

# THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

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NO. 3.

## ECSTASY.

As no light can the sun supplant,  
Whose beams rear life, whose rays enchant,  
So naught with bliss can fill our soul  
As God's sweet love, man's final goal.

When God's love glows, the nobler part—  
The higher instincts of man's heart,  
Grow, expand, and yield such fruit  
As God's own eyes may fairly suit.

Degrading pleasures man then deems  
As slough or filth which beseems  
Not man, but brutes to wallow in  
And sport, and live, and rot therein.

For then man's soul, with eagle flight,  
Soars high, and roams as stars by night  
In heaven's spheres, with Paul to see  
God's ravishing face—in ecstasy.

Oct. 1894.

A. F., '90, REV.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Grim Death, once more, has overshadowed the land. He has intruded his melancholy form, eclipsed a brilliant intellect, and deprived us of its light so long imparted to us by the clear, sparkling mind of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Born eighty-five years ago in the new republic which he loved so well, Dr. Holmes has, during his long, active life, not only endeared himself to Americans, but has always labored to uplift humanity physically and intellectually. During his reign upon earth he, for a long time, filled the

offices of teacher, physician, and writer. With that trident in hand he launched forth on the sea of humanity, struck with unerring blows at the sufferings of our race, and nobly strove to shake from their foundations the evils with which we are burdened. He is chiefly known to the world, however, as a writer of prose and poetry.

Holmes's life seems to have been a continual practice of that tenet of Longfellow, "Act, act in the living present." Ever since he acquired sufficient reason to understand the use of the pen, he was employed in diffusing knowledge, unless when busied about his bread-winning vocations. Not being urged to write for a livelihood, it seems reasonable then to inquire into his motives in composing. Did he write to instruct or to acquire fame? Was he actuated by inferior or by lofty intentions? A perusal of his works solves the query and satiates our curiosity. His own words upon the subject should suffice: "Many things that I have said in my riper days have been aching in my soul since I was a boy. \* \* I have struck a good many chords, first and last, in the consciousness of other people. \* \* I don't despise reputation, and I should like to be remembered as having said something worth lasting well enough to last." Some may see



in this a semblance of the egotist, but we prefer to look upon it as a certificate of recommendation. Knowing the value of the article which he encased, he seems merely to have put on this label that we might handle with judgment. Reputation, then, was only a secondary matter, and his tender regard for it only bespeaks his consciousness of having written something genuine. Another Shelly, he wrote in spite of himself; in the midst of an active life his genius was still more active. The yearning of his soul was, in great part, to be satiated by the expression of his thoughts; the throbs and aching of his heart found vent only from the tip of his pen.

This fertile imagination manifested itself in early life, but its finer qualities became known in the age of manhood. The prose volumes of this author show his abilities in most perfection. The Breakfast Table series, and especially the "Autocrat," is a work of rare merit. Written in a style characteristically American, it is needless to add that this work is replete with genius and true worth. His thoughts are here presented in a manner so original, and with an ease so natural, as to win for the author a high standing in literature. Teeming with humor, life, and feeling, and beautifully adorned with poetry, the "Autocrat" may be said to usher us into the interior chambers of its author's life and thoughts; it manifests to us the scope of his gayety, acuteness, judgment, learning, morality, and human sympathy. In short, it is

a comprehensive view of the abilities and character of the man.

So many different phases of life are here portrayed and such a variety of characters introduced, that he seems, like the varying winds, to shift in all directions, and to pass through all degrees of life along the horizon of humanity; sometimes with the strength and force of Boreas he stimulates to manly action and enlivens lassitude; again with the warmth of Auster he comforts the afflicted and desolate; anon he cuts and satirizes like old rheumatic Eurys; and not seldom does he fan us with the playfulness and hope of sweet Zephyrus. For restlessness of fancy and variety of topics he may also be likened to a bee which, without any defined course, briskly buzzes onward in quest of its favorite flower, and humming, hurries off with its load of gathered honey. Holmes spurns from him all that savors of the smutty, sensational, or trashy; but let him light upon something lofty and he becomes so enthusiastic as to compensate for his difficulty in finding it. When treating of customs, hominal events or life, he is fairly at home; and even in his turns of humor he tries to inculcate a lesson as when, in writing of punning, he says: "Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and verbicide are alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as man's laughter, which is the end of the other. A pun is *prima facie* an insult to the person you are talking with." The quotation of another such piece may be



pardonable, as quotations usually are: "Whenever the wandering demon of drunkenness finds a ship adrift,—no steady wind in its sails, no thoughtful pilot directing its course,—he steps on board, takes the helm, and steers straight for the maelstrom."

Although most noted as a prose writer, yet his poetical attempts are alone sufficient to recommend him. Many of his poems are woven into his prose so as to form with it one whole. His best pieces are, no doubt, the Chambered Nautilus, the Living Temple, the Promise, the Last Leaf, and Old Ironsides. The two former of these have an expression of feeling and beauty of imagination rarely surpassed.

In the Chambered Nautilus and the Living Temple it is evident that he has drawn from his knowledge of surgery and anatomy. In the one his imagination works upon so small an object as the Pearly Nautilus, and follows it up in its minutest operations and details; from the fabulous tendency of that marine being to navigate and the consequent disaster, he draws a lesson of great moral worth. Having related the manner of its ruin he sentimentally continues:

"Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl'  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell  
Where its dim, dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil

That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew  
the old no more."

With all the knowledge of a naturalist he here implies the entire operations of his subject, and with admirable versatility he sees in it throughout the picture of an erring soul, lured to destruction by the transitory pleasures and caprices of life. He once said that when he smiled or when he laughed he thought it natural that other people should do likewise. Truly, he fetched a sigh from many a heart, and more than one eye did he fill with tears by his poetical treatment of so simple a thing as the Nautilus. With a tender feeling which inculcates morality and stimulates to noble action, he concludes:

"Thanks for the heavenly message brought  
by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear  
a voice that sings:—  
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll;  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-  
resting sea."

To say the least, the pathos and



sensitive touch, permeating this piece, is magnetizing.

In the Living Temple, as we have said, the man of physic and surgery is likewise displayed. In examining the eternal wisdom found in the human framework, he finds that—

“The smooth, soft air, with pulse-like waves,  
Flows, murmuring, through its hidden caves,  
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,  
Fired with a new and livelier blush,  
While all their burden of decay  
The ebbing current steals away,  
And, red with Nature’s flame they start  
From the warm fountains of the heart.”

There is evidently a duplex shade of calibre shown in these extracts, and it may not be too much to suppose that they mutually assisted each other.

As a poet of spirit and zest, anyone who reads “Old Ironsides” will be convinced of his excellence. This poem, although written on the spur of a moment, half a century ago, will bear rehearsal to this day. So pointed was this piece, and so calculated to the purpose, that it checked the design of those who had resolved upon the breaking up of the frigate Constitution, or “Old Ironsides,” as it was called on account of its record in the Mediterranean in 1803.

“O, better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!”

In gracefulness and wisdom the “Last Leaf” is executed. Give our

author, as usual, but a starting point, something of nature to work upon, however inconsiderate it may be, and, with the adroitness of an expert, he will so labor upon it and build it up as to well nigh change it into a thing of perfection. An old man, once hale and robust, is, like a leaf, doomed to wither away under his load of years. Before being cut down by the pruning knife of Time, there was no better man to be found.

“But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets,  
Sad and wan.  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
‘They are gone.’”

The “Last Leaf” would indeed, if it were possible, win our last token of admiration for the genius of him who wrote it.

Holmes was not, like too many of his caste, a radical either in political or religious principles. Born and raised in the midst of a deep seated prejudice he, like another Gladstone, liberalized the native views of his neighbors; and as Manning established a new era in the religious opinions of Englishmen, so did Holmes dispel the mists of New England narrow-mindedness. He was in all respects a whig, if such distinction may be allowed in speaking of a true American.

How could a man of such fair-minded principles fail to see the beauty of Catholicism? He had the knack, so serviceable to its favored possessors, of estimating things at their real value. We must not, therefore, be surprised to find occasionally



that he extols the beauties of Catholicity. "So far," says he, "as I have observed persons nearing the end of life, the Roman Catholics understand the business of dying better than Protestants. \* \* I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their dying beds, and it always appeared to me that they accepted the inevitable with a composure which showed their belief, whether or not the best to live by, was a better one to die by, than most of the harder creeds which have replaced it." He started in life with Calvinistic principles which were, no doubt, crowded upon his young mind in all their entirety; but after a long experience in life, combined with clear and solid thinking, it can hardly be said that he was deceived; candor and love of truth forced him into the admission which he made.

What a pity that his life could not be prolonged, or that his thoughts were not matured in early life! There is no saying what he might then have accomplished. His works have gained such merit that a copy of them should be found with every student of literature; and every lover of the stars and stripes should prize this native talent.

The scheme of Holmes's works is in keeping with the spirit of the age. He drew most of his material from life and experience; a supernatural thought is occasionally interwoven, and the whole is arranged according to a method and style well calculated to please. Possessing an originality peculiarly his own, and expressing his ideas with singular ease and firmness, his composition seems to be durable,

its "features full of life, nor soon to suffer change." Physician, as he was, he not only could prescribe for a dilapidated frame, but he had the less common tact of reviving a superannuated thought. By the magic touch of his wand he could vivify a skeleton, and with the sparkling of his lively imagery send the life of youth and beauty thrilling through its decrepitude. Like the philosopher's stone he seems to have had the mysterious power of changing to gold whatever he touched. He was witty, but only after being sensible; as he intimates, he does not wish to be laughed at, although he often evokes a smile. Knowing full well that only a small part of comedy can enter into the great drama of life, he says: "If I were giving advice to a young fellow of talent, with two or three facets to his mind, I would tell him by all means to keep his wit in the back ground until after he had made a reputation by his more solid qualities. \* \* \* The majority of people look upon all who challenge their attention—for a while, at least—as beggars and nuisances. They always try to get off as cheaply as they can; and the cheapest of all things they can give a literary man \* \* \* is the funny-bone." Holmes seems to have modeled his thoughts so accurately according to this principle that little can be said to the contrary; that is, he first managed to have something worth saying, and then he enlivened it with humor. Without being stoical he was sentimental and he was amusing without being ridiculous. Judiciously flavoring the strength of feeling



with a dainty pleasantry, he seems to have nicely struck the golden mean and to have manifested to best advantage the two most prominent facets of his own mind.

But a great literary void is felt; the first generation of American writers have all passed into eternity. Holmes, the "Last Leaf" of the tree, has followed the others to be engrafted, let us hope, to the tree of perpetual life. It must at least be said of him that he endeavored to make this world better for whoever may fill his vacancy. Whilst we are still in the flesh, fighting the battle of life, let us frequently look aloft to the great minds that have preceded us, and try and be consoled by the hope that our separation from them may not be forever. The memory of Holmes truly deserves to be perpetuated.

E. H.

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#### ST. CECILIA AND ST. CATHERINE.

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History, both sacred and profane, points to the names of women whose talents have won for them the admiration of all time. They have excelled in letters and art, and even as rulers and warriors. But particularly are they distinguished in those arts which give grace and loveliness to life. We wish to speak of two, St. Cecilia and St. Catherine, who were the most gifted women of their time and are mentioned in the calendar of the Church as two of her most distinguished virgins and martyrs.

On the 22nd of November we cele-

brate the feast of St. Cecilia. She was born in Rome in the beginning of the third century, and belonged to an illustrious Roman family. Her exquisite talents were carefully cultivated and she early learned the divine truths of Christianity. The fame of her beauty and accomplishments was known to all the courts, and her hand was sought by the richest and most honored men. But, by a vow in her youth, she had consecrated her virginity to God; yet her parents, who were not Christians, prevailed upon her to marry, and had chosen for her spouse, Valerian, a young man of noble rank. During the marriage ceremony she renewed her vow; as is sung in her antiphon: "Pure be my heart and undefiled my flesh; for I have a Lover you know not of—an angel of my Lord." Valerian, moved by her ardent faith, was converted on the day of his wedding, and Cecilia soon gained to the faith his brother, Tiburtius. A few days later the men sealed their faith in blood, being beheaded for their religion. Not long after Cecilia was brought before the Roman prefect who wished her to renounce the Christian religion. "Do you know," she answered to his entreaties and threats, "that I am the bride of my Lord?" Like the three young men of the Jews at Babylon, when they refused to adore the idol of the king, Cecilia was sentenced to be suffocated in a heated cell; but a miracle saved her from harm. Finally she bowed her head to the sword. The executioner struck with trembling hand the three blows which the law allowed, imperfectly doing his



work, leaving her bathed in blood but still alive. For two days she lay on the ground conscious of her surroundings and teaching by her fortitude the hallowed lesson of rejoicing in sacrifice for the love of God. On the third day the angel of death came, bearing the crown of martyrdom. Whatever may be the number of gems added to her crown in heaven, we cannot but think of them all as only so many rays of greater glory reflected from her pure life on earth.

The daily practice of St. Cecilia was to sing the divine praises, and she joined her voice with instrumental music. She sang with the voice of the heart; her music was so elevated, so heavenly in words and sweet in melody, that she was justly styled the "Queen of Song." The Church honors her as the patroness of sacred music. Music was always cultivated by both the ancient Jewish and Christian church as a means of elevating the soul to God. By this art we join with the heavenly band in their uninterrupted songs of adoration and praise. As St. Austin says, "It is useful in moving piously the mind and kindling affections of divine love." No art has greater power to excite the passions and none is more refined or generally loved.

"Opheus could lead the savage race;  
And trees uprooted lift their place,  
Sequacious of the lyre.  
But bright Cecilia raised their wonder  
higher,  
When to her organ vocal breath was  
given,  
An angel heard and straight appeared,  
Mistaking earth for heaven."

Three days after the feast of St. Cecilia we celebrate that of St. Catherine, who lived in the third century. She sprung from a royal family, and was renowned as being the richest and most noble lady of Alevandria, and likewise for her uncommon erudition. It is related that a company of the ablest heathen philosophers had been sent to enter into a disputation with her on matters of religion. She not only refuted all their assertions, but also converted them to the faith, and for professing it they were put to death. She preferred her virtue and chastity to all worldly advantages, and for them sacrificed her fortune and afterwards suffered martyrdom. In the eighth century the Christians, when suffering the ravages of the Saracens, found her body in Egypt. It was translated to a rich and beautiful chapel built for its repository at the great monastery on the top of Mount Sinai. Like Cecilia, St. Catherine was one of the most talented women, and she sanctified her deep learning by an extraordinary piety. She is honored in Catholic schools as the patroness of Christian philosophers.

Learning is, after virtue, the most noble ornament, and therefore the talents should be employed in such a manner that, by industry, they may be raised to that degree of perfection of which they are capable. The talents of different persons are not all equally adapted to the same study, but, as there are numberless landscapes of equal sweetness, and numberless forms and faces of equal



beauty, so there are many studies of equal merit. Whatever branch the taste directs should be pursued with special interest, whether it be to adorn the mind with the fairness and power of art or to seek in those deeper studies the beautiful universe hidden away in the fountain of wisdom. Then as St. Cecilia and St. Catherine shall we acquire an "ornament of grace." What noble examples of the Christian woman are found in these two virgins, who, to astonishing skill in the most beautiful of gifts, joined such an admirable virtue. What an example to the frivolous girl of the period, so vain of a few superficial accomplishments, so indifferent to real culture of the mind. True learning, real devotion to any of the muses, is a proof against the allurements of a wicked world and brings happiness, a supreme contentment, besides enabling one to do an unlimited amount of good. J. T. H.

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#### THE NOVEL OF TODAY.

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Every age of civilization is distinguished in the field of letters by the attention given to a particular branch of literature. The passion of the public for the drama in the Elizabethan era, found its fullest and grandest expression in the immortal Shakespeare. The essay held the highest place in the eighteenth century, and in this age of enlightenment we have the novel. It is, "as Prof. Egan says," the literary expression of our century.

We have different kinds of novels, —the social, as in Thackeray's "Van-

ity Fair." "The American Politician," by Marion Crawford, is an example of a political novel; the scientific in Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," the religious. A good novel should display a thorough knowledge of human nature, delineating its happiest variations; be enlivened by wit and humor; the language should be faultless.

In the first place the subject must be chosen with regard to beauty and truth, for if these be wanting there is no true art. The object of the novel should be to tell a good story in a simple and artistic way, and to interweave facts here and there, thus giving pleasure as well as instruction. In this great age of invention we find that world-wide movements have been made in the social conditions of man with men, and by the establishment of liberty we have a universal education which has brought with it a great desire for reading.

Brownson, the philosopher, has wisely said, "The men who think are, in every nation, a small minority. Thus it is with the people of the present century, who are so overworked that they have no desire for study; hence they seek pleasure in reading, which will require very little exercise of thought, and, moreover, will ease and refresh the mind. Their resource is the novel, therefore the novel should meet this want by giving solid information while it tells a good story. The novel should have an aim or purpose, and that should be a worthy one. Thus in Dickens we find the effort to



correct the abuses at that time prevailing in England, and which by his masterly works, he succeeded in a great measure. In *Oliver Twist* he speaks against the poor-houses, of the men who conducted them, and the harsh treatment which the children are subjected to; also in *Nicholas Nickleby* we find the same noble aim to score the boarding schools for the inhuman treatment of the scholars. Fenimore Cooper represents the American mind in its adventurous character, and his scenes are the best creations in keeping with nature and truth. "*Ben Hur*," a book meriting the highest praise, besides being a tale well told, also relates many facts of history.

Marion Crawford is one of the great writers of the century, whose chief aim seems to please, but he also gives a graphic description of Roman society during the stormy days of the "seventies." Jules Verne in his novels, makes his style very simple, and with fiction weaves in many principles of science and thus enables the young to understand him.

Besides these novels, we have another class which deals with theosophy, atheism, and other theories or systems which certainly deserve the severest censure. These have an enormous influence over many persons, and though they may be written in a very pleasing style, yet they lack that aim which a good novel should possess, and, moreover, the doctrines which they inculcate are false. Or in Zola, the realist, whose object is to show hideous realities, utterly regardless of every sense of decency, and like other

men of his stamp, aims not at a high ideal, but is actuated by mere mercenary motives. This is the chief cause why we are surrounded by such a deluge of fiction. What must we say of the dime novel, the sickening love story, or any such trash? Certainly words would fail to express such feelings, and we can only say that they should never be read; life is too short for such stuff. Their authors deserve no credit and should be shipped to some distant island and there condemned to read their own worthless books to each other for the rest of their lives. We are ashamed to say it, but every day we see the most licentious novels eagerly devoured by the crowd, and the more outrageous, the greater their demand and consequently the greater the profits of their authors. This, indeed, is not a healthy sign. But we trust to the sturdy virtue of our people, to crush out this trash, lest the young be defiled by contact with it. But notwithstanding the many worthless and immoral novels, yet the novel is *the* book of the century, the channel through which the people seek their pleasure, the fullest expression of the nineteenth century literature, and the standard by which succeeding generations will judge us.

J. A. C.

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The *Chronicle*, of Hartford high school, wants a new cover for itself and generously offers two dollars for the best design submitted. Someone ought to try and win the prize. Such generosity should not pass unnoticed.



## SONGS.

A song is a poem set to music. The Scotch statesman, Andrew Fletcher, said, many years ago: "The popular songs of a country are of more importance than its laws." A national hymn is produced to make men patriotic. Songs are sometimes sung before troops, or distributed among them to make them brave; sacred melodies are written and given to the people to turn their minds heavenward; and these efforts are in many cases singularly successful.

Many of the old songs, when first written, seemed to take hold of the people, perhaps because when written the people did not often hear a new song; but even now, to us, these songs never grow old, for they always awaken in the mind fresh memories. Take as an example the old song, "Home, Sweet Home." When it is heard, although we may be many thousand miles from our home, it at once brings us back and recalls to our mind the happy memories of that spot which to us is the dearest on earth—our home.

In times of war when a patriotic song is heard by a crowd it inspires all its hearers with patriotism, and it may cause them to redouble their efforts in behalf of their country. Even in times of peace when those songs are heard they inspire us with a love for our country and kindle the fire of patriotism within us.

The songs of today, when compared with the old songs, are found to be almost devoid of two things which are very necessary qualities of a good

song, namely: seriousness and sentimentality. Truly many of the late songs are very good, but most of them amount to but very little.

When a song is published and given to the public, the first one to spoil its effect is the funny man, who, wishing to earn a few dollars by his wit, writes a parody on the song in which he makes the grave parts funny and the serious parts light; he has his production published and in a short time the parody has become more popular than the original. This shows the fickleness of the people and a lack of seriousness on their part, as it proves that they think more of foolish or funny things than of those which are worth their attention.

The minstrel or comedian has scarcely sung a song however light or nonsensical it may be, before it is caught up and repeated with eagerness by the whole nation, often with demoralizing effect.

Songs have a great effect as they appeal to the feelings in nearly all cases. They bring to our mind pleasant memories, or they remind us of some sad event; but the songs of today can be much improved upon, for the most popular songs of a country show in a great measure the character of the people.

But while the songs of a nation make their impression upon the people, they do not impart a character. The songs get their character from the nation and will always answer the demand made by the masses. Song writers, like actors, are not to dictate, but are to respond to desires they find



manifested in their patrons. Men of today are exhausted by the struggle for wealth and when they find time for amusement it must be of such a character as to delight without weariness. Besides this constant application to money getting or the continual strife for political supremacy in which most of our best men spend their time, destroys all sentiment, and what tickles the fancy goes farther to please than what would prompt to purely mental pleasure. A. M. L.

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

—Guilfoyle medal for rhetoric classes, awarded to J. A. Casey.

—Lesage medal for French composition, awarded to R. Pugny.

—Conway medal, classical course, equally deserved by J. A. Casey, E. Kromenaker, R. Pugny, H. Ruel, and J. Sullivan. Drawn by E. Kromenaker. Commercial course, G. Fallon.

—Gold medal for first in greatest number of classes: Classical course, equally deserved by M. C. Ford, A. Lyons, A. Granger, J. A. Casey, E. Kromenaker, J. Marx, J. Mortimer, J. O'Dwyer, J. Sullivan, and E. Ezekiel. Drawn by J. O'Dwyer. Commercial course, equally deserved by C. Roy, E. Changelon, C. Fallon, and G. Fallon. Drawn by Changelon.

—First silver medal for second in greatest number of classes: Classical course, equally deserved by J. Burns, J. Devane, J. Fitzpatrick, W. Lemire, T. Legris, W. Larkin, H. Sullivan, F. St. Aubin, L. Mullins, and P. Dube. Drawn by F. St. Aubin. Commercial course, equally deserved by P. Darche, W. Griffin, and A. Provost. Drawn by P. Darche.

—Second silver medal for third in greatest number of classes: Classical course, equally deserved by J. Murphy, A. Marcotte, F. O'Rielly, E. Marcotte, J. Barsa

louse, W. Caron, and J. Granger. Drawn by W. Caron. Commercial course, equally deserved by J. Hayden, D. Denault, S. Warner, and E. Cavanaugh. Drawn by J. Hayden.

#### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following books from the Bureau of Education: No. 14, History of Education in Connecticut; No. 16, Higher Education in Tennessee; No. 17, Higher Education in Iowa.

*Our Young People* is one of the most interesting and best written exchanges we receive. Current issues contain sketches, poems, and serials, by some of the best writers of the day: "Jasper Thorne," by M. F. Egan; "China," by Wm. L. Hornsby, S. J.; "Glimpses of Travel," by F. P. Reilly, and many other interesting features. Our Young People Co., 46-52 Oneida street, Milwaukee, Wis.

*Catholic Family Annual for 1895* (Catholic School Book Co., N. Y.), is as usual interesting and filled with many choice essays, biographical, historical, and religious. "Catholics and Army Life;" "Catholics at Harvard;" "What the Church is Doing for the Negro," and "Catholic Summer School—Third Session," are among the more attractive papers. Price, 25c.

*Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, of Philadelphia (quarterly). The present issue has sketches of Hon. James Campbell; the Catholic Church at Lancaster, Pa., and a very unique sketch, Pew Register of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, Pa., from 1781 to 1791—which shows how church accounts were kept at that time, and incidentally the cost of pew rent. Several fine illustrations set off the work to advantage.



## THE VIATORIAN.

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### EDITORIAL.

Of course you are a bright boy, but do not be too *fatherly*, too patronizing to your elders.

Common sense: the faculty of doing the right thing at the right time. What a key to happiness.

One knows only a very limited amount, after all, however learned he may be. A student is not supposed to have acquired all he may. Don't try to pass for a walking encyclopedia. You will give too much gratification to a joking world.

November is the month of the souls in purgatory. There is something most fitting in the choice of this month. Coming at the end of the year, when all the splendor of the past months has departed, it speaks of the joys and pomps of the world, in which the holy souls once revelled, but for whom they are now no more. But while we gaze on the desolation the chilling winds and biting frosts have wrought, hope carries us forward to the time when

nature will again put on her shining robes and bring joy by the splendor of her gorgeous awakening. So those afflicted souls, now enduring the winter of sorrow, look forward to the spring of gladness when hope shall melt into reality, and their day of sorrow shall be changed into a never-ending eternity. Our prayers will help them to reach the goal of their expectations, because they *can* be helped by our prayers. Shall we not render them that little boon?

The love of show is a great weakness. It means a mind not developed and a paucity of talent. The less a man has the greater display he makes of his known possessions. Physical powers exert themselves more than mental; the strong man is heard and seen oftener than the learned one. The savage has a morbid desire of display, hence his paint and feathers and the delight he finds in gew-gaws. The early settlers were not long in discovering this weakness in the Indian, and found it easy to trade a whole country for a peck of glass beads or a few insignificant trinkets.

The uneducated, or even those to whom mental tasks are odious, take greater pleasure in feats of strength than in the choicest works of art. But the more man loves study and the further he travels on the road of knowledge, the more he detests the plaudits of the vulgar throng, so alluring to an empty head, so distasteful to one who has learned to think, to know, and to judge.



Already one-fourth of the scholastic year has passed. Have you stopped to enquire what progress you have made? It is a pointed way of finding out whether you are doing the work for which you are at school. If the names of a dozen pupils were mentioned to a certain boy, he could perhaps give a very accurate statement of the progress the twelve had made. How would the average one report his own case. Perhaps he would not know. Perhaps a tender modesty would not allow him to speak of great victories won; of long strides made on the road to knowledge. If you stop to think it over you may be interested. Study prepares, observation perfects. Only he who goes below the surface discovers hidden beauties, and finds all the pleasure nature affords. Only he who knows nature can love art. To know nature one must observe and ponder on its every phenomenon.

There are so many beautiful things around us—the earth with its flowers, trees, rivers, and lakes; the starry firmament so sublime and so mysterious, filled with worlds greater than our own; the mighty ocean, now so placid, now terrible in its mighty force; it teems with life and energy, mocking man's feeble effort to encompass it.

All around we see sublimity and repose; things terrible and those the most graceful and delicate, in abundant profusion, almost mingling, as though each was a fit companion for the other. Whoever loves nature will always find her an open book from

which he may draw consolation in sorrow, help in time of need, calmness in prosperity.

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### OBITUARY.

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MRS. H. H. ANDERSON.

Sorrow filled every heart at the sad news that Mrs. Anderson was no more. We had many times seen her smiling face and heard her gentle and affectionate words in the college, and it was hard to think that death had forced his sad penalty. She died November 1, at her home in Ravenswood, Chicago, in the prime of life. At once a devoted wife, a loving mother, she had thousands of friends in whose hearts will long be cherished sweet memories of her affectionate nature.

Our sympathies we tender to an afflicted family, sensible of the irreparable loss they have suffered. Would that we could offer consolation to this family proportioned to its affliction.

The Columbian Guards, under many obligations to Mrs. Anderson, at a special meeting called for that purpose, adopted the following resolutions of condolence:

“WHEREAS, It has pleased the All-Wise Father to call to Himself our esteemed benefactress, Mrs. H. H. Anderson; and

WHEREAS, It is just that a fitting recognition of her many kindnesses should be had; therefore be it

“Resolved, By the Columbian Guards of St. Viateur's College that while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for her who in so many



ways showed her appreciation of our humble efforts.

*"Resolved,* That the heartfelt sympathies of this Guard be extended to her family in their deep affliction.

*"Resolved,* That these resolutions be printed in THE VIATORIAN, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of our deceased benefactress.

*"Signed:* COLUMBIAN GUARDS."

#### FEAST OF ST. CECILIA.

On Thursday we celebrated the feast of St. Cecilia, whom musicians have chosen as their patroness.

The feast was very appropriately a musical one, and all the numbers rendered would have done credit to professional minstrels. The orchestra, led by Rev. P. Desjardins, played several fine pieces. Singing and instrumental selections filled up the program. The affair was conducted by Mr. John Nawn whose good taste and earnest work, make their impress on his every undertaking.

The following is the

#### PROGRAM.

1. Selection—Charm of Youth Waltz; Orchestra.
2. Song and Chorus—Little Bright Eyes—Solo; Mr. C. Quille.
3. Declamation—Spartacus to the Roman Envoys; Master P. Hansl.
4. Cecilian Trio—Old Folks at Home; Violin, Mandolin, and Piano.
5. Song and Chorus—Only as High as My Heart—Solo; Mr. J. Fitzpatrick.
6. Song and Dance; Mr. W. Doody.
7. Zither Solo—Diana Waltz; Prof. King.
8. Song and Chorus—Dreaming as She Sleeps—Solo; Mr. T. Cahill.
9. Selection; Orchestra.

A glance at the above will show how complete the entertainment was, and every one present can testify to the excellent manner in which each piece was rendered.

The chorus was excellent, a new member rendering a solo at each appearance. The trio was one of the neatest on the program—perhaps the members were a trifle modest, or they would have responded further to the thundering applause which greeted them. Mr. King gave an excellent treat by his skillful efforts on the zither. Messrs. Quille, Fitzpatrick, and Cahill deserve special mention for their sweet singing. The declamation by Master P. Hansl, an old time favorite, was further proof of his powers as a declaimer.

Altogether the musician's day was creditably celebrated, and all taking part may feel justly proud of their good work. May the muse never strike more discordant notes than she did on this memorable evening.

#### THE PLAY AGAIN.

"From Sumpter to Appomattox," which was such a success when presented by our talented Thespians in College Hall, on October 21, was given in Gilman, Ill., to a good-sized and appreciative audience on the 7th inst., at the request of Rev. John Kelly, pastor of the Catholic church in that town. Our young actors were very ably assisted in the presentation by the Ford Picked Squad, which gave a realistic aspect to the various war scenes.



Although the day was sad and gloomy as if sorrowing at the fall of a mighty party, yet the appearance in the town of our young soldiers seemed to bring forth the entire population, and at every fancy movement our soldiers were cheered and applauded. The boys were well pleased with their visit, and on leaving for home, gave three lusty cheers for Gilman and its kind pastor who treated all so kindly. The journey home was made pleasant by music and song, and the boys on reaching the college hastily retired, having enjoyed immensely their "night off."

"From Sumpter to Appomattox," however, proves to be a kind of Cleopatra, and as if age "cannot wither nor custom stale its variety," again has it been called forth from our College Hall. This time to Manteno, Ill., and on Saturday, the 17th inst., after paying for a *license*, our Thespians again produced their play to a small but enthusiastic audience. The journey to and from Manteno was made in a large 'bus, and the boys, as many of them expressed it, "never had so much fun."

#### A SKETCH OF DICKENS.

Charles Dickens, who is doubtless the most popular novelist of the century, and one of the greatest humorists that was ever reared on England's soil, was born at Landport, Portsmouth, in 1812.

His early life was one of extreme poverty. His father was for a time confined in the debtor's prison, and he himself

was obliged to strain every nerve in his youthful and delicate form to gain a livelihood. For some time he was employed in a warehouse, where he was compelled to do the most unpleasant and humiliating work for the scanty sum of six shillings per week. He afterwards acquired sufficient means to enable him to go to school for a few years; after which he was employed as a parliamentary reporter for some of the leading journals in the city of London. It was during this time the youthful and half educated Dickens acquired the knowledge of literature which afterwards served as the foundation of his career as an author. He was ever attentive to his task, and never suffered the slightest opportunity to pass unobserved wherein he could cultivate his lively talents and increase his knowledge of literature. "To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work when I was a very young man," he said in his speech to the New York editors in 1868, "I constantly refer my first success."

Dickens first appears as an author in the "Old Monthly Magazine" for 1834. In the year 1835 he continued his sketches in *The Evening Chronical*, but shortly after, they were illustrated by Cruickshank, and appeared in two volumes, from which time their author became quite famous.

Next appeared his "Pickwick Papers," which met with more success than anything that had yet been ranked among English literature. It was placed on the market in numbers, and in a very short time it had made



its way into the hands of nearly every inhabitant of London.

Oliver Twist soon after appeared, and, although it did not meet at first with as great a circulation as the Pickwick Papers, yet it gradually and steadily made itself known, until today it finds itself in the hands of many an eager reader. Nicholas Nickleby followed in close succession, and on its first appearance was sold the astonishing number of nearly 50,000 copies.

Dickens visited the United States in 1842, and found a cordial welcome. He was very desirous to obtain an international copyright law; for he held that since nearly every American read his works, publishers should give him at least a small portion of their easily earned gains. But congress having refused to pass such a law, the friendly dispositions with which he came to America were soon dissolved and this was made manifest in his next two works, American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit. In the year 1844 he visited Italy and remained there one year. On his return to London he founded the *Daily News*, in which he published his Pictures of Italy. Both the style and matter of these, however, were far below his standard.

Dickens was also the author of various other works, among the principal of which may be found the following: David Copperfield, The Child's History of England, Christmas Tales, and Our Mutual Friend.

He had not yet finished his last production, The Mystery of Edwin Drood, when he was suddenly called, in the

fifty-eighth year of his life, to his home beyond the grave.

No one will hesitate in saying that the merits of Dickens' novels are well known and appreciated. But the question often arises, is their influence on society of such a nature as to deserve our praise?

According to the opinions of the best critics of the day, it certainly is not. One of the predominant characteristics of Dickens is, that he does not perceive great or sublime things. Consequently the highest good cannot be expected to flow from his productions. He is carried away with everything, especially in connection with low or vulgar objects; as a curiosity shop, a dilapidated bridge, or the ugly clown. It is true he has great strength and vigor of mind, yet he does not attain beauty. His instrument of speech produces vibrating but unharmonious sounds. He seems to be void of happiness and gives vent to his emotions as he plays on the sorrowful cord.

In answer to this same important question, we may quote the following from the *North British Review*: "Mr. Dickens makes his low characters almost always *vulgar*. In the next place the good characters of his novels do not seem to have a wholesome moral tendency. The reason is, that many—all the author's favorites—exhibit an excellence flowing from constitution and temperament, and not from the influence of moral or religious motives. They act from impulse, not from principle."

M. J. FORD.



## PERSONALS.

—Rev. F. Kirsh, '90, is stationed at McHenry, Ill., where he has been put in charge of a flourishing parish. We wish Fr. Kirsh success in his new home.

—Rev. E. Kramer, '91, has changed from St. John's church, in Chicago, to St. Francis Church, West Twelfth street. We trust Fr. Kramer will find the change agreeable.

—Ambrose Boylan, who formerly held a position in the car accountant's office of the 3-I railroad, has a very good position as manager of the German-American Baking Company at Peoria.—*Kankakee Times*.

—Rev. J. J. O'Callaghan, pastor of St. Cecilia's Church, Omaha, Neb., spent two days at the college recently. Fr. O'Callaghan has been very successful in his mission, having charge of a large and flourishing congregation.

—Rev. J. O'Dwyre, Merna, Ill., and Rev. M. Griffey, of Cullom, Ill., made a pleasant call at the college, where many of their friends are studying; all of whom they found well, and delighted at the pleasure the visit of the reverend gentlemen afforded them.

—Rev. M. A. Dooling, of Clinton, Ill., called during the month. Fr. Dooley looks hale and hearty and is the same genial priest as of yore. The Rev. gentleman presented a gold watch to the ladies who have charge of the bazaar to be held Christmas for the benefit of Maternity Church.

—Joseph Boisvert and Miss Elizabeth Rivard, sister of Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., both of Bourbonnais, were married November 14. Both are natives of this village and highly respected by their many friends. We extend our hearty congratulations to the young couple.

—We are pleased to learn of the success of Bourget college, Pigand, Canada. There are at present over 200 students. The college is presided over by Rev. P. Charlesbois, C.S.V., who has been instrumental, both by his virtue and talents, in bringing the college to its present high standing.

—We are pleased to learn of the great success attending the efforts of Rev. C. O'Brien, '89, pastor of Ivesdale. Fr. O'Brien has recently paid for the splendid church which he built last year at a cost of \$20,000. This speaks well for his zeal, and is a proof of the sympathy existing between himself and people.

—News reaches us that Martin Murray, '89, is to be married this month. It is stated also that George Donnelly and Daniel McNamara, both of Louisville, intend to go and do likewise. We wish the young gentlemen much happiness in their choice, and hope that the future will be bright and prosperous for them.

—Rev. J. J. Beucler, formerly of the faculty, is now pastor of Humbolt, Tenn. We read with great relish of the skillful manner in which he brought a rascally bigamist to time, and how he was instrumental in saving the good name of a confiding



woman. The church and her ministers are sound on the matrimonial question.

—In a letter lately received from Mr. C. J. Caplonquay, '94, we were much pleased to learn that he has secured a position in S. Olson's furniture store at Red Jacket, Mich., and has also been appointed funeral director. We have reason to believe that he will not be entirely carried away by worldly schemes, as he has constantly before his mind the adage: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

—A recent issue of *The Catholic Sentinel*, of Portland, Oregon, contains a glowing description of the good work Rev. A. Brouillard, '87, has accomplished at La Grande, Ore. Fr. Brouillard has just erected a large and commodious school, which was blessed lately by Archbishop Gross, who complimented the good pastor on his splendid work. We extend our hearty congratulations to the Rev. pastor.

#### MR. GRANGER'S APPOINTMENT.

Since the death of the Hon. D. C. Taylor left the position of treasurer of the Illinois Eastern Hospital for the Insane vacant, there has been much speculation, particularly among democratic politicians, as to who would be appointed to the position.

The appointment of Mr. Granger is received with general satisfaction. Naturally there are a few disappointed ones, but the majority of the people are very well pleased. Mr. Granger's personality doubtless has much to do

with this. Although a young man of more than ordinary attainments he is modest and unassuming and has won the highest esteem from not only his associates at the bar, but from all those who have come in contact with him professionally or socially, even from those whose political views are at variance with his.

A. L. Granger is the son of Ambrose Granger, and was born in Bourbonnais twenty-seven years ago. He became a student of St. Viator's College, graduating from that institution of learning in 1887. He then read law in the office of D. H. Paddock for two years. He entered the Union College of law at the Northwestern University and graduated in 1890. Since being admitted to the bar Mr. Granger has practiced law in this city. He has been unusually successful in his legal career, his brilliancy of mind enabling him to outstrip some of his older brothers in the profession. As may be inferred, in politics Mr. Granger is an uncompromising democrat. He was the democratic candidate for state senator two years ago.—*Kankakee Times*.

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#### MILITARY NOTES.

The armory has been removed to the old barber shop, off the recitation hall. It has been nicely fitted up and with the new guns, presents quite an inviting appearance.

At last we have got the new guns and indeed they are well worth the wait; Springfield rifles, regular little beauties. All are well satisfied, and



good drilling is becoming the necessary result.

The squad has been doing some very good work lately. Through the wise management of our colonel they have already fulfilled engagements at Gilman and Manteno, where they met with unequalled success. Prospects of other engagements in view.

The companies have so far been doing immensely. The captains especially deserve credit for the great interest which they show; with the pennant in view, it will be a hard struggle. Courage, boys. J. K. C.

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#### SOCIETY DOINGS.

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—The various societies have reorganized for the present scholastic, and the very best results are promised. All the old members of St. Patrick's Society will certainly be pleased to learn that it is doing very good work this year.

—The Science Hall is no longer used as a recitation room, but is devoted entirely to the library and museum. The latter is fast becoming a feature of note in this institution.

—The members of the Mivart society held their first annual meeting in the science hall Sunday evening, Oct. 28. The meeting was called to order by the Rev. Moderator, M. Lennartz, C.S. V. The principal object of the meeting was to adopt a constitution, the society being but recently re-organized, and to elect officers. After a very stable constitution was unani-

mously adopted, they proceeded to the election of the officers, which resulted in the following: Mr. Feltus was unanimously chosen president; M. J. Ford, vice-president; Wm. Larkins, secretary; J. Marx, librarian; J. Murphy, censor; J. Fitzpatrick, treasurer. An executive committee was then appointed, which was to consist of the following members: M. J. Ford, C. Fallon, J. O'Dwyer, and J. Mortimer. Both the officers and the members of the society have begun their work with a spirit that is sure to tell of profitable results in the future.

#### ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society was reorganized Oct. 25, and promises to keep up the high standard of preceding years. The meetings so far have been a grand success, and great interest is manifested by all the members to make it worthy of its name. The following officers were elected unanimously:

Moderator—Rev. T. J. McCormick.  
 President—Chas. O'Reilly.  
 Vice-president—Michael Ford.  
 Secretary—Joseph Casey.  
 Treasurer—John Fitzpatrick.  
 Librarian—Centennial Quille.  
 Sergeant-at-arms—Andrew Lyons.

At the first regular meeting, the following subject was debated: "*Resolved*, That women should not meddle in politics." Mr. C. O'Reilly successfully maintained the affirmative; Mr. A. Lyons ably defended the negative.

At the following meeting the subject was, "*Resolved*, That gambling is worse than intemperance." Affirmative, Mr. C. Quille; negative, Mr. J. O'Dwyer.



The judges decided that the negative had the best of it.

Preparations are being made to celebrate in a worthy manner Dec. 12, the society's birthday. A good time is promised.

J.K.C.

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### VIATORIANA.

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—How ?

—Snakes.

—Ostrich.

—Bill Nye II.

—Ecce Hobo !

—That ain't me.

—There he goes !

—Non-metallic metal.

—It's a little obscure.

—You don't believe me.

—No arguments in here.

—Give us some pointers.

—He hasn't found it yet!!

—He talks like a sausage.

—Corcoran's refrigerator.

—My stomach is stratified.

—Is a hamlet a small ham ?

—Talk about your Dutchman's.

—You must take me to Ireland.

—Is the water wet this morning ?

—“Can a man live without brains?”

—The bell caught a cold last night.

—In reference to a noisy crowd:  
“Are those Indians?” “No, there are only A. P. A.'s”

—Is Kentucky in the Peoria diocese.

—“I always have some shortcomings.”

—I slept two rows at a time last night.

—Oh, my books; my kingdom for my books !

—Some of you are more crazy than you look.

—What was your name before you came here ?

—I'll swallow you, if you agree to wash your feet.

—That croquet ball must have been notched before it started.

—I am so wet this morning that I fear I shall never get dry again.

—Is he an Englishman? No! because he is not an American citizen.

—“The moon rose shortly after the bell rang from behind the red clouds.”

—Prof., what is the difference between a chord in geometry and a chord in music ?

—A collection was taken up and the license paid. Don't you need a tag on your collar ?

—The choir gave some splendid music, both vocal and instrumental, on St. Cecilia's day.

—“Books loaned free of charge, to those desirous of information, except Blair's Rhetoric, for which a slight fee will be charged—Enquire within.”