

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. V

BOURBONNAIS GROVE. ILL. SATURDAY, April 28th, 1888.

No 19.

A. H. PIKE. JEWELLER.

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BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, April 28th, 1888.

No 19.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,

BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

HARVEY LEGRIS.....	'88.
PAUL WILSTACH.....	'89.
CHAS. H. BALL.....	'89.

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All communications should be addressed "St. Viateur's College Journal," Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee Co., Ill.

EDITORIALS.

MAY and its glad festival are at hand. We rejoice.

* *

SUCH glad airs as are heard on all sides! Flute solos, bugle flourishes, glee songs, May hymns, band and orchestra rehearsals—all according with the soft breath and fresh life of Spring, proclaim the birthday festival of the year. The moodiest and most melancholy college boy even must yield to the influences of the times and let the golden sunshine chase brooding darkness from his pent up soul; let the soothing zephyrs fan off his gloomy thoughts, and the gay carols of the returning birds fill him with delight.

* *

MAY devotions, our tribute to the Queen of Heaven, are resumed in our chapel on Monday, the eve of flowering May. Let every one in song and prayer pay his respect to Blest Mary.

* *

THE LAST fortnight witness the preparation for and materializing of the first of the three general competitions upon which depends the award of the gold medals in June. It has been a sharp contest

all through, which argues the boys' abilities and their appreciation of honors as well.

* *

DID YOU HEAR that shout? Say, let us walk that way!...The minims fishing! Well, if they don't look just like so many living Brownies! See there how intent they are disentangling that huge sucker they are after landing! It takes all their little strength to hold down the struggling fish. "Ain't he a daisy, eh Cecil? We'se three'll have him for supper!"...There goes another victorious cry from a little lower down the river—a silvery hurrah that gladly rings over the green hills, echoes through the babbling ravine and floats over the warm healthy air. Another group of minims this, beside themselves at the capture of a "great big turtle." The whole army of them are trying by various devices to lassoo the creeping thing, and oh its such fun!---Spend the afternoon with them and its a continual peal of laughter and exultation over some new conquest or some awkward disappointment...."Abeamus," their rallying cry, at last is heard from near the caves, and each with his precious booty, fish, nosegays, etc, they issue forth, some from the river banks, others from the ravines where they've been climbing after the first flowers that ventured out to salute the Spring sun. Now homeward marches the little army, noisy with ceaseless prattle and careless laughter. But all of a sudden a hush is made—they are now opposite the cemetery, have made the sign of the cross and are telling their beads. Clear at every measure comes their pious response to each AVE.... They are done and now is resumed, with no intermission, there vociferous fun. Home is reached and they gather around the tables...with what appetites! How fast they clear the wholesome fare which awaits there keen relish!..Thus will those little ones pass the sunny years of their boyhood from which when they emerge, they will have an equal stock of learning and of blooming health.

A CLEAR CASE OF LITERARY PILFERING.

A modern Shakespeare, it seems, has appeared. So absorbing has the Bacon and Shakespeare controversy become that one of our enterprising young collegians has cleverly enough thought the Avon plan the readiest way to rise to fame and has gone straightway to help himself from out of the public stores of English literature, designedly plundering the jewels from the venerable heads they were these many years adorning. No doubt it will become the fashion.... I do not in this little game assume the Donnelly role, for I have no "cipher."—In fact I do need the mysterious "cipher" to convince my readers that the stolen article belongs to its master. What I propose saying in these lines is not meant in a taunting, much less a bitter way. I do it merely for literary play and practice, because the occasion presents itself. Let the writer profit much or little from my remarks at his option. It is far from being my malevolent intention or ill-measured purpose to sink the *Scholastic* in the estimation of the few chance college readers who may carelessly glance over this essay. Sport is my only aim.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is and has been for many years, I am told, the marvel of college Journalism and it is precisely for this all the more surprising to see appear in its pages an article on the "Origin and Use of Prose and Poetry" attributed to (*prep.*) David Tewksbury, but which really was written by Dr. Hugh Blair almost a century ago. To have allowed such an essay to be palmed off upon the college world as original either argues the little care or little time the *Scholastic* editors have to look over the copy: or it bespeaks their limited acquaintance with the style of the masters who have treated these subjects.

As it will prove amusing let us examine the copy (Blair) and the copyist (Tewks.—for short) and see in how far the industry of the latter has prevented his proof from exactly coinciding with the original. Tewks: "It has often been said, and the concurring voice of all antiquity affirms, that poetry is older than prose." Blair, Lect. XXXVIII on the Origin and Progress of Poetry says: "It has been often said, and the concurring voice of all antiquity affirms, that poetry is older than prose." Tewks. may reap the rich merit of displacing the word "often." Tewks. more successfully remodels the second sentence of his essay: "The Greeks have ascribed the origin of poetry to Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus. There were perhaps such men as these who were the first distinguished bards among the Greeks." Blair has it: "The Greeks, ever fond of attributing to their nation the invention of all sciences and arts, have ascribed the origin of poetry to Orpheus, Linus and Musæus."

"There certainly never was a period of society in which men conversed together in poetry" says Tewks, So says Blair in the identical words; "There certainly never was a period of society in which men conversed together in poetical numbers." Let us go on. "But from the very beginning of society men were accustomed to assemble together for the purpose of celebrating feasts, making merry over victories, or to show their grief for some dead hero; and during these assemblies it is well known that music, song and dance were used, either to express their joy or show their grief. In the first ages of Greece, priest philosophers and statesmen, all delivered their instructions in poetry, and not until the age of Herodotus had history appeared in any other form but poetry. Cool reasoning and plain discourse had no power to attract savage tribes whose only occupations were hunting and war. There was nothing that could draw the crowd but the high power of music and of song." Writes Tewks in 1888. Blair wrote it just that way a century ago. Here is the text: "But from the very beginning of society there were occasions on which they met together for feasts, sacrifices, and public assemblies; and on all such occasions, it is well known, that music, song, and dance made their principal entertainment. In the first ages of Greece, priests, philosophers, and statesmen, all delivered their instructions in poetry. Minos and Thales sung to the lyre in the laws which they composed; immediately preceding that of Herodotus history had appeared in no other form than that of poetical tales. Cool reasoning and plain discourse had no power to attract savage tribes, addicted only to hunting and war. There was nothing that could either rouse the speaker to pour himself forth or to draw the crowd to listen, but the high powers of passion, of music and of song. Tewks: "These means and no others, were used by chiefs and legislators when they sought to instruct or animate their people. There is likewise, a further reason why poetry should have been preferred to prose during the first ages of society. Because such compositions could only be transmitted to posterity before writing was invented, songs only could last and be remembered. The ear gave assistance to the memory by the help of poetry; fathers repeated the songs and sung them to their children; and by this oral tradition of national ballads were conveyed all the historical and all the instructions of the first ages. In the first ages of society poetry was not properly distinguished or separated."

Blair in the same lecture No. 38 says: "This vehicle therefore, and no other, could be employed by chiefs and legislators, when they meant to instruct or animate their tribes. There is, likewise, a farther reason why such compositions (meaning poetry) only could be transmitted to posterity; because, before writing was invented, songs only could last, and be remembered

The ear gave assistance to the memory, by the help of numbers: fathers repeated and sung them to their children: and by this oral tradition of national ballads, were conveyed all the historical knowledge, and all the instructions of the 1st. ages. None of these kinds of poetry however, were in the first ages of society properly distinguished or separated, they are now distinct from each other" But let us continue Tewks:

"Indeed, not only were the different kinds of poetry mixed together, but all that we now call letters, or compositions of any kind, was then blended in one mass. Whoever wanted to move or persuade, to inform or to entertain his countrymen, whatever was the subject, accompanied his sentiment and tales with the melody of song. This was the case in that period of society when the character and occupations of the husbandman and the builder, the warrior and the statesman, were united in one person. When the progress of society brought on the separation of the different arts and professions of civil life, it led also by degrees to a separation of the different literary provinces from each other. The art of writing was, in the course of time invented; records of past transactions began to be kept; men occupied with subjects of policy and useful arts, wished now to be instructed and informed, as well as moved. They reasoned and reflected upon the affairs of life and were interested in what was real, not fabulous, in past transactions. The historian therefore laid aside the art of poetry; he wrote in prose, and attempted to give a faithful and judicious relation of former events. The philosopher addressed himself chiefly to the understanding.

They rather studied to persuade by reasoning, and retained more or less of the ancient passionate and glowing style according as it was conducive to their purpose. Poetry now became a separate art, calculated to please and confined generally to such subjects as related to the imagination and passions. Even its earliest companion, music, was in a great measure divided from it. These separations brought all the literary arts into a more regular form, and contributed to the exact and accurate cultivation of each." Blair in Lect. 38, page 426, line 24 to line 3 on page 427 contains the identical words, to which I refer the reader. Again Tewks starts off: "In critical junctures of the state, when the public was alarmed by reason of some pressing danger, when the people were assembled, and proclamations were made by the cries of anyone to rise and deliver his opinion upon the present situation of affairs, poetry would not only have been hissed, but resented and punished by an assembly so intelligent and accustomed to business. Their greatest valors trembled on such occasions when they arose to address the people, as they knew they were to be held answerable for the issue from

the counsel which they gave." Blair in Lect. 25, page 297 on "Eloquence and Public Speaking" again has it in the identical words. Such is Mr. Tewksbury's pretended essay on the origin and use of prose and poetry. Take out of it what belongs to Blair and you have scarcely enough left to build a simple sentence.

Justin Ricou.

Blair's Rhetoric.

A DAY AT WEST POINT.

BY F. W.

We left the Metropolis aboard the elegant river steamer New York, at about nine o'clock on our way up the Hudson. The August sun seemed to pour down with especial vengeance, chasing the more timid into the shade on the other side of the boat, and as myself and companion scrambled aboard and on to the upper deck we found it took time as well as trouble to get a pleasant seat. However we finally got settled and prepared to see the more interesting objects as they might present themselves, just as we were about to pass the great Palisades. In turn we left behind us, Sunny-side and Tarrytown situated on the right bank, both of interest in connection with Washington Irving, the former as his home, the latter as the scene of Ichabod Crane's adventures. Our guide book assisted us soon after in discerning the famous Beverly House, where Benedict Arnold was breakfasting when news came to him of Andre's arrest and whence he fled to the Vulture anchored in the stream below. We were then in the midst of the Highlands. The little mountains towering up on each side, their summits almost in the clouds and their sides, some thickly wooded and sloping gracefully down until they kissed the crystal waters, others precipitous and barren, the quaint profiles some of them present and the rustic villages setting snugly in their sides, afford to the eye scenery unequalled in America.

"Ever charming, ever new—

When will the landscape tire the view."

We were just a little more than into the Highlands when West Point was announced and sure enough up the river to our left we discerned the national flag in the midst of a green grove, waving to the morning breeze.

We landed and a ride up a winding road cut in the solid rock, a marvellous piece of engineering, brought us to the top of the plateau, across which we drove to the hotel.

Our rooms were in the rear but decidedly the best situated in the house, and our recognition of the view that burst in upon us as we threw open the shutters,

for the moment we only manifested by our silence. It was beautiful, more beautiful than anything we can conceive. The hotel situated on the side of the peninsula formed by a bend in the river at this point, overlooked the battery; and as we gazed out on either side as far as we could see there rose the lofty highlands in all their picturesque grandeur, and directly towards us rose the stately majestic Hudson, its clear waters sparkling in the noon-day sun. Our attention was presently diverted by the appearance of our boat which steamed around the peninsula on its way up the river, and almost simultaneously we were surprised to see on our left a train coming directly from out the plateau and as quickly into another tunnel about two hundred yards further on.

We strayed down to the parade grounds a short walk in front of the hotel. As we passed down the path, to our right stretched a large "plane" quite level and sandy, beyond which were the officers' and instructors' residences, the cadets' barracks and other academy buildings; on the left of the walk was the parade grounds between us and the camp. The cadets go into camp about the last week in June and remain all summer. A line of superb shade trees divides the "plane" from the parade grounds, and as there were plenty of seats we took advantage of the grateful shade and rested.

My companion complaining of a headache returned to the hotel, leaving me alone. I was not seated long when I bethought myself that the brother of one of my college friends was in camp and straightway I went to headquarters and was informed he would be "turned out" in a few moments. He soon presented himself and kindly consented to show me the points of more especial interest about the Point.

The mess-hall of grey-stone, large and handsome, is called after Gen. Grant, a more attractive building is that which contains the library. It was most too warm to see everything, so we wended our way to a shady nook on the side of the eastern bluff called "Kosciusko's Garden", a most romantic spot from which we could snatch delightful peeps of river and mountain scenery through the thick clusters of trees.

We wound around the bluff and came to "Trophy Point". Here we had almost the same view as from my windows, but I am rather partial to the latter. "At Trophy Point" are a number of cannons, some relics of battles of the Revolutionary, others of the Mexican war. Here also is a portion of the great chain which Washington threw across the Hudson to impede the progress of Clinton's fleet. It is a ponderous thing. The links are over a foot long and the iron is about an inch and a half in diameter.

As we were observing these veterans of bygone

days a company had arrived on the "plane" for infantry drill. These my friend informed me were "plebs" that is first year cadets. They drill much more frequently than the others, and wherever on the grounds, without guns they have to walk with their arms at full length, little fingers on the seam of their trousers, palms of the hands to the front. This position throws the chest forward and compels the cadet to move erectly. To this also is attributed their perfect figures—strong chests, square shoulders, and the swell waist of the West Pointer. To my raw uncultivated eye the pleb's drill appeared quite perfect but I suppose to a trained eye many faults were quite apparent—it seemed the instructor had a rather well trained eye from the way he pitched into them.

At six o'clock Battalion Dress Parade was formed. At the bugling of the Adjutant's call the four companies drew themselves up in Battalion front for the parade, and the ceremony was dispatched with all the precision and minuteness of interest only to a military connoisseur. Not then being a recruit of the musket and knapsack it had little interest for me otherwise than the beauty of the uniforms and the elegant precision of the movements. For those who do not care for matters military the repetition here of the forms would no doubt be tedious and to whom may happen to be interested in such affair the whole matter is summed up when I say it was the regulation Division Dress Parade.

As I have said before the uniforms had an especial attraction for me and I may as well supplement here an idea of what a West Point cadet wears. The trousers were of white duck, and the coat a full dress of bluish grey, of which the diminutiveness of the coat-tails was particularly noticeable. White helmets and a white shoulder-strap completed this uniform, one of the neatest and most attractive that taste could dictate. For relief and morning dress parade the cadets replace the grey dress coat for a white duck jacket. It is remarkable what cleanliness is preserved, the linen of a cadet is ever kept as immaculate as a school girl's. Another noticeable article of dress is the little white turn-down collar fitting down into the coat, which never fails to catch the eye.

After supper a band concert was given on the "plane" in front of the superintendent's house. These *musicales* occur three times a week in summer, and as the band discourses sweet strains, it forms quite a gay sight to see the cadets promenading up and down with young ladies. Tattoo was beaten at nine o'clock, and we soon after went to our beds to be lulled to sleep by the gentle music of the Hudson slipping by to the great sea. We woke up in the true military style, viz. at the report of the morning gun. After attending the morning dress parade, at which as I intimated above, the cadets

appear in white *cap-a-pie*, we were driven up Mt. Independence. This mount is about the height of Mt. Royal at Montreal, but the rudely constructed roadway and its natural beauties far surpass in picturesqueness at least the artificial attractions of the Canadian mount. The views across to the other mountains were grand beyond comparison as they would anon open out through the thick brush. When about one hundred feet from the summit we alighted and proceeded the rest of the way on foot. We were soon reminded by the rude decayed stone walls, that Ft. Putnam was near at hand. So we plodded on till finally our efforts were rewarded by reaching the summit, amidst the ruins of the old fort.

I fear I will tire you if I prate too much of the scenery but I cannot forget a few words here! my first view from a mountain top. How supremely beautiful it was! I imagine Bryant must have sat of a summer morning on the heights of Independence or one of its neighboring sisters, when his muse inspired him with these lines:

"Cool shades and dews are round my way,
And silence of the early day;
'Midst the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread,
Unrippled save by drops that fall,
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall."

First of all bear in mind it was morning and the August sun was already a couple of hours on its path. A flimsy haze o'erspread the atmosphere making a soft receding back ground for the landscape which lay about me. At my feet and about me were the ruins of Fort Putnam,—cleft and mossgrown, a silent but eloquent witness of the past. Below the mountain was the academy grounds, and in a semicircle spreading out on each extremity, ran the crystal Hudson like a vein of quick-silver in the valley. And then the other heights, silent sentinels, vieing with each other to guard their protégés playing gently at their feet. We spent some-time speculating on what this or that part of the fort might have been used for, in those active days one hundred years ago, when a new object breaks upon us—per chance a cottage in a distant vale, a graceful sail-boat in the stream below, or more beautiful yet one of the many villas which stud the neighboring slopes.

An early dinner awaited our descent from the mountain and we were soon on our way up the river having been twenty four hours at West Point. There were many things of interest I would not have missed had I stayed longer, the cavalry drills, artillery exercises, and visits to the other buildings, but our time was limited and I had to be satisfied. When I come to express my appreciation of my visit to West Point, words fail me. To feast one's eyes on the Hudson's scenery here is nothing less than to turn for a brief moment from the highroad of reality and revel in a fairy land.

A Grand Fête

On Wednesday April 11th. the students enjoyed a grand *congé*, the occasion being the birth-day of our beloved Prefect of Discipline, Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V. The Thoughts of the Spiritual Director waited upon him in the morning and congratulated him, wishing him long life and prosperity. On that day we had the first solemn Military Mass of the year. The Chapel was decorated in a gorgeous manner with flours and bunting. At about nine o'clock the procession moved from the sacristy. It was really a grand sight. The glittering uniforms of the Knights who assisted in full dress, the variety of soutans on the altar boys, the magnificent vestments, lately from Paris, all blended together making a brilliancy almost unsurpassable. Prof. Bourget with his full choir rendered the Mass of St. Theresa in B flat. At the Offertory Evariste Grandpré sang with telling effect "*Ecce Panis Angelorum*." The Rev. Gentleman was assisted at the Mass by Rev. Jno. S. Finn as Deacon, Mr. J. P. Dore as Sub-deacon and Mr. P. A. Sullivan Master of Ceremonies. At the end of the Mass the College Band played a grand march as the procession moved towards the Sacristy. Many visitors were present among whom were Rev. Jas. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Senator Wheeler, and Mrs. Flageole, her mother and sister. In the afternoon the Knights with their Director enjoyed a trip to Kankakee returning in time for supper.

LITREARY YOUNG MEN.

It was always a matter of much interest for the outside world to learn something of the life of these literary recluses, our Catholic young men in the colleges and universities. As we have lately had the opportunity, a lively pleasure it was too, of visiting and conversing with the literary circles of St. Viateur's College, near Kankakee, Ills, we take particular delight in spreading before our readers a list of literary fare enjoyed by one of the associations of that fine institution. The society referred to is St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society, under the direction of Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., with a membership of 28 and the following officers: H. J. Legris president; Charles H. Ball, vice-president; Paul Wilstach secretary; T. J. Normoyle, assistant secretary; Joseph McGavick, treasurer; S. S. Saindon, librarian; James Condon, assistant librarian; and Justin Ricou, sergeant-at-arms.

They hold their meetings during the winter term every Wednesday evening in their elegant reading room which then becomes the scene of all their earnest pleadings, their splendid elocution, humorous readings, essays, etc. Our readers can judge for themselves of the

high standard of the literary achievements of these worthy young men by looking over the list of subjects they treat. We are happy to say that through the courtesy of the society's officials we shall probably be enabled to publish in our columns some of the essays and lectures that have been given at the association meetings during its last sessions.

Among the many subjects discussed are the following: "Pizzaro in History and Pizzaro in the Drama," Joseph McGavick; "The Human Frame," a physiological treatise, L. Grandchamp; "The Spaniards' Idea in their Conquest," Paul Wilstach; "Military Tactics," humorous, Frank Cleary; "Some Imperfections of our Government," Thomas Normoyle; "The English Language," M. Murray; "Alexander H. Stevens," biographical and critical, George Donnelly; "Hereditary Succession," Charles H. Ball. Debate: "Southern vs Northern Statesmen, Orators and Soldiers," debate—"Homer vs. Milton," Thomas Normoyle and S. Saindon! "What America Owes France," V. Lamarre.

On St. Patrick's Day the society presented a choice programme of topics strictly in keeping with the occasion. Here are some of the subjects: "Irish Ruins and Scenery," J. O'Callahan; "Irish Heroes," D. Ricou, "Irish Orators," James Condon; "Irish Wit," Frank Cleary; "Irish Bards," Joe. McGavick; "Irish Saints," J. Ricou; "Irish Language," M. Lennartz.

Upon the tables of their reading room, which is opened every day during the scholastic year, are seen the best magazines and weekly newspapers. Among them are the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Catholic World*, *Catholic Review*, *American News*, *American Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, *Donahoe's Magazine*, *Swiss Cross*, *Science*, *The Statesman*, *Kankakee Daily Times*, *New Record*, *St. Louis Catholic World* and *Church Progress*, *Catholic Home*, *Western Catholic*, *Morning Star*, *Catholic Mirror*, *Catholic Citizen*, and a host of other choice papers.

(*Catholic Home*, Chicago.)

THROUGHOUT THE PLAY GROUND.

- Hunting and balling are in order.
- Decidedly Cecil can't learn "to love."
- Patsy's name was once Swielbarl.
- Given: a flying dutchman, a roller coaster and an elevated railway—What is the difference?
- Harry P. finds it hard to enjoy college life with the squealing system.
- The tents for our Spring encampment will be sent as soon as we need them, says Fr. Mahoney.
- Prof. Gastine says that John CLEAR(y) finds all Examination questions very OBSCURE.
- Stafford says Duffy's teeth are ivy white.

— According to the McNamara theory one must have a screw-driver to tap Maple trees.

— Messrs. Murray and Grandchamp hotly support the propriety of using "se" instead of "eum" in the following "Memento et te et eum peccavisse." After a warm discussion, to the satisfaction of all, the professor "Pronuntiat Marrayum et Grandchampum erravisse."

— Following is a partial list of visitors during the last fortnight: Revs. A. S. Bergeron, J. Moysant, F. N. Perry, A. McGavick, F. Mahoney and his little Polish Zouaves, Master Jos Dillon, all of Chicago. Mrs. F. Falley of Lafayette, Ind. Rev. Fr. Shannon of Peoria, Ill.

— Revs. Dr. Peborde, E. Rivard C. S. V., J. S. Finn, D., and Profs. J. Dore, P. Sullivan and J. Deveney spent a few days in Chicago during the Easter festivities.

— Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. assisted Rev. Father Tynan at Pullman Easter Sunday.

— Rev. Father Therrien presided over the orchestra at the funeral of Mr. Legris and after spending a few days at the College returned to Notre Dame Church, Chicago, where he has commenced organizing a choir on a large scale.

— Muloney would like to rent his bed on the ball alley for a few days—he is sick!

— Wednesday last was a glad day at St. Viateur's, the birthday of our untiring Prefect, Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V., and also the solemnizing of the baptism of Mr. Louis Fosse. The military mass, baptism ceremonies, were beautiful and impressive. We congratulate the Father and the new Christian.

— Geoponic operations have begun at the Novitiate. Every thing begins to stir around.

— Prof. M. A. Roy's musical concert happened at the appointed date (yesterday evening) and was in every way a grand success. We congratulate the deserving Prof. and his successful pupils. Prof. Edgar Bourget assisted and rendered in his usual good style "Si J'étais Roi."

— Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. assisted Rev. Fr. Clancy at Woodstock, Ill., Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday.

— The Band has already made its appearance upon the campus.

— The former and actual students of Joliette College, Canada, have recently made their Alma Mater a handsome present of \$12,000, which added to a former 10,000 has enabled the Rev. Directors to finish the College in splendid style.

— Capt. Maurice O'Connor, of Indianapolis, commander of the Legris Light Guards, is considered one of the ablest officers of the battalion and, though but ten years old, runs a good chance of winning the superb military medal presented by Rev. Chas. Peborde D. D.

Rev. J. Shannon of St. Mary's cathedral, Peoria, Ill. visited the college sometime ago and was quite delight-

ed to see the fine military display the battalion spread before him. He especially admired the fine movements of the minim company under command of Capt. O'Connor. Father Shannon being called upon to address the ranks, said:

"You do not imagine what a source of genuine pleasure it is for me to see in such splendid array the brave students who now fill the places we a few years ago vacated. Really it makes me feel not only a passing thrill of delight to see you so, but also a real pride in my *Alma Mater*, who, I see, as she grows older, only redoubles her efforts to make you in every way fit for the after battles of real life. You can gain much from military drill. One thing that you can learn that will profit you hereafter is "to keep your place." When you go through these elegant evolutions, should one of you drop out of his proper place the whole company or battalion would, perhaps be thrown into confusion. So in the world's great army must you endeavor to be in constant harmony with your surroundings, know how to keep your place. The idea of discipline which military drill imparts to you is salutary and will be of great service to you. I thank you and congratulate you."

HERNANDO CORTEZ.

If France is the land of letters, Italy the protector of arts, Spain is the home of chivalry. It rose in the eighth century, in the twelfth it was at its zenith and its rays found a brilliant reflection on the valiant breasts of the crusaders. In the sixteenth we behold its decline, and as our own historian so beautifully writes: "Spain, romantic Spain, was the land where the light of chivalry lingered longest above the horizon." Just at this juncture the gates of a new world were thrown open, a world teeming with converts for the Missionaries, gold for the avaricious, and its tangled forests and unforded streams furnished realization for the dreams of the adventurous. There was one, Hernando Cortez, who breathed of the spirit of religion, of cupidity, and of chivalry; his keen eye penetrated the future and saw for his religion new converts, for his sovereign a new nation, for himself honor and wealth. He was given a page in his country's history, and on it he has written some of the grandest and noblest achievements of her sons.

In the following, I will endeavor, with a faithful pen, briefly to portray the life and character of this man whose noble and heroic exploits have elicited the admiration of so many.

Hernando Cortez, according to the more authentic historians was born at Medallin, in Estramadura, Spain, in 1485. He was of royal blood, though it flowed thin at his birth. In childhood his weak fragile form gave

little presage of the iron constitution into which it was afterwards to develop. The legal profession was chosen for the young hopeful, but the walls of the court chambers were too narrow for that daring spirit. Living in the neighborhood of Seville and Cadiz, "the focus of nautical enterprise," he naturally drifted away in one of the many adventurous bands continuously emigrating to the new world. He bade farewell to home and kindred in 1504, 19 years of age.

The ship which bore him little knew the precious freight she carried in her bosom as she was tossed almost to pieces at the mercy of the southern winds. For five years he led a comparatively quiet life, though broken by an occasional military expedition, till in 1511 he enlisted under Velasquez. Eight years later he severed his connection with this man, and afterwards with a scanty fleet he set out for the establishment of a colony on the continent—that he might the better reconnoitre the interior. The armament numbered eleven vessels, with about six hundred men and thirty two horses. With this paltry force, remarks Prescott, did he enter upon a conquest, which even the stoutest heart must have shrunk from attempting with such means, had he but foreseen half its real difficulties.

He set sail in January, 1519, and, having coasted about with various fortunes for sometime, the fleet at last dropped anchor off Vera Cruz. Here a colony was established and Cortez caused himself to be proclaimed commander, and subject to Castile, independently of Cuba. Velasquez tried to interfere but in vain. Through his interpreteress, Dona Mariana, a name conspicuous in the conqueror's history, he learned he had landed on the border of an immense empire which was ruled over by one Montezuma, a tyrant most absolute. This man by his excesses had made himself especially odious to his subjects. Already several of his tribes had shaken off the yoke and many more were only waiting the opportunity to. This state of affairs was most propitious to the good scheme which immediately unfolded itself to Cortez. He grasped the situation in an instant and began to conciliate to his cause the disaffected as well as the independent tribes.

It was at this time that he performed one of the most remarkable acts of his life. Having made up his mind as to the course he would pursue he ordered the destruction of the fleet which rode at anchor in the neighbouring harbor! It was worthy of the man. Here at a single blow his men saw themselves severed from their family, friends and country! It seemed to the soldiers equally fatal to remain or to push forward, but a word from Cortez fanned aglow the martial flame which lay dormant in their bosoms, and the march to the capital began. After surmounting the difficulties with which his path was beset by the Emperor, the little band arrived

in sight of Mexico, on the eight of November, 1519.

The city was situated in the centre of Lake Tezcuco and was approached by immense causeways. It seemed rather "a fairy creation than the work of mortal hands" as it lay on the lake's blue bosom, its glittering house-tops bathed in a flood of western light.

The next morning Cortez mustered his forces and with all possible pomp entered the city. He visited and soon afterwards received a visit from Montezuma. He was not long in the capital, however, until news reached him of an attack by the natives on the colonists at Vera Cruz and it was this that impelled him to a stroke, the parallel of which is not found in history. A stranger to the nation and in its very heart, in open day, without the use of any force whatever, he carried the emperor a prisoner to the Spanish quarters. With this priceless hostage nothing seemed impossible.

An enemy menaced him now in a new direction. It was no other than a strong band sent against him charging him with being a rebel. But these were defeated, Narvaez their captain taken prisoner, and the troops were conciliated to the conqueror's cause.

The Mexicans now began to show open resistance to the intrusion of the foreigners, and to add to Cortez's bad luck Montezuma died. The new monarch was not a toy in the Spaniard's hand, but after a gallant attack sustained with indomitable courage by the Spaniards, the latter were obliged to evacuate their quarters and even the city. This was effected on the night of July 1st., 1520, and with so many and such fearful disasters that it was called the "sad night" *noche triste*.

Six days later they met the Mexican forces secreted in the valley of Otumba. The enemy was completely routed. This victory opened a clear path to the conquerors. Having refreshed the troops at Tlascala, he commenced a regular siege on the capital.

It was a siege to be carried on only by the dauntless, intrepid Spaniard. A naval battle soon decided affairs, and Cortez and his band were masters of the city now no longer a thing of beauty, but buried in ashes and scarlet with its own peoples' blood. Though times and again had Cortez offered peace, yet the Gautemozin refused every proffer, he had better bury himself in the ruins of his capital.

It was by this *coup de guerre* that fell the Venice of America, that placed Cortez among the foremost of the world's heroes. Having now reduced a powerful empire he crossed the seas to present it to his sovereign and obtain his reward. But he was treated indifferently by the court and returned dejected to Mexico. He afterwards engaged in several minor expeditions achieving however nothing of note. In 1547 he returned to Spain, again to press his suit, but was taken ill and died suddenly at Seville in the same year. He was married

twice. His first wife left him no issue, his second bore him four sons.

The character of Cortez is very difficult to portray. To the more sympathetic qualities of kindness to his soldiers, generosity, modesty, and piety, he united prudence, sagacity, courage and intrepidity, the surer marks of a great general.

However, it would seem, that he led rather by kindness and sympathy than by force, for it was a common sight, whether in camp or on the march, to see Cortez tending with his own hands to the wounds of the commonest of his soldiers, quenching their thirst and staying their hunger from his own supplies. He always took the utmost precaution, frequently arising in the middle of the night to see that every man was at his post.

If he was kind to his soldiers he never betrayed signs of weakness, and wanted only those around him who would make purpose a common one with his. Time and again it is related that on hearing murmurs of discontent he would assemble his little band and invite the disaffected to return home, offering them every facility and accommodation for the journey. He used to say: "I would feel stronger in the service of a few brave spirits than surrounded by a host of false or faint hearted."

We would probably not be so prone to accuse him of the many atrocities which some historians lay at his feet, if we would put ourselves in many of the trying positions in which Cortez found himself. Again the time and circumstances must ever be factors in our historical speculations. He was ever surrounded by an atmosphere of chivalry, the glow of his religious ardor was unremitting, and born and nursed in the lap of poverty, need we wonder that the countless treasures of the new world would have attractions for him?

Such in brief was Cortez. And in concluding I think I could not do so more fittingly than by the following comparison from Spalding. "We know of no exact parallel for his character, but he possessed traits in common with many great generals of antiquity. He moved and conquered with the electric rapidity of Pyrrhus, but he was more successful, he subdued a more warlike empire than Alexander, but he did not, like him, subsequently waste his energies in debauch; he had the courage, skill, and indomitable energy of Scipio Africanus, and like him he destroyed a great capital; but unlike Scipio he caused this capital to rise again from its ashes more splendid than ever. He conquered with Cæsar, and with him he wrote his commentaries, almost amid the stirring scenes of the battle field itself. He had the iron nerve and the fertile invention of Hannibal, and the same unconquerable energy in encountering difficulties; but he was much more fortunate than Hannibal."

Thursday, April 5, the following game of ball was played:

CLIPPERS

	AB.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Lesage p.....	5	2	1	14	9	2
Murray 1b.....	5	0	2	13	1	2
Condon c.....	4	0	0	4	2	3
Maloney 3d.....	4	0	2	1	0	3
Bissonett 2d.....	4	0	0	3	0	2
F. Baker s.s.....	4	1	2	1	4	1
G. Donnely c.....	4	1	0	0	0	0
Cullerton r.f.....	4	1	0	0	0	0
Knisely l.f.....	4	1	2	1	0	9
TOTAL.....	38	6	9	24	15	13

THE BALLS

	AB.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Kearney c.....	5	0	2	3	2	2
Creighton r.f.....	5	1	2	0	1	1
Conway s.s.....	5	1	0	3	5	2
Gorden 1b.....	4	0	1	12	3	1
Ball 2b.....	4	0	0	2	2	1
Normoyle c. f.....	4	1	0	0	0	2
Hemmerling p.....	4	1	0	3	5	3
Gallet 3b.....	4	1	0	1	0	3
Donnelly l. f.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
TOTALS.....	39	5	5	24	21	14

Innings... 1 2 3 4 5 7 8 9

Clippers.. 1 2 0 0 0 1 1 0 1-6

Balls 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 0-5

Time of Game 2 hours 40 minutes.

Umpire H. Baker. Scorer H. Parker.

A CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

Not many years ago there lived in the city of Washington a poor laborer who had to support, by his hard work, himself and his family, which consisted of two daughters and his wife. He managed however to send his two daughters to a school near by and secured them a good education. It so happened that their mother was suddenly taken ill and very soon after died. The elder of the two daughters had to be taken from school to fill the mother's place. The poor girl was so sorry for her mother's death that she was wasting away little by little until after a year she died. Now the younger of the two had to be taken away from school also to fill her sister's place. In about a year she took sick and died also leaving the poor man by himself. Getting up early in the morning the man had to cook his own breakfast, fix his dinner in a pail and start out to work. Arriving at the place of employment he would work until night when he would go home and cook his supper. Since the death

of his daughters and wife he had a special devotion to the souls in purgatory because he thought that these dear souls might be there. He thus continued in this life for a few years when he was suddenly taken ill. As he lay on his bed he thought that he needed a priest, but as he had no one to send after one he was despairing of having his visit.

That night as the parish priest was sitting in the study room of his house he heard a knock at the door and said "Come in", but no one came in, and as the knock was repeated twice he got up and opened the door. There, standing on the steps, were two girls of about eleven or twelve years of age. The priest asked what they wanted and the elder of the two said that their father was sick and wished to see him right away. The priest took the address and started for the house. Arriving there he had a hard time in finding the room but he at last reached it. Rapping at the door and no answer coming he tried to open it but found it locked. He forced it in very soon and found the man almost dead. But when he saw the priest his face brightened and he asked who had sent him. The priest answered in saying that two girls had come and told that their father wanted to have him. He then gave a description of the girls which answered exactly to that of the sick man's daughters. Having heard his confession and given him Holy Communion the priest saw him die happy and contented, thanking God for the favor He had conferred on him by sending him a Priest.

Joe Boughen., 3rd. grammar.

THE SHAMROGUE.

'Tis a triple leaflet green, on a stem of verdant sheen
And it grows beneath our feet;
But nor rose in crimson hue, nor the lily bright with dew
E'en as fondly would greet.
For it speaks to me of yore, how my fathers bravely bore
The unlucky strife for Erin's emerald heath;
How both Bard and Chief relied, on the faith that is implied
In the tripple blade enclosed in single sheath.
I have loved it long and well, and I've sought it in the dell,
Where it grows with brightest glow;
When I found it I would sit and together I would knit
Thoughts that would from fancy flow.
'Twas thus in spring time ripe, that I saw in the type
Of the valor, faith and wit of Erin's son—
Of the valor which was tried, of the faith that ne'er has died,
Of the wit that lives,—all these still green in on,
And I plucked that Shamrogue green, with its stem of emerald sheen,

From the grass where it lay ;

T'was a treasure I would keep, just to see what thoughts t'would reap ;

In another future day,

It is now before me laid, and, though crushed, it must be said

That its hue is such as when it first was seen.

Thus it is of types the best, of what stirs the Irish breast—

Of the Hope, though crushed, yet ever fresh and green.

Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V., Director of the Quinquennite association, received the following letters from Members of the Society, which will interest all those connected with the same.

87—92

Quinquennites:

Rev. Dear Father:—

I see that some of our Quinquennites either have forgotten or neglected their duty. We should all like to hear from Messrs. Burns, Ball, Legris, Powers, and Roach—why have they not had their letters appear in the JOURNAL?...I hope they will not "forget" any longer to comply with the rules of our society. Otherwise we might interpret their silence as forgetfulness of their best friends, among whom I still sign myself—

Your Faithful Quinquennite.

F. C. Harbour.

* *

St. Viateur's College.

Bourbonnais, Ill.

March—1888.

Dear Quinquennites:—

Through the interesting columns of the JOURNAL I was reminded of my duty to our association and I gladly send in my tardy, yet I hope timely contribution. It is rather late, I fancy, to recount now my vacation rambles in Canada and the Northern States. Suffice it to say that after fully enjoying two months of rest, I made my way back to St. Viateur's College where I found the ever gracious welcome of our genial Director and the Professors, and warm hand-shakes of many new and old friends. I was allowed the luxury of a room—a privilege I appreciate not a little. I am pursuing with much ardor my philosophical Studies intending to complete my course in June by graduation, if it please the gods.

When the college battalion was formed under the able management of Col. J. P. Dore, I was raised to the dignity of Major—an honor, I confessed, which was rather conferred than won.

By medical advice I was obliged to quit the band and

orchestra—a step I regretted to take, as I liked both associations. However it is consoling to state that both band and orchestra are in spite of my absence flourishing—others having ably filled my vacancy. Hoping to see Quinquennite letters appear in the JOURNAL every year and wishing every member all manners of happiness, I say

Au Revoir.

H. J. Legris.

* *

Chicago, March 22, 1888.

Dear Father;

You do not imagine how much delight it has given me to read in the JOURNAL the letters of our Quinquennite brotherhood. When I am reminded of "Shorty," one of the Three persons of that classic unity, your Horace class of '87, it makes me think that (with due respect to our present chief) the United States will some day have a great ruler. I tried to get down to the College Patrick's Day, but I could not manage to get away. I meet some of the Fathers quite often, especially Fr. Hickey of St. Patrick's where I attend church regularly three times a week during Lent. I have lately entered into the Loan and Real-estate business with Mr. Fruin, our office being Room 29-126 Washington St. Do not fail to come in when you are in the city. Regards to all the Fathers and boys.

Your Horace Student,

William Convey.

P. S. Have not some of our silent members lost their first fervor? Why are they not heard from?

W. C.

ROLL OF HONOR.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for good Conduct and Politeness—equally deserved by M. Murry, P. Granger, L. Grandchamp, C. Ball, D. Darcey, J. Watson, Pratt, Ed. Cramer, Mc. Gown.—Drawn by J. Suerth—

Distinguished—T. Normoyle, Kearney, D. O' Brien, C. Gross, J. Sampson, P. Wilstach, G. Donnelly, A. J. Fraser, F. Dandurand, W. Mc. Carthy.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for good Conduct and Politeness—equally deserved by V. Lamarre, L. Legris, L. Falley, T. Folley.—Drawn by G. Carlon.

Distinguished M. Fortin, V. Cyrier, J. O'Connor, P. Dandurand, W. Roach, C. Roy, W. Shea, P. Savoy, L. Souigny.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for good Conduct and Politeness—equally

deserved by P. Moran, H. Jones, F. Carlon, F. Westny J. Granger,—Drawn by Joe Carlon—

Distinguished—A. Cyrier, J. Boughen, J. Laplante, R. Kerr, L. Drolet, P. Frechett, F. Richard, A. Granger.

LATIN COURSE

Gold Medal equally deserved by H. Donnelly, Laplante, 6 classes.

2nd. Silver Medal equally deserved by Messrs. Kramer, Ricou, Tynan, P. Granger, Prendergast, 4 classes.

Distinguished.—J. O'Callaghan, A. Dandurand, 3 classes; Grandchamp, Lamarre, Falley, J. Cox, 2 classes.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Gold medal awarded to Mr. Gross, 6 classes.

1st. Silver medal equally deserved by W. O'Leary, Collette, Populorum, B. O'Connor and Hartwell, 4 classes.

Distinguished—Gallet, Falley, 3 classes. Boughen, Boisvert, Roskoff, Drolet, M. O'Connor, E. Moran, G. Graveline and M. Moran.

GUILFOYLE COMPOSITION MEDAL.

Medal deserved by G. Ricou.

CONWAY MEDAL.

Gold Medal equally deserved by W. Tynan and B. O'Connor.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

One of the heroes in "Yone Santo: A child of Japan," in *Atlantic Monthly*, is getting bad in the chapters of the April and May numbers. The story, otherwise faultlessly written, is not healthy at this point. In "Books of the month" the *Monthly* says of "Narka the Nihilist," by Kathleen O'Meara—"A novel which seems to depend for its subject on the current popularity of Russian Themes. It has an unpleasant kind of power about it." *De gustibus non etc.* We like Narka. A few weeks ago Clarke's "Robert Emmet," a drama which seems fully to attain the purpose of the writer, and which pleased millions, was harshly criticised by the *Monthly*. There is always an abundance of excellent reading matter in every number of the *Atlantic* and there ought to be.

The "Synodus Diocesans" may be had by addressing Rev. Fr. Fitzsimmons, Chancery Officer, 311 Superior St. Chicago, Ill. It deals with the provisions of the Synod held recently at the Holy Name Cathedral.

The new and revised edition of Andrews' "Manual of the Constitution of the United States" Van Antwerp, Bragg and Co., is a book which ought to be put in the hands of every young American. The usefulness of such a book can not be easily measured. The frequent quotations made from Brownson's excellent treatise, *The American Republic*, are sufficient guarantee that the proper view of our constitution is taught by the Manual.

The workings of the government under the constitution are already explained.

The current numbers of *The Critic* are especially interesting on account of the joint criticism of Mathew Arnold & Sir Lepel Griffin.

"The Annals of a Vendean" in the *Catholic World* for May is a very readable sketch. The Talk about books is not by Maurice Egan this time.

The Cosmopolitan for march has finely illustrated essays on German Opera in *New York*; also talk with pictures, on Bull Fighting in Mexico.

Robert L. Stevence, in *Scribner's Magazine*, explains what is meant in a broad, a narrow sense, in all sense, by the phrase "A Gentleman." There is a good paper with illustrations; on Pope.

EXCHANGES.

"Spencer and his Times" is the title of a fair article in *The Portfolio* for March, but the writer allowed herself (perhaps herself) to be carried away by rank bigotry when the Church was spoken of. O little one, this is an antiquated *chestnut* refuted a thousand times before your gigantic (?) pen began to move. It is useless to go again over ground so often trodden by those who have written in defence of this subject. It would certainly not be cast on the writer who evidently never read a child's catechism on Catholic doctrine or the he, she, or it would not launch out such a *sport* as this, in these times.

Try and find out what the Church requires of her children before they can receive an indulgence. Know that an indulgence in the time of Luther meant exactly what it does now: brush a few cobwebs from your clouded intellect and you may be able to say something worthy of attention on Catholic subjects.

Mary Queen of Scots is a touching article in the *Normal Monitor*, in which the beautiful traits of character of the unfortunate Mary are reviewed with skill and neatness.

The *Emory Phoenix* stalks in majestically after a long absence. It looks healthy and has many commendable articles. The reply to criticism by Taine on Milton is an interesting paper and we think the writer has taken the view that most critics of the present day would hold.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is always interesting and excellent, just what its enterprising editors are constantly striving to make it. The late numbers have been especially interesting on account of the able as well as deep philosophical and social essays contributed by Rev. Fr. Fitte C. S. C. and Mr. W. J. Onahan L. L. D. These however, stand in striking contrast with the *original* work of the boys themselves.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Bishop Keane is visiting Kentucky in the interests of the Catholic University.

The great Austrian pilgrimage of 3,000 souls arrived in Rome recently to visit the Pope.

Rev. Father Slattery, of Richmond, Virginia, is to give a mission of six weeks' duration to the colored people of St. Paul, Minnesota.

Work has been commenced on the new church of Notre Dame, Chicago, and will probably be completed this year. Fr. Bergeron is making great effort to complete that beautiful structure as soon as possible.

On Sunday, May 6, the dedication of St. John's collegiate church of Creighton College, Omaha, will take place, the ceremonies being performed by the Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, bishop of the place. This church is spoken of in high terms of praise and will be a real ornament of the diocese, above all of the college which reared it.

North Carolina has been created a diocese of the Catholic Church with the Rev. Leo Haid as its first bishop. The Rev. gentleman is at the head of Belmont college and will be consecrated Bishop of North Carolina on the 8th. of July by Cardinal Gibbons, who was at one time Vicar-Apostolic of that State.

The most noble work of Castle Garden is ably conducted by the successor of its zealous founder, the Rev. Father Kelley. In a recent letter to the Irish Bishops he sets before them the difficulties which hinder the progress of his aims in trying to benefit the Irish Emigrants coming to this country. It is consoling to see that the Bishops of Ireland will not remain deaf to his truthful and patriotic words.

The Vicariate-Apostolic of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands is in a very prosperous condition at present. It has a population of 17,000 souls, seventeen schools, a large hospital for lepers, in charge of Franciscan Sisters, and ninety-three churches and chapels attended by twenty-three priests.—And who will not think here of the heroic Father Damien and his lepers of Molokai included in this short notice.

Archbishop Ryan preached a most eloquent sermon at the opening of the Forty Hours' Devotions in Sandymount, Dublin. That "golden-tongued" orator, the pride of the American church, attracts the attention and respect of all who hear him in the old world, whether at Rome or in Ireland, the land of his forefathers. Indeed Erin's heart must throb with delight when She welcomes such a son as the Archbishop of Philadelphia.

The Great Catholic reaction still spreads over Europe. That movement which in Germany made the Centre so strong as to kill the Kulturkampf; which in Italy

won so many of the municipal elections for the party of the Pope; which in Spain and in Austria has checkmated all the efforts of the Revolutionary party; which in Belgium has changed the whole face of the national policy, has now been felt in Holland. The long ascendancy of the Liberal party is broken at last and the combined forces of the Catholics and Conservatives give them a narrow but working majority. The ministry has already resigned and the reluctant King will now be called upon to send for the leaders of the Catholic opposition. The parties in the new Chamber will stand thus: Liberals, 45; Catholics, 26; Conservatives, 27.

Morning Star.

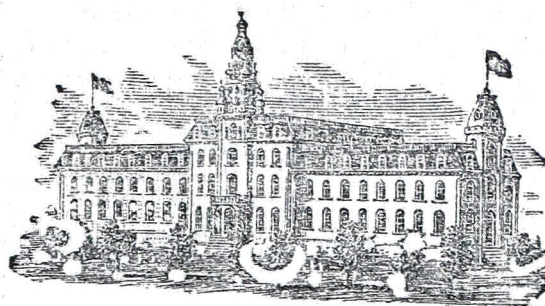
On Saturday the 21 Inst., Mr. John S. Finn, from St. Viateur's College, and Mr. McDavitt, from Cape Girardeau, were ordained priests by his Grace Archbishop Feehan in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago. Father Finn is named for Lake View, assistant to Fr. O'Brien of that parish. Father Mc Davitt has been appointed to the Church of the Holy Angels, southern part of the city, with Father Thige.

A noble hearted Canadian Protestant, by name W. T. R. Preston, of Toronto, writes to the *Mail* in these words:—"A defence from my hands of any of the institutions of the Roman Catholic Church is unnecessary. The great mass of the Protestant public in this country have learned to respect them. Of the Sisters of Charity (whom Dr. Fulton refers to as nuns) I know, as the Christian people of Canada know, that where poverty, misery, sickness and death most do congregate, there are to be found those noble women, ministering in kindness and love, without fee or reward, and putting to shame the philanthropic efforts of many Protestant communities."

We like to hear a manly Protestant in the following words of the *Christian Register*:—"We confess to our Catholic contemporaries the deep sense of humiliation which Mr. Fulton's course awakens. We assure them that his blatant sensationalism, his arrant bigotry and his coarse attacks upon the Little Sisters of the Poor are as thoroughly distasteful to a very large number of Protestants as they can be to Catholics. Indeed there is no disgrace which Mr. Fulton can inflict upon Catholicity which is quite as bad as that which Protestantism must suffer from his advocacy."

Rev. J. Gmeiner, Professor in St. Thomas's Seminary at St. Paul, having been requested to prepare a paper for the International Scientific Congress at Paris sent in a criticism on the Theory of Evolution as held by Herbert Spencer and Darwin. Information has been received that the Rev. Father's paper has the honor of being accepted by the respective committee to be read at the Congress. Father Gmeiner is the author of the popular works, "Science and Religion," and "The Spirits of Darkness."

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