

# THE VIATORIAN.

PAC BT SPERA.

VOL. XIV.

OCTOBER, 1896.

NO. 1

## REMINISCENCES OF ROME.

The last night of October, 1895, was a starlit and balmy night in the old city; a quiet night, too, disturbed only by the always extraordinary cries of the venders of *La Tribuna*, the almost uninterrupted passing of vehicles over the rocky pavement, the songs of street musicians, the shouts of midnight carousers, and several other noises. Accustomed, however, as all cities are to be lulled to sleep by the very regularity of their own peculiar noises, so Rome this night, as on other nights that enshroud the brightest and loveliest days of an Italian autumn, fell asleep to the full measures of her nocturnal orchestra. Very little did any of her unsuspecting sleepers dream of the singular *reveille* that was to startle her, and for a moment sow consternation among her liveliest, gayest, and sunniest citizens. That unexpected, almost sinister, and rather early rouser was nothing else than an earthquake. This is the way I find this event and other happenings of All Saints' Day recorded in my note book:

*Canadian College, Nov. 1, 1895.*—This morning early—at 4:35—I was awakened by an earthquake! I felt my little iron bed shaking and swaying as if some one had been trying thus to wake me up. I awoke, and at first

dawn of wakefulness I looked and felt around to find who or what shook my bed thus; next—for thoughts rush in so fast, and memories, too, in such moments—I remembered that my door was fastened and that no one could have come in. The shaking did not last more than a few seconds; however, I knew it shook. It must be an earthquake, I immediately thought. While I busied myself in trying to piece a prayer together, and began to think and ask myself whether others had not noticed what I could not believe to have been an illusion, I heard a loud and repeated cry of distress, and at the same time voices questioning each other, and footsteps on the floor above. I lit my candle, and saw it was 4:40, or thereabouts; opened my door and saw lights in the rooms here and there, and presently inmates coming out with "That was a good one!" "Did you feel it?" "Did you hear Hormisdas (the domestic)?" "He is frightened to death, poor fellow, and was in his alarm calling for Andrea (another servant) and Padre Vacher." Thus did we mutually whisper our fears in small, more or less excited and shivering groups, until the bell, an almost superfluous number this morning, rang at 5 o'clock to call the few too sound sleepers.

By this time the entire population of



Rome was out upon the streets, in night and hurriedly improvised day dresses, and with a rich variety of gestures which most fittingly set off the fervid animation of speech called forth by the great peril to which all had been exposed and from which all felt they had been providentially delivered. After sincerely thanking God for having thus spared us all, we went out to say our masses, each at his appointed place; and it was most interesting to note the people's appreciations of the event. The old cronies begging at the door of St. Andrew's church, opposite the Quirinal, deeply impressed by what had happened, saluted the priest with profounder reverence and a spontaneous flow of pious ejaculations and invocations; some of them, thinking on the practical lesson and terrible admonition which the event might contain for bad people, made wise reflections on the conversion of the wicked. One old man in his enthusiasm assured the priest that blasphemy was now surely at an end: *La bastemmia è finita adesso*. The little woman who sells papers at the corner of Quattro Fontane and Vinti Settembre was at her post at the usual time. She related, while exchanging *La Tribuna* for the soldi it isn't worth, how alarmed her children were and how they simultaneously cried: "*O Dio mio, Padre, Madre, San Umidio* (saint they invoke against earthquakes), *Virgine Madre, e tutti le santi del cielo!*" (Oh my God, Father, Mother, St. Umidius, Virgin Mother, and all the saints of heaven.) She said the entire city was roused

and immediately people thronged the streets: "*Tutta la città era fuori.*" The swarthy little vender of salt, stamps, and tobacco (opposite the college) said with a reassured look: "*Era uno molto grande terremoto; ma il pericolo è passato.*" (This was a very great earthquake; but the danger is passed.) Old Hormisdas, the most typical of our domestics, in his excitement discovered a new crack in Mr. G.'s room, and as he picked up the tiny pieces of plastering and calcimining he made many a wise reflection upon the hairbreadth escape we had had when even *il molto solido collegio canadese* was thus shaken. He went his way with *O Dio mio* and whispering thanks to the Madonna for finding himself still safe and sound in the *palazzo canadese*.

The earthquake came in three waves, so to speak: The first movement lasted four or five seconds; the second, very strong, lasted eight seconds; the third which was prolonged, consisted of light undulations. The papers report that it caused bells to ring and several clocks to stop; light fissures were found in the dome of St. Peter's; prisoners became desperate within their cells. Fortunately there are no victims. Earthquakes are not unknown in Rome. The last one occurred a few years ago, but it was not such a shaker as this one. In northern Italy (Tuscany) and in the south (Calabria) earthquakes are common and often disastrous. In Rome during a part of every year a special prayer is recited daily at mass to ask the protection of Providence



against storms, to which the city is exposed and by which it is not unfrequently visited.

It rained during the early hours of the morning. The churches, however, were crowded from the moment they were opened, 5 o'clock; and many people received the sacraments. In the momentary excitement even the volatile Italians did not forget that this day is a great feast, *i. e.*, that of All Saints. I believe that many even were determined to go to confession by this morning's evident danger, (which might have been a catastrophe). Several Roman priests told me that the confessionals were unusually crowded in the churches this morning at the earliest hours, and they assured me that this sudden superabundance in the attendance at all the churches, as well as in the reception of the sacraments, was certainly due to the impressive awakening of the morning. The faith is still alive here. And where should faith be more lively than in Rome?

In the forenoon, about 9:00 o'clock, the sun broke through the flying clouds—glorious sun bursts which clothed everything in those bright, festive aspects which the French so happily call an *air de fête*. A few hours before, the earth trembled and the city quaked, now the sun smiled and the city rejoiced. Bells rang; the gayly attired Romans with tastily dressed children flock to the churches for the solemn functions of the day. The streets are like flowing streams of human beings. All traces of excitement have disappeared. People think of the joy of the day which the

Lord hath made; or, perhaps some, not tasting the sweetness of a belief, think of nothing but what ordinarily occupies their worldly or their drudging or mercenary minds and hearts. Happy are those who take the time to rest a day and think of heaven and associate themselves with and congratulate the saints on this their common feast day.

This afternoon we made our visit to the Campo Santo (the holy field), the cemetery near San Lorenzo outside the walls. The entire city, one would have thought, was now transporting itself there. To see this vast procession of the living now dressed in garb of mourning, and carrying bunches and wreaths of flowers, tapers and other mementos to the shrines of the dead was even a more impressive sight than the edifying piety of the forenoon. It was also, I dare say, more beautiful than our own beautifully touching Decoration Day ceremonies. The entire cemetery was one vast field of flowers and of lights; flowers that speak of the fond and ever-living memory in which the departed are held by those who survive, and lights which typify the vital spark, the bright-winged souls now flown to starlit realms of celestial glory, or perhaps fluttering yet about the darksome but not rayless abode of purgatory. By these hath hope not been abandoned; her steady and luminous beam bids them lift up their tearful eyes above to where their crown awaits them after they shall have paid the last farthing to divine Justice. For these are prayers said in the chapel of the cemetery (and in every one of our churches).



This chapel was dressed in its most elaborate mortuary decorations and was filled to overflowing while the office of the dead was being chanted. People united with the officiating clergy in singing alternate verses of the Psalms which, it appears, even the common people know by heart. A plenary indulgence applicable to the souls departed is gained every day of this month by those who visit, and as often as they visit, the cemetery and pray for the dead.

The cemetery itself is like a forest of marble. The artistic taste of the Italians manifests itself here very much as it does in so many other places which this nation of artists embellish. Very many monuments are works of art and are beautifully suggestive in their symbols, their bas-reliefs, their ornaments, their angel figures, their inscriptions, etc. The paintings which adorn the gallery are of an exclusively religious character. It is still a Catholic cemetery. One does not see so many pagan symbols here, or note the studied absence of Christian emblems as in more modern monuments of Pere Fachaise in Paris. One of the noblest monuments of the cemetery is that raised to the memory of the Zouaves who died fighting for papal independence. Upon its great marble shaft stands St. Peter handing the sword of defense to a kneeling Zouave. The names of the dead are written upon the four faces of the pedestal. But one smarts as he reads the impudent scrawl placed by the ignoble victors upon the foot of the monument. It says in a word that Rome redeemed

keeps as a relic of calamitous times this monument erected to the memory of rash strangers and hirelings fallen in the cause of tyranny in slavery days. S. P. Q. R. (*Senatus, Populusque Romanus*)! It is one of the many insults which the Crispian government keeps adding to injury.

E. L. RIVARD, C.S.V., D.D.

---

#### THE NATURE AND IMMORTALITY OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

---

No man here below can see the soul in itself or intuitively contemplate its beauty. It escapes our scrutiny, and can be known only through its external manifestations. In studying these we are easily convinced that our soul has nothing in common with material substances. It is spiritual, for it perceives general or universal ideas which must be ignored forever by creatures inferior to man. He alone can make a choice, because he alone is capable of comparing various goods and of judging of their relative excellence. Lower beings have never conceived the notion of truth, justice, goodness, and much less that of infinity, for they can only feel that which actually affects their senses. Even order itself is unknown to them. They sometimes, indeed, act according to a certain order, but merely by virtue of a blind instinct; they are not aware of the diverse, real, or possible relations of a means to an end or to itself. Hence, they never vary or improve; birds build their nests now as they did in the morning of creation. How different



from man, whose keener faculties can fathom the possibilities of higher achievements, and who for almost six thousand years has either shamefully lagged behind or gloriously advanced in the path of progress.

Yet, not satisfied with peering into the depths of sensible things and giving them, by a safe and accurate conception of their nature, a winged and aerial existence, the soul soars above the visible creation, beyond the stars and the firmament, and rises to the contemplation of immaterial and invisible beings, God and His angels, whose tribes and legions cover the vast plains of heaven. The human soul could not sail so far and land on the shores of the spiritual world if it were not itself spiritual. For this reason it is also immortal.

We do not find in it, as in bodies, any of these elements or atoms that might disaggregate and after successive changes result in the supreme decomposition of death. Acting independently of the body it also exists and lives independently of it. We have a natural desire for immortality and this cannot be in vain, for every being as every faculty finds in nature the good it pursues; light, harmony, the food that supplies life, the air it breathes, the water that quenches thirst, as well as its center, its rest, and satisfaction. What! Man alone here below would be the victim of delusion and the sport of fate! He would have received only to his own misfortune the scepter of creation with the gift of a rational soul? He would be doomed all the days of his life to follow a

phantom in the night, to feel in his heart a craving for immortality, and would meet beyond the grave but disenchantments and the shadow of nothingness? Ah, no! The soul shall still live after this life, God alone can destroy it; but eternal thanks be given him; he protects it as a daughter of predilection and prepares for it a destiny that shall have no other duration than endless ages. If it be unhappy God will not impose violence upon its nature, but will rather let it live eternally to manifest by its sufferings and humiliations His own victory and inalienable right of domination; if happy and glorious, God will never doom His chosen spouse to the pains of separation; for "the just shall live in everlasting remembrance" and his virtues are worthy of an eternal reward. How elevated then, how grand and noble is man who has been almost equalled to angels by being endowed with a rational, spiritual, an immortal soul!

J. H. '96.

---

#### THE BEAUTY OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

---

If the human soul is the most excellent, it is also the most beautiful of God's work, for beauty is found in a being in proportion to its perfection. We must not believe that bodies alone can be adorned with such a gift, beauty has its source in the spiritual world. The most perfect and admirable works of man are those which draw nearer to the ideal found in the intelligence which first conceived them. Before produc-



ing his masterpiece the artist bears it in his mind. Lost in the silence of night and of the solitude he sees, looming up from the depths of his soul, monuments, luminous worlds; he hears floods of harmony springing forth with infinite sweetness. He wishes to express his conceptions, to give them a visible form on the canvas, or to immortalize them in animated marble; to make them live in thrilling words or delicious melodies.

Vain efforts! Eternal disenchantments of the artist who can never print on matter the subtle exquisiteness and the glorious radiance of the soul's essence which he contemplates within himself.

Sensible beauty only exists through the reflections of some bright intelligence; creation itself charms us only because it is the expression of divine thought.

Beauty has been properly defined "the splendor of order." It first supposes light, brilliancy. Darkness is not attractive, clouds mar the scenery of the firmament, and the colorless picture does not captivate the eye; whereas there is always something pleasing or delightful in the pure beaming of a star, in the first glow of the dawn, or in the freshness of youth which is the dawn of life. Brightness, must, however, be accompanied with fullness or integrity. That alone is beautiful which is grand, noble, complete, capable of elevating and expanding the soul. There is scarcely any charm in a truncated monument, in a tree despoiled of its fruit and verdure, or in nature itself when birds

are gone, and leaves are fallen, the skies cloudy, and everything seems to die or decay. Yet we feel our souls thrill in the presence of grandeur or sublimity, because they are a form and a condition of beauty. We admire the flight of a poet, of an orator, or that of the eagle with its pinions spread wide, whilst reposing over the tempest, calm, rejoicing, sublime, upwards he soars beyond the clouds in heaven's eternal light.

Beauty is not, however, complete if to light and grandeur be not added harmony. What would be a work without order and proportions? But order is not possible without a multitude of individuals, or parts, or of operations, properly disposed according to the law of wisdom and recalled to unity. They must appear to make but one, yet their aspect be varied, thus removing monotony and giving us the ever old and ever new spectacle of unity in variety. For this reason we are deeply impressed with feelings of gladness or of admiration at contemplating the harmonious disposition of an edifice or of an army in battle array. When from the height of a mountain, Balaam, turning his face towards the desert and lifting up his eyes, saw Israel encamped in the plains of Moab, and abiding in their tents by their tribes, although called by his king to curse them he could not help admiring, and the spirit of God rushing upon him he exclaimed: "How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob; and thy tents, O Israel! As woody valleys, as watered gardens near the river, as tabernacles which



the Lord hath pitched as cedars by the waterside!" "Let my soul die the death of the just and my last end be like to them."

When therefore, we meet number in unity, proportion in harmony, strength in delicacy, grandeur in elegance, and light shining through that varied and harmonious multitude we have a vision of true and complete beauty. But there is in the human soul a brilliancy which even surpasses that of the sun, since it is intellectual, a plenitude of life and power which enables it to expand so much as even to conceive the infinite, a most perfect unity, in the simplicity of an indivisible nature together with an almost unlimited variety of acts, thoughts, feelings, at times strong, generous, noble,—but all so delicate that they escape our eyes and can be revealed to us but through the veil of a sensible manifestation. It is the soul which makes man the highest expression of beauty on earth: that shades his face with sublime aspects and smiling perspectives; that breathes through the majesty and elegance of organs which it transfigures in expressing its feelings and conceptions. It beams forth in the fires of the eyes, and gives them an ineffable expression of chaste love and tenderness.

The soul is beautiful in calm and rest in its flights and lightnings; but when it appears clad with the royal mantle of grace and virtue, adorned with the charms of innocence and smiles of sancity, and veiled with humility to conceal its grandeur and brilliancy, then a new world, another

creation is revealed; it is the dawn of eternal day, and in contemplating it we begin to understand something of the splendor of Him who is supreme, undefiled, uncreate, infinite Beauty!

C. F., '96.

---

EDGAR ALLEN POE

---

There flash across the heavens at times brilliant sheets of fire, dazzling alike to the astronomer and the simple admirer of the works of nature. To each it presents a mystery unsolvable either by science or experience. These lurid gleams are short-lived, burning in their intensity, unaccountable in their development.

So, too, in the world of letters there are meteoric manifestations, whose coming is not to be accounted for by any law, and whose drift is not to be marked by any guiding influence.

Toward the beginning of the present century, when the pioneers of American literature were giving vent to their boyish efforts, there was ushered into the light one whose brilliancy was to outglow the brightest of lights, and whose weakness was to be the wonder alike of friend and foe. This man was Edgar Allen Poe.

No American in any sphere of action has been less understood; nor is it at all clear why a man almost of our own day should be such a puzzle to the critics. But such he appears to be.

He seems to have suffered alike from friend and foe. The one by his excessive praise, attempting to make him the paragon of perfection, the fairest



judge must say he was not; the other by his scathing denunciation robbing him of the very qualities that gave him character and place in literature. The happy medium is the only safe path, and to the cooler judgment of later critics we must look for a true estimate of this exceedingly strange man.

Deprived early of a parent's love and protection, he was thrown on the friendship of those who to a parent's fondness added none of that restraining influence of which only parental love is capable.

Early opportunities thus gave him occasion to nourish a weakness no doubt hereditary, and to indulge a passion for unrestrained freedom than which there is nothing more destructive to the moulding of strong character.

But of the high quality of his work there can be no doubt, whatever may be said of his personality or habits. His was a soul filled with the poet's fire. The "language of power" found expression in his work because he had felt the turbulence of passion surging in his soul, and he must needs give vent to those consuming thoughts.

But the flames that had else burned red in the intensity of their heat were obscured by the cloud of deep and thickening gloom that overspread his mind. Dark and dreary are his pictures, though his spirit was most sensitive to beauty and thrilled at its slightest vibration.

He never rises to joyous exultation in his poetry, though he was master of gloom to that extent that he holds

it in his presence while he jingles with the words that gives it expression, as one notes in "The Raven," "The Bells," and to some extent in "Ullalume." "Annabel Lee," said to be his best lyric, gives promise of silvery joyousness, but ends in the dirge of death and sadness:

"But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate."

In his "Poetic Principle" Poe unfolds his views on poetry. He contends that there is no "long poem" because no one can sustain, for any considerable length of time, the fire or enthusiasm or whatever it is that moves the poet in his really poetic moments. In this opinion, as in many others, he, of course, drew on his own experience, for while passion in him was most intense it was equally short lived, hence the impossibility of a prolonged effort—a "long poem." This power of prolonging, which Poe thinks impossible in any one, and found missing in himself, ought after all to be considered relatively, or we shall be at a great loss to account for the "long poems" of the really great poets.

Necessity with all its haunting and depressing feelings ever pursued him, and much of his work, most of it, in fact, lacks the perfect temper that the time-tried article shows.

As a critic—and he spent a great deal of time in critical work—he was as able as he was severe. Though his sense of beauty was the most delicate and his sympathy deep, he was merciless in his denunciation of whatever was presumptuous or crude in art or letters. There can be no doubt that



much good followed his criticism, severe though it was, for the good and bad in literature were growing up side by side, and that too at a time when the average reader could not discern one from the other.

But the fame of Poe does not depend entirely on poetry or criticism, but rather on his prose writings. Here his imagination found greater play—here he united all his gifts and in their union we discover the great powers nature had bestowed upon this erratic, but most extraordinary man.

It is hardly a cause of wonder after all, if in the surplus of criticism that Poe's works drew forth, we find many contradictory views of the man. Written of by men of his own time, by some, too, whose work had fallen before his almost savage criticism, or who had been personal friends, it is not surprising to see the absurdly varying voices of critics who felt nothing less than love or hatred. Latter judgment has been more exact and it has taken a middle course, when excessive puritanism has not rendered men blind to Poe's greatness nor friendship insensible of his faults.

It may be justly said of him that he was the most original of our poets and excepting Hawthorne the most imaginative of our prose writers. Both made conquests in a field where none of our other writers could enter. They differ principally in this that Hawthorne was capable of more sustained efforts as we see in his *Scarlet Letter*, *Marble Faun*, and the *House of the Seven Gables*.

The two mark an epoch in our literary

career and are standards from which it will henceforth be safe to judge the productions of other writers. M.

---

#### THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

---

It is asserted by many that the Americans are a nation of readers. This is especially true of Young America. The schoolboy and street urchin have their weekly story paper and their cheap novel. The school miss and the working girl indulge in the same kind of literature, though gotten up in a more pretentious form. Evidences of this fact are not wanting. Enter a street car in any of our large cities, morning or evening and you will behold the youth of both sexes poring over a sensational story-paper or a novel bound either in the orthodox yellow or in morocco and gilt.

The mania for novel reading has crept into college and students waste much precious time perusing sensational literature. This is a sad fact, though it has been said that seven-eighths of the novel reading of the country is done by women, and that three novels a week form their average reading. Be this as it may one thing is certain, that college students do more than their share of novel reading.

A stranger, judging from appearances would probably conclude that the Americans were a learned and cultured people; that the rising generation was taking the surest means of becoming good men and good women. But in reality is this the case? To answer this question it is necessary to



examine the mental food with which our youths gorge themselves and then we shall be able to judge of the knowledge and culture of Young America.

Knowledge is built upon facts; culture upon thought. What we acquire is knowledge, what we develop is culture. With this idea of knowledge and culture before our minds, let us ask what forms the bulk of the reading matter of the rising generation? It is the sensational novel, the story paper, and other such trash. This indiscriminate reading is an alarming feature in American life, when we consider the tone of these novels and papers. Judging by them divorces, elopements, intrigues, and other crimes against society, are but the moral attendants of modern life. The reading of this trash is fast sapping the morals of the community. While Scott, Hawthorne, and Cooper are neglected, this vile stuff is read. Only high seasoned tales suit the public taste. Mysterious murders, rash marriages, runaway matches, terrible secrets, awful mysteries and hidden perils of the most improbable kind go to make up the readable novel. Scenes are described, circumstances are mentioned, conversations retailed and vices introduced in these stories, which would cause any man to be banished from any decent society were he to allude to them.

Yet such are read by the young. Once familiar with crime of every sort and degree, through the florid descriptions of novels, our young men and women become mentally debased; an insidious poison is infused into them, which corrupts the imagination. Their thoughts unbidden stray to matters of which they have lately read, a dangerous curiosity is excited, and from constant reflection they begin to lose that horror for crime which is one of the safeguards of virtue. The mind once disturbed, the imagination led astray, every defaulter or swindler, if he be a

criminal on a large scale, is apt to appear to them as a smart fellow; the disloyal wife and faithless husband, more sinned against than sinning.

It has often been asked, Why is it that this age is so superficial, so different from the common sense and solidity of the past? The answer is simple. It is due to the vile, trashy, vulgar literature of the present. Reading for mere pleasure is substituted for solid reading, excitement for thought. What alcohol is to the body sensational literature is to the mind. Habitual indulgence in such reading may be termed dissipation; not reading for improvement. Students should remember this. Much of their success at college depends on their memory and on profitable reading, which is but the power of study, of mastering principles and details. But memory is weakened, and the power of study lost by continual reading of novels and sensational papers.

We do not condemn all novel reading, but indiscriminate novel reading, and especially the reading of sensational novels. There are many novels that may be read without detriment to morals; but, unfortunately, these are considered flat by the majority of modern readers. Fiction should not be banished, but purified; for it can be made the channel of truth and instruction. We acquire a better idea of the character of Richard Cœur de Lion from "Ivanhoe," and of the court of Elizabeth from Kenilworth, than from Hume. Dickens wrote his novels to show the injustice done to the poor.

There is no lack of material, but of novelists. We want a Thackeray to express the extravagance of our best society; a Dickens to soften our hearts toward the poor; a Bulwer to polish the manners of our people and to teach us that knowledge is power, and that the almighty dollar is only its handmaid.

H.



## THE VIATORIAN.

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

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

Entered at the Bloomington Postoffice as second class matter.

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

---

### BOARD OF EDITORS.

J. MURPHY.	J. KEARNEY,
J. O'DWYER.	J. GRANGER,
A. O'Sullivan.	P. HANSL.

---

### EDITORIAL.

The college opened the 8th ult. under circumstances the most encouraging. While there are many new faces and an absence of familiar ones, the number of those who decided to return is large.

To many, college-life will be an experiment, one whose outcome they cannot now foresee, and for that reason it will be hard for them to pass judgment until they have seen its various phases—the bright features as well as the gloomy ones.

Those who are better informed on college life—and who know its advantages as well as its drawbacks—and it has both, will no doubt realize that they have more to reform in themselves than they have to change in college regulations. They are now in a position to answer intelligently the purpose of a college, and have learned how they are benefited by their stay therein. They may also consider how they have spent their time heretofore,

and in how much they have contributed to make college life a burden to others.

The knowledge of even the bitterest fact need not hurt us. It ought to do us good when we can reasonably look forward to improvement. If there be always room for improvement, there is no less certainty of the possibility of its attainment, when men are once convinced of its need.

The lives of the greatest men will show innumerable ups and downs, many mistakes, but as many efforts at correction. It is to this very fact of rising after a fall, that we may trace their successes. Their weakness betrayed their humanity, the effort to be better, was, if not something divine, at least the positive evidence of the presence and help of divinity accorded those who, conscious of their weakness, still looked forward to great things and the strength necessary to their accomplishment.

After all, men cannot endure the constant presence of success. Its glare is blinding and its effects are weakening. The saddest failures are those of success, and if "there is nothing succeeds like success" there is also nothing that is so apt to draw man away from higher tendencies, so dwarf his manhood and make him so forgetful of home, of country, and of God.

Thus we find that whenever there are inconveniences, there are also helps to manly, christian, development. They



embrace such helps who propose a lofty ideal to themselves and fear no legitimate means that bring possibility out of doubt. They who fear such trifling things as the deprivation of the little luxuries that home affords, the loss, for a time, of the pleasures of parents and home, neglect helps that are not attractive, but are necessary to fit men for contact with the world.

---

The great crowd is and will remain contented with present opportunities. Higher goods bid for higher aspirations and greater efforts—but the struggle is not inviting—the time of attainment too far distant to inspire weaklings with the courage essential to life on higher planes. These people are necessarily of the great multitude, who draw comfort from the presence of beings devoid of ambition, to whom the crowd is of paramount importance and whose chief happiness lies in the sharing of the small thoughts and small hopes that fill up their small lives.

---

If life in college does not tend to inspire a young man's soul with larger hopes and widen the sphere of his aspirations then he has been kidnapped from the crowd and some kindly friend should forthwith see to it that the lost one is speedily returned whence he was so rudely taken.

---

The college youth is quite frisky at times. He, as well as older people, develops an abnormal desire for

notoriety cheaply bought, as witness the ill-timed display of feeling by students of two of our American colleges at a political meeting. Politics and politicians are red hot the present year and unpleasant things will be said on both sides. But when fair play is the motto, and in a land where free speech is exalted to the heavens, such brutality as shown by the young men in question is beyond excuse. It is a dangerous example. Of course these young men acted on impulse and from sentiments peculiarly their own. They will live to regret them—perhaps they are repentant now. It is to be hoped that they are; those who look for trouble generally find more than they bargained for.

---

The patronal feast and annual field day of the college occurs Wednesday, October 21. On the evening of October 20, the Thespians, under the management of Mr. J. H. Nawn, will present their play, Henry VIII, in preparing which they have spent much time. The cast is a particularly strong one this year, including all those whose success was so noteworthy in "Richelieu," presented last March. Wednesday, the 21st, will be given to field sports, wherein all the local athletes will compete for prizes. There will also be a drill and dress parade by the battalion, as well as a special drill by the picked squad of the senior and minim departments. We extend a cordial welcome to all our friends, who have hitherto come in large numbers, to be present at the play and sports of St. Viateur's Day.



## BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The September *Rosary* has for its leading paper "The International Catholic University of Fribourg," an exhaustive study of the difficulties Catholics of Switzerland had to meet and overcome in the establishment of good schools, and especially a national institution of genuine merit. "The Yellowstone National Park," beautifully illustrated, is good reading, and emphasizes the fact that we give too little attention to the grand scenery of our own country, though in many cases it surpasses the greatest of the old world. "Civilization, Law, and Liberty in Mediæval Spain," is from the learned pen of John A. Mooney, and would be good reading for those who point out Spain as the type of all that is low and untutored.

In the *Catholic World*, "Gold or Silver," "Germany in the Fifteenth Century," this latter a review of Janssen's great "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages," "Yorkminster and its Surroundings," "The Word-painting of Dante," "Some Canadian Women Writers," "Are Anglican Orders Valid?" "Salic Franks and Their War-Lord Clovis," are the chief features, treated with an earnestness that shows thought, but betrays neither passion nor prejudice.

"The Problem of the West," in the September *Atlantic*, deals with a question of great interest, and one that presents as many features as there are men considering it. The writer attempts to show that the differences, quite noticable, between the East and

West are the result of environment rather than of sentiment. It is a study on new principles and is worthy of consideration. "The Story of Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Charles Dudley Warner, traces the origin of that famous work, as it gives also many facts not generally known as to the author's hopes and doubts regarding the work that made her famous. "Niagara," a poem, by John B. Tabb, one of the gems he gives us at stated times, and "The Election of a President," by John B. McMaster, are other offerings worthy of acceptance.

In *Donahoe's Magazine* we find: "Is Millais a Great Artist?" "The Political Overthrow in Canada," "The Nature and Extent of Biblical Inspiration," by Rev. P. Griffey, Cullom, Ill.; "Lawrence Barrett," a study of the noted actor; "Henry Grattan," "Catholic Growth in England," "On Reading," "Bis-Centenary of St. Alphonsus," and a long list of excellent reading for all classes of readers.

The features of the *Century* are: "Midsummer in Spain," "Prehistoric Quadrupeds of the Rockies," "The Gold Fields of Guiana," "Glave's Journey to the Livingston Tree," "The Bicycle Outlook." In the way of serials, "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy," by W. D. Howells; "Prisoners of Conscience," by Amelia E. Barr; "Sir George Fressady," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and the protracted "Life of Napoleon," by William M. Sloane.

"A Century of Painting," in *McClure's*, considers Henri Regnault, Bastien-Le-Page, Jules Breton, Meis-



sonier, and other painters of the French school; "The Discovery of Anæsthesia," being an account of the difficulties Dr. W. T. G. Morton had to introduce ether as an anæsthetic; "Lincoln's Lost Speech," "a unique report" made of the address by an interested auditor, Mr. H. C. Whitney—and the circumstances under which the speech was delivered, by Joseph Medill, the scholarly editor of the *Chicago Tribune*.

---

#### PERSONALS.

---

—Mr. B. A. Dupuis, of Detroit, Mich., is now assisting his father, who takes contracts for building bridges, trestle works, etc. Mr. Dupuis is an energetic young man, and will be of great assistance to his father.

—Mr. Charles O'Reiley, who has been a student of this institution for some years, is now attending St. Mary's Seminary, at Baltimore.

—Mr. W. J. Donovan, one of our former seminarians, is attending St. Mary's Seminary, at Cincinnati, O. We wish him every success.

—Mr. F. A. Moody, our colonel o '92, spent a few days with us recently. Mr. Moody is a fine young man, and his presence at the college is equally enjoyed by faculty and students.

—Mr. Jos. T. Sullivan is still so interested in athletics that our field day will find him an eager spectator. Joe was formerly a student of this institution, and distinguished himself in more ways than one.

—Mr. M. J. Ford recently returned from his tour in Europe, and is now pursuing his studies in his *alma mater*, where he has spent the last three years. He was in France, Spain, Belgium, England, and Ireland, and saw many of the wonders of each. He reports a most pleasant vacation.

—Rev. P. Parker, '88, of Bloomington, Ill., made a short call at the college a short time ago. Fr. Parker was recently transferred from Peoria to Bloomington, where he is now engaged at Holy Trinity church.

—Mr. P. Meehan, '95, is now pursuing his theological studies at Montreal, Canada. Mr. Meehan is an exemplary character, and has certainly a bright future before him.

—Mrs. Stratton, of Momence, Ill., paid a visit to the college to attend to the musical education of her son.

—Mr. P. C. Ahern, who was a seminarian in this institution for the last three years, was obliged to discontinue his studies and return to his home in Pennsylvania on account of his health. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. Wm. Henry Thorne, editor of the *Globe Review* spent a few days at the college a short time ago. Mr. Thorne was formerly professor of literary criticisms in this institution and was held in high esteem by both faculty and students.

—Mrs. Nolan paid a short call to the college about the 1st. inst. Mrs. Nolan has two nephews, Henry and Frank Baumgartner, in the college.



and her object was to look after their educational welfare.

—Mr. P. Daniher accompanied his son to the college where he expects him to remain during the scholastic year.

—Rev. Frs. Roach and Dandurand, of Lafayette., Ind, made a brief call at the college a short time ago. Their faces are quite familiar to the faculty and older seminarians of this institution, and their agreeable presence makes them ever welcome guests.

—The following are among those who came to the college of late to visit their children: Mrs. C. B. Pfaff, Mrs. Menken, Mr. C. H. Hildreth, Mr. P. O'Toole, of Chicago, Ill.

—We are gratified to hear that Mr. Timothy Lyons, whose serious illness interfered with his studies last year, is now on the way to a complete recovery.

—Rev. R. Flynn, '93, recently ordained at Santa Fe, N. M., has been appointed to Gilman, Ill., where he will assist Rev. J. A. Kelly.

—Mr. John Zwierchowski, '96, is pursuing his theological studies at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee.

—Mr. J. F. Hayden, '96, is following the theological course at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

—Mr. M. Fortin, '93, who for the past three years was a student at the seminary at Baltimore, is at present seriously ill, though his friends hope for his ultimate recovery.

## SPORTING NOTES.

### MANTENO VS. SHAMROCKS.

The entire baseball team, with the exception of J. Hogan, have returned, and have been indulging in some light practice preparatory to playing a few scheduled games before the season closes.

The first game took place September 27. The Mantenos, accompanied by a fair crowd of enthusiasts, came down upon us, determined to win, and that they succeeded beautifully, is told by the final score—5 to 2. The Shamrocks fielded splendidly and were frequently applauded for their beautiful stops and accurate throws, Corcoran and Denault especially distinguishing in this line. Such marvelous fielding, however, while doing much towards keeping our opponents' score down, must, in order to win games of baseball be combined with the average amount of batting. But in this the Shamrocks were woefully deficient, and can attribute their loss to no other source. With men on bases and no one out they failed to score in several instances.

Marcotte for the Shamrocks and Girard for the Manteno's pitched gilt-edged ball, four hits being marked up against each. The other features of the game were O'Dwyer's batting and Rainey's umpiring. The latter as our official umpire is quite a pleasing acquisition to our team; his decisions are given quickly and in a melodious voice, but with a determination which brooks no opposition. This some of the over-zealous Manteno players dis-



covered, much to their discomfort. The game in detail:

The Shamrocks were first to bat and were retired one, two, three. The second, third, and fourth innings were repetitions of the first. In the fifth, after two men were out, Sammon hit to left field for a base, stole second and scored on Girard's wild throw to catch him on third. O'Dwyer hit to the pitcher and came all around on another throw by Girard. From that until the ninth the Shamrocks stood small chances of scoring. In their half of the ninth, Quille reached third on a base on balls, a stolen base, and a passed ball. He died there, however, Smith retiring the side, by capturing Kearney's fly to short.

The Manteno's were also treated to four shut-outs. In the fifth, Girard got to first on a hit. Culinam hit to Marcotte, who in an effort to throw Culinam out at first sent the ball twenty feet over Kearney's head. Before it was returned to the diamond Girard and Culinam had made the circle of the bases, and the score was tied. Casey made a hit, stole second, and came home on Gibson's hit to right field for two bases. In the eighth two more runs were added to the visitors' score by a hit from Girard, Culinam's sacrifice, which was fumbled, and some slow fielding. The score by innings:

Manteno .....	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	2—5
Shamrocks .....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2

Batteries—Girard and Towner, Marcotte and Sammon.

#### WILMINGTON VS. SHAMROCKS.

October 4, the Unions, of Wilmington, defeated the Shamrocks 7 to 3.

Capt. Keeley and his colts were very happy over the outcome, and considered themselves unusually fortunate in winning. Luck was a very potent factor in the contest, and to this must they ascribe their victory, for with the score 3 to 2 against them in the ninth innings, and after two men had been retired, they secured five runs on a muffed fly ball and some wild throwing, thereby winning the game and creating great enthusiasm among their rooters. The Wilmingtons have improved greatly since their appearance here last spring, and are at present putting up a first class game. James Darcy, at one time pitcher for the Shamrocks, did the twirling for Wilmington, and Marcotte held the same office for the Shamrocks. Both were very effective when men were on bases, and kept the small number of hits well scattered.

The game was one of the best seen on our grounds for a number of years. A much larger crowd than the one of the previous day was in attendance.

Corcoran, Denault, and Rainey carried off the fielding honors for the Shamrocks, while T. Legris and O'Dwyer led at bat. For the visitors, B. Kelly and Donahue played a star game.

The game in detail: Wilmington was first at bat. Shields drew a base on balls, and went to third on B. Keeley's hit to right field, on which he was put out while trying to stretch into a double. Darcy hit to center, and Shields scored, Darcy scoring later on a wild pitch and a sacrifice. Result, two runs. From that until



the ninth the Wilingtons never saw second base. In the ninth, Brown, the first man up, went out on a fly to Kearney. Miller made a two-base hit, Emanelson struck out, Miller in the meantime having stolen third. With two men out it began to look bad for Wilington. Donahue was beseeched for a single to bring in the tying score. After two strikes had been called on him, and when everyone considered the game won, Donahue popped up a fly midway between pitcher and catcher. Sammon and Marcotte both ran for it, but in their anxiety neither caught it, and Miller crossed the plate with the tying score. This incident seemed to demoralize the Shamrocks, for they played very loosely afterwards. Shields, the next man up, singled, advancing Donahue to third. B. Keeley did likewise, sending Donahue home and Miller to second. Dorsey hit to T. Legris in right field, Miller attempted to score from second base, and Legris in attempting to cut him off at the plate threw wildly and everybody scored. Result, five runs.

The Shamrocks made one in the first on Sammon's hit, a stolen base, and O'Dwyer's sacrifice. For the next four innings they were shut out. In the sixth, O'Dwyer was hit by a pitched ball, stole second and third, and came home on a passed ball. The next two innings were productive of no runs. In the eighth, Corcoran drew a base on balls and scored, a moment later, on T. Legris' three-bagger, Legris dying on third. In their half of the ninth, with the score 7 to 3 against them, they were retired in one,

two, three order, and the lads from the village on the Kankakee wended their way to the dressing room with light hearts and smiling features.

The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Wilmington..	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5—7
Shamrocks..	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0—3

Batteries—J. Darcy, B. Kelly, and J. Keeley, Marcotte and Sammon.

---

### MILITARY.

---

The different companies of the military department have been organized, and under the skillful management of experienced officers are rapidly progressing. The members of the Ford Exhibition Squad are practicing daily, and are fast becoming proficient in the many new and difficult movements added to those of last year; they intend to creditably uphold their former good reputation, and to be able to fill in a reputable manner the many engagements that are awaiting them. The Columbian Guards, under the command of Edgar Legris, are hard at work, and promise to contest closely with the large squad for first place. The members are in excellent condition. New swords have been ordered, and under the direction of their present captain there is no reason why they should not equal, if not surpass, the minim squads of past years. A competitive drill was held on September 12 among the privates of the battalion to fill the vacancies caused by the resignations and promotions of last year's officers, ex-Capt. C. J. Quille, ex-Lieut. J. B. Suprenant, and



Capt. Cahill acting as judges. The result proved that the drill was closely contested, and cast great credit on those participating.

The officers of the battalion for the coming year will be as follows:

S. V. C. STAFF.

Colonel, J. F. Murphy; major, J. O. Dwyer; adjutant, E. Legris; aid-de-camp, P. Hansl; sergeant major, A. Changelon.

COMPANY A.

Captain, T. Cahill; first lieutenant, D. Hayden; second lieutenant, W. Corcoran; first sergeant, M. O'Toole; second sergeant, N. Marcotte.

COMPANY B.

Captain, T. Vandeventer; first lieutenant, D. Denault; second lieutenant, L. Mullins; first sergeant, R. Maher; second sergeant, A. Caron.

COMPANY C.

Captain, J. Legris; first lieutenant, B. Katzenbach; second lieutenant, R. Mumford; first sergeant, F. Clark; second sergeant, W. Kane.

COMPANY D.

Captain, N. Lamarre; first lieutenant, R. Haley; second lieutenant F. Milholland; first sergeant, P. O'Toole; second sergeant, Z. Lesage.

COMPANY E.

Captain, H. Kieffer; first lieutenant, L. Hurd; second lieutenant, D. Maher; first sergeant, H. Lambert; second sergeant, M. McCormick.

COMPANY F.

Captain, W. Conley; first lieutenant, C. Flannigan; second lieutenant, W. Kreuger; first sergeant, W. Maher; second sergeant, V. Rivard.

VIATORIANA.

—165.

—Tennis.

—Not me.

—The joker.

—Not guilty.

—Summersack.

—I'm the buck.

—You black rascal.

—Where's my globe?

—What will I do next?

—I'm a regular dummy.

—I bluffed him outright.

—Hello, there, Billy, old boy.

—Only a team of "gold bugs."

—They are nice sleeves alright.

—Are the feet of your soles wet?

—I didn't think; I don't do that.

—We dreamed he was an animal?

—Hurry up, little boy, get on III.

—My feet are a little much too short.

—Look out, little boy, you'll fall off.

—Tornado will blow that tree down.

—16 to 1—What does that advertise?

—Say—make us lieutenants in the squad.

—That was quite a compliment on those ladies.

—My permission to smoke must have stopped off.

—"Have you the audacity to insinuate that I know no Greek?"



—"You'd better stop that."

—"Don't throw it until I catch it."

—"Charles had a table all to himself."

—"Is the pitcher going to run for me?"

—"We're all right good characteristics."

—"I don't see any ribbons on your rags."

—"Any time you think you do, you don't."

—"Tell me—what's that on your liver?"

—"He has reasons to be a gold man?"

—"Is your name Mike, too, John? Sure it is."

—"We predict a very prosperous year for 1896-'97."

—"I saw things which as man I could not see."

—"The next time I'm not sleeping, don't wake me up."

—"Kearney don't support the house, the foundation does."

—"If you were in my place what would you have done?"

—"Did you hear Hon. K—'s exposition of the silver question?"

—"Oh, say! Don't push a lad down there; it wouldn't be fun for me."

—"Suppose I were to fall down on top of them big stones in that deep ravine bottom away below, do you think I'd know I fell after I got up?"

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., Ph.D., who lately returned from Rome, has assumed charge of the philosophy class.

—Rev. J. Laberge, D.D., will continue the teaching of dogmatic theology and in addition will instruct the members in Balme's philosophy of history.

—Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., has been appointed vice-president of the college and besides his duties as chief disciplinarian, will be assistant prefect of studies.

—Rev. G. M. Legris will teach moral theology the coming year. With these very worthy and competent men in charge there is no reason why the seminarians of this institution should not have advantages equal to those offered in any of our seminaries.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., has charge of the commercial course, which position he has filled the past six years. Other competent teachers are here also to assist these worthy leaders in their great work of education, and the presence of a large school makes it clear that the good work of former years has been appreciated.

—Mr. Patrick Daniher has returned to this, his *alma mater*, after an absence of three years, which were spent at other colleges. He intends studying for a profession. We wish him perseverance and crowning success.

—The German society was organized recently, and from present indications will undoubtedly be quite successful in the attainment of its object, the learning of the German language.



and study of its literature. The following officers were elected: Prof. King, president; Messrs. Murphy, Hildreth, and Hayden, respectively, secretary, treasurer, and censor. The other members are Messrs. J. L. O'Dwyer, L. T. Mullins, J. Armstrong, T. Vandeventer, W. Granger, and E. Kromenacker.

--A great deal of work was done on the bicycle track during vacation, and everyone agrees that it was well done. The track is within the college grounds, and is one-third of a mile around. The bicycle club on school days find great pleasure in spinning over this fine course. On *conge* days they, in company with their indulgent prefect, take to the splendid roads in and around Kankakee. These latter afford excellent opportunities for good riding, there being no less than twenty-five miles of the finest roads in our immediate neighborhood. With a continuance of the good weather we have lately enjoyed, we may expect at least four weeks more of this healthy sport.

--A few days ago the boys went out walking and spent some very pleasant hours on the picturesque banks of the Kankakee. Only three months have elapsed since the old students bade this favorite and oft-frequented resort adieu. And when their eyes once

more beheld the now almost seemingly enchanted scene, their admiration exceeded their curiosity. Then the scene presented was a beautiful wavy green, but now, a still lovelier scenery that of multi-colored, golden autumnal leaves exhibited in all their splendor and brilliancy. This being the first visit to the woods since the re-opening of school, there were many pupils who saw the beautiful Kankakee valley for the first time. We saw the effects of nature's handiwork reflected in their beaming faces. When "Abeamus" was wafted to the ears of the students from the lips of the prefect, by the gentle autumnal breeze, all took a departing look at the surrounding beauties, acclaiming in one voice, "we must come here again, to this lovely spot, before the cold, icy hand of winter robs the woods of their present interesting and beautiful charms." No wonder that boys long to attend school at St. Viateur's.

---

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

---

*The American Ecclesiastical Review*, devoted entirely to church matters, is a monthly that fills up the needs of priests and seminarians. Its articles show depth and variety, and are, moreover, of practical utility to the theological student.

G. M. PHELPS,  
M.D., D.D.S.

F. S. TINSLAR,  
D.D.S.

DRS. PHELPS & TINSLAR  
DENTISTS.

197 Court Street,

KANKAKEE, ILL

**The Kankakee Electric Light Co.**

J. B. REED, Superintendent.

**Are and Incandescent Lighting**

KANKAKEE, ILL.