

THE VIATORIAN.

PAC ET SPERA.

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VITA NUOVA.

I wandered sad within my garden ground;
 "My one white rose is dying, day by day,"
 I whispered mournfully and turned away
From its bare stalks; the plant was love encrowned.
Long absence followed, yet the years crept round
 To my return. A magical display
 Of roses bade me welcome. Each brown spray
Shone silver-white, each thorny stem had found
Its destined crown. "O root and bloom," I cried,
 "Spirit and clay, transmutable! How plain
That life, once lived, must put on life again,
 The type, celestial! Thus shall it betide
With us, when, sudden, from our earthly gloom
The grand white flower of Heaven shall flash and bloom."

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

In "Poets of Maine."

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

What a world of meaning this little line conveys! With a single stroke of his pen the immortal Shakespere here sounded the very keynote of human life. For what do we not owe to adversity? Under its chastening yet

salutary influence, poetry, music, oratory, art, in a word, all that enters into the domain of the beautiful, have found their highest, their most fruitful inspiration.

Of all the emotions which man is heir to, none can so deeply touch the heart, none so eminently constituted to appeal to our nobler nature, none

more enduring in its beneficial influence than that of sorrow.

"Less unhappy," said a French philosopher, "many a man of genius would have been less eloquent."

There is a something in sorrow, an indefinable something, which charms and soothes us. It penetrates into the innermost recesses of the heart, and sounds a depth of emotion that never was sounded before. Joy can not satisfy us. It elates for the moment only. Its highest transports are serious and its life is fleeting. Like the cheering but evanescent rays of the firelight, it flashes and then is gone.

Sorrow, on the other hand, is interior, it comes from the heart, it is the out-pouring of our inner selves, and hence its freedom from all that savors of dissimulation.

We have said that poetry owes much to adversity. To the most casual student in literature nothing could be more apparent. He cannot help observing it, for, of all the poetic gems that sparkle in the firmament of the world's literature, those prompted by adversity, those which sing the tender, plaintive strains of human sorrow, are unquestionably the sweetest, the most poetic.

Let us consider Milton, for instance. How touching is the allusion to his blindness:

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark

Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of
men

Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expunged and rased
And wisdom at our entrance quite shut out.

Dante, the greatest of all poets, was sorely tried in the crucible of sorrow and disappointment. He was banished from his beloved Florence and while languishing in exile composed his immortal "Divina Commedia."

It is said there is not a single line in this entire work which can provoke a smile, and yet it is the world's grandest epic.

Longfellow pays this glowing tribute to him:

"Ungrateful land! To its own prejudice
Nurse of his fortunes; and this showeth
well
That the most perfect most of grief shall
see.

Among a thousand proofs let one suffice,
That as his exile hath no parallel,
Ne'er walked the earth a greater man
than he."

Like Dante, the incomparable Shakespere was not unacquainted with adversity. "He tasted misery," says Taine, "and felt not in imagination but in fact the sharp thorn of care, humiliation, disgust, forced labor, public discredit, the power of the people."

No doubt these very thorns in Shakespere's life, coupled with his genius, are the secrets of his wonderful power of penetrating into the imagined depths of sorrow and passion depicted in "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Othello," etc.

The name of Robert Southwell naturally looms up before us as the verit-

able embodiment of triumph over adversity. While languishing for three years in a loathsome prison he wrote the majority of his exquisite poems. "His beautiful lines on the death of Mary, Queen of Scots," says Jenkins, "may not inaptly be applied to himself:"

"Some things more perfect, are in their decay

Like sparks that going out gives clearest light;

Such was my hope, whose doleful dying day

Began my joy and terméd Fortune's spite.
Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose;

It was no death to me, but to my woe!
The bud was opened to let out the rose;
The chains unloosed to let the captive go."

Few men have attained such marked prominence in spite of so many obstacles, as Alexander Pope.

His life was "one long disease." This, coupled with his natural irritability of temper, may account for his stinging satires.

Defoe, the founder of the English novel, summed up his life thus:

"No man has tasted differing fortunes more;
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor."

Were it not for the sorrows and disappointments that tinged the domestic life of Edward Young, his surpassingly lovely "Night Thoughts" would never have found expression. The calm subdued hush, the sweet serenity of night have always found an echo in poetry.

Southey's oft-quoted lines will bear repetition:

"How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain

Breaks the serene of heaven.

In full orb'd glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through her dark blue depths;

Beneath her steady ray

The desert circle spreads,

Like the round ocean girdled with the sky,
How beautiful is night!"

The "melancholy sweetness" of Gray's "Elegy," the touching strains of poor, demented Collins in his odes; Cowper's inimitable pen pictures of "Home;" Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," and, above all, the "Sweet Auburn" of Goldsmith, these will live as long as there is a spark of love for the pathetic in the human heart.

To Wordsworth we are indebted for the poetry of the poor. "Wordsworth did for the English peasant," says Maurice Francis Egan, "what Millet in his picture, 'The Angelus,' has done for his French brother; he showed that coarse clothes and hard labor do not separate in heart the rich and the poor."

In Tennyson's great elegy, "In Memoriam," what a world of grief, what delicate touches of pathos, are portrayed before us! His "Break, Break, Break," has never been equalled, except, perhaps, by Longfellow's "Rainy Day."

Our own beloved Longfellow, the poet of the heart, has never failed to tincture the beauty of his poems with a drop of sadness and of gloom. At the very name "Evangeline," we can hear that subtone of sorrow, that "melancholy sweetness," and feel almost as the author himself the thorns of severed affection which so rive the human heart."

Every sympathetic soul loves Evan-

geline for the sorrows she endured, as well as the beauty of her character, for, as Balmes says: "In order to clothe beauty with its most seductive charms, it is necessary that a tear of anguish should flow from her eyes, that her forehead should assume an air of sadness, and her cheeks grow pale with a melancholy remembrance," and indeed if this be true of painting, it is also true of music, for what is more touching, more ethereal, more effectual in striking a responsive chord in the human heart than the tender, pathetic strains of music. It's very sadness consoles us, for it speaks to the heart when words cannot speak, it is the "expression of the inexpressible." Herein lies the charm of Tom Moore's soul-stirring "Melodies" for they sing the "one unchanging theme"—the theme of Erin's sorrows.

In the words of the poet:

"This life is full of holy uses
If but rightly understood,
And its evils and abuses
Are but stepping stones to good."

W. P. B.

Was any existence ever so bright that discontent had no place in it? Was any human soul ever without these strange longings for another life than that which God has given? Was any heart ever so happy that it has not beat against its cage, yearning for better wings and wider flight? Was any glance ever so sunny that it did not turn from the brightness around it, to gaze wistfully toward some distant spot of happier light?—
Christian Reid.

THOMAS MOORE.

"What man that speaketh English e'er can
lift

His voice 'mid scholars, who hath missed
the lore

Of Berkeley, Curran, Sheridan, and Swift,
The art of Foley and the songs of Moore."

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

From the very earliest accounts that we have of civilized and lettered Europe, we learn that the bard was the pride and glory of his people.

Ancient Greece had her Homer; illustrious Rome her Virgil; England, Saxon and Catholic, her divinely inspired Cædman; modern Ireland her immortal Thomas Moore.

When we speak of a country's national poet a current of enthusiasm courses through our veins that baffles the power of speech to tell, nor allows pen to portray. Are we not fired with admiration when the names of Homer and Virgil are but mentioned? Everything that is magnanimous, sublime, and heroic in the patriot warrior has been sung by these latter, with all the power that the poetic soul can breathe into national song.

If these heroic lines that burst from the hearts of two sons of the foremost nations of pagan times command our admiration, how much more the breathing of a Christian poet that sang the glories of a land and people thoroughly and intensely Catholic, a nation of heroes as brave as Sparta's sons, as noble and illustrious in their ancestry as the kingly line from Romulus to Tarquin the Proud.

The honor of singing the glories of this people was the inheritance be-

queathed to Thomas Moore, whom the world has proclaimed "the sweet son of song."

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779. His father was a prominent "tea, wine, and spirit merchant." Both his parents were pious Roman Catholics. At the time the young Thomas was born the Irish nation was groaning under that ungodly code, the "Penal Laws."

His biographers tell us that the talent for rhyming began to show itself at a very tender age. How soon he commenced to woo the muse he himself can not remember; but when yet a lad of fourteen he contributed to a Dublin magazine called *The Anthologia Hibernica*. Indeed, it may be truly said of him, as of Pope:

"As yet a child and all unknown to fame,
He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

In 1793, by an act of Parliament, Dublin University, hitherto an exclusively Protestant institution, was opened to Catholics. Moore was amongst the first students of his creed to enter Trinity. As a student young Moore was very diligent; and being endowed with rare talents his brilliancy made him conspicuous before his professors, and commanded the admiration of his fellow students. In six years he took his B.A. He then set out for London where he intended to enter as a law student at Middle Temple.

Blest with a little more luck than many of his brother poets, who have sought the great city with nothing save their brains for a fortune, Moore, though not flushed with capital, never

ran the risk of feeling the bitter pangs of "chill penury." He had a magnanimous friend in Lord Moira, who obtained for him permission to dedicate his "Odes" to the Prince of Wales, and for the achievement of this end a generous subscription was raised chiefly among the nobility.

The success of "Anacreon" struck the death blow to Moore's law studies. "Coke upon Lyttleton" and "Blackstone's Commentaries" were thrown aside, says one of his biographers, that he might have more time for the wooing of the muses.

In 1801 there appeared a volume of original verse bearing the pseudonym of Thomas Little. Unfortunately these poems gave out the unwholesome breath of immorality; but the age was not remarkable for its sensitive moral nature. Moore found friends who readily overlooked their indecency on account of their high poetical worth. But like his illustrious predecessor, Chaucer, Moore, in his declining days looked back on these productions with a "blush of ingenuous shame."

Before Moore left his dear old native land, and city by the sea, we are told he had cherished the idea of writing words for the beautiful music of his "Native Erin." About 1807 he entered into an agreement with a music publisher to furnish the words for his Irish Melodies, which were to seal his name with immortality. At the time Moore undertook this task the music of Ireland was falling into oblivion with the grand old tongue that gave it utterance.

We quote from John Boyle O'Reilly

on this subject in his beautiful "Introduction to the Song and Poetry of Ireland:" "The songs of Ireland were lost in the transition, and for a whole century or more the Irish people made no songs or only those of rude versification. They carried the ancient wordless music in their hearts; and the wandering piper and harper played the dear melodies and planxties to them; the plowboy whistled and the milk maid sung the archaic airs; and so they were preserved like the disconnected jewels of a queen's necklace, till the master singer came, eighty years ago, and gathered them up lovingly and placed them forever in his precious setting of the "Melodies." Ireland's indebtedness to Thomas Moore is inestimable.

These charming "Melodies" number in all one hundred and twenty-four. We can not read these enchanting lines without feeling every word burning its way into the very recesses of our hearts. They awaken our souls to the beautiful and sublime in nature; they recall friendships, and bring out from the heart a wish to rest, in our declining years, beneath the shades that watched over the gambols and frolics of youth, and for that peace of soul that crowns life's battle with laurels of celestial glory.

Moore's great soul was the repository of song and music characteristic of the race whence he sprang. "Music," says Davis, "is the first faculty of the Irish; and scarcely anything has such a power for good over them. The use of this faculty and this power, publicly and constantly,

to keep up their spirits, refine their tastes, warm their courage, increase their union, and renew their zeal, is the duty of every patriot." Well, indeed, did Moore execute his noble part when he gave to his native land that immortal tribute of his genius, "The Melodies."

No more beautiful or tender note was ever struck by a gifted songster than the tender, ethereal melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," which has acquired a world-wide reputation, and will live as long as men love the true and the beautiful.

As a sacred song writer, Moore has given to posterity a collection well worthy the crown of immortality. In his, "This World is all a Fleeting Show," there is an exhibition of a great soul well aware of its pilgrimage through this cold world, and detached from all things earthly soars aloft into the light air of heaven, where it feasts on the celestial delights of its true home.

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tear of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There is nothing true but heaven.

"And false the light on glory's plume
As fading hues of even!
And love and hope and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but heaven."

In his translations of Anacreon's Odes, Moore has displayed a thorough knowledge and easy familiarity with the harmonious tongue of ancient Greece. That he could appreciate the beauty of the Greek poet's soul, let us

quote from his translation of Ode XLV.

"See the young, the rosy spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep;
And mark the flitting seabirds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
Te flutter in a kinder sky."

This free and gracefully flowing translation exhales all the riches and gorgeousness that characterize the terrestrial paradise of Greece the "Vale of Temple," with its shady groves alive with the music of sweetest song birds, and in all the silvery brightness of many babbling streams, along whose mossy banks in the cool, fresh bowers of the forest at noontide the lovely forms of Grecian maids stroll along in their bright colored gowns, and pluck the gay wild flowers which they weave into garlands, and in imitation of the nymphs of old crown themselves queens of the rural gods.

Luscious as the juicy grapes that hang in purple clusters smiling in the sunshine that lights and fructifies the "Vale" are Moore's translations of Anacreon's Odes from I to the LXXXI.

Before closing our sketch, let us take a bird's-eye view of Moore's poem of poems "Lalla Rookh." On this luxurious product of his powerful imagination rests Moore's fame as a poet. For one that never traveled in the east, undoubtedly "Lalla Rookh" is something that commands the admiration of the world; and so truly has he pictured the gorgeous scenery and princely

customs of that bright land, that his poem has been translated into the Persian language, and is sung at all the great festivals of that nation. This alone is the best criticism of "Lalla Rookh."

The whole poem from beginning to end is so rich in thought, and so delicate and beautiful is the language that we may open the book where we will and quote without selection and feel assured we shall not be criticised by the most fastidious, or considered rude in our appreciation of the poetical by the most enthusiastic wooers of the muse. Thus convinced we quote from the "Light of the Harem," which brings the immortal oriental romance to a close:

"And with a wilderness of flowers:
It seemed as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scattered here.
The lake, too, like a garden breathes—

With the rich buds that o'er it lie—
As if a shower of fairy wreaths

Had fall'n upon it from the sky.
And then the sounds of joy—the beat
Of tabors and of dancing feet;
The minaret-cryer's chant of glee
Sung from its lighted gallery,
And answered by a ziraleet
From neighboring harem, wild and sweet.
The merry laughter echoing
From garden, where the silken swing
Wafts some delighted girl above
The top-leaves of the orange grove;
Or, from these infant groups at play
Among the tents that line the way,
Fling, unawed by slave or mother,
Handful of roses at each other!"

If "Tom" had been the "Feramorz" that sat by the fountain with Lalla Rookh, could he have brought sweeter strains from the vira, which he bor-

rowed from her little Persian slave to relate in song the story of the reconciliation of two lovers, the Sultana Zourmahal and the emperor?

We have come to the end of our sketch of Ireland's greatest poet, and, as Professor Wilson styles him, the sweetest song writer that ever warbled or chanted or sung. As long as there is a son or daughter of Erin to breathe on this earth, no matter in what clime warmed and cheered by the sunlight of heaven, the music of their own loved "Isle of the ocean," snatched from oblivion by Thomas Moore, shall be to their souls a balm of inexpressible delight, that shall soothe them in their lonely hours and raise their thoughts from cares of earth to bask in the sunshine of the muse's heavenly countenance.

A. H. W.

FAITH.

This stormy day my snow-clad hills,
Whose lofty grandeur feast my eyes,
Are hidden 'neath a bank of clouds,
And darkness all around them lies.

I do not fear my hills are gone;
I know they wait behind the cloud;
They wait for sunshine to return,
And gleam upon their misty shroud.

What though the hills of my desire
Are hidden deep in cloudy gloom;
My eyes should turn in perfect faith
To where in pride they used to loom.

And when ambition's star is hid,
Why should I mourn and cease to climb?
My hills are there behind the dark,
And clouds must break in God's own time.

If my life's path is wrapped in fog,
Why should I falter and show fear?
One step ahead I still can see,
And faith can see the end all clear.

The road will lead me to my home;
I need not see its winding way;
Each step I take will lead me on
To heights where dwell eternal day.

—W. R.

THE SCARLET LETTER.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the greatest American novelist, and a worthy rival of Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804. He was a contemporary of Longfellow, and graduated with him from Bowdoin College in the famous class of 1825. After this he resided for some time at Salem, where he began that literary career (by contributions to various magazines), which has made his name famous wherever the English language is spoken. He afterwards collected and published these sketches in book form, under the title of "Twice Told Tales." He also published several other volumes of sketches, which were warmly received by the reading public and favorably commented upon by the critics, but his fame rests principally upon three works, "The Marble Faun," "Mosses from an Old Manse," and "The Scarlet Letter."

The Scarlet Letter is perhaps his greatest novel and is adorned with all the brilliancy of the author's style. It is certainly one of the most powerfully written novels ever published in the English language. Hawthorne does not use his characters as mere mouth-

pieces through which to make eloquent declamations. They are living men and women with a personality of their own. In this respect he is in strong contrast to Lytton who never loses himself in his characters.

In his "Scarlet Letter" Hawthorne sins against good taste in the choice of a plot. A wife's faithlessness should not be made the subject of a popular writer unless it is to brand the crime with infamy. This I think the author fails to do. It is true he makes the criminals suffer and suffer fearfully, but at the same time he surrounds them with such a pathetic interest that they naturally elicit the sympathy of the reader.

Their remorse is the remorse of demons rather than of Christians, and is not accompanied by a purpose of amendment. On the contrary, they are ever seeking the means of repeating their crime, and would gladly escape to some place where they are unknown and openly violate the dictates of conscience. Wounded pride and self-esteem made them regret the discovery of their sin more than the sin itself, but they have not a semblance of Christian repentance. If our sympathy is to be enlisted for a criminal, he must be made to perform some suitable satisfaction, for neither God nor man can forgive an unrepentant sinner.

The plot of the story is briefly as follows: A certain young lady named Hester Prynne marries a man whom she does not love. He is passionately devoted to science, and spends several weeks together away from home,

searching for medicinal plants. During one of these excursions he is captured by a band of Indians, and by them detained as a prisoner for several years.

A little previous to this occurrence a certain minister named Arthur Dimmesdale came from England and took charge of the church at Salem. His great eloquence, the apparent purity and holiness of his life soon make him a general favorite with all classes. He meets Hester Prynne, who is one of his parishioners, and falls in love with her. Not knowing what had become of her husband, she permits herself to become the object of his affection. She was thus led into an immoral path, lost her innocence, and plunged into an abyss of sin. After the commission of his crime the minister continues to exhibit the same external piety, whilst inwardly he is consumed with shame and remorse.

Hester's guilt was soon discovered and in accordance with the custom of that time, she is branded, in public, with the letter "A." Dimmesdale had not the courage to openly avow his share in the crime and bear with her the public odium of the deed. Remorse and shame begin to tell on the mind and body of the minister, he at last confesses himself to be her paramour and dies almost immediately after the avowal.

Viewed in its true light the death of Dimmesdale is a frightful one. He is the fettered slave of his unruly passion to the very last and his manner of acknowledging his guilt is a tacit approval of it. We cannot discover the least sign of repentance and to all ap-

pearances he dies in the darkest despair.

Hawthorne is right in showing that unrestrained passion leads its devoted victim into the most shocking vices, but he violates good taste as well as morality when he seeks to excite the sympathy of his readers for such a character.

He undoubtedly handles the plot with a marvelous delicacy, but not all the embellishments of a brilliant style, nor all the skill of genius, can avoid stirring up foul odors when it touches forbidden subjects.

The novel is certainly not more objectionable than hundreds of others, and is indeed far less vulgar and dangerous than many that are daily read by young boys and girls. But a man of Hawthorne's genius is far less excusable than the average novel writer.

Hawthorne's style is pure, delicate, and highly finished. He easily holds the first place among American novelists, and may justly dispute the title of supremacy with any of the English novelists. Some one has said that "Hawthorne will be read and admired when Dickens and Thackeray are forgotten."

W. J. C.

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh—that is to say, over fear; fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of sickness, of isolation, and of death. There is no serious piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage. — *Henri Frederic Amiel*.

PRECOCITY NO SIGN OF SUCCESS.

There is an opinion prevalent among many that future greatness is manifested in youth. It is an opinion discouraging to many, who, had they not been made believe it, would, undoubtedly, have pursued earnestly and successfully their various studies. In my estimation this is one reason why "Full many a flower was born to blush unseen." That precocity cannot always be depended upon as an omen of a brilliant hereafter, is what this little article purports to show. It cannot be denied that noted men from earliest boyhood have shown many signs of their future greatness. But there have been those, too, who did not develop till later in life. And as the desert has its oasis, which the wearied and despairing traveler sees only after trials and struggles the most severe, so also some men have a bright career away off in the future which cannot be seen either in themselves or in their surroundings. But too often impatience and despondency overtake the unpromising youth.

Cognizant of the seemingly fruitless results of his efforts and of the rapid progress of his precocious companion, he is at times discouraged and reluctant to await the time when success will appear. This is what is to be mostly feared. But because the precocious youth makes much more progress and shines with greater luster than the dull boy, is that a surer sign of after brilliancy and must it be considered a reliable foundation upon which to build future success? Some

one has defined genius to be patience or the power to work. It implies energy, perseverance, steadfastness of purpose and indefatigable industry, for without these genius is but a flickering lamp. Youths possessing such worthy traits will in time move the world and become respected leaders; while too often precocious youth devoid of energy, fail entirely. In truth, early cleverness indicates, in no way whatsoever, the height the grown man will reach. Precocity is as much a sign of mental disease as of intellectual vigor. Hence, since hope belongs more to youth than to old age, the young should be given every encouragement. The blossoms of spring are no assurance of a fruitful harvest. History holds up so many noble examples of illustrious dunces who proved that their more precocious companions had not a more certain future before them that I deem it quite appropriate to mention a few.

When a boy, Cortona, the painter, was so stupid that he was called by his professor and classmates "ass's head." The great Newton was always lowest in his classes. It is related that one day one of the boys above him kicked him, on which the dunce challenged him to fight and whipped him. Having vanquished his antagonist with his fist, he determined to do likewise in the field of mental labor. Success crowned him, and he rose to the top of his class. Isaac Barrow, a noted divine, was such a dunce and so proverbial an idler that his father used to say that if it pleased God to take one of his children, he

hoped it would be Isaac, the least promising. Adam Clarke was called a "grievous dunce." It was only *speciali gratia* Dean Swift obtained a recommendation to Oxford. Dr. Chalmers was called by his professor an "incorrigible dunce." Even that brilliant orator, Sheridan, showed in his youth so little capacity that his teachers said, "Dunce he was and dunce he would remain." It was said of Chatterton that he was "a fool of whom nothing could be made." Bobby Burns, the pride of Scotland, was a dull boy. Goldsmith was a plant that flowered late. The world renowned Napoleon was not numbered among the "smarties" whilst at school. Lastly, the great St. Thomas was once called "a dumb ox." In the face of these examples, can it be said that the merely smart boy has a surer and straighter road to success than the persevering dull one? No. The least promising youth may become, in after years, a wonder. But it matters little whether we be dull or smart in our youth, if we do not work. Lacking energy and perseverance, we must hope in vain for success.

Never chide the dull boy who works manfully, for it is the effort, the struggle, the dutiful submission, that ought to be considered and rewarded. After all, the difference between "smarty" and the dunce is not so much talent as energy. A dunce with persistency and application will head off the cleverer fellow in whom these qualities are missing. We should be anxious, not about our slowness but about our diligence. Hence, youths who must for

the present remain at the bottom of the ladder should not become despondent. Even if your professor calls you blockhead, don't grow sour, for you may, if you but diligently try, be hereafter his superior in many respects. Though laughed at now, we may turn the laugh the other way, and look with pride on our unpromising youth when we did our best. And if we but do our best (how few of us do) we will show the precocious youth that his bright qualities are not more certain than our yet unseen but carefully trained ones. Not only this shall we prove, but also that trite saying which should be the motto of every youth, "Where there's a will there's a way."

J. O'D.

PERSONALS.

—Mr. A. Hansl, U. S. Bank Examiner, visited his son Proctor, at the college recently.

—Very Rev. Dean Beaudoin, C.S.V., entertained many of the visiting clergy, March 29, at his hospitable board.

—Rev. T. P. Hodnett, the eloquent and accomplished pastor of St. Malichi's Church, Chicago, and who spoke at St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee, March 17, paid the college a visit while in this vicinity.

—Master M. Crowley was called home on account of the serious illness of his brother, who died a few days later. We offer our sincere sympathy to the afflicted family.

—Messrs. Anderson and Murphy of Ravenswood, Chicago, were among the many welcome guests of the month.

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., will deliver several sermons on the Passion at the St. James' Church, Chicago, during Holy Week.

—Rev. Mother Matilda, for seven years the superioress of the sisters in charge of the college, has been transferred to the Emergency Hospital at Kankakee. We wish the good sister a very successful career in her new undertaking.

THE VIATORIAN extends its sympathies to Mr. Jos. Lesage, whose wife died recently in this village. She was the mother of Rev. Jos. Lesage, pastor of St. Joseph's church, Brighton Park, Chicago; Dr. Philip Lesage, of Joliet, Ill., and Arthur, now pursuing a medical course in Chicago. May she rest in peace.

—The following letter will explain itself. The sonnet referred to will be found on another page.—EDS.

SHERBORN, MASS., March 4, 1897.

To Rev. Fr. Marsile, President St. Viateur's College:

Many thanks for the reproduction of my sonnets in THE VIATORIAN in such beautiful fashion. The holiday numbers of your little magazine were tastefully gotten out, and a credit to St. Viateur's. Last week, "The Soul's Withdrawal" came to me, copied in one of the largest literary papers of New England. I think it must please. I enclose a sonnet, which appeared some years ago in a volume issued in Portland, a collection of local verse. You may like it for Easter. With best respects,

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

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EDITORIAL.

The joyous season of Easter is again with us. Its return brings the beauties of spring, the carols of melodious songsters, the beauteous sweetness of the first violet, and all the grandeur of verdant fields and balmy breezes. All this is nature's awakening—her resurrection from the bondage of winter's death. The gloom of decay is no more, and life and beauty, new born, shine abroad with redoubled sweetness under heaven's azure skies. What a type of the heavenly upraising of the world's Savior! How easy we find it is to give credence to the apostle's story! What a consolation to feel that after the death of this life of decay there shall be for all a glorious renewal, not as the blossoms of spring, that having lived their ephemeral existence shall die in the very hour of their beauty; but a blossoming into the very fullness of perfection, that shall be grander in the fruit than in the bud, and which shall be an advancing to a glory time can not affect, but one

that needs all the days of eternity for its entire development.

THE VIATORIAN extends to all its readers its best wishes for the fullest participation in the joys of this first and greatest of Christian feasts.

THAT EUROPEAN TROUBLE.

The eyes of the world are today turned toward Crete. It well merits the attention it receives. In this age of civilization, it is humiliating to witness such cruel oppression as that which the brave Cretans have undergone. What have they done to deserve such cruel punishment? Nothing more than to defend their rights, their country, and their God. Because they would not submit to Turkish misrule they have been treated as if they were not men. Greece, with a steadfastness of purpose, the patriotism of Marathon and Thermopylæ still burning brightly in her bosom, has undertaken to assist her wronged brethren, and compel Turkey to cry "halt" to her nefarious proceedings. Greece was patient, she waited for some stronger power to interfere in this sacred cause of humanity. Not one offered its aid, and as a last resort Greece came forth boldly and defiantly. Then six great powers of Europe told Greece she should remain quiet. Greece has refused to comply with the request of allied Europe. The result was the blockade of Crete. No fair-minded man can consistently uphold the powers, whilst authorities such as Wharton, Gladstone, and Bismark sup-

port her. Greece may be an inferior nation, but though small, her heroic attitude in taking up this sacred cause of freedom and Christianity will ever be remembered. Today the European concert is breaking up. England has withdrawn and it is hardly possible that the other nations will have the courage to push the cause farther.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS.
"OLIVER OPTIC."

On Saturday, March 28, there died in Boston, Mass., a character unique in the field of literature. Without any pretensions to literary merit, he was one of the most prolific of writers. There are credited to him over one thousand serials, and more than a hundred books. This famous man was William T. Adams, commonly known as "Oliver Optic."

He was born in Medway, Mass., July 30, 1822. Some sixteen years afterwards his parents removed to Roxbury, then a suburb of Boston. His first story appeared in 1850, though he had written many short stories before that time. In 1843 he was chosen principal of the Harvard school in Boston, and was associated with that school for more than twenty years. A lover of youth, he took great interest in all their games, studied their tastes and aspirations, and this in a great measure may account for his becoming a writer of stories for boys. It is remarkable that all his books are for boys only—or at least, are not interesting to girls.

Filled with stories of the sea and all the adventures that such a life implies, these books were eagerly sought and devoured by the boys of two, perhaps three, generations, and today are as attractive to youth as at any period of their existence.

The manner of expression in these works—it can hardly be dignified as style—is clear, and the facts related are thoroughly reliable. Mr. Adams had made himself familiar with the sea and all the technicalities of ships and sailing. He also became well informed of the interesting features of the countries of which he wrote, being an extensive traveler and a linguist of no mean ability.

His books, owing to the lively spirit of their contents, became a sort of scandal to the staid matrons of Boston, but time sustained these works, and they marked a new era in juvenile reading.

His first published work was "Hatchie, the Guardian Slave," and was followed by "Indoor and Out," a collection of stories. The "Riverdale Series" was completed in 1862. His other works, principally in series, include "The Boat Club," "Woodville," "Young America Abroad," "Starry Flag," "Onward and Upward," "Yacht Club," and "Great Western."

From 1858 until 1866 he was editor of *Student and Schoolmate*, a monthly magazine for boys and girls, and from 1867 until recently he edited *Oliver Optic's Magazine for Boys and Girls*.

"Oliver Optic," his *nom de plume*, was suggested by a character on the stage, "Dr. Optic," and many will

know him by this name that care little for his real one.

Adams was a sort of literary automaton. He wrote without any effort and with a full appreciation of his little claim to literary excellence. Socially he was the kindest of men, and those who knew him personally found in him a pleasant and kindly-hearted gentleman. His popularity was unbounded. He served in several official capacities and in all maintained his firm hold on the public good will.

It will be difficult to estimate correctly the results of Mr. Adams's works. His stories are as a whole good healthy reading, and if they impart no high moral lesson they may be said to inculcate no dangerous one. If he has left no work that will survive from its own inherent excellence he has started others on the way who may do better, though prompted by no higher motive. He was the first to realize the needs of the young people and to seek to supply them. Many others have since followed in his wake, many with no better claim to worth; only the few have succeeded in producing juvenile literature of classic merit.

It is a cheerless hour for you both, when the lamp of love has gone out, and the fire of affection is not yet lit, and you have to grope about in the cold, raw dawn of life to kindle it. God grant it catches light before the day is too far spent. Many sit shivering by the dead coals till night comes.—
Jerome K. Jerome.

THE MAGAZINES.

“St. Thomas and the Beautiful in Art:”—“All true morality must have its foundation in truth; not in truth derived from merely material facts, but in truth which has its term in the source of all morality—God. A thorough acquaintance with natural phenomena, as such, will never make a man virtuous. Let the knowledge of nature be never so great, and of the different laws which govern the universe, man will find it difficult from the study of these to become virtuous, and so much the more if he takes an absolute view and considers things without any relation whatever to the Creator. The artist, then, if he is to perform his duties rightly, must be well grounded in moral principles; and if he is to clothe Catholic dogma with beauty, he must be conversant with theology. St. Thomas, therefore, when he reduced Catholic doctrine to unity, in his immortal ‘Summa,’ explaining and illustrating it, made good art possible. He lays down the principles for the formation of morals, and unfolds to the human mind the luminous doctrines of the church. He proves the existence of God, and, aided by reason and revelation, explains the different attributes of the Divinity. He treats of the angels and man. The nature of man, the laws which govern his being, and all the passions which these laws are to bridle and subjugate are discussed. The last end of man and the means by which he is to attain thereto are considered, and thus in the ‘Summa’ we can pass around that

golden circle which begins and ends in God. St. Thomas lays down not only the principles on which moral character is based, but also rules for art itself. He explains the beautiful, with great keenness of perception foresaw those three branches into which art was ultimately divided."—*Rev. M. M. O'Kane, O.P., in Rosary Magazine.*

"*The Franciscans in the United States:*"—"The Franciscans were the first apostles of the New World, not only in the parts colonized by the Spaniards, but also in those regions along the Atlantic coast discovered by Cabot under the auspices of England, after the so-called Reformation, and, although one not infrequently hears the United States spoken of by Protestants as a Protestant country, and as having been first settled by the Puritans, yet all impartial historians give priority to the True Faith, and the honor of having been its first apostles to the Sons of St. Francis. Bancroft has recorded how the Franciscan Father Joseph Le Caron, 'years before the Pilgrims anchored within Cape Cod, had penetrated the land of the Mohawk, had passed to the north into the hunting grounds of the Wyandotts, and, bound by his vows to the life of a beggar, had, on foot or paddling a bark canoe, gone onward, and still onward, taking alms of the savages, till he reached the rivers of Lake Huron.' The same great historian mentions the Franciscans as the first missionaries ever north of the Potomac, as they had been the first south of it. So, again when De Soto discovered the

Mississippi, there was with him the Franciscan friar John de Torres."—*Martin McGillicuddy, in Donahue's Magazine.*

"*Mr. Cleveland as President:*"—"We need not pretend to know what history shall say of Mr. Cleveland; we need not pretend that we can draw any common judgment of the man from the confused cries that now ring everywhere from friend and foe. We know only that he has played a great part; that his greatness is authenticated by the passion of love and of hatred he has stirred up; that no such great personality has appeared in our politics since Lincoln; and that, whether greater or less, his personality is his own, unique in all the varied history of our government. He has made policies and altered parties after the fashion of an earlier age in our history, and the men who assess his fame in the future will be no partisans, but men who love candor, courage, honesty, strength, unshaken capacity, and high purpose such as his."—*Woodrow Wilson in the Atlantic Monthly.*

EXCHANGES.

The Olio states that the following unpublished lines were written by the poet Whittier as an expression of thanks to a friend who presented him with a jar of butter.

"Words butter no parsnips the old adage says,
And to fill up the trencher is better than praise,

So trust me, dear friend, that while eating
thy butter,
The thanks that I feel are far more than I
utter.

"Kind Providence grant thee a life without
ills,
May the cows never dry that feed on Pond
Hills,
May the cream never fail in thy cellar so
cold,
Nor thy hands lose its cunning to change
it to gold.

"Thrice welcome to him who, unblest with
a wife,
Sits and bungles alone at ripped seams of
life,
Is the womanly kindness which pities his
fate,
And sews on his buttons or fills up his
plate."

The February number of the *Tiltonian* is far below its usual standard. It contains hardly an article which can claim any literary merit, while its pages are filled with locals and personals of no interest to any one outside its own institution. The college paper ought to be a reflection of college life—not only the social but also the literary life of the institution which it represents. In the words of George Eliot, "Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact."

We sincerely regret that *The St. Joseph's Collegian* and some other exchanges were obliged to complain that last month's VIATORIAN failed to reach them on time. The delay, which was more accidental than intentional, was caused by an oversight on the part of the printer, and we trust our friends

will have no further reason for complaint.

The St. James School Journal has changed its form, and we congratulate its publishers upon the attractiveness of their excellent paper. *The Journal* is always worthy of careful reading, and is superior to many exponents of colleges.

There are now ten college daily papers in the United States. These are at Harvard, Yale, University of Pennsylvania, University of Wisconsin, Cornell, Princeton, University of Michigan, Brown, Leland Stanford University, Tulane University (New Orleans).

The Abbey Student is always a welcome guest. In fact, we consider it among the very best of our exchanges. It is particularly commendable for the originality of thought and beauty of expression displayed in all its literary efforts.

It has become a common practice of a few college papers to insert in their columns articles taken from their exchanges, without giving credit to the paper from which they were clipped. For example, *The Wisconsin Times* of March 18 filled nearly three columns with "The Vision of Sir Launfal," copied *verbatim* from THE VIATORIAN. If *The Times* considered the article worthy of reproduction, it is only just that it should receive more credit than a mere "Ex." tacked to the end of it.

We have received the following journals, and many of them contain arti-

cles which are both interesting and instructive, but lack of space prevents us from giving them the notice which they deserve: *The Dial*, *Center College Cento*, *The College Days*, *The Cadet*, *The Philosophian Review*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Macalester Echo*, *The M. H. Aerolith*, *Santa Maria*, *The Sunbeam*, *Pittsburg High School Journal*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *The Seaside Torch*, *The Musical Record*, *The Argosy*, *The Normal Monitor*, *St. Joseph's Collegian*, *The Mountaineer*, and *The Georgetown College Journal*.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

There is no day in the scholastic year that is hailed with greater delight by the students than the feast day of the glorious apostle and patron of Ireland, St. Patrick.

To those students whose happiness it was to first see the light in the land where the beautiful shamrock blows the festival is of special interest, recalling, as it does, pleasant images of distant but loving parents and friends, mingling with them fond recollections of past joys and happy boyhood days spent among the green hills of Old Erin, and lightening by their sweet memories the sorrows and difficulties met with in this the far-off land of their adoption.

This year the feast was fittingly celebrated by an elaborate entertainment, religious services, and military exhibitions.

St. Patrick's eve in the college hall a large crowd from Kankakee and

Bourbonnais were entertained by two plays put on the boards by the "Thespians." The first was a tragedy entitled, "Thomas á Becket" and the other a two act farce comedy called "Vacation."

The following is the cast of characters—Tennyson's Becket:

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| Thomas á Becket, <i>Archbishop of Canterbury</i> , | J. H. Nawn. |
| Gilbert Folliat, <i>Archbishop of London</i> , | L. Mullins. |
| Roger, <i>of York</i> , | W. P. Burke. |
| John, <i>of Oxford</i> , | W. J. Burke. |
| Herbert, <i>a Monk</i> , | C. J. Quille. |
| Philip, <i>a Messenger of the Pope</i> , | J. O'Dwyer. |
| Charles, <i>Youngest of the Templars</i> , | P. Hansl. |
| Richard, <i>Oldest of the Templars</i> , | J. St. Cerny. |
| Soldier, | W. Hunt. |

In the comedy cast were:

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| Mr. Pemberton, <i>president of bank</i> , | J. St. Cerny. |
| Herbert Wells, <i>formerly his cashier</i> , | J. O'Dwyer. |
| Dunbar, <i>at present cashier</i> , | L. Mullins. |
| Jack, <i>a newspaper man</i> , | J. H. Nawn. |
| Obediah Siggins, <i>a farmer</i> , | P. Daniher. |
| Young Obediah, <i>his son</i> , | F. Milholland. |
| Dennis Clancy, <i>an all around man</i> , | T. Cahill. |
| Toots, <i>a negro</i> , | W. Rooney. |
| Raggles, <i>a tramp</i> , | C. J. Quille. |
| Broyton, <i>a dude</i> , | P. Hansl. |

Act I, a camp in the woods.

Act II, same in the evening.

The rendition of both plays was exceptionally fine, and reflected great credit on the instructor, Mr. Nawn. Individually the Thespians did themselves great honor. Mr. Nawn, in particular, as Thomas á Becket, surpassed his usually fine impersonation,

his death scene was perfect and elicited great applause from the audience.

In the comedy, L. Mullins as the villian acquitted himself very well of his heavy task. P. Daniher's representation of a farmer was the best ever witnessed on the college stage. T. Cahill's portrayal of the pugnacious character of Dennis Clancy was very laughable. P. Hansl acted the difficult part of the dude in an excellent manner, and his numerous encounters with Obediah Siggins were sources of great amusement to the audience. W. Rooney as the black-faced comedian, made his debut before a college audience and created a very favorable impression. C. J. Quille as Raggles, the tramp, showed himself to be a splendid interpreter of the character. His actions, dress, and manner of speaking were genuine "Weary Willie" style. Between acts the college orchestra rendered in an artistic manner the Irish melodies, and the sweet music enkindled in all hearts a fervor that was manifested by prolonged applause.

The celebration proper began next morning, with a solemn high mass in the college chapel. Rev. T. J. McCormick was celebrant, Rev. J. F. Ryan, deacon; Mr. M. P. Sammon, sub-deacon, and Bro. Bergin master of ceremonies. Rev. P. Griffy, of Cullom, Ill., preached a very masterly sermon on "St. Patrick and his Relations to the Irish Race."

The reverend speaker first portrayed in beautiful language the life of the Irish apostle. He then reviewed the history of Ireland, showing the state

of darkness and paganism in which, before St. Patrick's advent among them, the people had lived, and how St. Patrick as a vessel of election had brought the whole nation from this darkness to the light of faith, which after fourteen centuries has never been extinguished, and which today is transmitted to us as entire and unchanged as when our ancestors first received it on the hills of Tara. He gave a graphic description of Ireland's sufferings for her holy faith, and how she alone of all the nations remained faithful to her trust, retaining her sacred deposit in all its purity, sending forth her sons to the four quarters of the globe to propagate the glorious creed planted by St. Patrick, while at home she fostered learning and piety to such an extent that she justly merited the title of "Isle of Saints and of Doctors."

When the reverend preacher concluded, the sacredness of the chapel alone prevented outbursts of applause. After mass the students gathered in the college hall, and by music and songs passed the morning hours. At 12 o'clock the bell announced that dinner was waiting, and all assembled in the large refectory, where a sumptuous feast had been prepared.

After all had regaled themselves Father Marsile arose, and, having welcomed the visitors, spoke briefly on the character of the day, saying that is specially one of rejoicing for him, since he always partook of the joys of the students, and experienced gladness in their rejoicing. He referred in a very affecting manner to the relations

always existing in the college between Ireland's children and those of sunny France, and in conclusion he gratefully acknowledged that the high standard acquired by St. Viateur's in educational circles was the grand result of the harmonious union of the sons from the lands of the shamrock and lily.

In the afternoon there were fancy gun and sword drills by the Ford Exhibition Squad and the Columbian Guards. The drill of the college battalion was particularly interesting, and as the boys marched and counter-marched around the hall they presented a very martial appearance.

In the evening the students presented a very appropriate impromptu program consisting of the following numbers:

Recitation, "Lasca"—P. Hansl.

Song, "Nancy Lee"—Bro. Raymond.

Irish jigs and reels—Devane and Brennan.

Recitation, "Shamus O'Brien"—R. Danier.

Songs, "Tara's Hall," "The Dear Little Shamrock"—M. Dermody.

Recitation, "The Old Sergeant's Story"—C. J. Quille.

Recitation, "Emmet's Vindication"—J. H. Nawn.

Song, "The Minstrel Boy"—J. H. Nawn.

Song, "The Blow Almost Killed Father"—T. Cahill.

At the close of the program, the beautiful gold watch raffled for the benefit of the Athletic association was drawn by Luke Mullins, of Bloomington, Ill.

This closed St. Patrick's Day, "97," and the pleasant recollections spent and the associations of the day will long be entwined in the memory of those who witnessed or participated

in the celebration. Owing to the inclement weather, the visitors were not as numerous as in former years.

Among those present were J. Murphy, Chebanse, Ill.; James Sammon, Bloomington, Ill.; Master D. O'Dwyer, Merna, Ill.; Mr. Quille, of Chicago; Louis Krueder, W. Doody, D. Carroll, G. Maloney, also of Chicago; Rev. Fathers Mainville, of Papineau, Ill.; Kelly, of Gilman, Ill., and Griffy, of Cullom; the Misses Quille, of Chicago; Miss Mullin, of Bloomington, Ill.; Miss O'Dwyer, of Merna, Ill., and Mrs. Kreuger, of Chicago, Ill. M. P. S.

VIATORIANA.

—Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., president of the faculty, assisted at the dedication of the new hospital in Kankakee on Sunday, March 28. He delivered the principal address on that occasion.

—Our two squads are doing well. On a recent occasion the seniors with their guns and the minims with their swords gave a military exhibition; yes, a *military* exhibition worthy of the old-timers.

—Jackson has had a dream, so he says, in which there appeared to him a blackboard, on which was written the words, "Thy mission is three-fold; chicken-cooper, minstrel, and smoke engineer."

—The first table in the refectory has "Ireland" for breakfast, "arguments" for dinner, and the "evergreen" for supper.