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## SHADOWS.

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Shadows—dark and dreary,  
On the path of Life,  
Resting o'er the weary  
Darkening the strife.

Shadows—ling'ring round us,  
Hiding Duty's way;  
Leaving where they find us  
Night instead of day.

Shadows—dim illusions,  
Seeming not the true,  
Blotting Nature's visions,  
Blasting Heaven's blue.

Shadows—garbs of error,  
Garments rich with gold  
Guarding forms of terror  
'Neath each dazzling fold.

Shadows—forms of sorrow—  
Send, oh God, thy light!  
On the dawning morrow,  
Lift the veil of night!

—Proctor W. Hansl—'99.

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## ADDRESS,

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DELIVERED ON ST. THOMAS' DAY BY MR. FRANCIS J. O'CONNOR.

It has been said that search after the great is the dream of youth and the serious occupation of manhood. Our lives are crowded with projects and we are forced to contend with difficulties from within and from without. In this condition of unrest nothing carries such sense of security, nothing so effectually strengthens our purpose in the struggle, as the study and appreciation of the "select few"—the world-masters.

Every department of human ingenuity boasts its galaxy of maestros. The marbled walls of our splendid congressional library buildings are emblazoned with the names of the apostles of literature and music and poesy, and the searcher after know-

ledge can come in contact with the best forms of every age. But, as in mountain ranges, *one* is seen to tower above the rest, lifting its head high over the mists and smiling in the virgin rays of the sun,—so, too, in the domain of the sciences, *one* is easily prince of thinkers,—Thomas of Aquin, *Angel of the Schools*.

To have studied his life is an education. He is piercingly intellectual in his flights, expounding laws of the state and unfolding principles of the metaphysical order. He traces the development of nations and teaches the ethics of republics. His exposé of human yearnings, his definition of time, his forceful illustration of the coincidence of virtue and science, place him where the intellectual world must pay him homage.—With that wonderful tact he systematizes the teaching on *God!* How firm his process of reasoning, the constructive force of unanswerable argument and crushing rejoinders to the unbelieving! How unerringly he advances in his clear analysis of the *Trinity*;—until the mind is fascinated—at rest in the possession of *truth!* But his great gifts crystalize in the opusculum on the *Holy Eucharist*. Herein we have the most precious output of his soul,—a doctrinal depth, a touching tenderness, and a chaste reverence,—that bind us, almost unconsciously, to the tabernacle. He gave us indeed “an angels song in human words” and poured out his numbers in a poets prayer.

We do not now dwell on the characteristics of his saint-ship; his spotless life, his charming humility, and meek simplicity; we greet him as the best type in the category of men of mind-grasp; we bow to his genius, active and creative.

Accidents, it is remarked, may give a person importance while he is alive, but only genius or virtue can make him interesting when he is dead. Aquinas is monumental. He is the exemplar of theologian and philosopher because, *par excellence*, he possesses the faculty of discriminating the true and the false. His life, furthermore, proclaims that whoso would accomplish anything must come to the work from a higher ground—for there is no brightness comparable to the “white light” of God’s truth.

In the words of the saint’s biographer: “he stands forth as some giant warrior, exquisitely perfected in the management of his weapon, and marvelously gifted in grace as he was in vigor. He confronted and he wrestled with and he slew the adversaries of religion and sound philosophy,” smiting the earth “with the rod of his lips,” and “with the breath of his mouth” slaying the wicked.



His preeminence in the Christian schools has never been dimmed by a brighter light or rivaled by a more victorious champion.

Appropriate, therefore, in seminaries and colleges, is the formal celebration of the feast day of the *Angelic Doctor*. The theologian and the philosopher strive for the nobler, stronger life, and to fulfill this high mission fitly no gifts are too great, no culture too refined.

A careful study of the methods of Aquinas must react in quickness of perception, keenness of analysis, and soundness of judgment. And here we have the elements that vivify, that make for the truest manhood. In Saint Thomas are broadest range of grasp and most refreshing simplicity; union of highest talent with deepest humility, the acumen of the savant, and the human sympathy of the "little ones" of the gospel; the social economist and the gentle religions; the saint, the scholar.

His testament to his brother in religion is the keynote of his mind: "Haec est ergo monitio mea, et instructio tua. Tardiloquum te esse jubeo; conscientiae puritatem amplectere; omnibus te amabilem exhibe; non respicias a quo audias, sed quidquid boni dicatur, memoriae recommenda; ea quae legis, et audis, fac ut intelligas; de dubiis te certifica; et quidquid poteris, in armariolo mentis reponere satage, sicut cupiens vas implere; altiora te ne quaesieris."

His favorite prayer tells the craving of his whole being: "Concede nobis, quaeso, misericors Deus, quae tibi sunt placita, ardentem concupiscere, prudenter investigare, veraciter agnoscere, et perfecte implere ad laudem et gloriam nominis tui."

To scholastics this is the heritage he has bequeathed. Therefore we place our tribute at his feet—the earnest of our love—while we do not cease to remember that "*imitation* is the sincerest admiration."

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#### WORDSWORTH.

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Verse can build a princely throne  
On humble truth.

Most of the great lights of the eighteenth century were still burning, though burning low, when the celebrated founder of the "Lake School" of poetry came into the world.

Wordsworth needs no eulogies, grand inscriptions, or public monuments to perpetuate his memory; for long after these praises shall have been forgotten, the beautiful inscriptions shall have



been effaced, yea, when the marble itself shall have crumbled into dust his sublime thoughts will remain as living monuments to give testimony of his true greatness. To him more than to any other, are we indebted for the return of the divine art to its true domain—the soul of man and external nature. Born, as he boasts, in a mountainous country and exposed from youth to the influences of sublime and ennobling scenery, he early discovered the difference between the poetry of words and the poetry of things; and consequently both by nature and education he was fitted for the duties and trials of a reformer. More disposed to look within than without for guidance and approval; plain, manly, independent, unconquerable by injustice or even by ridicule, he was eminently qualified to exercise the moral pride which enables the poet to defy contemporary criticism, and to labor on a work with the full assurance that it will be immortal. His theory of poetic diction, which discarded the peculiar language of verse, and substituted for it the language of real life, sprang from the simplicity and sincerity of his nature; and if we take his own style as the illustration of the true scope and meaning of his system we can there discover its strongest defense; for though his diction may lack the incessant glow and glare of Byron and Shelley, it is never in his best works deficient in splendor and compass. He dealt with themes that had been partially handled by precursors and contemporaries, in a larger and more devoted spirit, and with the steadfastness and persistency of a religious teacher. “Every great poet is a teacher,” he said; “I wish to be considered as a teacher or as nothing.” Of himself no view could be more sound. For he did not write like other poets to give an inlet to his sense of the beauty of the world, or to invite sympathy with his sorrows or hopes; but on the contrary “to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more sincerely virtuous.” His high aim was to show that the mutual adaptation of the external world and the inner mind is able to shape a paradise from the simple produce of common day.

His principal work, “The Excursion,” a poem in blank verse, is replete with the noblest themes, and there are found in it passages of great beauty. It is here we find the story of the “Ruined Cottage,” with its admirable gradations, more painful than the pathetic narratives of the author usually are, yet not without



redeeming traits of sweetness, and a reconciling spirit which takes away its sting. Here, too, is the interesting history of the "Solitary's Sorrows," the exquisite tale of poor "Ellen," and many other choice selections which space will not allow me to mention.

Although Wordsworth did not profess the Christian religion he had too much soul in him not to be enthused by the lowly greatness of the Virgin Mother, which burst forth from his poetic lips in the following beautiful tribute:

"Woman! above all women glorified,  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast,  
Purer than foam on central ocean lost,  
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn  
With fancied roses!"

Another example sparkling with the purest Christianity is his poem on the immortality of the soul. But perhaps the highest instance of Wordsworth's genius is to be found in the "White Doe of Rylstone," in which he has succeeded in two distinct effects, the result of which are yet in harmony. He shows herein the gentle spirit of a high-born maiden gathering strength and purity from sorrow, and finally, after the destruction of her family, and amidst the ruin of her paternal domains, consecrated by suffering. He has also here, by the introduction of that lovely wonder, the favorite doe of the heroine, at once linked the period of his narrative to that of its events, and softened down the saddest catastrophe of mortal agonies.

It is in the seventh and last canto of this beautiful poem, when all incident and action are over, and suffering alone remains, that the full power of the poet comes out.

It is here we find the touching description of the meeting of the heroine and her favorite white doe. After many years of wandering she returns to her old home, and while seated on a bank under a sole surviving tree, brooding over the past, a herd of deer sweep by. But one pauses and draws near. It is her own favorite doe, which has run wild for years, but which now comes to her feet, lays its head upon her knee, looks up into her face:

"A look of pure benignity,  
And fond, unclouded memory."

Her mistress melted into tears:

"A flood of tears that flow apace  
Upon the happy creature's face."



The doe restored comes like a spirit of healing and consolation to Emily Norton, and henceforth go where she will the creature is by her side, her last loving friend, and long surviving her, continued to haunt the spots her mistress had loved to visit.

The main aim of the whole poem is to set forth the purification and elevation of the heroine's character by the baptism of sorrow through which she was doomed to pass.

On Wordsworth's position in the hierarchy of sovereign poets, a wide difference of estimate still divides the most excellent critics.

Nobody now dreams of placing him so high as Southey placed him when he said "a greater poet than Wordsworth there never has been nor ever will be." Coleridge deliberately places him nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton. Myers talks of a Plato, a Dante, a Wordsworth, all in one breath as stars of equal magnitude in the great spiritual firmament. To Mr. Swinburne, on the contrary, all these panegyrical estimates savor of monstrous and intolerable exaggeration. However amid the contentions of celebrated minds it will be safest to content ourselves with one or two observations. Whatever definition of poetry we fix upon, whether it is the language of passion or imagination formed into regular numbers; or with Milton, that it should be simple and impassioned, in any case there are many passages in Wordsworth, which by no definition can be called poetry.

Apart from all this, however, it can be contended that in purely poetic quality, in radiant purity of light or depth and variety of color, in penetrating and subtle sweetness of music, in vivid spontaneity of imagination Wordsworth is not surpassed. If we seek immersion in the atmosphere of pure poesy, without lesson or moral, or anything but delight of fancy and stir of imagination, we will find him less congenial to our mood than poets far inferior in the elements of his art. But if on the contrary we search from the wide regions of imagination and feeling for elements of composure, deep and pure, then will we find that Wordsworth has a gift of his own in which he was approached by no poet of his time. However his special gift, his lasting contribution, lies in the sincerity and insight with which he first idealizes and glorifies the vast universe around us, and then makes of it, not a theatre on which men play their parts, but an animate presence, intermingled with our works, pouring its companionable spirit about us, and breathing grandeur upon the



very humblest phases of human life. This two-fold and conjoint performance, consciously undertaken by a man of strong inborn sensibility to natural impressions, and systematically carried out in a life time of brooding meditation and active composition, is Wordsworth's distinguishing title to fame and gratitude. Volumes might be written in praise of the great poet laureate, but let it suffice to say that to Wordsworth was intrusted the secret to lead us into inner moods of settled peace, to touch the depth and not the tumult of the soul, to give quietness, strength, steadfastness, and purpose whether to do or to endure. And all poetry that has the effect of breathing into men's hearts these moods of settled peace, and strongly confirming their judgments and their wills for good, is great and noble poetry, and the creator of it will always hold, as Wordsworth holds, a sovereign title to the reverence and gratitude of mankind

"What he has loved,  
Others will love, and he will teach them how."

W. S. O. 99.

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#### FORGOTTEN.

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He sat on a log in front of his cabin. The firelight threw a ruddy glow upon the pensive features of the man. Often had he sat there; but never before had his heart been so light and happy. As he rested on that rustic seat the pictures of the past flitted before his eyes in quick succession. His fancy carried him back to his home. Eighteen long months ago he had left that peaceful abode. With the gold-fever burning in his veins, he had departed from his aged parents, for this wild and perilous country; but he carried with him the promise of a blue-eyed, fair skinned girl to love him while he was gone.

Ah! he would never forget his last evening at home. Late into the night he had remained by the side of her whom he loved, and told her again and again of his passion. How they had planned for the future! In California gold was as plentiful as water, he would soon be rich. And then he would return to claim his bride. What visions of joy and happiness they conjured up; and to him it seemed that life's horizon was a zone of golden glory. She had wept when he left, and prayed that he would soon return.

But when he reached that land of fabled riches, the gold did not flow as abundantly as they had imagined. For long, weary



months he toiled, but the return of his labors were scanty. From early morn till night he plied his "pick," but all in vain; he unearthed no sparkling treasures. Often had he returned from his day's labor, despondent and with drooping spirits, but the thought of her who awaited him in his eastern home had cheered him. Often had he given way to his despair and vowed to leave the mining camp on the morrow. Then, somehow, her face had always appeared to him—so sad and reproachful—that he found new courage. He would look up into the heavens and think of her who was watched by those same stars that twinkled down on him. These thoughts always acted upon him as a tonic, and after them he would always cast off his ugly mood and enter his shanty to dream of his sweetheart far away.

But one day his luck changed—it was this very day.

The shades of evening had descended and the silvery moon was shining from on high. He was still working his claim, hoping against hope—when the point of his axe turned up a shining piece of metal. He struck again, almost fearing to blast his hopes with the stroke. And lo! before him lay the fulfillment of his dreams. The reward of his long labors had come at last. Dazed and bewildered, he gathered the sparkling pieces of gold. He sought till there was none remaining; then he departed for the bank. Many a one, less fortunate than he, looked on with envy, as the banker weighed it calmly, as he had weighed thousands before, and returned him the equivalent in coin.

As he started back for his cabin, with his precious load, the postmaster handed him a letter. Too excited to read it he placed it in his pocket and hurried on.

He could not sleep that night; so he remained out in the open air. Thus he sat on the log in front of his door, and gazing into the flickering flames of the fire, he dreamt—he dreamt of all that had occurred in the long months of his exile; he dreamt of her whom he loved; whose picture had been his inspiration during the weary days of toil. In the flames, his fancy painted all the scenes that he and she had ever imagined. He remembered every hour that he had spent in her presence, and every word of love that she had addressed to him. He forgot his long months of toil in thoughts of the happy future. Thus he sat and dreamt, late into the night; the first rays of dawn had appeared over the distant hills when he arose to enter his dwelling. Then he remembered his letter. As he recognized the writing a glad smile lit up his face; and by the dim light of the dying fire he read it.



DEAR JACK—"I pray that the contents of this letter will not pain you. I know it is cruel to tell you this; but, it is my duty. When you left me, Jack, I thought I loved you—I was mistaken. I am to be married tomorrow, to another man. There are many other girls who will make you happier than I could. So, forgive and forget me. Your friend, Eva."

As he read, the smile on his face vanished. Twice he perused the letter; then it fell from his nerveless hands into the fire and soon was ashes. The strong body of the man swayed as though to fall, and he grasped the doorway for support. His face grew ashen pale; and his features showed the intense suffering of his soul. Only those who have lost the dearest things on earth, know what it is to suffer. At last all the agony of his heart broke forth in a few scattered words.

"Forgotten—so soon—all is in vain!" He laughed aloud, and the bitter sound rang out discordant on the silent night. He entered his cabin. But he that came forth again was a different man from him that went in. His shoulders were bent and stooped, and his face was lined and careworn, as with years. He clutched his bag of gold and hurried away. With quick, nervous steps he passed through the center street of the camp, nor paused till he reached the shanty from which issued the strong fumes of whisky and the loud noise of midnight revelers. Here he entered. No one seemed to notice him. He seated himself at one of the poker tables, and called for a hand and "drinks around." At first he played with wonderful luck. The greasy cards he held were always winners. He was under the spell of the game. Fire flashed from his eyes, and he forgot his troubles, as he recklessly threw his money on the table; and it always returned doubled or trebled. Soon a Mexican, a confirmed gambler and "hanger on" at the mine, entered the game; then the winner began to lose. Time after time he lost. But he only laughed that bitter laugh, doubled his bets, and called for more drinks. His pile of gold steadily decreased, and the newcomer was always winner. It was the beginning of the end. All were flushed with drink, save the Mexican, who calmly played his cards. Suddenly, in the midst of a silence, the loser cried with an oath:

"Drop that card, you cur! You stole it off the deck."

"You lie," came the quick reply. There was a flash of revolvers, two reports, and when the smoke cleared away the American lay dead in a pool of blood. The Mexican gathered



his winnings and left the "den"—nor did anyone attempt to stop him—it was the fortune of war.

The corpse was removed, and soon the play was in full swing again, and the tragedy of a few moments past was forgotten.

PROCTOR W. HANSL—'99.

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#### ADDISON.

A striking feature in the history of English literature during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is the grand constellation of literary geniuses that shone forth with unparalleled splendor. Conspicuous among its stars is Addison, the Longinus of England. He had those qualities that fit an author for a foremost place in the common wealth of literature, a lively and powerful imagination, various and admirable abilities, and exquisite melody of expression.

The literary productions which form the subject matter of the present essay, are his papers in the *Spectator*.

The style of these essays is most artistic. It is a honey possessing such indescribable sweetness that the oftener we taste it the more do we hunger after it. It is like a smiling stream flowing smoothly along with majestic tranquility. It possesses the peculiar characteristic of those flowers whose fragrance is more perceptible when they are bruised.

Let us take his essay on taste, No. 409 to illustrate his mode of presentation. It begins thus: "Gratian very often recommends fine taste as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man. As this word arises very frequently in conversation, I shall endeavor to give some account of it, and lay down rules by which we may know whether we are possessed of it, and through which we may acquire that fine taste of writing which is so much talked of among the ancients." This quotation deserves our serious attention, as it is remarkably graceful and artistic, yet without the least appearance of labor. We have in a few lines a happy introduction drawn from the words of a distinguished author, and the design of the paper expressed with great conciseness, clearness, and propriety.

The genial humor that pervades the productions of his pen is a salt that so purifies his writings, that their freshness never taints, but continues to increase in savor and delicacy. It is not a mere spark which flashes forth and is lost in the darkness, but a steady, pleasing, and long-lived ray of splendor. It is so true to



nature that it never tires us, but intensifies our desire of reading and rereading the pages which it so splendidly adorns. When aiming at exciting laughter it never raises a blush in any cheek, but excites a feeling bordering on delight and admiration.

His satire is not of the coarse or incisive, the scornful and contemptuous, but of the skillful and mild, the moderate and delicate kind. It is a prudent rebuke which admonishes us with the firmness of a father, whilst, with the tenderness of a mother it guides our tottering steps, encourages and exhorts us to abandon our follies, correct our defects and reform our abuses. It is like an efficacious medicine, that not only removes disease, but is productive of vigor, joy, and animation. In reading those instructive papers we are induced to say, how pure the imagination that conceived the notions, how balanced the reason that compared them, how clear the judgment that decided upon them and how noble the will that sat upon the throne and commanded these legacies to be transmitted to posterity.

The language in which those grave thoughts is attired is a beautiful garb whose magnificence charms the fancy, surprises the imagination, and effects the ear like the morning carols of the soaring lark. There is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in the language of Addison and that of a common author, as there is in beholding an object by the light of a candle and that of the sun. In reading these instructive essays we are carried along with so little hesitation or obstruction that we fancy there could have been no effort in their composition, yet if we examine closely we will discover that every consideration, line and word is wrought out with patient industry, measured with closest care, nay; this art is so perfect that it is entirely artistic without being in the least artful. With justice has Allibone said "perhaps no English writer has been so fortunate as Addison in uniting so many discordant tastes, in a unanimous verdict of approbation. Browne has been thought pedantic, Johnson inflated, Taylor conceited, and Burke exuberant; but the graceful simplicity of Addison delights alike the rude taste of the uneducated, and the classic judgment of the learned."

The form of his essays is most ingenious. It is at once admirable, pleasing, and instructive. Observe the methodical, natural, and appropriate manner in which he treats the pleasures of the imagination—a production of the pen of genius, which in our opinion, were we called upon for a specimen of



literary art, we would unhesitatingly present as an imperishable monument of genius; for the form is remarkably exquisite, the language exceptionally rich and harmonious, and the exposition perfect. This essay would be worthy of study if for nothing else than its perfect arrangement.

The methodic disposition of parts is like that of a beautiful garden, divided into sections with perfect skill. Mark with what delicacy and readiness of performance he lays down the proposition, points out the origin, divides the pleasures, compares them with those of another faculty; gives their scope, their advantages, and the respects in which they are preferable to those of the compared faculty.

Had the student who desires to advance in composition not simply read those papers, but carefully and diligently studied them, we would not meet daily with compositions that are as desultory and unconnected as the discourse of an unbalanced mind.

As well as those masterly papers our author has written very instructive essays upon nearly all the subjects that constitute the sum total of human topics. His essays on conversation, wit, humor, character, and other educational topics are among the best of their kind that ever came from the pen of any English author. They are like fountains where the traveler, weary of his journey through the rugged paths of life, can quench his thirst, renew his vigor, and fit himself to overcome all obstacles that impede his progress. There are times when we find ourselves surrounded by difficulties, and imagine ourselves in an almost disentangled knot of troubles. By reading Addison in such emergencies we may rest assured that we can find a safe and sure way of rescuing ourselves.

Of all the pen productions of this distinguished author, there is perhaps none less read, and yet none more worthy of study than his criticism of *Paradise Lost*. This work is doubly interesting because he not only criticises it as a literary production, but points out in it all the beauties which were requisite to raise it to the dignity of an epic. Other authors have bestowed high praise upon *Paradise Lost*, but no critic has descended to particulars, and thrown light upon that immortal poem with the method, clearness, and good sense of Addison. And in order to fulfill the duty of the true critic, having passed his judgment, and substantiated his assertions by extrinsic and intrinsic proofs, he points out the errors and defects with consummate skill.



Many writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were possessed of, and made a praiseworthy exhibition of talent and genius, but Addison is one of the few that perfected his own intellectual powers, endeavored to teach his fellow man how to live, and pointed out the safe way of making society honorable. He had no need of improving upon his art, of fearing the critics censure or of searching for a wider range of information. His technique, from the beginning, displays the hand of a cultivated artist. He is almost unrivaled in smoothness, clearness, and harmony. His manner of conveying thought shows no lack; it is absolutely his own; and by most discreet exertion has arrived almost at the fullness of perfection. Whatever he did not know he had no power of opportunity of acquiring. It would be absurd to say of him that he needed concentration, depth, or taste, for his writings prove that his powers were directed to his subject as rays of light concentrate into a focus, that his taste was delicate as that of the most accomplished painter and his depth as profound as the most comprehensive philosopher. Those who read Addison for knowledge, should look at his pages with a discriminating eye, those who read him for style should study his art with a diligent spirit, those who read him for pleasure, will realize profit, for to read his works is to study society, and to learn the art of clear and harmonious composition.

PETER J. GERAGHTY, '01.

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#### CAPITALISTS.

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Shakespeare observes that many men, like village dogs, will bark when their fellows do. And so my choosing to write on the topic of capitalists may lead some to regard me as one of those who join in the common cry of "away with the idle holders of idle capital, and let the toiling masses rise to a glorious equality," in a word, one who, with the communists, would endeavor to persuade the wealthy to pluck the purple robe of capital from their own shoulders and wrap in its ample folds their dusty brethren, or, with socialists, to transfer it to the august shoulders of the state and offer themselves as her zealous servants. But let them not think that I am of the number of those who are desirous of plundering those men for whom, the virtues of their ancestors, have won a strong and vigorous mind by energetic use of which they have made themselves the kings of industry and commerce. Men who, by a wonderful direction of the ener-



gies of the nation, have, in the space of a century, gemmed our vast country with flourishing cities; scattered the millions over our wide expanse of territory, there, to make the virgin soil blossom like the rose, or fill the towns with the din of industrial activity; in a word, flooded our immense country with wealth and abundance, and accomplished more in the brief time, than ever did other nations in half a dozen of centuries. Are we now to annihilate these men, or the means by which they have rendered such high services to the country? Certainly not.

It is an undeniable fact that, for the last ten years or more, the situation of affairs has been greatly aggravated. Whether it is owing to the sudden and high increase of population, to over production of all kinds, to mismanagement of the same, to hot competition, or to the fatal influence exercised by those controlling agriculture, industry, and commerce, is difficult evidently to ascertain. Perhaps each of these causes may have had a certain influence in producing the present condition of affairs; yet, I believe it is owing to a general bad spirit and evil direction of things more than to any other cause; for our country is evidently young enough, rich enough, and large enough to afford plenty, ease, and comfort to our seventy-five millions of population. If we do not find it so we must look elsewhere for causes than in population or resource. Now, the common cry is raised against capitalists. Some say that it is owing to the cruel, selfish, and grasping disposition of these men that the millions are dragged into misery and want. It is true that Christian principles do not exercise the powerful influence they ought on practical social life, and, as a consequence, public conscience has become unscrupulous; and that the money giants have greatly abused their power.

Yet it would be unfair to lay all the burden of blame on their shoulders, for the laborers must carry their share. Coming down to about ten years ago the laboring classes have had such overflowing advantages, high wages, and rich revenues, that even the lazy, the improvident, the careless, or the unsteady, could, as a rule, eke out a living; and the general opulence was such that even the poor lived in abundance, and took to spend-thrift habits. But rapid increase of population and competition placed a great many more in the race after wealth and living, so that the crafty, the industrious, the careful, and the talented in some way monopolized the race, leaving the easy-goers in the dust behind; and these unwilling to restrain their habits of living



to what is necessary, soon found themselves in misery and want. And then, stirred in their prejudices by demagogues, they have hurled anathemas at the heads of capitalists and loudly called for communism or socialism. Now it is not my intention to assert that all the laborers who are in misery today are so on account of this and through their own fault; but I wish to affirm this much, that, as a class, they are far from being without blame for the condition they are in. I will not dwell upon the would-be reforms which the masses are clamoring for, they have been sufficiently refuted. Suffice it to say in passing, that their systems might be very good if they had angels to fulfill the functions which the reforms involve, but with our perverted humanity they would simply result in much greater confusion and disorder than already exists. Let, therefore, everyone be convinced that our social machinery is fully good enough if we but had better men to work it, and let it be taken as a social and economic axiom that in a state, when men are reformed, things will reform themselves. It is therefore vain and useless to try to erect the roof of well ordered government and social relations so long as we have not true men to serve as upholding pillars. The return of true prosperity calls therefore for a return to those Christian principles which made our ancestors honest, just, and right-living men.

As to capitalists with whom I am concerned, it cannot be denied that not a few of them have greatly abused their power, and forgotten their duties. It is a deplorable fact that many of them, totally devoid of Christian charity and justice, have looked on their employees as mere machines from whom they have contrived to get the greatest amount of work possible for the least money, totally regardless of the duties they owe to those working for them. Entirely possessed with selfishness and greed for wealth, they have proved cruel and pitiless. They have accumulated millions from the labors of the masses, often to sustain in indolence children possessing repugnance for all work; children whose life's end is to enjoy, regardless of all duties and obligations.

Now, whatever the weak points of the laboring classes may be, nevertheless, their loud expressions of discontent arising from all parts of the world must be founded on grievous abuses, and if this state of discontent keeps on increasing some terrible social upheaval must take place which will involve the innocent with the guilty and shake society to its very foundation.



So it were wise for capitalists, if they wish to retain their thousands and millions, to adopt, if not for duty's at least for policy's sake, the Christian method of dealing with laborers. Namely, to treat them like brothers; to use them humanely and not like machines; to give them such wages as will enable them to sustain themselves and their families; and also contrive to procure them steady occupation.

If I could reach the ear of every uneasy capitalist in the world who, as he jealously guards his large treasure, views the gathering clouds of discontent, and hears mutterings of anger that make him quake, I would whisper to him: "Be just and fear not"—I would say to him: "Remember that the possession of large wealth entails weighty responsibilities of justice and of charity. Be kind, be humane, be charitable, and this uproused people will teach their children to bless your name, they will seek after you, not to plunder you, but to thank you and kiss the hand that has helped to lift them out of their misery. Are you, *can you* be indifferent to the common feelings of humanity? Can you forget that all these horny handed sons of toil have bodies not made of unfeeling steel? That these bodies, as they spend their energies day by day to increase your wealth, need nourishing food, that they are subject to the wasteful devastation of disease? That these laborers have also souls which are capable of sympathy and the balm of fraternal love? Souls capable of aspirations beyond what their present condition makes necessary? Hesitate not then to give them a fair price, a just remuneration. Let this increase according as your industry is through their toil made more remunerative. Have the most solicitous care of them when they, through sickness or other misfortune, are in want. Be the fathers of your working men. Let your relations with them be more personal and kindly.—Stand not aloof from them as if they were unholy things. Seek not to control legislation so as to oppress them, and grind out of them most unreasonable profits. Do not exasperate their poverty by vain display of your riches, or by permitting your children to lead lives of debauchery and of no profit whatever to the common good. On the contrary, give them example by living yourselves lives of moderation, and by bringing up your children in Christian principles and discipline; teaching them that they ought to be the fathers of the poor; inciting them to the choosing of a profession in life, or in some way or other, make themselves capable of working good to humanity by using their fortunes in



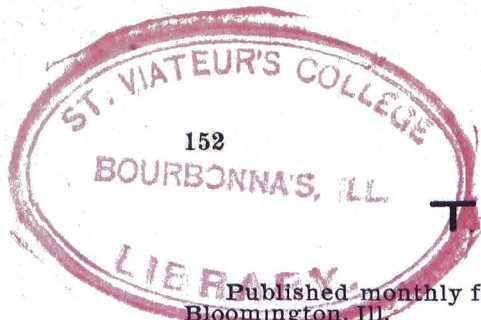
great and worthy undertakings and in the giving of large charities to those institutions promoting the common good of society; and thus teaching them that the highest end of wealth is to accomplish the greatest good, also, that the most precious inheritance that can be left to children is not so much thousands and millions as the moral character enabling them to make use of them properly."

It is not then to law I would turn the attention of capitalists to best secure them in their possession of wealth. We have laws enough. But if capital is to enjoy the peaceful possession of its lawfully acquired profits, it must enter into closer and more cordial relations with labor. Peace that is maintained at the point of bayonets is no peace at all. Capital is at war with labor when it has to enforce its rights, real or imaginary, by means of the awful presence of the state's militia. No! this is not peace, it is a violent condition and therefore unnatural. Let capitalists harken to the dictates of reason, let them listen to the divine teachings of religion, and they will learn from both reason and religion to abominate selfish greed and all injustice; they will see that there is no more despicable nor dangerous human being than the one who ever seeks himself alone; they will learn to detach themselves from the engrossing element of riches; they will learn how much they owe to the individuals and to the community, which have jointly made their prosperity possible, and will conceive a salutary sense of private gratitude and public liberality.

Thus will they free themselves and society from these annoying strikes, which are alarming symptoms of some radical disease in the social body. But unless capitalists are willing to be ruled by reason and religion, if, on the contrary, they choose to be led by the merciless and Godless principles of mere mercantilism, then let them not be surprised when the unavoidable comes, when the hungry masses of toilers, driven to desperation, seek to wrench from the too tight grasp of capital, that sustenance and decent living which capital has ever denied them.

JOSEPH I. GRANGER—'99.





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## EDITORIAL.

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Perhaps no better illustration could be given of how easily men lose sight of principles when passion, prejudice, or self-interest usurps the place of reason, than our late war with Spain affords.

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There is scarcely an American from the gray-haired statesman to the school boy, who is just receiving his first lessons in United States history, that does not condemn the conquest of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards under Cortez and Pizarro. And yet, strangely enough, these Spaniards justified their conquest on precisely the same principles which we so loudly advocated for carrying on war with Spain—*humanity*.

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Before Cortez came to Mexico, the Aztecs, although they had attained a considerable degree of civilization, sacrificed on the altars of their divinities, from fifteen to twenty thousand human victims yearly. Cortez made the abolition of this inhuman custom a pretext for overthrowing their government and subjecting them to the dominion of Spain. Besides this they were pagans and he furthermore pretended to be desirous of bringing to them the light of Christian civilization.

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Whatever force, therefore, there may be in the humanity argument, applies in the case of Cortez even more than it does in our own. For not even the most blind and bitter enemy of Spain will venture to charge her with the sickening atrocities of which the Aztecs were guilty. If, then, our conduct in carrying on war for the sake of humanity be commendable and worthy of the admiration of succeeding generations, what blind inconsistency prevents us from extending the same measure of praise to Cortez, who professedly, at least, fought for the same cause?



But even granting that Cortez in his conquest of Mexico and we in our war with Spain were animated solely by motives of humanity, yet this would still be far from being a sufficient justification of war. War can be lawfully undertaken only for one of two reasons—either to repel unjust aggression, or to vindicate social order violated by another nation. When war is carried on for any other cause it is altogether unjust and condemnable. That the Aztecs had never made an unjust attack upon the Spaniards nor injured any of their rights is unquestionable and it is no less certain, that however the Spaniards may have administered the affairs of Cuba and the Philippines, they never in any way trespassed on our rights. We had therefore no reason whatsoever for declaring war upon them, any more than they had for invading Mexico.

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We are by no means Spanish sympathizers. We believe that the conquest of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines was, for the most part, unjust and indefensible and that Spain consequently had little, if any right to these islands; but on the other hand, we do not believe that Providence has constituted the United States the supreme tribunal before whose bar all nations must answer for their wrong doing.

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Each nation is independent of all others, and must be governed and directed by its own lawful authority. Whoever, therefore, arrogates to himself the right of dictating how the subjects of a nation, over which he has no authority, must be governed, violates the rights which that nation has of ruling its own subjects. This does not cease to be true even though it is absolutely certain that a nation is ruling badly and that the government would be much better administered by a neighboring nation.

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Let us concede that Spain was guilty of all the acts of cruelty and oppression in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, of which she has been accused, even this would not justify us or any other nation in declaring war against her. To punish crimes against social order and justice belongs only to the one who has the right of directing the society against which these crimes were committed. No one, so far as we know, ever pretended that Spain did us the least wrong; consequently the United States had no right to redress the grievances of the Cubans and Filipinos.



The plea that we are rendering a great service to these people in freeing them from the tyranny of Spanish rule, avails us nothing if the means we take to do the good be evil, since a good end does not justify evil means.

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#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

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The celebration of St. Patrick's Day this year at St. Viateur's College may be truly termed an educational triumph for the institution.

It was a practical illustration of the high degree of excellence attained in literary, philosophic, and physical culture by the entire body of the students. Not one department alone, but every student from the minim to the senior took part in the celebration. For the piety and talent displayed in St. Patrick's honor by his "*children and his brothers' children*," the good saint from his seat of glory must have cast a befriending nod on the seminary of learning where the fleur-de-lis and the shamrock have bloomed unto such vigor and beauty of intellect and heart.

On the evening of the 16th inst. a large audience assembled in the college hall to witness the dramatic entertainment planned for the occasion, according to the following

#### PROGRAMME : HAMLET.

The title has a world of meaning to those who can appreciate what difficulty underlies the proper rendition of Hamlet. That a band of college students should enact, in a manner to do honor to the professional boards, a play that has been "the applause, delight and wonder of our stage," would seem an exaggeration pardonable only from the pen of a tyro, or in the flaunt columns of a newspaper advertisement. But the students of St. Viateur's may justly boast such an achievement, and may well claim that "title of honor which," as Ovid says, "weighed in the balance of their merits, can be granted to few" of our national colleges.

As the perfection with which each individual filled his role contributed to the general excellence of the performance, we regret that space will not permit us to give each the particular mention he deserves; but we must be satisfied to turn the lens of criticism only on the giant stars of the constellation. Mr. J. H. Nawn impersonated Hamlet. In studying Mr. Nawn's acting one might appreciate the value which elsewhere in his works Shakespeare sets on the eyes, or the Roman dramatist on "the



*talking* countenance, which a rare grace adorns in its virtue." A *virtuoso* in the dramatic art, Mr. Nawn has set a precedent for the students which they may with difficulty excel. For the intelligence of his reading of the lines, for suppressed force and elegant finish, he could justly invite comparison with the accepted types of the professional stage.

It was an agreeable surprise for all present that the sweet Ophelia of Shakespeare could find so true an interpreter in the person of Mr. Arthur Hansl. His conception of the character, even in that most difficult presentation—the mad scene,—was characterized by delicacy, grace, and a tender pathos. The Laertes of Mr. Proctor W. Hansl was a fitting foil for the Hamlet of Mr. Nawn. Mr. Hansl gave proof of histrionic talent of a very creditable order. Messrs. J. M. Kangley, E. J. Logan, P. F. Daniher, J. P. St. Cerney, J. I. Granger, in their respective impersonations, can justly lay claim to a special share in the honors of the evening.

The great drama found an appropriate setting in the orchestral numbers given under the direction of Rev. Dr. Legris. A pretty bit of effect was produced by the playing of Chopin's soul-penetrating funeral march. It lent a pathetic charm to the celebrated graveyard scene. The musical feature of the program was diversified by the singing of Rossini's "La Charité." The members of the quartet gave a very artistic phrasing to that difficult composition, and the audience was not slow to show its appreciation by enthusiastic applause.

Taken all in all, the entertainment was one of which the faculty and students of St. Viateur's can feel proud. The Very Reverend Pres. M. J. Marsile, under whose personal supervision the exercises had been prepared, was the recipient of the most flattering compliments from the select audience. Prominent among those present were: Rev. J. Conway, Chicago; Rev. J. J. Creegan, S.V.C., Chicago; Rev. T. J. McDevitt, Chicago; Rev. Father Sixt, Kankakee; Mr. and Mrs. E. Levit, Chicago; Mrs. Garrity, Mrs. Shipley, Mrs. Maher, Mr. and Mrs. D. Burke, Mrs. Posney, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. K. Moran, Mr. H. Moran, Mr. M. Moran, Miss M. Finnegan, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Kane, Mr. J. T. Burke, Mr. P. Ready, all from Chicago; Mr. J. Fisher, Kentland, Ind.; Mrs. Hansl and Mrs. Peitle, Kankakee; Dr. and Mrs. Morel, Bourbonnais; Mrs. R. Legris, Bourbonnais; Mr. Chenique, Ste. Anne; Mr. Bourgeois, Ste. Anne; Mr. Cleary, Momence; Mr. Keefe, Kentland, Ind.



On the morning of the 17th many of the students approached the holy table, and while they returned thanks to God for the gifts which "the faith of their fathers" afforded, they did not forget to offer a prayer for their friends across the ocean. At 9 o'clock a. m. a solemn high mass was chanted at which Rev. Father McDevitt acted as celebrant, and Rev. Father Ryan as deacon, assisted by Mr. Casey, a subdeacon of the college. Father Conway preached, and the college choir surpassed previous records of excellence. The grandeur of the liturgy found an echo in the happy rendition of one of Gounod's most beautiful and most difficult masses. The offertory number was Lambillotte's "Justus Ut Palma," by Rev. E. L. Rivard and Rev. R. Bellerose. Nor was the eloquence of song and word displayed on the eve in the fane of worldly literature to eclipse the sacred magnificence of the muse that graced the altar of sacrifice. The reverend preacher eloquently described the work past and present of St. Patrick. He said he had no apology to make if he made Ireland's political history the theme of the sanctuary; "for," said he, "no other nation is so Christ-like that her very being has been identified with her religion." He concluded by exhorting his hearers to be ever true to the faith of Patrick and the divine mission of apostleship which Providence has allotted to the sons of Erin.

A very pleasing completeness to the day's proceedings was given after dinner, when in the presence of the faculty and patrons of the college, the military drill was announced. The complicated tactics were executed with remarkable precision, the movements of the select division of seniors being especially noteworthy. The warmest interest centered in the manoeuvres of the "Columbia Guards," representing the minims. Faultlessly dressed, and wearing natty silk sashes, the handsome little fellows made an exhibition that was unique. Intricate figures, including sword fancy drills, saluting of colors, forming of crosses, etc., were gone through with a grace and military bearing that called out the most enthusiastic applause.

In fine, the celebration of St. Patrick's Day of 1899 may justly be looked upon as an event in the history of St. Viateur's College to which it may refer with pride.

T. J. G.



## EXCHANGES.

We have a veritable garden of rich and sweet-scented flowers in our exchanges for this month.

Pegasus seems to have paused in his airy flight, to inspire the poets of our college papers to extraordinary productions, and likewise the muses of our hardier contributors, our prose writers, seem to have awakened from their slumbers of the past two months.

A criticism or rather an appreciation of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," in the *Saint Joseph's Collegian*, has attracted our attention, and elicits our warmest praise. We believe, with the author, that "In Memoriam" is the sublimest, the most heartfelt tribute of love ever paid by a human being to his friend. It is not a mere local production, nor is it confined to any particular people; it is a "world-poem." The "Adonais" of Shelley, or the "Lysidas" of Milton, though grand, can never attain the place in literature occupied by this immortal elegy.

The *Holy Cross Purple* for this month contains both poetry and prose of surprising merit. The author of the tale, entitled "The Masterpiece," is certainly no novice in the wielding of the pen. Also, the lines, "To a Locket," are very pretty.

The *Young Eagle*, for March, consists principally of essays treating various phases of Dante's "Divine Comedy," and of the poet himself. All of the articles are handled in a manner which demonstrates that their authors are well acquainted with their subjects.

We heartily endorse the view expressed in an editorial in the *Niagara Index* on "Capital Punishment." We concur with the writer in the opinion, that "capital punishment is a relic of the past barbarious ages, and like these relics, had better be considered ignorance of the past than cruelty and brutality of the present. \* \* \* The effort to lessen murder and other crimes should begin with the sowing of good seed."

We would advise the ex man of the *Fordham Monthly* to invest some of his loose change in a pair of well tested spectacles. In the reference he makes to THE VIATORIAN, in the March issue of the *Fordham*, there are two blunders which we can account for only by supposing that our friends' eyesight is somewhat defective. He says "the honor page in THE VIATORIAN for January



is devoted to a jubilee poem in Latin called an offering from the junior class."

If Mr. James O'Neill, jr., will take the trouble to refer to our January issue; he will find that the poem is ascribed to the class of theologians which we need hardly inform him, is not usually composed of juniors. The juniors seem to be great favorites with Mr. O'Neill. He has even appended jr. to his name.

The other error he commits consists in mistaking a few words of praise bestowed on the manner in which Falstaff was presented on the college stage, for a criticism of Henry IV.

What possible excuse a college paper like the *Hesperian* can have for continuing publication we are unable to conceive. It is devoted to a few "inane platitudes" about society doings and athletics with which those who can possibly have any interest in them, are sufficiently well acquainted. The last page is occupied by three or four ads. and a few stupid attempts at humor in equally insufferable, doggerel rhyme.

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#### ROLL OF HONOR.

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The Lesage medal for excellence in French literature was awarded to William Granger.

The Guilfoyle medal, awarded for the best composition in the rhetoric classes, was equally deserved by P. Geraghty, M. Morrissey, G. Bergeron, J. Carey, A. Hansl, W. Luby and A. Martin. Drawn by A. Martin.

The Conway medal, awarded for excellence in both courses, was equally deserved by P. Geraghty and William Ruby. Drawn by P. Geraghty.

The gold medal awarded for excellence in the classical course was equally deserved by H. Cyr, J. Ambonen, L. Finnegan, A. Hansl, W. Hanlon, R. Nugent, M. Morrissey, J. Murphy, P. O'Connor, A. McVey, R. Richer, and F. Riley. Drawn by A. Hansl.

The first silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by W. Brault, G. Bergeron, Art. Caron, J. Carey, P. Dufault, F. Ambonen, L. Goffard, R. Hansl, L. Kroschowitz, W. Maher, F. McPherson, D. O'Dwyer, J. McCarm, J. McCarthy, W. Rooney, and L. Rivard. Drawn by J. McCarthy.

The second silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by W. Burke, L. Boisvert, T. Corkery, T. Conley, W. Cleary, D. Carmody, A. Goodreau, C. Moran, N. Marcotte,



D. Maher, A. Martin, J. Patterson, and J. St. Cerny. Drawn by A. Goodreau.

The gold medal awarded for excellence in the commercial course was equally deserved by A. Drolet, H. Heister, J. Kinsella, T. McCormick, W. Schoeneck, C. Stacey, and R. Valentine. Drawn by R. Valentine.

The first silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by J. Cunningham, R. Fay, T. Goodman, A. Richer, A. Sonichsen, J. O'Brien, and F. Tammen. Drawn by F. Tammen.

The second silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by F. Butler, W. Flannagan, R. Gones, I. Leduc, and J. Sanasack. Drawn by R. Gones.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the senior department was equally deserved by P. Dube, W. and J. Granger, P. Geraghty, L. Kroschowitz, W. Luby, J. McCarthy, J. Loneragan, and T. McCormick. Drawn by T. McCormick.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the junior department was equally deserved by L. Boisvert, A. Drolet, E. Drolet, P. Legris, Hetor Marcotte, A. Richer, and R. Richer. Drawn by A. Drolet.

Minim department conduct medal was equally deserved by E. Senecal, R. Cartan, C. Cook, A. Legris, A. Funk, J. Legris, H. Crevier, and F. Berren. Drawn by E. Senecal.

The excellence medal was equally deserved by George Cartan and E. Senecal. Drawn by E. Senecal.

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—"Cyrano."

—Holy cats!

—Say, I must get one.

—I was not forgotten.

—That little billy-goat.

—Who swiped his curler?

—Say, I'll give you two to my one.

—What about those chess crotches?

—Yes, brodder, I'se got a very sore neck.

—The operation was fortunately successful.

—I hate to have a tooth in front of my head.



