convincing the World's Fair Directory of the just needs of an educational exhibit, and we congratulate them upon the success of their efforts." In a letter written to Brother Maurelian, in November last, Commissioner Harris said: "If we get a building at all, I think that the country at large will be grateful to you as one of the chief agents in the great work." —*Chicago Evening Post.*