

cation as in other departments of activity, and that the friendly rivalry of different colleges existing side by side will surely benefit the students and the University. Of course the matter of increased expense in running two separate institutions is a mere question of arithmetic which need not be dwelt upon. Scrubby, half-starved colleges are springing into existence fast enough in the state without legislative help, and what we need is the firm establishment of one symmetrical University worthy of the name, that shall be capable of commanding the respect of all the educators of this land.

CRITICISM

This department has been created by the new board of editors. It will be limited to no special line, but will convey our impressions, such as they are, on a great variety of subjects. We do not intend to enter largely into the discussion of magazine and newspaper writers. Hence you will look in vain for a complete and faithful analysis of every novel which is from time to time hurled upon the unfortunate world. We are patriotic, to a certain degree conscientious, and from a sense of duty we have gone through Logic, Calculus, Greek Prose Composition, but as for that indefinable mass of something called current literature, we confess we have not yet sufficient courage for such a task. It would be better for the respective makers of this, following Horace's suggestion, to let the creations of their brains, or sometimes abortions cool for nine years in their bookcases, but since this is disregarded, they must take the chance of having them cool throughout all time in the world's bookcases.

But to return to the question of our province, we shall simply attempt to express the ideas called forth by all that passes before our sight; the nature of these will be determined by the scope of our power of vision. By thus vaguely generalizing we hope to avoid criticism, for whatever we say will surely fall under some head embraced in such a field, while if we attempted to carry out some particular phase, failing in this, we would bring reproach upon ourselves.

We shall not attempt to formulate a new system of criticism. Those who would like to hear a statement of the duties of critics, we refer to Lowell, Matthew Arnold, and Carlyle. The substance of their remarks is to get as near the truth as possible, an excellent rule in all things. We shall endeavor to follow this, thinking it is nearly as good as one we could make ourselves. For we lay no claim to originality. Why should a man labor to prove himself unlike his fellows, when he can not be other than the same? Even the difference between Shakespeare and the so called common man is in extent not in kind. In the former, to be sure, the powers of the mind and soul are so delicately sensitive, so keenly alive to impression, that all things from the blade of grass up to the stellar systems, and in the mental and spiritual worlds, write themselves upon his brain, while in the latter these faculties, though they exist, are sluggish and dormant. Were they not there, Shakespeare would not be to him great. For all great men are but an expanded edition of other men. It could not be otherwise. For

we have no affinity for the things that are not like us. What delights man is to find himself in others, or rather to discover what he has in a more perfected form elsewhere, as manifested by "Hero-Worship."

Finally then we lay down no platform to the principles of which we attempt to make the world conform, but rather, like a true conservative, we shall try to conform to the world.

It is now become the fashion when one wishes to impress a moral which he has evolved, to attach a series of persons and events and call the product a novel. The intention may be good, but when the moral is worn out and the story flat and insipid, it is putting a great affliction upon the public without reason. If such people must moralize, they would create less suffering by stating in so many words what the moral is, then cease, and not torture us by spinning out to such elaborate length a stale, much abused truth. There can be no objection to one moralizing if he call it by the right name, but when he assumes to write a novel, and, in his solicitude for the moral, leaves the novel out, an injury is done, deceit is practiced. A novel is supposed to show some just insight into life, to be the work of one who, seeing farther and deeper than we, can solve for us some of these social problems; in fact to be the product of power, but when it is reduced to a Sunday School tract with shadows for characters, and echoes of truth for real truth, it is time for the friends of the novel to come to the rescue. The ethical writings of Carlyle and Emerson have produced such an echo that it resounds throughout the whole earth, rolls on like a mighty river, engulfing everything, literature, art, science. The novel has suffered most severely, it is astonishing, the amount of these that are written professedly to teach something.

Unfortunately it takes force even to make a moral of weight, and the mere uttering a principle caught from someone else, fails to teach. Not shadows, but realities convince.

It is to be hoped that this mania like the Romantic mania produced in Germany by the "Sorrows of Werther" will cease before literature is made to suffer permanently.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* in its Jan. 5th number, essays to annihilate Carlyle. It first settles his position as "flat in the mud", then proceeds to quote from the *Chronicle*, asserting he had "lack of faith,—faith in the truth, faith in man". Concerning the first statement, it certainly has the virtue of being startling and novel. As a piece of rhetoric, the figure is very effective, it surely indicates a very abject condition, but for the soundness of the judgment, it must be admitted that the writer's mind was wandering, and had failed to comprehend the situation. We would advise him to make rhetoric his calling, as it seems to be his forte, and let the latter field, viz. judgment, alone. Now in regard to the next charge that he had "lack of faith in truth", it seems strange that one who was continually asserting that truth will prevail, that shams and deceits must give away before it, that the old eternal verities always have ruled and always will, should regard these as empty, meaningless words. Take this sentence of his, "the true past departs not, nothing that was worthy in the past departs. No truth or goodness realized by man ever dies or can die",—this seems to show some belief in the strength of truth. The thought is found all through his writings. Of course if our friend