



THE VIATORIAN.

VOL. XXI No. 6,

MARCH, 1904.

FAC ET SPERA.

SAINT JOSEPH.

Le front aureole de fleurs et de lumiere,
O Joseph, tu parais a nos regards charmes;
Et notre ame vers toi s'elance heureuse et fiere
De redire, a ton nom, des hymnes inspires.

L'Eglise de Jesus chante ta gloire immense;
Le parfum de ton lys embaume tous les coeurs;
Chacun ressent pour toi un amour plus intense:
Les sublimes vertus ont des attraits vainqueurs!

Protecteur et gardien de la Sainte Famille,
Sois pour chacun de nous un guide paternel;
Que par toi, sur nos fronts, la belle vertu brille,
Qu'elle garde, en nos coeurs, un empire eternel!

FRA LUIGI.

IRISH MELODIES.

It is related that far back in the remote ages there existed on the western shores of Scotland a small, but rapidly increasing settlement of natives, who, having slightly receded from barbararism, held in feeble grasp the rudiments of civilization.

On a road side of this settlement—and along the shore of one of the ocean inlets, there stood a stone figure of extraordinary dimensions, which reflected vividly the profile of a human face. It is evident that this figure was a partial production of nature, while it is equally manifest that it received much of its finish from the hands of some ancient sculptor. The impression that it would make upon the mind was singular. It did not charm by its beauty, nor did it present the idea of tragedy or of any violent human passion; but its characteristics were calmness, exalted virility, well poised wisdom; it reflected those features of the human countenance which any one could readily perceive were most appropriate for a great leader.

There lived in those regions a small boy called Earnest, who, as he one day lingered about this spot, was told that the one whom that **"great stone face"** resembled would become the leader of that country, would quell the conflict of the people, and would by his consummate wisdom elevate them to the heights of intellectual pre-eminence. This knowledge just acquired by little Earnest almost instantly enkindled in his youthful mind a flame of desire to see, in reality, this great dominator. And as he daily roved about the country in search of universal knowledge, he formed an invariable habit of first gazing with admiration upon the figure of the **"stone face,"** and then, endeavoring to find its likeness in some human countenance, he would wander about the most important quarters of traffic, watch the people as they came and went,—burning with anxiety to observe some one, who, in his opinion at least, would resemble that mysterious face.

Though his hopes were ever expectant, still years passed on without affording him the happiness of realizing his desire, and now Earnest had become a gray haired sage. He had, in the meantime, gathered around him a large number of followers, who came

daly to hear his instructions, and who were constantly multiplying in numbers; and one day, as he came forth to address the people, the immense throng began to remark among themselves: "Certainly there is in Earnest a marked resemblance to the **"great stone face.**

This way in which chance (if we wish to call it such) led Earnest to his destiny, is not at all peculiar; for as it was with him, so it is with all of us; we will become what we admire.

The Italians stroll up and down the museums of art, studying the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, with such continued application that finally this art becomes so familiar to their lives that it forms a part of their nature. Now the Irish people have given to the world numberless proofs of their admiration for the **ideal**, and the world in turn must candidly admit that facts show them to be a race of idealists. They love to manifest the spirit of their country, by praising the religious fortitude which their people exercised during a score of generations, by adhering to the faith that was in them, despite the bloody persecutions that incessantly afflicted them; or they manifest that spirit powerfully, by celebrating the brave deeds of Irish patriots; the civil integrity of O'Connell, upon whose face the doors of parliament were dishonorably closed, but who, far from being dispirited by this, repaired to the portals of the royal palace and standing before the throne of England, by his rare eloquence, secured for his country what her armies could not wrench; or of Emmet, who as a mere youth, saw hills of carnage rise as the result of human slaughter, and saw the rivers of his country purpled with the blood of his fellow countrymen, and solemnly vowed that his destiny would remain unattained until Ireland would be free from the shackles of English tyranny.

But if it is the ambition of the Irish people to illustrate the the spirit of their country in this manner, that ambition reaches its height when it utters their inspiring religious and social sentiments in Irish poetry and song. I have said that the Irish are people of idealists. Being thus, they necessarily possessed a great love for the beautiful, and to this fact we may attribute their having chosen that most marvelous missionary of the beautiful, charming music, as the majestic bond that even now keeps united the dispersed

bands of the Celtic nationality, and perpetuates their national affections; as a magic that operates in the fields of imagery, their national music keeps alive the pathetic legends that originated in Celtic ancestry and which have been so in keeping with events of more recent occurrence, that they would tempt us to look upon them as prophecies that foretold the destiny of the race.

There is doubtless a music as vast, as creation, embracing all the sounds of the diapason in their numberless combinations, and arising from the bosom of discord in boundless and harmonious swell. From the dew-drop that murmurs its inward delight as it kisses the roseleaf, to the deep and mysterious voice of the ocean, sounding like the heart-pant of creation for rest; from the reed that sighs upon the river bank to the sad and solemn wail of the primeval forest; from the bee that sings on the wing among the flowers, to the lion that goes forth into the desert alone and awakens the sleeping echoes of impenetrable jungles; from the nightingale that disburdens its full throat of all its music, to man, whose very soul rises on the palpitating bosom of song, from world to world up to God's own heaven—everywhere music is whispering its charming spells—all nature is vocal in a divine concert.

Irish Melodies! to one who is familiar with them this is an expression which conveys a loftiness of thought, combined with an abundance of sentiment so sweet, so noble and so grand, that when an attempt is made to give them adequate expression, language always proves weak before the task. To attempt the adequate praise of Irish Melodies would be like trying to describe or paint flowers so graphically that the picture would give forth their perfume.

The student of those poems is constantly reveling in the delights of sweetest memories; he lives again amid scenes made new by the magic brush of lively fancy and peopled with the cherished creations of a warm love—themselves ever aglow with patriotism and sprightly with humor. This is clearly apparent in the "Shamrock", a poem, which, though formed in a romantic design, nevertheless brings out the idea without the least obscurity:

Through Irin's Isle
To sport awhile,

As love and valour wandered
 With wit, the spirit
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squander'd;
 Where'er they pass
 A triple grass
 Shoots up with dew drops streaming
 As softly green
 As emeralds seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming.

Says Valour, "See
 They spring for me
 Those leafy gems of morning."
 Says Love, "no, no,
 For me they grow
 My fragrant path adorning,"
 But wit perceives
 The table leaves
 And cries: "Oh! do not sever
 A type that blends
 Three God like friends
 Love, Valour, Wit forever."

So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather,
 May love, as twine
 His flowers divine
 Of thorny fa'shood weed'em
 May Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom.

Among those melodies we find the soft and tender love song—elegant in every sense of the word. In these Moore shows how well he has analyzed the emotions of love, common to the juvenile element of every people, and which reached such a degree of excellence and delicacy in Catholic Ireland. He graphically pictures the character of true love as it was known in his country; gathering into his musical bouquets the most exquisite local blossoms of this fair plant, he has given us Irish love songs that are unexcelled for their

truth, their sweetness, their refined delicacy. Even our own Longfellow has failed to gain that admiration for his *Evangeline* which Moore enjoys for his deservedly popular lyrics.

No less meritorious are the poems that breathe the sacred spirit of patriotism. Moore was a conspicuous figure among that host of Irish bards, renowned for devotion to their country. While it is true that he has often been rashly accused of lukewarmness in his love for his country, and while it is also true that he never wielded the sword or performed any phenomenal act in her behalf, yet we have only to read a portion of his works to become convinced that a deep and solemn patriotism infused his soul. His patriotism was not of the obstreperous kind, but of a dignified sort. Does not he who writes the songs of his country love her as well as he who defends her with the louder noise of the cannon's roar?

It is difficult to find a single fragment of the "*Irish Melodies*" that is not chequered with that sprightly wit and humor which are so peculiarly Irish. These songs seem to have been written to be sung in the fleeting moments of happiness, and have a meaning only when resting on the pillar of joy. In them are intermingled epigrams that tell the instability of casual success, and the folly of being overwhelmed with its wanton fickleness. On the other hand songs that evidently originated in the depth of melancholy afflictions, everywhere contain humorous accents that reveal an ability to look brightly into the future, regardless of the unfavorable conditions of the present and of the past. And is it not true that we all delight in reading a volume of verses whose only ingredients are wit, humor and a gentle satire that has no trace of bitterness?

The chief beauty of the *Irish Melodies* lies in their trueness to nature.

It is a fact that literature is free from dullness only when the author has a keen insight of nature's relationship to every art. Cast a look over the long reach of literary history, what vast valleys of dullness filled with confused legends and academical controversies! what bogs of philosophical speculations! what dreary wastes of metaphysics! Only here and there do we behold such heaven-illuminated bards as Moore, Dante or Longfellow, elevated like

beacons on their widely separated heights, to transmit the pure light of poetical intelligence from age to age.

There is yet one question to be asked, and that is, are those Moore's Melodies or are they Irish Melodies? Well they are Moore's Irish Melodies.

Those inspiring thoughts were murmurs that sounded throughout the land. The Irish poet heard them and with them he has embellished the language. This is what Moore meant when he said:

"If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
It was but the wind passing heedlesly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked wastly own."

Possessed of a broad, genial nature, a rich poetic temperament, a lively fancy, a facile and ornate power of vivid and graphic description, he was most fascinating in personal companionships. His refined imagination revived the romantic legends of "Lalla Rook." With what inimitable nicety did he place in succession upon the canvass the "Odes of Anacreon," "The Fuge Family in Paris," "The Evenings in Greece," and the "Alciphron;" yet it is in his "Irish Melodies," more than in any other of his works that those qualities of style and mind that have so endeared him to his people, appear in their freshest and most varied form, covering as these do a wider range of emotions and bubbling over with a humor that seems to have the inexhaustible spontaneity of a spring. Here drollery, grace, pathos and affection, in turn touch the heart and move the fancy. There is about them a genial atmosphere, fresh and open as the blue sky in which their characters live and move. These lyrics are so easily adapted to song with the accompaniment of the harp, and the music to which they are set, so well expresses the poetic thought of the verses that we may consider the Irish Melodies as one of the most artistic expressions of the genius of Ireland.

JAMES DONAHOE.—First Rhetoric.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THERE is nothing that appeals so strongly to the noblest instincts of human nature, nothing so well calculated to win the affectionate regard and esteem of the human heart, and to draw therefrom spontaneous outbursts of respect and love, as examples of heroic self-sacrifice and unselfish consecration to God, country and countrymen. When sublime virtue ceases to be a mere abstract mental conception and becomes exemplified in human character and conduct, we should not prove true to the promptings of our higher nature, if we did not freely indulge our sentiments of gratitude and admiration, and endeavor to realize in ourselves, as far as possible, the moral and intellectual characteristics of such a lofty ideal.

We are assembled here this evening, gentlemen, to do honor and pay respect to the memory of a man, the like of whom America has yet to produce; a man, a monument to whose unperishable fame stands this our great and free country; a man whose name is inseparably connected with our national liberty, union and prosperity; a man, who, willingly gave his life to the service of his country, and who has given one of the sublimest examples of true patriotism and unswerving loyalty to a noble cause to be found in the annals of history. His name is on the lips of all present, the immortal Washington.

Whether we behold him clad in the regimentals of his military office, fearlessly leading the fray at Trenton, at Monmouth or at Yorktown; whether we look upon him as the nation's chief executive administering the affairs of the new born republic with unquestionable honesty and sincerity and consummate ability; or whether we choose to scrutinize, with critical eye, the personal, the moral side of his character; we shall not be able to escape the conviction that he was a man actuated by no miserable motives of self-interest or vain glory, but was at all times as unselfish, self-denying and self-forgetful, as he was loyal to the great cause which he espoused and for which he was ever willing to give the last drop of his heart's blood. It would be vain to dispute that there have existed greater generals, abler statesmen,

and more saintly characters. In military genius and executive ability, Washington must undoubtedly bow to a world-conquering Alexander, or to the incomparable French captain, the hero of Lodi and Austerlitz; in statesmanship and diplomacy, it will be conceded that Jefferson and Webster were his superiors; as a type of Christian excellence and piety, it will detract nothing from the renown of Washington and the integrity of his character to say that the number of those who surpassed him in this respect is legion; but you may peruse the pages of the world's history and you will find that few, very few, are the men in whom so many of the elements of human greatness were so perfectly mixed and lavishly diffused as in that archetype of American manhood and citizenship, whose memory we honor on this occasion.

That Washington was a military genius of the first order, must be evident to anyone having the slightest acquaintance with the revolutionary period of our history. If a thorough knowledge of the arts of warfare, rare virtues, stern, but mild authority and splendid success may be taken as criterions by which to determine the ability of a commander, then assuredly was Washington one of the ablest generals of the eighteenth century. From the time of the defeat of the ill-fated Braddock, who would have most likely put the enemy to flight if he had not treated with contempt the prudent suggestions of the young Virginian,—to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Washington evinced a knowledge of military tactics, which was only measurable by the growth of apparently insuperable difficulties, and which proved of invaluable service during our critical struggle with England, when a mistake in generalship might have given victory to our country's oppressors; and Columbia, the home of the free and the haven of the oppressed, might still be a utopian republic like those of Plato and Moore, as far removed from realization as tyrant-hands well could make it. Besides a thorough knowledge of warfare, virtue is another indispensable adjunct of a successful military career, for the man who lacks patriotism, courage and disinterestedness can no more be a great and true soldier than he who is utterly devoid of Christian charity and piety, can become a worthy minister of God. Now, if there has lived in modern times a conqueror who was the perfect embodiment of what might be call-

ed the military virtues; if ever a commander loved his country with all the power of his soul; if ever a general was a living ideal of valor, patriotism and unselfish devotion to a just cause, he was undoubtedly Washington. When we behold this gallant warrior making heroic sacrifice, and inspiring sublime confidence during that awful encampment at Valley Forge, or in the winter passed at Morristown, which was the coldest of the eighteenth century and during which the sufferings of his army far surpassed those of Valley Forge; when we behold Washington declining a too feeble compensation for his services; when we observe the promptness with which he severely reprimanded Lee and Arnold; above all when we see him spurn with indignation, the kingly crown which a fanatical soldiery held out to him; then will we conclude that he was a general who was not in the least dominated by self-interest, personal gain or unworthy ambition, but was in all things actuated by a love and regard for other than self. And what shall I say of his courage? Behold our youthful Washington on the banks of the Monongahela, supporting in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the unfortunate Brad-dock and saving, by his judgment and valor, the remnants of a defeated army, pressed by a conquering foe! Go back with me in spirit, to the painful scenes of Long Island, and New Jersey, when combating superior armies, aided by powerful fleets and commanded by chiefs high in the role of fame, Washington stood the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disaster, unchanged by adverse fortune. Need I recall the valor of Washington at Trenton, at Princeton, at Yorktown? His fortitude and determined perseverance during those black nights of adversity passed at Morristown and Valley Forge, are probably without parallel in history. Yes, indeed, Washington was truly courageous, and in proportion to his matchless valor was the success which he achieved. Always commanding the respect and obedience of his soldiers, Washington's mighty efforts were in the end crowned with glorious success, and indeed they well deserved it. Do you ask what were the extraordinary results obtained by this American hero? I point to the defeat of England, then, as it is now, one of the most powerful nations on the face of the globe; for who will dare deny that the victory of the colon-

ists over John Bull was principally due to the efficient leadership of this great general.

Supreme as was Washington in his capacity of commander-in-chief of the continental forces, and inasmuch as that greatness did contribute to make possible our glorious American republic, it is not only in war that his pre-eminence stands conspicuous. Scarcely had the blood of the English foe dried upon his sword, when his wise counsel was sought by his countrymen, and he who had just ended his martial toils in the cause of liberty, and right, was called upon to guide the councils of the nation, a task which he performed with parental solicitude and extraordinary ability. Possessing a clear and penetrating mind, an unerring judgment, a calm and deliberative temper, and a will unalterably determined to the pursuit of right and virtue, Washington was as eminently qualified to act the less splendid, but more important part of the statesman, as he was to act the general. The finger of an infinitely kind providence, pointing to Washington, was neither unobserved nor mistaken by his fellow-citizens when they recognized him as chief and leader in peace, as he had been first in war. In that august assemblage of sages and patriots that met to revise the "Articles of Confederation," Washington was unanimously chosen president, a very leader among the leaders of men. When, under the new constitution, a grateful people in recognition of his eminent virtues, and transcendent merit, twice chose him to act as the nation's chief executive, Washington displayed an ability to overcome the most complex difficulties and to advance the national union and prosperity, such as probably no president since his time has evinced, notwithstanding the fact that conditions and circumstances have been altogether more favorable. Difficulties beset the administration of Washington on every hand. The treasury was empty and the United States had no credit. The Indians were hostile; pirates from the Barbary States attacked our ships and American citizens were languishing in Algerine dungeons. Spain refused us the navigation of the Mississippi. England refused to send an official representative to our court. Above all there was the great need that our government as yet in its very infancy, be safe guarded and strengthened. But Washington was as strong and fearless in the halls of state as he

was on the field of battle. Titian must needs be the task that exceeded his power and mighty efforts. These obstacles to national welfare which I have mentioned, Washington succeeded in surmounting in the course of his administration, not less by his penetrating mind, peculiar genius and excellent judgment, than by his zeal for the common good. He singularly brightened the course of our national felicity. Maintaining peace and order, and materially aiding the growth and progress of the infant republic at home, Washington's foreign policy was a wise one, excellently calculated to insure the respect and good will of the European nations. Discreet, conservative, he mingled not in the affairs of other countries, except when such a move was necessary for the welfare of his own. The baneful influence which the "Reign of Terror" shed over this country did not escape the watchful eye of this master statesman; and later, when France and England took the field for bloody conflict, Washington's discerning mind saw that the right path for America to pursue was strict neutrality, which he immediately proclaimed. His penetrating insight into the constitution and genius of our country enabled him to see the all-importance and necessity of the Union, which was the great object of his thoughts and a magnificent plea for whose preservation and well-being he has given us in his immortal "Farewell Address."

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington, observes Webster, that in revolutionary times, having been given supreme military command and having fulfilled that trust with wisdom and valor, he was chosen to guide the first government in which an attempt was to be made on a large scale to construct the social edifice on the basis of the democratic principles of representation and delegated power. Here, gentlemen, is something meriting special attention. A government without a king, without an aristocracy, without castes and privileges, was to be formed, of vast territorial jurisdiction and including subjects of every creed and race. The experiment was certainly unprecedented, except in the comparatively small and insignificant country of Holland. At the time, one half of Europe was held in political bondage, crushed by the Bourbon Rule. The despotic power was everywhere predominant and there seems to have been no conception of political liberty while the military princi

ple endured. When the tyranny and despotism of a haughty monarch became simply intolerable, our forefathers, driven to a desperate struggle, administered a sound beating to England, and thereupon formed a government of which popular representation, delegated power and consequently political liberty were the salient and peculiar characteristics. The eyes of the world were immediately turned upon us. Civilization, with wondering gaze, observed the new ship of state, with Washington at the helm. Here was the first great government, of, for and by the people. "Would it, could it endure?" it was asked. "If this Great Western Sun," to use the beautiful figure of Webster, "were to be struck out of the firmament, at what other source would the lamp of liberty thereafter be lighted?" If this new-born republic, conceived in oppression and now brought in independence and liberty were to perish, ere it cast off the swaddling clothes of its infancy, where would political freedom, that sacred boon of civil societies, thereafter receive such a foothold as it has in this the greatest of the countries of the earth? But Washington and his colleagues proved to the world that a free government with delegated power was not only possible, not only practicable, but the most perfect form, for like an emanation from heaven, it spread among the nations and thereafter it could not be proudly said, as under despotic rule, that an individual was the state. Should we not rejoice and be thankful, gentlemen, that this colossal experiment was begun under, influenced, and directed by, such a statesman and political genius as Washington.

When the star of him whose memory we revere on this occasion had long reached its zenith, that of Napoleon was rising to that point. What a strange contrast observable in these two remarkable men. In point of military genius the illustrious Corsican was undoubtedly the superior of Washington; in statesmanship he may be admitted to have occupied an exalted position, and in some few respects to have been greater than Washington, and with the smallest amount of the American's wisdom and prudence might have given to posterity a memory to be revered to the latest times. But why, I ask, shall future generations have engraven on their hearts the name of Washington, when strong suspicion shall have rendered comparatively insignificant the greatness of Napoleon, if the

man himself be not practically forgotten? Gentlemen, this is the reason: Napoleon lived and acted for Napoleon, whereas Washington lived and acted for his country and countrymen. Absolute unselfishness is the dominant note of Washington's life and character; and unfortunately complete absorption in self is the most prominent feature of Napoleon's career. The inspired writer has told us that love of other than self is the greatest of the virtues; and after all the virtuous man is the truly wise and great man. Viewed in this light, Napoleon must needs be said to be truly small and our Washington must be pronounced truly great. Indeed, as long as "Old Glory, by Angel Hands to Valor Given" shall wave over this young and powerful republic of ours, George Washington will ever be justly regarded as, par excellence, the ideal of American citizenship and manhood. Aye, his resplendent glory shall unfaded shine, until a love of virtue and liberty shall have completely vanished from earth.

W. J. MAHER,—'04.

A NEW BRANN(?)

A disturber of slumber is certainly "Revelations," which, tho' it comes from the sleepy east, is the breeziest thing that we have seen dressed in print since the days of the regretted Iconoclast. "Revelations," is an interesting monthly published at Fairmont, W. Virginia, and tells many an unvarnished truth in its own outspoken and humorous way, for the small consideration of one dollar for twelve talks.

Since there seems to be considerable diversity of opinion among ex-men as to the real end of a college magazine, and the object of an exchange department, it seems to us that it would be gratifying to hear from others and get the general opinion of the fraternity on the vexing question. For if we have a goal we must know what it is, in order to work intelligently, for attaining it, otherwise we shall be like the participants in a blindfold wheelbarrow race.—Buff and Blue.

LAFAYETTE.

Oration Delivered before St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society, February 22d, 1904.

WE are assembled this evening to commemorate an event of the greatest significance to us; to commemorate that day which has given birth to the man who is preeminently first in the annals of American history, a man whose name loses none of its lustre by being placed alongside the most illustrious men of all times, and which never fails to send a thrill of delight to the heart of every true-born American.

But while we gladly pay our filial tribute to his immortal memory, it is also fitting that we should not forget another name very closely associated with our native land, one which occupied the dearest affections of the Father of our Country, one, which after that glorious name of Washington, is next entitled to our own regard. The name of Lafayette is as inseparable from the history of George Washington as it is from the history of that glorious struggle for freedom and independence, the American Revolution.

But before I consider the part which this hero played in the Revolutionary war, I will recall to your mind several of the facts which are connected with this remarkable event and which are necessary to a complete appreciation of the role which Lafayette assumed in its development. Let my excuse be that these events can never become trite, or uninteresting to the ear of an American. Instead of the present prosperous era, allow me to picture to you the dark days which preceded the American Revolution. The iron-gaunted hands of a tyrannical parliament and ministry, the stubbornness of a weak minded king, had reduced the colonies to a state of weakness and privation which could not longer be endured. Their rights were trodden upon by their British rulers; and justice had long relinquished her abode on the American continent. Evil after evil, and insult upon insult, were daily being heaped upon the unwilling heads of our forefathers. Daily new shackles were being forged for their already over-burdened limbs. But the colonists

were not a people to permit themselves to be thus bound and oppressed. Along the bleak, rock-bound coasts of New England, in the peaceful land of the tranquil Quaker, under the sunny skies of Virginia and Maryland, the spirit of Freedom had long made her home. And there flourished her offspring, popular institutions and religious tolerance. Where liberty had taken so firm a root, tyranny could never dwell; and it is not surprising that the intolerance and misrule of Britain should excite these liberty loving people to revolt. They did resist, and on the fourth of July, 1776, these colonists solemnly published and declared to the world the fact that "these colonies are, and of right, ought to be, free and independent states, and for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." That, gentlemen, was the voice of liberty, which had for so many years, yea centuries, been hushed by the leaden hand of tyranny and oppression. That voice rang forth loud and clear and sweet; it reverberated to the very antipodes and reached the farther most corners of the earth; it rang with a strength and melody which caused a world to gaze up with feelings of awe and admiration. It passed the seas, and sang sweet in the ears of France, that country devoted to brave deeds, and where men had already begun to breathe the vivifying air of freedom. As they heard that voice the breasts of Frenchmen heaved, and their hearts throbbed,—throbbed with an emotion strong as it was strange. There was in France, at whose breast the knock of Freedom found readiest response, one whose warrior heart was set athrill at this call of Liberty. This one was no other than the immortal hero, Gilbert Motier DeLafayette. As that voice rang across the heaving billows he glanced across the sea, and saw this new-born among the nations, as yet feeble and helpless, but struggling, as it were, with all the strength of an adult, against her oppressors. He saw fleets and armies speeding across the seas, he saw the threatening clouds which hung over the infant nation, and the impending storm which was to burst forth and bid fair to annihilate it in its frenzy. Was this child among the nations to be allowed to live? Was liberty, the nymph, who had begotten it, to be driven from the earth before

the anxious gaze of humanity? Such was the awful spectacle presented to the eyes of Lafayette.

Upon the heights of Bunker Hill, and on the fields of Trenton, Monmouth, Brandywine, American blood had been poured forth in generous streams in the defence of American freedom, and its effusion had been the price of victory. Washington, Wayne, Stark, Marion, and their soldiery had shown the world what American valor, led by American commanders, could achieve. These were not men to be daunted by any obstacles or to quail before any dangers. But what could they hope for without arms, without ammunition, nay without even clothing and the food to feed their troops? No navy bore her standards upon the wave. Her army consisted of but a handful of ill-fitted troops. Hardly a dollar was to be found in her treasury. But, behold Britain! Her soldiers were numberless and equipped and trained to the highest military perfection. When her legions marched the earth itself shook beneath their tread. Her ships scoured all the seas of the globe. Her treasury was exhaustless. Arrayed against such might as this there lay nothing before America but despair. All this did Lafayette see and his generous heart impelled him to join in that sacred cause.

Then to enlist in that cause, this noble young patriot left the bosom of home, of wife and friends, laid aside wealth, rank, distinction all that opportunity could promise and ambition desire, to plunge into the dust of our inauspicious struggle. He left all these to cast his lot with a far off people, a people weak, and almost unarmed, battling against what seemed an unconquerable foe; this at a time when their fortune was at its lowest ebb. And would it not exceed the bounds of ingratitude and baseness, did we not cherish the memory of this hero? Did we not enshrine that name in the innermost recesses of our hearts, together with that of his brother patriot and friend, George Washington?

Our people, I have said, were at the lowest ebb of their fortune. Why, they had not even the means nor the credit to provide a ship for the transportation of this warm hearted sympathizer to our shores. Did this turn his purpose? By no means. "Then, I will provide my own."

Given a command in the army of independence Lafayette be-

came the highest type of the soldier, resolute, fearless and intrepid. In him lived again the spirit of a Roland, of a Bayard; he revived the highest traditions of French chivalry. In the assault Lafayette was ever first as he was last in the retreat. His horse fell and he fought on foot. When his men would falter and quail before the overwhelming forces of the enemy, then Lafayette would be seen dashing to the front of his troops, spurring them on—and by his own indomitable spirit, turning impending defeat into victory.

Fearless as he was, his intrepidity was tempered with prudence. To him Washington confided the most important and perilous enterprises—and never did this young general fail to execute them to the highest expectations of his superior. Indeed, Washington, himself, has said of him, "This noble unites to all the military fire of youth an uncommon maturity of judgment."

Witness his masterly conduct of the Virginia campaign. The enemy's forces outnumbered his by four to one; their equipment was perfect; distinguished and experienced generals were at their head. Yet all the laboriously concerted plans of Phillips and Cornwallis were forestalled by this youth. Cornwallis used to brag that "the boy would not escape him." But that "boy" did escape him, and, furthermore, he so fatigued—and harassed the British troops that they were forced to withdraw to the coast. He did still more, he turned the table on Cornwallis, forced him into Yorktown and held him there. It was now the "boy's" turn to say: "Cornwallis cannot escape me." And Lafayette kept his word.

At this time, when he had Cornwallis penned up in Yorktown, he but had to cause the trumpets to be sounded and Yorktown was his, the decisive battle of the war would have been fought and won. Glory and ambition prompted him to act, his friends, St. Simon and DeGrasse, urged him; no countermanding order forbade, and he was supreme in command. But he hushed the promptings of glory and ambition, disregarded the requests of his friends and waited the coming of Washington. Where, I ask, will you find another such example of magnanimity and generosity of soul, of disinterestedness and true soldierly loyalty?

Signal as were Lafayette's services on the field, they were the

least of his contributions to the success of American arms. He went before the French king and implored his interposition, his help for the colonies, he obtained money, arms and a fleet. In the critical period of 1779, he made appeal upon appeal and argument upon argument before the king, painting in the most vivid colors the narrow straits to which the Americans were reduced, narrating in the most affecting strain the hardships under which they labored. Such appeals as he made no heart could withstand, and all his efforts were crowned with success. Money, supplies and a fleet were sent over. "Indeed, it was well," said Maurepa, "that Lafayette did not ask to be allowed to strip Versailles of its furniture for his dear Americans, for stripped it would have been."

Such was Lafayette, and such were the services of Lafayette to America. And, I say again, that we were the basest of men, the lowest of ingrates, did we not revere that name, did we not cherish it. Illustrious warrior and generous friend! you saved a nation by your timely aid, and a nation thanks you. May there never come a time when thy memory shall be forgotten! And there never will come such a time.

As long as the stars and stripes shall float in the heavens, kissed by the sweet breeze of liberty, as long as America basks beneath the sun of Freedom, shall Americans revere thy name; aye, as long as Freedom endures on earth while there lives a single patriot struggling in her cause, the very sound of the name of Lafayette will thrill the hearts of men.

F. MILLER,—First Rhetoric.

So today, to think of the American flag means more than it ever meant at any time before, since not only is there the Past that it represents, but most important of all—what shall it represent in the future; what will that future be that it shall represent?—Notre Dame Scholastic.

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Roll back your heads and protrude and slant forward your ears while I now ascend the mountain peaks of eloquence to snatch down about twenty minutes of platform exhibition for you. This is a terrible moment,—Tritonian,

AN IRISH HOME.

Hard by the lakes of Killarney
Girt by a cincture of pines,
Lies an old home on a mountain
Clothed in a vesture of vines.

Close at its side flows a brooklet
Singing to pebbles and trees;
Stopping to catch but a whisper
Dropped with the breath of a breeze.

High in the pines nest the robins
Greeting the dawn at it's birth;
As do the children the rainbow
Singing with songs full of mirth.

Grand are the scenes round about it
Rich is the treasure within,
'Tis the fond heart of a mother
Teeming with love for her kin.

M. J. B. '04

THE PATRIOT'S DREAM.

The afternoon seemed unusually long, particularly because the weather was uncomfortably cold outside and I was obliged to seek shelter in my favorite haunt beside the cheerful coal fire. Partly from a love for history and partly from a desire to pay tribute to the memory of our hero, the anniversary of whose birth we were commemorating, I was reading the biographies of our honored dead. My attention was attracted to the inscription on the title page, "No government is rich enough to purchase a true patriot." I began to reflect on these striking words, to recall the valiant deeds of the founder of this great nation, to compare him with our representative men of today, and soon my eyes wandering to the blue flames of the coal fire, I was lost in deep reverie. All at once the silent flames vanished and my eyes were treated to a most brilliant feast. I was transported into a land, the like of which I never before had viewed. It was a land of Utopian grandeur, where every thing was in harmony and nature was decked in its grandest attire. I beheld beautiful groves, tall, stately elms, towering in majestic silence, and

mother earth was covered over with a cloak of verdant green, decked with sweet scented flowers of every description. Broad avenues stretched through the shaded land and added beauty by their cleanliness and symmetrical alignments, a softly bright light flooded over all and made the whole scene a glory of tint and lustre. In the distance above the towering elms, appeared the white dome of the temple of Liberty—for this magnificent land was the Canaan of Liberty. As I looked upon all this with awe, I heard the soft sweet strains of music and through the trees came the echoes of these words from what seemed to me to be angelic voices :

“Let music swell the breeze
And ring from out the trees
Sweet freedom’s song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Protect us by thy might
Great God Our King.”

I was startled for a moment and wondered whence this came but upon turning I saw just rounding the avenue, a most impressive procession. Approaching me were a score or more of stately and somber looking old men wearing a garb, seeming peculiar to me. On their heads were broad rimmed hats with high crown, while a long cape, decorated with a frilled collar, hung from their shoulders to their shoe tops. In one hand they held a book which they carried with sacred care. Next came thirteen stalwart youths, whose appearance betokened determination and confidence. In their hands they held drawn swords and walked like returning conquerors. These were followed by stately looking men whose only weapon of defense was a light quill, fallen perhaps from some eagle’s wing. I counted fifty-four in all and the look of intellectual ability each wore led me to believe they were renowned statesmen. After these came a troop of infantry, or rather battle-scarred veterans, whose weather-beaten uniforms shone with splendor. By the drapings on the coats I distinguished several old generals and captains and some were noticeable from the fact that their coat sleeves were empty and hung loosely at their side, draped in golden trimmings. Then came two score and five maidens, robed in white, each one bearing

a star on her forehead. Each carried a basket of sweet scented flowers which she was strewing on the ground. It was these whom I heard singing. After these walked a venerable personage, whose appearance was striking and whose features were very familiar. With slow, steady steps, he walked and seemed not to heed the demonstration which was seemingly in his honor. Deep engraven on his features could be read, "Father of his Country." Across his breast, in golden letters, were written the words, "First in peace, First in war;" and the enthusiasm with which his approach was heralded, spoke the rest of the maxim, "First in the hearts of his countryman." Immediately behind him came a magnificent car drawn by steeds of spotless white. High seated on this chariot adorned with golden trimmings and covered over with a beautiful canopy, sat a most beautiful maiden, the High Princess of Liberty. Her attire was as significant as it was magnificent. She wore a long red gown, covered over with a white silk mantle, trimmed with jewels, and was girdled with a blue sash. On her head was a golden crown. Beside her were three graces, whose duty it was to minister to the Princess. One was dressed in a red gown and represented love of country, another wore a white gown and represented integrity, while the third robed in blue, typified justice. As the car came opposite to me the Princess signalled with her hand and the procession stopped. Immediately all turned to learn the will of the princess who called to her side the venerable personage and in a voice filled with emotion, spoke to him thus: "Venerable father, allow us on this, the anniversary of your natal day, to pay you this little tribute of respect, to be in keeping with the people of your vast country, and offer you our best wishes. It were useless for us to try to add to your glory which has leaped the bounds of country, and now belongs to mankind and to the ages. The memory of your deeds is planted deep in the heart of every child. Grandeur than the Greek, and nobler than Roman, you and your countrymen fought to establish my blessings on yourself and your children. That you have succeeded, history and these young maidens can prove. I love this little symbol (raising a small flag), for since I inspired that patriotic matron with its design and weaved my blessings with her stitches it has been my choicest treasure. Its stars and its stripes, the union

of the past and the present, the colonies with the states, the white for purity, the red for valor, the blue for justice, all speak a language dear to me. This flag has ever been raised in honor and shall never be lowered in disgrace. Venerable sir, once when the land was threatened with disruption and it seemed as if this banner should be trampled upon, I accepted your pleadings and, thanks to your supplications, and the heroic efforts of gallant ones like yourself, the nation arose more glorious than before. It has become the protection against man's inhumanity to man, has rescued her West Indian sisters, and is now guiding the world in the solution of the difficult problem in dealing with the people in the Orient. Your nation is the peacemaker of the world and shall set the example which all must follow. Now is but the beginning of her glory. Her international sisters are just beginning to recognize her worth, but they will soon have occasion to feel her strength. Just at present there is brewing a trouble which will bring serious consequences, both in the Orient, where it originates, and in the Occident, to which it shall spread. Your beloved land will be the scene of much bloodshed; by this glorious banner it shall rise a conqueror. That country which owes its existence to you, will become the master of the world the stars and stripes shall wave over an expanse greater than the empires of Alexander and of Rome, and people of every clime and race shall honor you as their father!"

The Princess ceased speaking, advanced and placed a wreath on the head of the venerable statesman, and then there was heard a roar of cannons so loud that—I awoke and found myself gazing at the lifeless coals. And I have been thinking since whether the spirit of Liberty had not waxed over enthusiastic toward the end of her speech. But, more anon.

G. P. MULVANEY.—'6.

PUPILS.

"Here is a new pupil," said the boy's father, "I'd like you to keep in your eye."

"I've a pupil in each eye already," replied the pedagogue; "however, I'll keep this one under the lash at any rate,"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

THE VIATORIAN.

HIBERNIA.

Is this thy resurrection dawn,
Or twilight lengthening still of day
That longer from time's womb is drawn
Thy crucifixion cross t' expose?

Did we but fondly dream this light
The breaking of thy glory's morn,
And risen thou in might of right
Wouldst walk in freedom's new-born day?

Thy trials, 'tis true, have woeful been;
Fain wouldst thou ask the nations' Father:
"Hast thou, O God, forsaken Erin
Who bleeds upon her Calvary?"

But faith by Patrick in the kindled
Full strong yet glows and makes thee see
Rich stores of truth that ne'er dwindled
In heart to Christ truly converted.

Nor is thy hope less great, Green Isle,
Of peace and immortality;
Nor can false love e'er thee beguile
And part thee from thy destiny.

Be faithful still! Yet love! Yet hope!
Thy past six hours of agony
Atoning virtue have and open
God's arms to nations all redeemed.

E L.

ST. THOMAS.

(An Invocation.)

Oh holy youth, inflamed with love of science,
Bend in pursuit of Dominis' great school,
Thyself pursued by brothers, and withheld
Within strong castle walls immured, with tool
Of hell's own forge thy virtue to undo;
Let those who strive for virtue and for truth
Acclaim thee victor on thy festal day
And saintly model for all struggling youth!
Behold temptations now our way beset,
That would our steps from righteous paths divert!
Oh victor, girded by pure angel hands,
Let ne'er thy friends thy ways, thy joys desert.


J. P.

THE VIATORIAN.

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

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

Entered at the Bourbonnais P. O. as second class matter.

 All business communications should be addressed to REV P. O'MAHONEY, St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill.

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MARCH FEASTS.

This month, which is in an especial manner, sacred to St. Joseph, the laborer, the provider, and guardian of the Holy Family, also bids us commemorate the joyous anniversaries of St. Thomas, the Angel of the Schools, and of St. Patrick, the glorious apostle of Erin. The voice of fervid eloquence will tell again the inspiring deeds of these great saints; the voice of music will in swelling accents sing their praise; the learned voice of the scholastic art will repeat in academic hall some of their profound teachings; and with these the histrionic art and the military art will blend their voices to complete the concert of this month's festivities, which cannot fail to leave upon the minds of all the most delightful and helpful impressions.

Owing to the multiplicity of contributions, the off-springs of the inspiration of the times, several of the many poetical and prose effusions that have poured into our capacious sanctum, must of necessity, be bottled for future use. The same unbending necessity of economizing space compels us to consign to that dark dungeon of oblivion, the waste-basket, the words of wisdom we had prepared to treat our readers withal in this column. Even the profound critical observations of our exman will be submitted to merciless curtailment, and the ready batch of mild jests furnished by the local editor, will, no doubt, e'er another month rolls in on the slow wheels of time, have vanished into thinned air. Too bad! Pity 'tis true!.

EXCHANGES.

It must be evident to the most superficial observer of college journalism that a lamentably large number of non-Catholic publications have the dispicable habit of insulting, or, if you will, offending Catholics and the holy religion they profess. The practice is all the more deplorable in view of the fact that Catholic journals neither reciprocate the injustice nor are they given to ridiculing or belittling a religion other than their own.

Now, we are well aware that Catholicism has absolutely no apologies or overtures to make to Protestantism; but, gentlemen, we would like you to treat us in the same polite and considerate way we treat you.

In the February **Central Collegian**, from some burg down in Missouri, whose name we don't recall, there is a burlesque on our present Pope, Pius X, which is extremely indelicate and comes pretty near being positively blasphemous. Now, we take it that such literary garbage affords an excellent criterion by which to determine the moral and intellectual caliber of the individual who dishes it up, and since said caliber is infinitely below par, we regard the writer as more to be pitied than to be blamed. The anti-Catholic

bigotry and prejudices of the "**Spectator**," from Capital University (?) (Columbus, Ohio, have boiled, or rather slopped, over, and the Pope and Catholic Church are maliciously held responsible for the horrors of the fall of Magdeburg during the Thirty year's War. Oh! Gustavus Adolphus, how many iniquities and sins against truths are committed in thy name!

The Monroe Monthly comes to our table from away down South in "Dixie," and gives evidence of true literary worth. We are delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Monroe, but would ask you to please try to forget that a-thousand-times-exploded, long bearded, and stupid lie about the Church "selling indulgence for sins."

The magazines which we promised to review in this issue, will be given the privilege of monopolizing our space and time at some future date.

W. J. M.----'04.

PERSONALS.

We extend our respectful sympathy to the Rev. J. J. Cregan, C. S. V., of St. Edward's, Chicago, upon the death of his aged mother, whose funeral he was recently called upon to conduct in Ottawa, Canada. May her soul rest in peace.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., preached a very instructive sermon on "Temptation," the first Sunday in Lent.

Rev. Dr. J. Laberge is preaching a series of lenten sermons in parish church of Bourbonnais. The Rev. Doctor's learned conferences are highly appreciated.

Rev. F. Aylward, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Kankakee, was recently the guest of the Rev. President.

The St. Viateur's council of the Knights of Columbus, is in mourning over the tragic death of one its members, Mr. James Martin, who was killed in a railroad accident while on the way to Morris, Ill., to assist at initiation ceremonies, Feb. 21st. Never, perhaps, was St. Rose's church filled with a more sympathetic and prayerful congregation than on the day of this young Knight's funeral. May the deep sympathy of his friends and fellow Knights bring comfort to his afflicted family, and may their prayers bring comfort to his soul.

Rev. M. A. Dooling, who paid us a pleasant visit recently, made known to us the death of Mr. Cornelius Ducey, of Clinton, Ill. which happened in January. Mr. Ducey, after completing his commercial studies here, had engaged in a successful business career in his home town. His college friends are requested to remember him in their prayers.

Rev. W. Burke, pastor of the new Ashkum congregation, was one of the many victims of the treacherous ice of early February. He is now fast recovering from the effects of a fall in which he sus-

tained serious injury to his right arm and will soon return from the Mercy Hospital to his eager congregation. During his illness his place was supplied by Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V.

Rev. F. Moysant, C. S. V., recently from St. Viator's Normal Institute, Chicago, has taken charge of several classes in the collegiate department.

Rev. C. J. Quille, of Chicago, will preach the sermon here on St. Patrick's day.

Among the recent vistorers were the Rev. Fathers A. L. Bergeron, J. McDevitt, T. Henelly, A. Lebric, T. Dugas, C. S. V., J. Kelly, Messrs. P. Murphy and J. Finnigan.

Master Horace Deming, lately of the Minim department, is attending a sister's school in Chicago.

Mr. Harry Schanze has a lucrative employment in a large manufacture of clocks in Chicago.

Mr. Martin Hogan keeps a very fine stock of cigars at 119 Dearborn street, and is always happy to see old college chums.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A very pleasant entertainment was furnished by the Minim elocution class on the evening of the twenty-first of February. The opening chorus, "Star Spangled Banner," was very well rendered by the young artists. Their performance showed great musical skill and considerable elocutionary ability. Much credit is due to the Rev. Brother Lynch, who arranged the excellent program, and through whose efforts it was so successfully carried out.

The following numbers were admirably rendered and met with hearty applause:

Overture.....	Orchestra
Star Spangled Banner	Minim Squad
Recitation.....	Elmer Russell

Vocal Solo.....	Albert Birren
Piano Solo	Albert Ledoux
Recitation	Orion Ford
America	Minim Squad
Address	William Maher

The feature of the evening was a short play entitled, "Wanted a Confidential Clerk:" from the rise of the curtain to its close this humorous selection produced a continual laughter.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

John	Peter Lynch
Dobs.....	Elmer Russell
Horatio Lushington..	Jos. Kelly
Charles Valentine....	Eddie Robinson
Dick Sharp	Orion Ford
Harry Dalton	Fred Anderson

The Phepsians, under the personal supervision of the Very Reverend M. J. Marsile, are preparing Shakespeare's "Macbeth" for St. Patrick's Day. The participants are all well known by their past experience, and are the foremost of amateurs in their line. They are now rehearsing the play, and from present indications the students will score a success. The principal characters are cast as follows: Macbeth, William J. Cleary; Lady Macbeth, William J. Maher; Banquo, Terrence Cosgrove; Duncan, Peter J. Wall; Malcomb, John J. Monahan; Macduff, Richard Wuerst; Ross, E. Schuetz.

The class of moral theology under the able guidance of Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., presents on St. Thomas day a program consisting of the discussion of a complicated matrimonial case. The theologues appearing in this discussion, carried on in Latin, are the following: Rev. P. J. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., Mr. J. McCarthy, Rev. J. Lynch, C. S. V., Mr. P. Griffin, Mr. J. Kleinsorg, Mr. J. Nawrocki Mr. W. Cleary, Mr. J. Armstrong, and Mr. J. McMullen.

A more than usually interesting program was presented to members of the faculty by the members of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Association on the eve of Washington's birthday. Among the distinguished guests of the Society on that evening were the Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., Rev. J. E. Laberge, D. D., Rev. W. Bergin, C. S. V., and a large representation from the theological and philosophical departments. Mr. W. Maher's oration on Washington (which appears in this number of the VIATORIAN) was well handled and elicited warm applause. Mr. Miller's eulogy of the gallant Lafayette, also appearing in the present issue, was likewise well received. In debate Mr. J. Donahoe sought to prove that Immigration is detrimental to our country; Mr.

James Hayden, having handled the negative in a more direct and pertinent way, succeeded in convincing the judge's that Immigration is beneficial to the United States. Rev. W. Bergin, C. S. V., brought the exercises of the evening to a fitting close with well deserved and well distributed praise of the society's work along literary lines, as well as for its well inspired patriotism. Much of the brilliant success of that enjoyable evening was due to the able direction of the society's efforts by Rev. M. Breen, C. S. V.

At a recent meeting of the St. Viateur's College Banking association, under the direction of Rev. A. Leduc, C. S. V., the following officers were elected: President, H. Testin; V. Pres., F. Shippy; Cashier, A. Burke; Receiving Teller, C. Carden; Paying Teller, J. Murphy; Individual Book-keeper, J. Sweeney; General Book-keeper, H. Pichette; Discount Clerk, R. Foley.

The Minims' Sword Squad is preparing another surprise in the way of complicated military movements, which will be executed on St. Patrick's day.