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DUTY.

Within his chamber at the vesper hour,
Freed from his court, from pomp and vain display,
A lordly monarch made of peace his bower,
To read and ponder on life's solemn play.

He read of valiant heroes, knights of old,
Of mighty rulers, intellects renowned;
Nor did the story of their life unfold
The treasure of contentment, seldom found.

And as the ever restless surging sea
Seeks rest within the haven of the bay.
So turned he, weary of all pedantry,
To find repose in soulful poet's lay.

Why was't that shepherd's life could be so sweet
And rustics lowly so inspire the bard?
Why was't that Nature spread e'en at their feet
Her choicest gifts as but their just reward,

In vision fair he saw them peaceful dwell
In duty's realm, where discontents depart,
The veil of trouble from his mind soft fell,
Contentment reigned supreme within his heart.

W. J. Cleary, 03.

ELOQUENCE IN DANTE.

ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE DANTE CLASS.

There are some of the world's geniuses, whose magnificent proportions we are unable to comprehend except from the vantage ground of centuries. They have looked so profoundly into the mysteries of time and eternity, they have so perfectly embodied in their immortal productions the hopes and the fears, the desires and aspirations, the joys and sorrows of the human race, that ages must pass before their greatness can be measured. They seem to have exhausted all the possibilities of the human mind as though humanity itself were concentrated in their single person.

Such a man was Dante; the most colossal, all-embracing genius the world has ever had. As a poet he has no peer and there are only

two or three who can worthily even dispute his supremacy; and as a philosopher he deserves a place amongst those intellectual giants Aristotle, Plato and Augustine, who have carried the human mind as far into the domain of philosophy as it seems destined ever to go. It shall be my endeavor this evening to show that besides all this, he has left us in his undying song some of the noblest specimens of eloquence ever produced. If in the Divine Comedy we have passages which might wring pity from hearts of stone; passages which stir the soul to the very depths of its being; passages which excite within us exalted feelings, noble aspirations, and impel us with resistless force to the ceaseless pursuit of high and grand ideals, then indeed we may justly conclude that Dante is no less eloquent than he is profound and beautiful.

When conning over the pages of the Divine Comedy, we do not have to search long to find passages most eloquent and beautiful: it abounds in striking apostrophes, in most appealing supplications, in entrancing descriptions of the victories of virtue and in horrifying recitals of the long train of evils that sin leaves behind. We cannot help but think while reading these, what a magnificent orator Dante would have made. His feelings are so profound and soul-stirring, his thought is so clear and powerful, his imagination so vivid that eloquence seems to pour forth as naturally from his mouth as a spring from a mountain side. If eloquence consists in rousing the passions by high and dignified speech, then where can we find grander eloquence than in Dante's apostrophe to Italy? In this short passage he excites almost all our passions—anger at the government and at the ruler Albert; pity for Italy; sympathy for Rome; and contempt for Florence. What irrepressible emotion must have filled his bosom as, standing upon that mountain in Purgatory, he bursts into this volley of reproaches:

“Ah, slavish Italy! thou inn of grief!
Vessel without a pilot in loud storm!
Lady no longer of fair provinces
But brothel house impure!”

What bitter complaint is contained in these words? What a patriotic soul must this man have possessed who could be so deeply moved at the sight of the evils of his country! How eloquent the righteous indignation of such a man! He compares his country to a ship drifting at the mercy of the wild waves without a hand to guide her helm; he compares her evil and corruption to a house of shame and degradation. Striking indeed is the resemblance between this and Byron's terribly eloquent curse of the Doge, in which he calls Venice a Sea

Sodom and a Gehenna of the waters.

How well he sustains that apt metaphor in which he pictures Italy as a fiery steed on whose back the German Albert unsteadily sits, holding loosely in his hand the reins, the laws of Justinian, lacking spur to manage or control his mount.

Then Dante's wrath boils over; he calls down the curse of Heaven upon the head of Albert for letting, as he says, the "Garden of the empire run to waste." He calls upon him—

"Come see the Capulets and Montagues,
The Filippeschi and Monaldi, man
Who carest for naught! Those sunk in grief, and these
With dire suspicion racked Come, cruel one,
Come and behold the oppression of the nobles,
And mark their injuries; and thou mayest see
What safety Santifore can supply.
Come and behold thy Rome who calls on thee,
Desolate widow, day and night with moans,
'My Caesar, why dost thou desert my side?'"

If eloquence means fire, what a conflagration have we here! This impetuous strain is filled with warmth, activity, movement, wrath, sympathy,—all elements that make words eloquent:—there is indignation at the neglectful emperor; pity for Italy, his abandoned beauty, sympathy for Rome, a desolate widow; contempt for Florence because of her vices. In my judgment this entire speech reaches the zenith of eloquence, when, after making Rome utter these words of sad lamentation: "My Caesar why dost thou desert my side! Dante himself, voicing the great woes of all Italy, turns in tearful appeal to the Almighty Father, and in words that aptly recall the sublimely distressful words of Christ upon the cross. "Oh! Father, why hast thou forsaken me," he exclaims: "O Almighty Power are thine eyes turned elsewhere? or is this a preparation in the wondrous depth of thy sage counsel made, for some good end entirely from out our reach of thought cut off?" In these last words there rings the clear strong note of hope entered by such a true Christian and ardent patriot as Dante was. To hope for better things in the midst of darkest calamities is the mark of a noble, high-born soul such as confiding Christians and heroes alone can be; and to inspire to others this firm trust and abiding confidence in the Providence that rules the affairs of individuals and nations demand the solid conviction and persuasive accents of almost apostolic eloquence. Dante trusted in God and hoped in his country; and even in the hour of darkest trial he most eloquently teaches his fellow citizens these sacred hopes. When Italy shall have passed through these providential trials, she too, like the spirits of

Purgatorio, will issue forth pure and fair, and do deeds worthy of her and of God. This is the patriotic hope of Dante's great Christian soul!

After this appeal to God, Dante from the heights of Purgatory turns a last look upon Florence and addresses that city a rebuke as finely ironical as it is piercing. He writes these sharp lines with as much bitter contempt as if his pen had been dipped in gall, and abruptly brings us to the end of this canto where the oppressive silence itself, as Carlyle says, is more eloquent than words.

In this whole passage Dante portrays all our passions in such a masterly style that we are carried away by its vehemence. So natural is Dante's eloquence that it seems we can hear his voice pouring into our ears and see his eyes flash with wrath; melt with pity and sorrow, and burn with faith, as he speaks to us from Purgatory. This passage glows with the fire of indignation and resembles a storm in its wild fury; but there are other parts of the Divine Comedy in which eloquence is elicited by motives much more worthy and which has in view a much higher end than to give vent to the indignation of a man. For instance in the last canto of Paradise where Dante puts into the mouth of St. Bernard a beautiful prayer to the Virgin Mary which abounds in eloquence as a garden in sweetest perfume.

I do not think that anyone can doubt that prayer is the most dignified and excellent form of human speech. It is such by its very nature, since it is addressed to the Supreme Being, to the angels and saints, and for purposes that affect heaven and earth. It is clear that if we find an eloquent prayer we shall have an example of the most exquisite sort of human speech. Throughout Paradise as Dante brings us from one starry sphere to another he introduces us to the blessed spirits whose voices proclaim the glory of God in such sweet ecstasy that fain would we linger there to be charmed by the music of their eloquence. How beautiful to hear these saints pray! What faith, what ardor burns within their souls! I mentioned especially St. Bernard's prayer. There, St. Bernard's voice is lifted up in prayer which could only abide in a soul filled with faith in God's kindness, mercy and beneficence and filled with the staunchest love and trust in the power of our Savior's Virgin Mother Mary. What other tribute could be paid to our Heavenly Mother that would be more acceptable to her than the prayer of this great and noble soul? What could be more eloquent in the minds of men than a prayer abounding in such excellent sentiments and such filial piety. What could please God himself, the Son of this heavenly woman, more than to see his mother held in such regard and so highly extolled by one of his creatures.

When reading this beautiful prayer our soul takes flight and soars up into the heavens, we forget our earthly surroundings and seem to be placed at the feet of this magnificent woman, surrounded by brightest angels and the streaming glories and splendors of Paradise; we seem to take the place of St. Bernard bowing down before the majesty of Mary and offering up this beautiful supplication. When we finish reading it we are brought back to our present situation with somewhat of a shock; but still the lofty sentiments that Dante has expressed remain stored up in our hearts, and we wonder how a man could have written such soul thrilling words. St. Bernard begins by paying tribute to Mary and extolling her merits. He praises her humility and acknowledges her great majesty; he explains that her virtues were such that God did not scorn to make himself his own creation. He compares her kindness, charity and love for the spirits of heaven to a noonday sun and for mortal men to a living spring of hope. Listen to the beautiful words in which Dante expresses this:

"O, Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son!
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the eternal counsel pre-ordained;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn
To make himself his own creation;
Here thou to us of charity and love,
Art as the noonday torch; and art beneath,
To mortal men, of hope a living spring."

Eloquent praises and how charmingly expressed! The saint then teaches that through Mary alone shall we obtain the power to view the Divine Being and enjoy the Beatific Vision. He shows that it is vain to strive to obtain grace without the assistance of Mary. See how he expresses it:

"So mighty art thou, lady, and so great
That he, who grace desireth, and comes not
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings.

Now he declares his mission, he implores Mary in most choice language to let Dante pass on and behold the Blessed Trinity.

"And I, who ne'er
Coveted sight, more fondly, for myself
Than now for him, my prayers to thee prefer,
(And pray they be not scant), that thou wouldst drive
Each cloud of his mortality away
Through thine own prayers, that on the sovereign joy
Unveiled he gazed."

How beautiful in this prayer and how well united! How it over-

flows with faith and trust! In it Dante mirrors his own soul.

Towards the close of the *Inferno* we find another passage which rivals this in eloquence and which is certainly an excellent piece of pathos. It is the scene in which the unfortunate Count Ugolino relates how he and his three sons perished from hunger in the Tower of Famine. I will not dwell long on this, as most of you have read it and had it thoroughly explained to you last year, but will merely relate the principal details. Ugolino appears in the icy region of Hell rending furiously with his fangs the head and gnawing out the brains of one who had condemned him to such dire punishment on earth. Here Dante describes with admirable skill the anguish of this man who must look upon the starvation of his three children, see hunger eating out their very vitals, listen to their pitiful cries for bread and see them die, one by one, before his own eyes. O, what a pitiful sight and so pathetically described! Being asked by Dante to tell his story and having been promised a favorable mention in the higher world, Ugolino proceeds to relate the pathetic drama of the Tower of the Famine. "In my disturbed sleep the spectre of hunger I saw, attacking first my children. Methought I saw the sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard them weep and ask for bread. Right cruel art thou if no pang thou feelest at thinking what my heart foretold—the children wept at seeing my emaciated countenance, and one, my little Anselm, exclaimed in tears: 'Father, thou lookest so, what aileth thee?'" When at morn a faint beam allowed me to see the emaciated faces of my children, in sheer agony of grief I bit at both my hands; but they thinking I did it through desire of feeding, rose up suddenly and cried out: 'Father, eat of us! thou gavest these weeds of miserable flesh we wear; and do thou strip them off again.' Quite shaken was I by their filial offer, yet I kept down my spirit in stillness." Could anything be more touching than the scene where these three young children magnanimously bid their father to eat of their flesh? How terribly Dante describes the suffering of this man! If anything is eloquent this certainly is, for, the hardest hearted person reading this description, could not but pity this miserable father.

These are but three instances of the eloquence of Dante. Scattered over the pages of this immortal poem, at every step we meet grand apostrophes, lofty prayers, beautiful descriptions and touching scenes, all of which thrill in eloquence. Dante's mind was the home of eloquence—eloquence which springs from the soul, beautiful, sublime and grand, now fiery and indignant, now mild and beseeching, now

soft and pitiful, eloquence which ever carries everything before it, with the resistless force of a mighty torrent. No poet, perhaps, has ever put into a poem such eloquence as has Dante in his. And I may end by quoting from Chatham, who says, that if one wishes to learn eloquence, he must study the Bible and Dante.

A. F. Hansl, '03.

SPIRITUALITY OF THE SOUL.

In an age, such as ours, when every effort is estimated according to the material benefit which is calculated to be derived from it, when man's worth seems to be synonymous with possessions, few, very few, are they, who braving the taunts, the scoffs and the jeers of a skeptic, infidel and materialistic world, stand forth firmly in defense of truth—the eternal truth unchangeable as God Himself. Many, captivated by the siren strains of passion, have abandoned the arduous search for truth to follow the deceptive forms of error, which like the ignis fatuus, lure them on to destruction. Blindfolded by their own conceit and infatuated with their pet theories, which alas! are but too often the more monstrous offspring of a deformed mind, yet cherished with the predilection of a mother; there are not wanting men, who unhesitatingly attack the most clear and self evident principles of human science. What wonder then, if those who stray through the labyrinths of error, hurl the shafts of doubt, denial, scorn and derision, against the grand edifice of Christian Philosophy, reared on the solid rock of reason by the mighty genius of an Augustine or an Aquinas. But, like the mountain whose proud brow scorns the tempests of ages, this sublime structure has withstood the storms of centuries. Around its base, lie scattered and broken the missiles hurled against it by the puny hand of erring mankind. One by one the firm principles on which it rests, have been attacked but it remains unshaken as the rock against which the furious billows of the deep, beat in vain. As we seek to enter the portals of the fair temple of knowledge, we are apt to hesitate on hearing the confused voices that assail our ears. One shouts this, another that, the skeptic tells us doubt everything, the materialist, there is naught but matter. Tonight we will turn a deaf ear to the ravings of the skeptic, while against the materialist we bring forth the proofs for the spirituality of the soul,—proofs, by no means new, but which are the rich inheritance transmitted to us by that galaxy of great men whose brilliant genius illumines the pages of Philosophy.

Before presenting the arguments it is necessary to define what is meant by the immateriality of the soul. When we say that the soul is immaterial we mean that it is simple and spiritual; its simplicity signifies that it is unextended and hence incapable of division; its spirituality means that it is not only simple but also that it is a subsisting form which does not depend upon matter for its being, or in the performance of its proper operations. Since the latter term includes the former we will confine ourselves to the spirituality alone.

In the present life no man can see the soul as it is in itself. It escapes the scrutiny of the keenest vision. It evades the glance of the skillful surgeon whose art enables him to analyze the wonderful construction of the human body. How, then can we know the human soul? The answer is simple: by its external manifestations. When we are aware of a thing's existence only, we have but a very imperfect knowledge of that thing. If we wish to increase this knowledge or rather to perfect it, what do we do? We observe the actions and from them we judge the nature or essence of the being. In like manner we learn the nature of the human soul. We know by experience that it has, in common with other souls, vegetative and sentient faculties and that besides these it has other faculties which belong to it alone, namely the intellect and the will. The question now arises whether intellection and volition are material operations, that is, such as are exercised through the organs of the body, or are they spiritual, that is, intrinsically independent of the body. If you say, spiritual, then, indeed, must you necessarily affirm that the principle which exercises them is also spiritual and that the soul is likewise spiritual. To do otherwise would be to contradict reason itself; for it is an undeniable principle of metaphysics that such as a being is such are its operations. Let us then examine the operations of the soul. It grasps the form, the image, or the likeness of things outside itself. All this is done through the organs of the body. Through the eye the soul perceives color, through the ear, sound, and so on for the other organs. These operations are limited by the nature of the organs, and hence the object of the sentient faculties can be the singular or particular only, that is material objects in as much as they are determined by the conditions of matter, such as size, form, color, time, place. But the soul has, not only, the sensible images of things within itself, but also abstract notions, such as truth, unity, man and even the notion of the infinite. These notions have nothing of matter about them; on the contrary they are undetermined and universal. Hence since the mind receives these immaterial entities it must itself be immaterial for those

things which are received, are received according to the manner of the recipient.

Furthermore, the idea of generality, towards which science aspires and without which it bears no fruit, is different from the particular, having nothing in common with it; for, if universal ideas were material they could be represented by material figures, but as this cannot be done they are not material. Then how can the soul, in which, and by which, these ideas are conceived, be material since no effect can transcend the nature of its cause. Another proof of the spirituality of the soul is the fact of reflection: the soul turning upon itself, peering into its own depths, and examining itself and its actions. In this function the agent and patient are one and the same. Whence this power, if the soul be not spiritual? How absurd, how ridiculous, were it not so lamentable, to assert that the soul is material! for how can matter as a whole act upon itself, turn upon itself, and contemplate itself? A part of matter can act upon another part, an atom can attract or repel another atom; but, never, can one atom act upon itself. It is evident, too, that the soul can rise above the visible universe and wing its flight through unlimited realms till it reaches the spirit world. Nay more, it mounts to the very throne of God and there contemplates beauty undefiled.

For a rational mind sufficient has been said to prove that the soul is spiritual. But let us consider the will. Its proper object is the intellectual or immaterial, good. It is not determined to this or that particular good, but it is free to choose an object in which some note of good has been apprehended. Furthermore it reflects upon its own acts; for it can will to will, and finally it can subdue the desires which proceed from the sensitive appetites. Now these acts demand a spiritual faculty since, as we have said before, no effect can transcend the nature of its cause. Might we not add, were it necessary, that a corporeal faculty is overcome by the vehemence of its object? When we cast our eyes directly on a very brilliant object, as the sun, they are dazzled, they are blinded, by an excess of brightness. Excessive sound deafens the ear. So we see that the faculties which are dependent upon matter are limited even with regard to their proper object. But the mind is never overwhelmed by the clearness or the brilliancy of its proper object. When, I ask, is truth so vivid, or the good so perfect, that the intellect cannot know the one, and the will, desire the other? Hence there must be in the soul faculties which are intrinsically independent of the organs of the body. Certainly all these arguments are convincing to the mind which has pondered deep-

ly on this momentous question, to the mind which has given itself to the study of the abstract, to the mind which has often become unconscious of time and place and withdrawn itself so to speak into the realms of eternity, there to contemplate truth in all its beauty; in a word, to the educated. But has this sublime truth been hidden from the simple mind of the humble peasant? Go! ask him if there be aught within him that is not of the earth, earthly. He laughs to scorn your senseless question. For him there is no cruel fate which delights in torturing its creatures. As he goes forth to his daily toil, he admires the living mantle of beauty with which, not nature, but the benign creator, covers the earth in order to delight his soul. And when the weary tasks of the day are over, his soul once more goes forth to contemplate the starry firmament and in its aerial flight his mind is filled with an inexpressible delight occasioned by the sublime thoughts that rush in upon his soul. There is then even in the soul of the simple and illiterate a firm conviction of its own spirituality.

In the face of arguments, such as these, which, although not new, have all the freshness and vigor of youth and the convincing charms of truth, is it reasonable to hesitate for a moment before drawing the necessary and logical conclusion that the soul is spiritual? In vain does the pantheist strive to fill the mind with his dreamy sentimentality. His vague thoughts and confused notions awaken no responsive echoes in human heart. When the deceptive cloak of sophistry is torn from the absurd doctrines of the materialist, they loom up before the mind in all their hideousness. In vain does error hurl her poisoned darts against the fair form of truth. Oh! how beautiful, how grand, how sublime, is man endowed with a spiritual soul by his creator who has made him "little less than the Angels."

J. P. O'Mahoney, '01.



PADEREWSKI.

Poland has distinguished herself among the European countries as the home of eminent pianistes; she has given to the world Chopin, Tausig, Schawrenka, Moszkowski, the celebrated teacher Leschetitzski, and the supreme, unapproachable master, Paderewski.

Not reared in the luxuries of life, not surrounded by the most favorable opportunities for the development of his latent powers, grief his constant companion, Paderewski has by sheer force of perseverance, deep study, long years of the most arduous practice, reached a position in the world that is not only enviable, but well deserved.

Since Rubenstein's visit to this country no pianist has succeeded in creating such wide enthusiasm. If large audiences be a sign of popularity, Paderewski is certainly the most popular pianist of the day. His interpretations, fine conception, the surpassing excellence of his execution, the nicety of his touch, his keen sense of tone beauty, his almost super-human technique rank him among the foremost virtuosos of the world.

Paderewski's technical powers are indeed marvelous. He possesses digital dexterity such as few men perhaps, have ever possessed before. He executes the seemingly impossible and intricate passages of Chopin and Listz, without the least apparent difficulty; at times it is simply bewildering; the piano is a mere toy under his hands. Technique is here given in its most perfect form; at once it is the ambition and despair of the novice. What a world of revelation is before him! All the requirements for correct performance of which he has read about from the earliest masters down to our own time, he sees centered in the Polish giant.

People on a whole are apt to view the pianist too much from a technical point, for them the pianist who can pound out one hundred notes which are of a poor quality, is superior to the true artist playing five, which are round and beautiful.

The end of all technique is tone. The pianist has to spend years in learning how to obtain the best quality of tone from his instrument. Of course he needs mechanical exercises and flexible fingers, but these no more constitute a musician than does correct speaking make the orator.

If Paderewski's only quality were his wonderful technique, the appreciation of him could be summed up in a few words—a brilliant pianist. Nothing is wanting from the technical side of his playing, his hands have the highest possible musical culture. But the end of his technique, the many devices to produce tone-color effects, is the

ideal rendition of the classics. He is armed with all the weapons of modern technique, and well fitted to give battle to the great tone poets.

His scales are of a rich velvety legato; verily he plays the violin on the piano. Each note is given its due force, yet never marring nor blurring its neighbor; the arpeggios are brilliant and smooth, sometimes surging like the mighty waves, then subsiding into the gentle ripple of the stream, the staccato notes are strings of brilliants, dainty and crisp, the chords are clear, powerful and elastic.

The secret, the key-note of his ever delightful tone-color, is the consummate mastery of the pedal. No matter how complex the playing of an artist may be, it is always capable of analysis, still some are wont to attribute the soulful touch and effects that the pianist produces to something inborn, whereas, it is the consequence of artistic pedalling, guided by good taste which is the corner stone of art. In the correct use of the pedal, Paderewski has no rival. Indeed he has marked an epoch in piano playing. His critics have unanimously declared him without a peer. Rubinstein is reported to have said: "Of all the elements of a correct performance, I consider the proper use of the pedal the most difficult to acquire, it pertains strictly to the higher art of piano playing; if, as I believe we have not heard the best of which the piano is capable, it is because the artistic possibilities which lie in the pedal have as yet not been fully understood by either pianist or composer." One of Listz's most famous pupils has said, that, "As regards beauty and variety of tone-color, Paderewski is superior to Listz." By means of the pedal, Paderewski sustains notes, entwining around them a most charming wreath of tones. The beautiful tone he produces lends dignity to the most simple composition. These tones are well and tastefully shaded, of a rich and singing quality, they are never unmusical or harsh. The different colors are blended, from the most delicate pianissimo to the grand bravura. The harmonies are never blurred.

The piano is often referred to a mechanical instrument, because of the iron like tones produced by the beginner; not so under the skillful manipulation of Paderewski. We never hear those blunt, disconnected, meagre tones; but by the ingenious use of the pedal "a continuous stream of tones." His tone-colored melodies and harmonies are always a source of surprise, and at the same time delight to the young pianist, who never imagined such a thing in piano playing.

But his immense technique is lost sight of in his still more delightful treatment of musical ideas. So absorbed in his interpretations, we soon forgot that there is any such thing as a technique. He shows

The musician of intelligence, taste, temperament, imagination, and hence his playing is so satisfactory. He feels what he plays. His sole end is musical expression. Each part, period, bar, nay each note has been premeditated, the climaxes have been well planned—nothing is played at random. Every look, gesture speak but of the poetic genius within him. His art is the medium between the composer and the audience; he speaks most eloquently of the composer's joys, fears, loves and disappointments, which never fail to enrapture his audience. He holds, attracts and delights the people; they are roused to intense excitement; they clamorously applaud him; his ardent admirers hover about the stage to salute him, and we are forced to exclaim with the poet:

“Angel of Music! when our finest speech
Is all too coarse to give the heart relief,
The inmost fountains lie within thy reach,
Soother of every joy and grief.”

Paderewski is an ideal Beethoven player. It is an oft repeated statement that Beethoven's music is not idiomatic; that is, not in accordance with the nature of the piano. The pianist realizes what difficulties he, on his first appearance as a Beethoven player, has to encounter; he is at once the victim of critics, who lie in wait for the occasion. No pianist has escaped the criticism, not even the supreme master Listz. It is not surprising that there should arise contrary opinions as to the worth of Paderewski as a Beethoven player. It is an undoubted fact that there are orchestral effects in Beethoven. In some editions, over certain passages, an instrument, which evidently the great symphony composer had in view, is marked. Is the pianist to produce these effects, or is he to do away with them? In either case it demands the most consummate skill. Paderewski transforms the piano into a small orchestra; but within due bounds, otherwise it becomes a nuisance. The orchestral effects are always dictated by a just sense of beauty and symmetry. His Beethoven playing is unaccompanied by any exaggeration, a deep sense of religious feeling permeates his interpretations.

The great Polish pianist is decidedly of the Modern Romantic school, and in the romantic spirit he plays Beethoven. He treats Bach in the same way. His music is no more that arid counterpoint, Paderewski breathes into it new life; still the form stands out prominent and is never lost sight of. Especially is he happy in his interpretation of his countryman, Chopin; Paderewski knows so well the pathetic story Chopin unfolds of his country's sufferings and trials. He sympathizes with him, enters into their subtle meaning. A polish-

ed technique, warmth, poetic in the extreme, intensity, power, are the characteristics of his interpretations. His playing of the Listz co-stossal Rhapsodies is brilliant and dreamy. We imagine the Gipsies wandering from place to place, then they lie scattered under trees resting themselves. How tenderly and with what depth of feeling he presents Schubert! The pianist affords us as much pleasure in the dainty handling of the simple yet beautiful compositions of Schubert, as when he thunders out the Listz Rhapsodie. In fact he is a specialist in all good music, whether in Bach or Beethoven, Schubert or Schumann, Chopin or Mendelssohn—like the alchemist, Paderewski turns all he touches into gold.

He has been accused as playing in "Rubato Tempo" precisely in this has he shown himself the possessor of a very important musical gift—a fine sense of time; he knows when the time needs a modification during the slow or fast movements. In the pathetic passages he lingers longer over the notes; in the more spirited ones he accelerates. He shows the difference between the mechanical and real pianist. He could not play with all the musical expression, if he were handicapped by a rigid time. He regards music in a poetic sense and not merely as an accompaniment to a dance. Nor is he enslaved by that absurd, inconsistent, pedantic finger hittings. Of course, when rubato playing outsteps its bounds, it often develops into that dangerous evil called "pounding" and excessive liberty. It must be guided by common sense and good taste, the foundation stones of all arts.

There ^{has} been many exaggerations about the great pianist's charming personality, his envious looks, the love to be made a pet of. If these mannerisms were a part of the pianist, when he first toured America, he has certainly rid himself of this sentimentality which is disgusting to every lover of the beautiful and noble in art. There is no trace of the charlatan in him, he resorts to no trick or sensationalism to win hero-worship. No, Paderewski is too much of an artist to descend so low. Perfect technique, correct pedalling, sparkling colors, grand climaxes do not amount to much without emotion, the very soul of music. The pianist must reach the hearts of his hearers, stir their imagination; this Paderewski never fails to accomplish. We feel transported to another world, or as Carlyle says it "Music is a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze into it." Trials, sufferings, cares exist no more. We are at a loss which to admire more, the creation of the composer, or the ingenious interpretation. Whatever

faults critics have found with Paderewski's playing, they have been forced to admit, that his art baffles criticism, its perfection demands praise.

Time will assign to this true son of Apollo a just place among the immortals, in the galaxy of Musicians, beside such men as Listz, Rubinstein and Von Bulow.

L. J. Goulette, '03.

DEBATE.

Resolved, That the President of the United States Should be Elected by Popular Vote.

NEGATIVE.

There are but few political questions of more practical importance than the one selected for discussion this evening. When there is question of the best means for selecting a man to fill the most responsible and important office in the government of a great people, no citizen who has the welfare of his country at heart can remain indifferent. The election should, of course, be conducted in such a manner that only the best men of the country can ever hope to reach that exalted position with which the welfare of the nation is so intimately connected. But we know that according to our present system of election that this is far from being the case. Then there must be some great evil at the very root of this system of election since it does not elevate the best and strongest men in the country to the presidency. This fault lies in the fact that the populace has too much influence in selecting a man for that high office; yet my honorable opponent has advocated in a most vehement manner that we should change the present mode of election, so that the popular will may have a still greater influence in determining the presidential contest. Surely the least we can say of this is that it would be unwise. For my part I will content myself with maintaining that the president of the United States should not only not be elected by popular vote but that we should return to the constitution, as it was given to us by those venerable old men, who had grown old in the service of their country, and elect the executive of this nation as they intended he should be elected when they framed that grand document, which has since been the very prop and support of this government. There are many reasons why we should return to the old constitutional system of election.

The first reason is, as I have said before, that the present system does not seat the best men of the country in the presidential chair. But there may be some who think that the cause of this is something else than the present mode of election. A little review of

history will soon dispel this illusion. If we examine the different changes that have been made in the method of election since the beginning of our history as a nation we will find that as alterations were made, gradually giving more power to the people in selecting a president that a like change was made in the men, who were elected. Little by little they became less able men till today they are nothing but pliant instruments in the hands of politicians. Do you want the proof of this assertion? I will remind you of a President who, in December sent a message to congress asking it to pass free trade with Porto Rico and about a month afterwards approved a 15 per cent tariff bill. I will refer you to a President who one year says that "forcible annexation, according to our code of morals, is criminal aggression" and a few years afterwards pretends that it is both right and our duty to annex a far-distant people by force of arms. Can such men be men of conviction? No; these men can be as easily bent and twisted under the hands of the politician as the red hot iron under the hammer of the blacksmith. I can devote no more time to this minor argument, but there are hundreds of other real facts of history that could be quoted to sustain this assertion were it necessary. Then I ask you, if the Presidents of our country have reached that degree today what in the name of heaven will they become if the populistic theories of my opponent are ever adopted?

In the beginning the President was chosen by the electors. These electors were appointed by the legislatures of each state. They were good, honest, upright citizens. They were clothed with full power to select a fit man for the presidency. Each elector was master of his action in the choice of a Presidential candidate. They were thus relieved from the control of political parties. With them, it was only the fitness of the man for the office that was considered: whether he was popular with the political parties and the people or not, made no difference. This was the law of presidential election as at first definitely adopted. It was under this system that Washington was elected and surely it was the wisest choice that ever was made for a President of the United States. In 1800 the Republican members of congress held a caucus for the nomination of a presidential candidate to be voted upon by all the Republican electors. As we see this system was a vast change from the first, but still it was a thousand times better than the one we have today, or the one my honorable opponent has advocated. Under this system Jefferson was elected and although he was not as great a man as Washington, yet he was incomparably greater than many of his successors. In 1824 the people themselves chose the electors by ballot, as they do now, and in 1830, came conventions.

From that day to this there have been no great men that occupied the presidential chair, placed there by the popular will. Yet, during that time, there appeared in the arena of American politics the greatest statesman our country has ever produced. It mattered not to what political party they belonged or what their principles might be, whenever they presented themselves before the people for that high office they were defeated. This is what happened to Webster, the greatest statesman that ever appeared in America. So it was with Henry Clay, that grand old man, who would rather be right than be President. Even in our own day it was the same with Blaine, one of the greatest statesmen of recent years. Although he was a Republican, and for twenty-five years before, the republican party had carried every presidential election, yet he was defeated. What is more remarkable still is that these great men have always been defeated by insignificant politicians. Perhaps some one will remind me that Lincoln was undoubtedly one of America's supreme statesmen, yet that he was elected during the period which I have mentioned. It is true Lincoln was a great statesman and has been one of the best Presidents we have ever had, yet he is no exception to the statement I made before, when I said that since the power of electing the President had fallen into the hands of the people, that no great men had been raised to that high office by the popular will. This may seem to be a paradox but it is not. I will call to my aid history, the living witness of all times, and it will tell us that in 1860 Lincoln had a minority under the other candidates of 944,122 popular votes. Yet in the electoral college he had a majority of 57 votes above all the other candidates combined. Does this not show in a most convincing manner that if the popular will had been respected in 1860, as my opponent insisted it should have been, that Lincoln would never have been President?

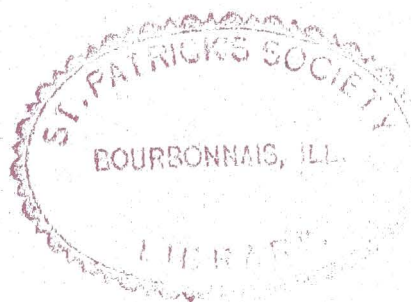
Another strong motive, that should appeal to our patriotism to fight against this popular system of voting, is that there can be found in the history of the human race, no country in which the people have ever shown themselves fit for performing such an important task as electing the head of a nation. A few examples from history: About 500 years before the birth of Christ a republic was founded, known as the Roman Commonwealth. In the beginning the head of this nation, known as a consul, was elected by the people, but the candidates had to be of senatorial rank. We see that though their votes were direct, yet there was a certain restraint, since they could not select any one they pleased for that office. This system after a while was changed. Then the popular will had full power to determine who should be consul and from that time extortion, bribery and corruption

flourished at Rome in the noon-day sun. Then the best citizens of Rome were exiled by mere caprice, simply because they were men of conviction who would not bow down to flatter the populace. It suffices to recall the disgraces that were heaped on a Camillus, a Coriolanus or a Scipio by an ungrateful populace, to show us in a most convincing manner that the common people can never rightly appreciate a man of true greatness. History tells us that during this time whenever the republic was in danger of being overthrown, either by foreign enemies or when the consuls chosen by the people had made blunders which threatened the very existence of the state, that there was such an officer as a dictator who was beyond the control of the popular will. This dictator was appointed by the senate for six months. They were the men that in almost every case rescued Rome from the dangers in which the officers elected by popular vote had placed it, and I would dare say that if Rome, as a republic, attained such a degree of splendor as it did, that it was due to the efforts of these dictators and other great generals for whom the common people of Rome had nothing but scorn and whom they often rewarded with banishment and sometimes even with capital punishment. Nor has it been only in Rome that the people have shown themselves unfit for the wise exercise of this prerogative. Consider France, once the light of Europe. When her government had fallen into the hands of the people, three years were sufficient to make it one of the most barbarous nations on earth. I admit that it was not the people who committed these barbarities but the unworthy officers they had chosen, but all this goes to show that the people are unfit for directing the destinies of a nation. It is not necessary to go so far to be convinced of this. We can come right here at home and we will find that when the time arrives to choose a president that the people are not guided by principles but by political parties. So much so that if the Democratic party were to exchange principles with the Republican party, the greater part of Democrats would still be Democrats and the majority of Republicans would remain Republicans. This reminds me of a little incident that is said to have taken place in the last campaign. A Republican upon being asked if he was going to vote the democratic ticket replied: "No! a thousand times no! I would sooner go to sea in a boat of stone, with oars of iron and sails of lead, with the wrath of God for a gale and hell for a port." Notwithstanding all this, according to my opponent, we should conclude that such citizens are better fitted to elect a president than a few well educated and virtuous men. You now have before you, honorable judges, two cases in history in which the people of a nation have tried to frame its destinies

and you have seen the awful result.

Let us now look around us and briefly examine the constitutions of the republics of our own times to see how many, if any, elect the president by popular vote. Surely if it is as good a thing as my opponent would have us believe, there ought to be some great republics that have tried it with success. In Mexico, the second great republic of America, the president is elected by electoral votes. It is not necessary that I should pause here to speak of the perfect harmony that now prevails in the government of Mexico and contrast its present condition with the continual state of revolution prevailing under the popular method of election. In Switzerland the executive is chosen by the representatives of the nation. In France, the great republic of Europe, the head of the nation is selected by the Senate and house of Deputies. In Venezeula the president is elected indirectly. In Argentine Republic the executive is selected by electors. Brazil is the only government on earth that may possibly pass under the name of a republic that elects its president by popular vote. Although it has existed as a republic only since 1890 it has had already a bloody revolution and everything seems to indicate that there will be another rebellion before another ten years have elapsed. These are the governments of the republics of today. Before concluding I will ask this question of my opponent, which I hope he will be sincere enough to answer: Is it wise for the United States to undertake to elect its president in a manner which no republic since the foundation of the Roman Commonwealth to our own days has ever tried with success? Honorable Judges, I will now leave you these three considerations: that since the control of the election for president of the United States has fallen into the hands of the people no great men have been raised to that high office except when the electors opposed the popular will. Secondly, that the history of the world shows us that the people of a nation are not fit to perform such an important duty as to elect the head of a nation. Lastly, that there is no great republic on earth today that is willing to run the risk of electing its president by popular vote.

P. B. DUFAULT, '03.



THE VIATORIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

THE EXCHANGE COLUMN.

One of the most valuable and useful features of college journalism is the Exchange column. Not, of course, an Exchange column which is made wholly or chiefly from hackneyed jokes, clipped from every possible source, or one whose principal purpose is to furnish the editor with a convenient medium through which he may give expression to his ignorance or prejudice; but an exchange column in which the principles of literary criticism are applied to all compositions noticed and clear proof given that they are in accord with or run counter to these principles. Thus whether we praise or blame, the writers, whose work is criticised, are benefitted.

This rule, of always assigning adequate reasons for the opinion given, is especially applicable when it becomes necessary to censure. The faults should be clearly indicated and the laws which they violate should be pointed out. A writer, whose defects are thus manifested to him, will recognize them at a glance and it is almost certain he will not fall into them again. The Exchange editor will thus have rendered him a service, by making him conscious of his mistakes, a task which his professor has perhaps labored in vain to accomplish. It frequently happens that the precepts learned in the classroom are forgotten almost as soon as heard or, at least, they are seldom if ever applied in practice. But let any student once have his shortcomings, inaccuracies and blunders, whether they be of style or thought, presented in a clear light in the columns of a college journal, and you may rest assured he will carefully avoid them in his future compositions.

Nothing contributes so much to correct any false notions a man may have and to improve his style as the sound and sensible lashing he receives at the hands of a judicious and painstaking Exchange editor. The drubbing itself will, of course, be unpleasant and hard

to bear, but its effects are good and lasting. Although the writer thus criticised may wince whilst under the lash, yet he bears his critic no ill will, because he is forced to recognize the justice and reasonableness of the treatment he has received unless perchance he be a fellow whose ignorance is surpassed only by his conceit and even then the Exchange editor can easily render him the no mean service of flogging him into silence.

It is not every tyro, having a slight knowledge of his grammar and a few elementary notions of rhetoric, that can conduct an Exchange column in this manner. It requires sound judgment, a wide range of reading and a cultivated and refined taste. The best man on the staff should be selected for this department because more talent is required to conduct it properly than is required for any other department of the college journal.

There are two grave errors which the Exchange editor should carefully avoid—excessive praise and chronic faultfinding. You would imagine that some Exchange editors are in a continual state of ecstasy. They speak of everything they read in superlatives. The dictionary does not contain a sufficient number of adjectives to express the sublime qualities they find in every article they read, and yet you will frequently find that these same articles are treated with great severity, and very justly so, by abler journals. This kind of work is absolutely useless and does not even attain the end for which it was written—to please. A man who has really done a good piece of work does not feel complimented in the least when he finds himself placed upon a footing of equality with a writer who has neither wit, judgment nor style. He at once concludes that his critic is wholly devoid of taste and good sense and, of course, the favorable opinion of such a man has not the slightest worth or significance. No one is really encouraged by the approbation of a man whom he knows to be utterly incompetent to form a sensible judgment in the matter of which he speaks. No doubt, occasional articles appear in college journals which merit and should receive unstinted praise, but they are by no means so common as these daubers would have us believe.

We do not mention the little tribe of Exchange editors whose stock in trade is limited to the few commonplaces—"This is good." "That could be improved." "The cover design is lovely," etc., etc. ad nauseam. If every Exchange editor would do his whole duty, we venture to predict that there would be a noticeable improvement in

college journals or else they would wisely discontinue publication. The Ex. man has, at his disposal, a power for good which he should not suffer to remain unused. By conducting his department with ability, honesty and painstaking care, he will not only improve himself but he will become a powerful factor in forming the taste and correcting the judgment of others who will therefore owe him a debt of gratitude. C.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE ADOPTED BY S. V. C. BATTALION.

Whereas, It has pleased the Heavenly Father to take from earth the brother of our esteemed fellow officer, James King, and

Whereas, That brother has always labored to the best of his ability to promote the interest and welfare of our genial companion and has always watched over him with the eye of a father; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That while it is best to submit to the rulings of Divine Providence, we, nevertheless feel painfully the affliction of our fellow officer, and tender our most heartfelt sympathies to his grief-stricken family. It is further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in THE VIATORIAN and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

Col. A. J. Caron,

<i>Maj. A. Goudreau,</i>	} <i>Committee.</i>
<i>Capt. A. Hansl,</i>	
<i>Capt. W. Cleary,</i>	



PERSONAL.

Mrs. Haley, of Joliet, visited her son Raymond, of the senior department.

Mr. Schanze, of Chicago, recently visited his son Harry, of the minim department.

Mrs. Shippy, of Chicago, recently visited her son, Frederick, of the minim department.

Mr. Scott, of Symerton, Ill., visited his son James of the senior department one day last week.

Revs. T. J. McDevitt and J. Lamarre, of Chicago, paid a pleasant visit to their friends at the college a few days ago.

Rev. P. McGee, of Chicago, and Rev. Father Lanigan, of Kankakee, visited the college one day last month.

Mrs. Burke, of Chicago, visited her sons, Edmund, of the senior department, and Alex, of the junior department, one day last month.

Mr. Andrew Kerr, of Kankakee, one of our old alumni, was married some time ago. We extend to our former student our best wishes.

Mr. P. Hansl, '99, called on his friends at the college a short time ago. He had just returned from Yale, where, for the past few years, he pursued the university course. Mr. Hansl is now on his way to Cuba on some business enterprise for his father. His many friends at St. Viator's wish him a pleasant trip and success in his work.

Mr. Lyons, '94, paid a pleasant visit to the college recently. He had just returned from a trip to Utah, where he visited his brother who is also one of our graduates. We were pleased to learn that both young men are very successful in their business pursuits. They own large shares in a mine in Utah. We wish our former students every success in their enterprise.

A short time ago we had the pleasant visit of Mr. W. Wiatr, one of last year's graduates. We were sorry to hear that the present state of his health will not permit him to continue his Theological studies at St Francis' Seminary, Wis. By the advice of his physician, Mr. Wiatr has decided to go to Alabama, where, if the climate agrees with him, he will resume his studies. We hope that our friend and former classmate may soon have health and strength to pursue his studies with the same success that attended his efforts at St. Viator's.

Rev. J. O'Callaghan, of Butte City, Montana, whom we mention-

ed in last month's Viatorian as being named to fill a chaplaincy in the U. S. army in the Philippines, has, in accordance with the advice of his physician, decided not to accept this position. Father O'Callaghan is now engaged in organizing a new parish in Butte and, owing to his zealous efforts and the generous co-operation of his new parishoners he has already collected upwards of \$1,500 for the erection of a new church. We congratulate the citizens of the eastern part of Butte in having for their spiritual guide a priest whose earnest labors in the ministry have, long since, been fruitful in that city.

Mr. Edward C. Wilstach, who studied here twenty-eight years ago, made a pleasant call on the President lately. Mr. C. Wilstach is business manager of The Marguerite Sylva Comic Opera Co. Under his able management "The Princess Chic" was successfully presented on the Kankakee stage recently. Father Marsile had also the pleasure of meeting Mr. Paul Wilstach, Edward's brother. Paul, who is also an alumnus of St. Viator's, is the literary manager of The Mansfield Co. We can judge of his success in his chosen profession from the large salary of a hundred dollars a week which he receives. Mr. P. Wilstach has lately adapted the Shakespearian play, Henry V, to the Chicago stage. We hope that Messrs. Edward and Paul Wilstach will be as successful in future as they have been in the past.

Among the students who entered since the holidays we notice the following:

- J. Dieter, Ashkum, Ill.
- George Wilde, Chicago, Ill.
- R. Jordan, Chicago, Ill.
- C. McGuire, Piper City, Ill.
- P. Canavan, Paton, Iowa.
- J. Lonergan, Union Hill, Ill.
- B. Cassidy, Kentland, Ind.
- R. O'Connell, Chicago, Ill.
- E. Wirtz, Chicago, Ill.
- E. Tremblay, Seneca, Ill.
- J. Murphy, Seneca, Ill.
- E. Allman, Ivesdale, Ill.
- J. McCowliff, Joliet, Ill.
- T. Kelly, Chicago, Ill.
- P. Wahl, Oxford, Ind.
- E. Wagner, Morris, Ill.
- J. Callaghan, Chicago, Ill.
- M. Carey, Kansas City, Kansas.
- D. Tighe, Chicago, Ill.

EXCHANGES.

During the past year the *Rubaiyat* has occupied the attention of the Critics more than any other single volume. We have read criticisms of it in several magazines and there is hardly a large daily paper which has not devoted a column to its discussion. We had thought that little if anything more could be said on the subject. We were therefore in a very skeptical mood when we began to read "*The World of Omar Kayyam*" in the *Niagara Index*. Our doubts as to the writer's ability to treat the subject in an interesting manner vanished before we had read half the essay. "*The World of Omar Kayyam*" is in our opinion, the best criticism we have yet read on the *Rubaiyat*. The writer is a critic of fine analytic powers and comprehensive vision. He has mastered the leading ideas of his author and the underlying philosophy of the poem. He has siezed upon whatever there is in the poem that can delight the imagination and clearly indicated the falsehood and emptiness of the principles on which it is based. The writer's nervous, eloquent style is not the least pleasant feature of his well written, thoughtful essay. This is genuine literary criticism and, in our opinion, the best piece of work we have seen in a college journal this year.

"*The Merchant of Venice*" is the most faulty composition we ever read in the *Niagara Index*. We were all the more surprised on reading this essay because we have always been accustomed to look upon the *Index* as one of the ablest exponents of Shakespeare in college journalism. An essay is the expression of one's thoughts upon a given subject. We have carefully read this essay, but nowhere, as far as we could discover, has the author expressed a single thought of his own except in a few lines at the end. He seems to have no purpose in writing the essay, if we may so call it, except to relate the story in his own words. What he hoped to attain by this it is difficult to determine, unless it were to prove that he had read the play. The *Niagara Index* has established quite a reputation for Shakesperean Criticism and consequently a bare narration like "*The Merchant of Venice*," is no credit to it. "*Some Phases of Moses' Character and Leadership*," concluded in this number of the *Index*, is the work of a scholarly young man. The writer shows a familiarity with the Old Testament rarely found among college students. He has presented in an original, pleasing and instructive manner one of the greatest men in history—the great Hebrew Lawgiver. The paper is more than clever, it has permanent worth.

Time was when the *College Review* was a respectable college jour-

nal, but that is a thing of the past. From the poem on the first page to a collection of venerable jokes on the last called "Exchanges," there is not even an attempt at a composition, if we except a very questionable story entitled "The Minister's Christmas," which concerns itself with relating how the minister wooed and won one of his parishioners. "Why Should I Study Rhetoric?" is an essay of about twenty lines in which the writer manages to give conclusive evidence that he or she has studied rhetoric to very little purpose. "Since a study of rhetoric and a practice of writing according to rhetorical rules will give a clear and forcible style, so, by a little application of one's self to practice, one will acquire good habits of writing clearly. When such habits are once formed there remains a good style which is hard to lose." This is certainly HARD to beat in its way and must surely raise rhetoric in the estimation of every judicious reader. Rhetoric might well say the famous prayer, "O Lord save me from my friends!" Another writer unfolds to his own satisfaction, "The Benefit of Studying Mathematics," in seventeen lines. We would not like to form a judgment of Shurtleff College, based on its journal. We are inclined to think, however, that such a judgment is not at all uncharitable. It is fair to presume that the best work the students do, is produced in the college journal. We hope for the honor of Shurtleff that in the present case, at least, this is not true. The staff should discontinue the publication of their journal if they have not sufficient talent, energy or industry to place it above contempt. As the work of a grammar school *The College Review* would be passable, but as the representative of the thought and scholarship of college students it is at present a disgrace.

The Bee is comparatively a new comer in the field of college journalism, yet it compares favorably with its older and more experienced brothers. The present editors seem to be determined that the reputation it has already gained for itself shall not be lessened in their hands. The debate on Municipal Ownership is a clear and forcible presentation of that interesting and practical subject. The author not only has something to say, but he knows how to say it. He is a clear, logical reasoner and has the happy faculty of marshalling facts to support his reasoning. We feel confident he would be a formidable adversary in any debate and no doubt he carried this one by storm. The writer on "Government", however, suffers by comparison. He has not a very comprehensive grasp of his subject and his sentences are frequently very faulty as to construction. "The Production and Dissipation of Heat in the Human Body" is an essay in which the writer imparts much valuable information in choice diction. The writer, who can present a dry scientific or philosophic subject in literary form,

merits much praise.

The much calumniated Edgar A. Poe is the subject of a sketch in *The St. Joseph's Collegian*. The author aims to vindicate Poe's character by showing that he was not so depraved as his enemies would have us believe and justly complains that the judgment of envious and malicious biographers is frequently taken in preference to the trustworthy opinion of Poe's personal friends. The sketch would certainly have suffered nothing if the following badly constructed sentence had been corrected—"Thus was the life of Edgar A. Poe, born January 19, 1809, a year that gave birth to many great men." The author of debates and their import has made several unpardonable blunders. "So great than" and "There never was a time, both ancient and modern." *St. Joseph's Collegian* is a carefully edited paper, as a rule, and consequently gross errors like those indicated are a little surprising. But even Homer nods at times.

VIATORIANA.

"We voted for president last night and I got it. I tell you the fellows are not fools, they know a good thing when they see it."

"I can't help drawing too much. It is second nature to me. My father is a banker and I am accustomed to overdrawing."

V—, who is a splendid Latin scholar, put his knowledge to good use the other day in a spelling class. He was asked to define amatory. I tell you it does not take V— very long to put a few things together. "Tory," said V— "means a place in which and ama means love, therefore amatory means a place in which love is made." V— declares that Latin is the most valuable study in the whole curriculum. "Without it," said he, "you cannot get at the roots of words and therefore you cannot be a scholar."

"I feel exhilarated this morning," said the poet, "as though I had been feeding upon the ambrosia of the gods." "How do you account for that," his companion inquired? "O!" said a bystander, "we had a literary breakfast this morning. We had selections from bacon."

Some fellows are working the brains out of their noble heads to find an excuse to go home but in some cases their success is not equal to their efforts. Whether this is because they have not much to work on or not we are unable to ascertain. One of those gentlemen, Wallie, who always wears a dreamy far-away look, asked Frank, who is sup-

posed to know everything, "why the F.'s had gone home." "Because their cousin died," Frank informed him. Wallie came back to earth for a few moments and Frank thinks he was fully awake. "Ah!" he groaned, "I wish some of my relatives would die." He immediately relapsed into his semi-conscious state from which he is aroused only three times a day.

F— "Well Doctor, what do you think is the matter with the little boy"?

Dr. "Why it's only the corrusted exerges anti-spasmodically emanating from the germ of the annual refrigerator, producing a profound source of irritability in the pericranial of the mental possibilities."

F. "Aha! That's what I told Joe but he lowed it was the croup." The doctor has not since been troubled by the inquisitive visitors to the infirmary.

It was the day following the semi-annual examinations that the students enjoyed their extra conge. The weather being favorable it was decided to spend the afternoon on the river. After several hours of skating some one proposed that we go home and the proposal was carried unanimously. All things being in readiness, the homeward journey was commenced under the most favorable auspices. As we passed through the woods whose leafless tops were covered with snow, a philosopher of some renown and a scientist not unknown to fame said in sympathetic tones as he gazed with tears in his eyes upon the snow covered trees: "Isn't it a dreadful thought? Last summer these trees were covered with leaves."

There is at least one Irishman for whom "God save the Queen" hath charms. He listened with rapt attention to its rendition (under the impression that he was hearing "St. Patrick's Day") and at the end exclaimed enthusiastically—"you may talk about your Mozarts, your Chopins and your Bethovens but none of them nor all of them combined has ever written anything like that grand national air." He has since very carefully avoided the music room.

A. J. C.

