

1078
Bristow

THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

VOL. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1898.

NO. 1

THE MISSING.

After the months of vacation
Back to our studies, we come;
Not with the buoyant elation
That followed our gay voyage home.

Sad are the faces around us;
But their mourning is soon cleared away;
Gone is the darkness that bound us,
The sun was but hid for a day.

Where are the old, well known faces?
Where are the friends of last year?
How queer to see their old places
Without our companions, so dear!

Scattered are those that were with us,
Blown away as the leaves of the trees,
Some for the last time have seen us;
They are lost in life's billowy seas.

But such is the oftentold story;
True friends that we make are but few.
And ere we grow age'd and hoary
We say more than one sad, "adieu."

Parting is ever a sorrow;
But its tears are the tears of a day.
Its sadness lasts but till to-morrow,
New friends clear our mourning away.

—Procter W. Hansl, '99.

MARINO FALIERO.

Not perhaps since the pen fell from the pulseless hand of the "Prince of Dramatists" has a drama been written which contains so many passages of commanding eloquence, genuine poetry, and dramatic grandeur as may be found in Byron's "Marino Faliero." There are scenes in this play which, for intensity of feeling, nobility of sentiment, and elevation of thought, would be hard to match outside of Shakespeare. Yet when reviewed as a whole "Marino Faliero" is not a great drama. The Doge of Venice is drawn into a monstrous conspiracy for such a trivial motive that his conduct can excite nothing but censure and horror. To avenge the vulgar libel of a foolish boy, he attempts to overturn the state and to include in one general massacre all his ancient friends, fellow soldiers, the magistracy and nobility of the land. Because Steno, who scribbled a few lines of ribaldry on the back of a chair, is not punished with death, the Doge gives way to the most extravagant desires of vengeance. This defect in the plot leaves the whole play without any sufficient purpose and makes the feelings of the reader entirely opposed to the aim of the author. Hence the splendid orations of the condemned Doge fail to awaken our sympathy because we feel that he is guilty of a heinous crime and has justly merited to be treated as a desperate criminal.

When we consider Byron's great genius, intense poetic fervor, and perfect mastery of the English language, it seems a little surprising that he never attained that success as a dramatic poet which powers less elevated than his would seem to render certain. And yet after a careful study of his peculiar mental bias, this failure cannot excite our wonder. Dramatic poetry gives no scope to the commanding graces of his genius, but continually runs counter to the master currents of his fancy. His great gifts are exquisite tenderness and soul-stirring sublimity. He had the power of conjuring up at pleasure delightful visions of beauty, purity, and pity, and at the same time of wielding that infernal fire of scorn which blasts and overthrows all things with its dark and awful outbursts of rancour and revenge. Whilst these passionate emotions of a highly sensitive over-wrought soul readily yield themselves to dramatic action when they are kept within the bounds of reason, yet when they pass these bounds they are sure to lead an author into extravagance. Their very vehemence makes them transient and leaves the man, who is dominated by them, weak and languid after the storm which sweeps his soul has subsided. A play

written under this influence will not be one harmonious whole tending to a single end, but will rather be composed of passages, brilliant it may be, but nevertheless disconnected. This effect, it seems to me, is easily perceived in all the dramatic poems of Byron, and especially in "Marino Faliero." There are, as I have already said, many passages in this play which would suffer nothing if placed by the side of Shakespeare's glowing page. It is a well-told story but it teaches no life lesson.

There is, however, one beautiful character in the play who well deserves to hold a place in the ranks of the noble women of all time—the calm, gentle, pure-spirited Angiolina. It is refreshing to turn from the fiery, rash, haughty Doge to the noble, womanly character of his wife. She herself gives the keynote of her character in a conversation with her maid of honor. The maid remarks:

"Yet this strange disproportion of your years,
And, let me add, disparity of tempers,
Might make the world doubt whether such a union
Could make you wisely, permanently happy."

Angiolina replies:

"The world will think with worldlings, but my heart
Has still been where my duty pointed."

In a conversation with the same maid she reveals the lofty temper of her mind and the purity and goodness of her heart.

"I love all noble qualities which merit
Love, and I love my father who first taught me
To single out what we should love in others,
And to subdue all tendency to lend
The best and purest feelings of our nature
To baser passions." * * *

The finest scene in the whole play is where the Doge meets his wife shortly after he has entered into the fatal conspiracy which causes his disgrace and execution. Angiolina knows that something is preying upon his mind. She tries with all the tender affection of a loving wife to soothe his excited feelings. "The great difference between her temper and that of her fiery husband is vividly portrayed. Not less vividly touched is that strong bond of their union which exists in the common nobleness of their deeper natures." Never for a moment does a shadow of suspicion cross the old Doge's mind as to the purity, truth, and affection of his wife. He knows her too well to let even a breath of suspicion tarnish the lustre of that fair name in his mind. He does not receive from her any extraordinary demonstration of affection, but he receives what is far better the fearless confidence of one, who, being

innocent to the heart's core, can scarcely believe in the existence of such a thing as guilt. He finds in her every charm which gratitude, respect, anxious and deep-seated affection can give to the confidential language of a lovely, modest, and pious woman. Some critics find fault with Angiolina because she is so severely chaste and unemotional, but she belongs to that type of women who, although they are not profuse in their expression of love, yet are willing to sacrifice life itself to avert suffering from those who have gained their hearts. What a grand ring there is in the rebuke she addresses to Steno, whose ribaldry hurried her husband to his death.

“Sage Benintende, now chief judge of Venice,
 I speak to thee in answer to you, senor—
 Inform the ribald Steno, that his words
 Ne’er weighed in mind with Loredano’s daughter
 Further than to create a moment’s pity
 For such as he is: would that others had
 Despised him as I pity! I prefer
 My honor to a thousand lives, could such
 Be multiplied in mine, but would not have
 A single life of others lost for that
 Which nothing human can impugn—the sense
 Of virtue, looking not to what is called
 A good name for reward, but to itself.
 To me the scorner’s words were as the wind
 Unto the rock; but as there are—alas!
 Spirits more sensitive on which such things
 Light as the whirlwind on the waters; souls
 To whom dishonor’s shadow is a substance
 More terrible than death here and hereafter;
 Men whose vice is to start at vice’s scoffing,
 And who though proof against all blandishments
 Of pleasure, and all pangs of pain, are feeble
 When the proud name on which they pinnacled
 Their hopes is breathed on, jealous as the eagle
 Of her high aiery; let what we now
 Behold and feel and suffer, be a lesson
 To wretches how they tamper in their spleen
 With beings of a higher order.”

* * * * *

Wonderful indeed is the development of this admirable character. She appears only in a few scenes, and then not until near the end of the play, yet so clearly is her grand character outlined that it can never fade from the mind of the most superficial reader. Whatever judgment we may pass upon the play as a whole, this grand womanly character must ever exact respect, homage, and admiration.

W. J. Somos, '99.

KNOWLEDGE VIEWED AS A MEANS.

Both reason and revelation teach us that man, as he is carried forward on the current of time, is more a possible than an actual being, and is rather in a formative than in a finished state. Action is the important instrument and chisel which gives him form. Many things are brought to act upon him that he in turn may put forth those actions which will make him an accomplished being when time and space shall have vanished in the presence of eternity as does the morning mists before the ascending sun. And, as the quality and number of actions are the only weights in the scale of heavenly justice, man shall be what his actions will have made him. Hence, this is a point of paramount importance, and everything designed for the usage of humanity must be prized in proportion as it is conducive to this great end. But such a means is the heaven-born guide and inspirer—knowledge.

In relation to the highest good of mankind knowledge must be viewed as a means to nobler, better, and more plentiful action. It is true that its very acquisition is already the result of many labors, but of itself it must not remain sterile, but must rather manifest its goodness and fruitfulness to mankind in being an essential cause of new and additional energy and devotion.

If knowledge were in itself an end it would be of little use to spend so much time and labor in acquiring it when death can open, to the mind of even the most ignorant, fields of science by far more vast than any which man has explored since creation. Moreover, the man in whom knowledge would not be a motor to more perfect and more abundant action might in the end be the loser, and, in the hierarchy of eternal illumination, find himself lower than a mercenary; since those who have acted best, not those who know the most, shall see deepest into the secrets of the universe.

— Of course human action is threefold: moral, intellectual, and physical, just as human perfection is. But in the ethical point of view the first is supreme in importance, for the two last receive their worth from the direction given them by the first.

— Now, if we but consider well the manifold influences which knowledge is naturally disposed to give towards more perfect action by its ennobling and spiritualizing character, it will appear how important a means it is to the highest good of man. For, through history, knowledge causes man to live again from the time of creation; he is placed in possession of the experience of ages, and is forced to admire, cen-

sure, or judge the deeds of a world. Through sciences it enables him to pierce through the outer covering of the things of our visible world and investigate their hidden constituents and powers. Through literature it brings him to feel, admire, love, and think with those great souls who breaking through that "muddy vesture of decay" which "grossly close it in," emitted those divine sparks of intellectual fire which make man to be like to God; also, to follow them in their lofty flights of imagination, to analyze and compound with them in the laboratory of reasoning; and kneel with them at the shrine of the sublime, the beautiful, the great, and the good. Finally, through higher mathematics and philosophy it unveils to him the symmetry, order, and harmony of the things of the universe; it gives wings to his mind that he may soar to etherial heights where love of creation and Creator is born and intensified and brought to burn with an intensity that causes man to forget himself and become a martyr to devotion of the most excellent kind, and to the most perfect work.

On the other hand how much is ignorance of its nature unfavorable to highest action and most perfect work. The ignorant man, destitute of knowledge, is hemmed in on all sides by the vulgar inclinations and influences of his animal nature. Everything about him is narrow, dark, and selfish. He sees no motive for work and action but to acquire the necessities of life or glut on its animal pleasures; nor does he see any motive for working well and perfecting himself in everything but to acquire a higher wage. The question of pay being left aside the less he does and the less well done it is the better. But knowledge, if it be not poisoned by an unrestrained or corrupt will, assists powerfully in bringing man to feel that he, as well as the many beings around him, has received from the author of nature the law of motion, and, that it is the will of the creator to have every motion resulting in development and increasing in perfection. Thus it makes of man a seeker after perfection, who above all professions in life clings to that of perfecting himself and perfecting what he works on; and remembering always that he shall one day be what he has made himself by acting, directs all his energies towards most numerous and most excellent action.

Such is the natural influence of knowledge on right action that Socrates, ignoring the inclination to evil which man has derived from original sin, believed that the more a person thought and knew the better he would act. If experience often proves this theory to be false, knowledge is not to be blamed but rather man's will, as Pascal says, which fails to cooperate with divine grace. Socrates was right in regard to the influence of knowledge, his mistake was only in not per-

fectly understanding human nature. For, it cannot be denied that knowledge elevates and refines man. Its tendency is to lift him from the earth and whatever is earthly, and teach him to revel in what is spiritual, noble, beautiful, and grand. But all this naturally leads to better and purer action, while, conversely ignorance, naturally accompanied by whatever is earthly, narrow, and bestial, will of its nature have a tendency to the contrary.

Bacon, like Socrates, makes much of the influence of knowledge on morality. Quoting from an old poet he says that, "It taketh away the wildness and barbarism and fierceness of men's minds," Then, from his own, he continues: "It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried. It disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of growth and reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself, or to call himself to account; nor the pleasure of that 'most pleasant life which feels a consciousness of improvement every day? The good parts he hath he will learn to show to the full, and use them dexterously, but not much to increase them; the faults he hath he will learn how to hide and color them, but not much to mend them; like an ill mower, that mows on still and never whets his scythe. Whereas with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof. Nay, further, in general and in sum, certain it is that '*veritas*' and '*bonitas*' differ but as the seal and the print, for truth prints goodness; and they be the clouds of error which descend in the storm of passions and perturbation."

JOSEPH I. GRANGER, '99.

SHAKESPEAREAN CHARACTERS.

When a great genius, after having illuminated his own age, declines and finally disappears from the human horizon, a certain gloom overspreads the literary firmament until another luminary rises and by his brilliancy dispells the darkness. This is what England witnessed at the appearance of the great dramatist—William Shakespeare—when the long-lived glory of the Greek dramatists had almost disappeared. This new planet does not borrow its light from another, but shines by itself, and more enduring than others it knows no decline. Shakespeare is in drama what Raphael and Michael Angelo are in painting and sculpture; the banner bearer of this grand art to heights beyond which it seems fated never to go.

Shakespeare must have studied carefully the great masterpieces of the Greeks, and especially those of Aeschylus, whom he resembles in many respects. Still he has remained the poet of the north, the personification of the Saxon race. Like the Greeks, he has given his attention to comedy, the historic drama, and tragedy, and has been carried away upon the wings of his imagination into the boundless fields of fancy and dream. He never plagiarizes from the Greeks, nor even imitates them. He is original; has a personality, manner, and style distinctly his own. Less perfect in detail than Sophocles, yet he is grander; equal to Aeschylus in altitude, he surpasses him in extension and universality. The creations of Aeschylus are titanic, superhuman; those of Shakespeare are of a primitive, savage nature, which civilization has neither polished nor effeminated, being often rude and uncouth, and sometimes even brutal; others animated with grand heroism, wild passions, and chivalric sentiments.

Shakespearean poetry is very unequal. Sometimes rich and luxuriant as the vegetation of a tropical forest. At times it rises to the highest regions of sublimity and then sinks to farsical buffoonery. Shakespeare is, none the less, the real type of the artist. He not only conceives things, he sees them; he does not merely imagine the sentiments of his characters, he feels them. So completely does he identify himself with the creations of his fancy that he seems to experience in his own person the passions that move them—their loves and hatreds, their sympathies and antipathies, their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows. With Romeo he is an ardent lover, tender and delicate with Juliet; wild and savage with Caliban, foolish with Lear, jealous with Othello, skeptic with Hamlet, ambitious and perverse with Macbeth,

perfidious with Cassius, gentle and loving with Desdemona, but with all he is original, natural, and brilliant. Even his fools are the offsprings of genius. Listen to Benedict, complaining about his mistress: "O! she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and to scold with her." And Falstaff—what profuseness in his cynicism! How many pearls in his vulgarity! "Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in these days of villiany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man and therefore more frailty." All his vices have their excuse in nature. He likes to drink, but is not wine good. Commanded to levy troops he assembles only ruffians and when reproved by the prince he answers: "Tut, tut! man, good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men." Falstaff is Shakespeare's greatest humorous creation. What exquisite humor in his extravagant boasting. He transforms his very cowardice into knightly exploits with wonderful facility. To my mind the following scene is the most intensely humorous of anything in literature. Falstaff relates his adventures in robbing the pilgrims going to Canterbury:

Falstaff—Nay, I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward:—here I lay, and thus I bore my point: Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen.—What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal.—Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins.—Ay, Ay, he said four.

Fal.—These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen.—Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

Fal.—In buckram.

Poins.—Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal.—Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. (To Poins.)—Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal.—Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen.—Ay, and mark thee, too, Jack.

Fal.—Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen.—So, two more already.

Fal.—Their points being broken,—

Poins.—Down fell the pieces.

Fal.—Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen.—O monstrous! Eleven buckram men out of two.

The rest of the scene, in which Falstaff vindicates his cowardice, is equally and perhaps even more humorous.

Shakespeare is universal, and although of his own time and country, his work is of all ages and countries. His genius summons all peoples and centuries to rise before him. He causes the shades of the dead to appear; says to the spirits of darkness come, and the witches of Macbeth answer his voice. The heroes of antiquity, buried in the night of time, live again in his drama and we see that the same spirit that animates us animated them; the same passions, the same weaknesses, the same mysteries. His plays are like magnificent forests in which there are beautiful flowers and gigantic trees swept occasionally by terrific storms. England is justly proud of this splendid genius, but nevertheless he belongs to humanity.

B. J. L.

AN APPEAL.

Life's path is but a thorny way,
 So dark and long and wide
 O! Mary! I am destitute
 In Thee, I now confide.

The waves of sin are strong and high
 Which break upon temptation's shore;
 Oh! save me from the rocks of crime
 And take me 'neath Thy care, once more.

O Virgin Mary! guide my steps
 While on life's path I stray,
 And lead me to the goal of life
 Oh! give me strength to pray.

Thy love oh! Blessed Mother, dear,
 Is like the sea, both deep and free;
 Then, as a shipwrecked mariner
 I place my hope and trust in Thee.

—J. M. Kangley, 1900.

A TRIP UP THE HUDSON.

The day upon which we boarded the steamer for a trip upon the blue waters of the beautiful and historic Hudson was a little hazy—perhaps it was not ideal; but it was clear enough to reveal the grand panorama, passing on either side, which fills the beholder with wonder and delight, when the magnificent scene greets his eyes for the first time. That day, was a day in elysium. Though I were to take the trip a hundred times again, it seems to me that the feelings I experienced upon my first sight of the Hudson would never return.

When we had passed the outskirts of New York city, in the rolling country beyond and just merging into the beautiful parts of the river, my thoughts wandered far back into the centuries before. I beheld another vessel more primitive, yet more picturesque; on its prow was inscribed "The Half-Moon." And I wondered what must have been the thoughts of Hendrick Hudson and his followers as they sailed up this beautiful stream, and saw for the first time the grandeur of the surrounding scenery! How his eyes must have feasted upon the inexhaustible treasures of this "Rhine of America!" Then civilized man had not penetrated the magnificent forests that fringed its shores, sometimes to deface them and here and there enhance their beauty. No man but the roaming Indian, who sought the deer upon its banks, knew that such a grand combination of water and woodland scenery existed in this wild country. Ah, how enraptured must those bold explorers of a strange land have been as they sailed up that narrow stream which today is the wonder of our nation! These are some of the thoughts that occupied my mind until we reached the mountains, where I was so entranced with the passing spectacle that I forgot Hendrick Hudson and his crew.

It was a veritable art-gallery of landscape scenes, save that it was real—all real, and not the painted phantoms of a canvas. On one side is a line of cliffs. The high declivities, moss-covered and black with age, extend down to the river's edge and throw their dark shadow far out into the murky water.

Across the stream is a stretch of foot-hills. At first they are low, one rising above the other in the distance; but as we continue on our way, they grow larger and larger until the gigantic Catskills tower above us. From either side of us they rise, great, ponderous mountains, and it seems, as we sail slowly at their bases, that we are mere nothings by the side of them. On the very peak of one of the highest, a

summer hotel is situated. From a great distance it can be seen, silhouetted against the sky, and forming the most prominent feature in a very picturesque scene. Through a break in the mountains we can see others beyond; further still they grow, dimmer and dimmer, till they are completely enveloped and lost to view in the mist and haze.

The steamer goes fast on its way, winding in and out among the foothills, passing villages and hamlets snugly set on the mountains or on the river's shore.

The banks are fringed with trees and foliage of all kinds. The tangled vines drape the shores in an emerald gown, and dip their green leaves into the slowly moving water. Occasionally a tug passes pulling a long line of barges, and it seems a pity to mar the stillness and the grandeur of the scene with its shrill whistle. But where civilization and progress are concerned, sentiment must bow its head in silence and give way.

We are far from the city now, in the center of the mountainous region. Now and then we pass an island, small, but green and beautiful. But behold what a magnificent scene spreads itself before our eyes! Look at those high, gray turretted walls! Look at those ugly cannon frowning above us! We do not need the guard to tell us that it is West Point, the cradle of the American soldier. Here is one of the most beautiful spots in all our great land. It is impossible to conceive a scene more grand. At a bend of the river, upon the side of a rugged mountain, with mountains all around, this historic institution is placed. At its base flows the beautiful Hudson. And at the time of the year when I saw it, it was almost concealed by the green trees and the foliage that festooned its walls. One glance at that scene is enough to repay one for the strict disciplinary life at West Point.

This is the climax. We have reached it by a steady gradation, from beautiful to sublime, and, like Tennyson, we exclaim

"I would that I could utter
The thoughts that rise in me."

After this last picture we cannot fully appreciate the ensuing scenes. There is something lacking; the gloss is gone. Yet the rest is a long series of beautiful views which could never be properly painted by the brush or the pen. And when I arrived at Albany, it all seemed like a dream—a sublime dream, which I wished would soon return.

PROCTOR W. HANSL, '99.

MUSINGS.

High upon a mountain lofty
Wells an everlasting spring
Whose sweet waters have such virtue
That they youth to age can bring.

Round about the verdant valley
Roams an ever moving throng
In whose heart high aspirations
Make them for true greatness long.

Close beside the magic fountain
Dwells a race of men sublime
On whose brows the seal of glory
Has been set for endless time.

Words of comfort speak they ever
To the noble few below
Who to gain the topmost summit
All their energies bestow.

Knowledge is the wondrous water
Flowing from the heights divine
Where midst everlasting splendors
Genius has her sacred shrine.

Scholars are they round the hill-side
Toiling up the steep ascent
Whilst the hand of heroes ever
Is to their assistance lent.

Let not triflers hope to enter
In these ranks of noble minds
Not for such is that pure pleasure
Which the sage in knowledge finds.

With pure hearts and steadfast purpose
Let us climb the rugged height
Where great souls and God-like workers
Dwell in never fading light.

B.

THE VIATORIAN.

Published monthly for the students by the Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Co. Bloomington, Ill.

Edited by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill. All correspondence must be addressed: THE VIATORIAN, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Entered at the Bloomington Postoffice as second class matter.

Subscription price, one dollar per year, payable in advance.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

P. W. HANSL,
D. J. HAYDN,

J. I. GRANGER,
P. J. GERAGHTY,

P. F. DANIHER,
M. J. MORRISSEY.

EDITORIAL.

Classes were resumed at the college on September 7. THE VIATORIAN extends a hearty welcome to all the students, new and old.

We notice with pleasure that a larger number of familiar faces are to be met on the campus this year than at any opening for a long time.

Knowing the dispositions of the old students and judging from the bright, cheerful faces of the new ones, the prospects for a successful and pleasant year are very bright.

AMBITION.

Ambition is an eager desire for something which is either good in itself or is conceived to be good. From this definition it will be easily seen that ambition will be either good or evil, according to what it proposes to itself to attain. The miser is ambitious to acquire money, and hence his ambition is evil, not because money is bad in itself, but because he makes it an end, whereas it is only a means. Ambition is the spur which urges a noble mind onward in the pursuit of good. The saints have had an all consuming ambition to be spotless in the sight of God; to walk with unswerving fidelity in the path of duty. Where the voice of duty called, there they followed undeterred by difficulties. Never did they falter even though death rose up to dispute their course. Great minds have had the noble ambition of acquiring knowledge, because knowledge unfolds the truth, and truth is God-like. A young man without ambition is like a bird without wings, for just as there may be in the bird the inherent possibility of soaring high above the cloud-piercing mountain peaks and gazing with perfect security into the fathomless depths below, so there may be in the ambitionless young man the very highest possibilities of intellectual development. Yet he will forever remain a worthless dullard, because besides ambition there is nothing to urge him on to develop his faculties. It is not less ambition

we want, but more ambition when rightly directed is one of the mightiest forces in shaping the life of a man both here and hereafter.

Although there is not the slightest likelihood that the Czar's proposal for a universal disarmament will receive serious consideration, yet there is a strong probability that it will be productive of much good. It is a good seed cast into ground that is not in a state to develop quickly the germs of its untold possibilities. Half a century or more may pass before the conditions for its development are favorable or even possible, but if civilization continues to make anything like the rapid strides it is said to be making, it will not be long before measures are taken to do away with so monstrous an evil as modern armaments and standing armies. These are not only a constant menace to peace but they are sapping the very foundations of prosperity and progress. Every European country is expending millions of dollars annually on its navy alone. This expensive mania imposes a crushing burden that has already reduced the poorer nations to the very brink of bankruptcy and is telling even upon the most powerful and wealthy. Could the Czar of Russia bring about such a desirable thing as the disarmament of all civilized nations, he would deserve to be numbered with the world's greatest benefactors. Not to mention the pecuniary advantage to be derived from such a course, which would certainly be enormous, its good moral influence upon nations would also be great. For powerful nations to be armed to the teeth, ready for a paltry gain or an imaginary insult to engage in deadly contest, cannot but be highly injurious to the moral well-being of nations. Every earnest, thoughtful man must unite with Pope Leo XIII. in congratulating the Czar on his humane project.

MAGAZINES.

McClure's Magazine for September has a very full and interesting description of the destruction of Cervera's fleet by George E. Graham, who witnessed from the deck of the Brooklyn the event he describes. This is the only article in the magazine that is worthy of notice and even this one tells us very little that we did not already know through the medium of the daily papers. The article entitled "Stories of Nasr-Ed-Din" although it is evidently intended to be humorous, is with the exception of a few witty sayings, intolerably stupid. If Nasr-Ed-Din be the great humorist and philosopher that he is represented to be, Mr. Cleveland Moffett must have been woefully unhappy in the choice of specimens.

Donahoe's, September number, contains many valuable and interesting articles. Henry Austin Adams' pointed paragraphs are spicy, opportune and thoroughly characteristic. The paper on "Sea Fortunes" is not only beautifully illustrated, but is written in such a fascinating manner that one cannot help believing that Mr. Sweet must himself be a loving child of the rolling sea. It seems to us that *Donahoe's* is devoting too much valuable space to "People in Print." This is a cheap way of filling up the pages of a magazine. To print large photographs of men and women who are for the most part of but little interest to the general reader and to supplement these with a few common-place remarks is certainly no very difficult feat.

For a pen artist who can delineate scenery in the brilliant colors of a landscape painter, commend us to Charles Warren Stoddard. His sketches of Yellowstone Park which have been concluded in the last number of the *Ave Maria* are splendid pieces of descriptive writing, worthy of the author of "South Sea Idyls." There is a charm all his own about the writings of Mr. Stoddard. Another series of articles just concluded in the *Ave Maria* which merit a careful study are entitled—"A City of Confusion." If the concurrent testimony of historians, not only unprejudiced but even favorable to the institution of which they write, can ever be relied upon, then Father Ganss has established to demonstration that the Church of England is not only in sympathy with the protestant churches of the continent, but that there is no distinction between them. It is a pleasure to read an article which so thoroughly proves the proposition with which it is dealing. The fiction of the *Ave Maria* is also of a high order.

The Atlantic Monthly for September indulges in what some one has satirically dubbed "keyhole biography." The unpublished letters of Thomas Carlyle to his sister, which were never intended for the public eye, are of very little interest to the average reader, or even to the student. It seems almost like a crime to pry into the privacy of a great man and lay bare the sanctuary of his heart to the vulgar gaze of the unsympathetic multitude. A study of some phase of the many-sided personality of Carlyle would be far more acceptable to most of the readers of *The Atlantic Monthly*. The article on "Mr. Riley's Poetry" is a fine study of the "Hoosier Poet." There are several other articles in *The Atlantic* which will repay a careful reading.

In these days of picture book magazines *The Century* seems to us to be a model of judicious illustration that might be imitated with profit by many of our over-illustrated magazines.

The Catholic World for September has some very fine articles, both in prose and poetry. Among others "Right Rev. Mathias Loras, First Bishop of Dubuque," from the scholarly pen of Archbishop Ireland, is a noble tribute to the memory of the saintly Bishop Loras. Father McDermot, C.S.P., has a thoughtful, judicious, and unbiased criticism of Bismarck. *The Catholic World* always presents a table of contents that is sure to be filled with articles of sterling worth by scholars who are masters of their subjects.

EXCHANGES.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* for September 17 opens with a well written poem, entitled "The Story of Man;" but it seems to us that the author was in a rather cynical mood when he penned its lines, "A Study of Shelley" uncompleted in this week's issue is excellent and would have graced the pages of a magazine. In reviewing this paper, which has been on our list for a long time, we could not help noticing the excellent makeup of the local column. This week it is especially spicy, and although we are not acquainted with the many incidents or personages treated, we must admire its "Jerome K. Jerome" racy quality of style.

In glancing over the exchanges for September our eye falls upon the *Lake Breeze*, of Sheboygan, Wis. The paper is not bad; however we regret to see that the girls are the leading contributors to its columns, both as to ability and quantity. It contains on the editorial sheet an article upon "Shams," which is very commendable. But there is also a paper upon "Spain's Treatment of Her Colonies," (a subject deserving a better fate) which is written in a dry, spiritless style that makes it very tedious reading.

The *Victorian* opens the term of '98 and '99 in a rather tame manner. It contains nothing worthy of credit. Its opening article, "High," is a meaningless description of some local personage, containing a vain attempt at humor.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the *College Athlete*. Its pages are replete with good material, and its sporting department is excellent. We hope to hear more from it.

PERSONAL.

—Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., for several years professor of rhetoric and literary criticism at the college, has been transferred to Chicago. He is now pastor of St. Viateur's church, near Irving Park. Whilst we regret to lose such an efficient teacher and a man of such charming personality as Father McCormick, yet we congratulate our old professor upon his promotion to a field of labor which affords more ample opportunities of exercising those rare qualities of mind and heart which have endeared him to all at the college, and especially to those who had the privilege and the good fortune to attend his lectures.

—Bro. J. D. Laplante, C.S.V., M.A., formerly of Holy Name School, Chicago, has gone to France, where he will make a three years' course in science at the Catholic University of Paris. He will afterwards go to Rome to pursue an advanced course in theology. We hope our old alumnus will be as successful in his studies at the great universities of Europe as he always was at his *Alma Mater*.

—Brother Lennartz, C.S.V., M.A., formerly a professor at the college, is at present making a tour through Europe. We wish our old friend a pleasant and profitable trip.

—The Rev. Jos. Lamb, Lyons, Ill., paid the college a pleasant visit recently. He was accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Jos. Carey, who has entered the senior department.

—Mr. J. H. Nawn, professor of elocution at the college for a number of years, paid a pleasant visit to the college a few days ago. Mr. Nawn will pursue his theological studies at the Baltimore seminary during the coming year. Mr. Nawn has the best wishes of every one in the institution.

—Mrs. L. G. Tong, South Bend, Ind., was a visitor at the college last month. Her son Lucius has entered the senior department.

—Rev. E. O'Rielly, Lake Forest, Ill., visited the college recently, with two of his parishioners, Mrs. Welsh and Mr. McVey. Mrs. Welsh entered her son Edward at the college and Mr. McVey his son Arthur.

—Rev. Father McDevitt, of Chicago, accompanied his two cousins, James and William Cunningham, to the college one day last month.

—Messrs. Hildreth and Ronan, Chicago, visited the college a few days ago. Mr. Hildreth left his son at the college.

—Mr. Kinsella, '93, was a welcome caller at the college last month. He made arrangements for his brother to enter the senior department.

—Mr. M. P. Sammon, formerly a member of the theology class at the college, has gone to St. Mary's Seminary, where he will complete his theological studies. We are sure Mr. Sammon will give a good account of himself during the coming year and be an honor to his *alma mater*.

—Messrs. J. H. Nawn, C. J. Quille, R. Pugny, J. Kearney, and H. Rainey will pursue their studies at the Baltimore seminary during the coming year. These young men will make friends wherever they go, and do credit both to themselves and their *alma mater*.

—Mr. S. N. Moore will study theology at the Rochester seminary during the coming year. We hope Mr. Moore will distinguish himself as much in his theological course as he did throughout his collegiate course here.

—Mr. J. O'Dwyer '97, who is at present studying law at Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill., visited the college recently in company with his sister.

—Rev. Father O'Dwyer, Chebanse, Ill., was the guest of the Rev. President recently. Father O'Dwyer left his nephew at the college.

—Miss M. L. Lamarre visited her uncle, the Rev. President, and her brothers at the college, for a few days last month. She was on her way to enter the novitiate of the Dominican sisters at Sinsinnawa Mound. We wish the young lady a happy life on her holy vocation.

—Rev. Father Dermody is at present stationed at Madison, S.D. We congratulate Father Dermody on his promotion and the people of Madison on their good fortune in having their spiritual necessities ministered to by such a zealous and able priest.

—Rev. Bro. Desjardius C.S.V., professor of vocal and instrumental music for the past four or five years at the college, has returned to Canada for his health. He is now enjoying a well-merited rest at Outremont. We hope the bracing mountain air of this beautiful locality will soon restore the Rev. Brother to perfect health.

—Judge Magnan, of Manistee, Mich., was the guest of the faculty one day last month. He left his son at the college.

—Mr. T. A. Cahill, of Chicago, last year's esteemed colonel of the S.V.C. battalion, spent a few days with his friends at the college recently. Mr. Cahill has entered the Northwestern University to make a four year's medical course. After completing his studies here he will spend a few years in one of the great medical universities of Germany. Success to our old classmate.

—Mr. Lionel Legris, '98, will pursue his theological course at the University of Ottawa, Canada, during the present year. We wish our old friend every success.

—Mr. P. W. Hansl spent much of his vacation in making a tour through the east. During his trip he visited all the eastern points of interest and remained several weeks at Atlantic City. He reports a very enjoyable time.

—Mr. P. Dube has just returned from his trip to Salem, Mass., and Montreal, Canada. He spent much of his time at the seashore.

—Mr. J. J. Raith and Mr. P. Walsh are at St. Thomas Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., where they will both pursue their theological course. We wish these young men every success.

—Mr. E. Broadman, a member of last year's philosophy class, has gone to St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, to complete his course in philosophy. We wish him success in his new home.

—The college choir is doing excellent work under the able direction of Rev. J. V. Lamarre.

—The Thespians are preparing Shakespeare's "King John" for St. Vincent's Day, October 21. The Rev. Father Marsile, C.S.V., is now busy arranging parts. When Father Marsile undertakes to train actors for a play, we know beforehand that an excellent entertainment will be provided. We can therefore promise the visitors a good rendition of one of Shakespeare's great plays.

—Mr. H. Hildreth, '97, now studying law at Yale University, spent a few days with his brother, George, of the senior department. During Mr. Hildreth's stay at the college he made everyone his friend, and hence the glad welcome he received.

—The library will be of special interest and benefit to the students this year, as many valuable books have been added to its shelves. Considering the ever increasing interest which the students are taking in this department and the great benefit to be derived from a thoroughly equipped library, a special effort is being made this term to enlarge the library. Donations of books will be gratefully received and placed in the library with the name of the donor inscribed in them as a grateful acknowledgment of his generosity. We return sincere thanks to kind patrons for donations already received.—LIBRARIAN.

VIATORIANA.

- “99.”
- Notre.
- English.
- The Joker.
- Its neuter.
- Trunky Charlie.
- Who saw the dog?
- Let me play tennis.
- And still he sang on.
- Charlie, let me sing.
- Watermarmelon Pete.
- The red cow wants the egg.
- Look at the siccor-tail coat.
- Say, mister, is that the sower?
- What bird is singing that song?
- Who drove tacks in papa’s chin?
- You low down and degraded brute.
- I — is the only sister in the family.
- That pipe is strong enough to work.
- The cake walkers are out for business.
- Mother’s false teeth will soon fit sister.
- Have you any old clothes you have wore yet?
- Say, is your other brother any relation to you?
- Say, Notre, you’re so sharp, some day you will fall down and cut yourself.
- Prof. of Arith.—Say H., how did you do it?
- H.—a bright boy.—With chalk.
- At table.—Pete, is the syrup sour?
- P.—Yes, but shut your eyes and you can’t taste it much.
- If I bring the box back Prof., do I get a nickel?
- Prof.—No, this is not a blind pig.

—Minim (lately arrived)—O, I like drilling.
 —K. (seven years old)—You'll soon get over that.

—A certain young philosopher,
 (I'll not divulge his name)
 With solemn face and learned air
 Into the class room came.

He sat him down among his mates
 And leaned back in his seat,
 For he was surely well prepared
 To answer questions meet.

An essay was required that day,
 Which he did not compose,
 But never had he failed before
 Of trifles to dispose.

He solemnly assured the Prof.
 That he had writ the same,
 And left it in his study room
 Upon the window frame.


That day he bought a quart of oil,
 And now at midnight ring
 You may behold a feeble light
 Within the southeast wing.

There sits a young philosopher
 Whose face is full of woe,
 For now at last he is convinced
 That bluffs don't always go.

—On Wednesday evening, September 17, a very enjoyable impromptu program was given in the college hall. Among the many interesting and pleasing numbers rendered, the "cake walk," by Messrs. Rooney, Finnigan, Garrity, and O'Connor, was certainly the chief source of amusement if we judge by the enthusiastic applause which their performance received. Mr. J. Granger gave a fine interpretation of "William Tell Among the Mountains." Mr. Granger possesses, in a marked degree, the power of throwing himself into the spirit of his subject. He has splendid control of voice, modulation, and facial expression, and is altogether a pleasing and effective elocutionist. Master R. Gahan delivered a humorous selection which produced a continual strain of laughter. We have seldom seen such rare talent for humorous elocution in one so young. Mr. Magnan's rendition of several popular airs was well received. We hope entertainments of this kind will be frequently presented. It breaks up the monotony of college routine and arouses good feelings in all.

Detmer Music House

261 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

 Sellers of everything known in
 Music and Musical
 Instruments.

~~~~~Write for Catalogues.

Every student who intends to go into business should read

## Business.

Monthly \$1.00 a year. The Office Paper.

To read **Business** for a year is a liberal commercial education in itself. Write for sample copy, mentioning this paper.

Publication Offices, 13 Astor Place, New York.