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FAC ET SPERA.

EFFORT.

AWAY, ye phantom dreams, away!
Life's path is not so drear.
Why cool ambition's cheek and brow.
Hope's heart, why crush with fear.

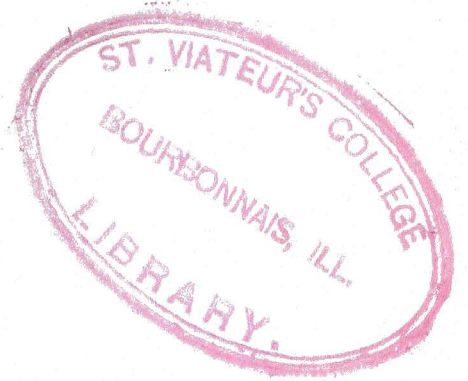
As in the slimy, stagnant pool
There grows the lily fair,
So may a noble life be led
'Mid squalor, filth and care.

Life's hard enigma stands unsolved,
Unsolved it shall remain
For men who live in idle dreams
That rob of thought the brain.

The hero's born, when death claims fear;
'And life's enigma solved
When men join brain and muscle both
To do the things involved.

Then hie thee to the idler's den,
Who life's great puzzle shirks;
The key that opens to success
Is found in one word: "Work!"

J. M. KANGLEY.



CHILDE HAROLD.

Canto I.

First Paper: Character of the Hero.

CHILDE HAROLD'S Pilgrimage is the description of Byron's own travels in Spain, Greece, Rhineland and Italy. During the course of his journeyings the poet sees many things that are inspiringly grand and he is generally equal to the task of giving his impressions poetic utterance; he sees many things which he deems commonplace and low and to these he does not fail to apply the whips of his poetic genius. In any work of this kind one must expect a strong subjective element. Childe Harold is not written like a railroad advertisement of beautiful scenery and fair cities and paradisaical resorts. It is instinct and all palpitant with the writer's own sentiments. It may even be a matter of surprise to some to find how, in the midst of such grand and varied scenes of nature, in the midst of so many different peoples, in the midst of the attractions of so many great cities and the smoke and turmoil of so many battles, the traveler manages to keep himself so prominently in the foreground. This subjective element is so strongly marked as to leave upon the reader the impression that Byron was not afflicted with the shrinking modesty of the violet.

Although Childe Harold's Pilgrimage is, so far as it goes, autobiographical, yet Byron had at first thought of concealing his identity under the name of Harold. To accomplish this design Byron resorts to a ruse calculated to deceive the reader into believing that the pilgrim is a pleasure-sated knight of some former age, who starts out in quest of diversions. The quaint artifice which he uses in view of effecting this purpose consists in calling Harold

not a knight or a lord, but in giving him the old title of Childe; and in sprinkling his diction with old and obsolete words so as to give his poem an air of antiquity. For instance, he uses the word *mote* for ought or might; *whilome* for formerly; *ne* for never; *hight* for called, *loesel* for vagabond; *shent* for disgraced; *plaisaunces* for *plaisances*; *joyaunce* for *joyance*. It is remarkable, however, that this artifice is ill-sustained, for even in the first canto the poet abandons it and forgets to use any but current or modern English words. Again, he destroys what illusion he might have hoped to produce by this ill-managed mirage when Childe Harold is made to express opinions on quite modern events, such as the battle of Waterloo, and to discourse upon the modern characteristics of peoples: things quite inconsistent with the character of a mediaeval knight, who is not represented as a prophet. The poet throws off all disguise towards the end of the third canto, and in the fourth canto he speaks out in his own name. Childe Harold has disappeared: "I stood in Venice on the bridge of sighs."

As to the hero's character, such as it is revealed to us in this poem, we can say that it agrees in the main with what is known of Byron's personality. Even admitting that Byron has been extravagant in painting his own vices, it is certain, as Scott mildly puts it, that this poem gives us no good symptoms of Byron's heart and morals. Here Byron represents himself as a sad *loesel*, a worthless fellow, who disgraced an honored name, who, upon reaching manhood, had tasted pleasure unto nauseating satiety, who was so sick at heart and so disgusted with his fellow revellers and paramours,—flatterers all and heartless parasites, that he fled from his native land and even felt inclined to seek the shades of hell, just for a change of scene.

Hence, pleasure-drugged, he leaves without a sigh his laughing dames that "long had fed his youthful appetite"; he leaves his estates and his home and his "goblets that had brimmed with every costly vine," But he abandons all these not to seek a desert in which to shed tears of penitential regret,—but to seek distraction in other pleasures. Once only, while in a mountain solitude, in pensive mood, conscious reason whispered to him to despise his early youth, misspent in maddest whim; but as his aching eyes

grew dim at thus gazing on truth he shakes himself free from this "moping fit" and onward he pushes in eager chase for the diversion of changing scenes. He seems as incapable of remorse, of salutary sorrow as he is now disinclined to pursue the pleasures of sense, "the harlot and the bowl" (s. 18).

He is now morbidly morose. Beauty's eyes have no charm for him. He is given to loathing his present state. He is without hope. Vice had buried all his hopes. His is the unresting doom of cursed Cain. The sparkling eyes of Spanish maids may shoot their fervent flashes;—these love missiles but glance off his "marble heart." This moral dyspeptic can only declare the fruit luscious which now no longer has power to please his palate. As with the wandering Jew, the ceaseless gloom of conscious guilt shuts out from him all possibility of rest in this life and all hope of a better fate after death. It seems it is especially for this crushing weariness caused by the overshadowing thought of his blighted life, that he pleads for pity, for sympathy. He poses not as a model, but rather as an object of pity. Scott thinks it takes impudence equal to Lord Byron's other powers to plead gravely for sympathy for his ennui, his lassitude caused by the loss of his fellow wassailers and paramours. How can he seriously ask us to compassionate his evils when he confesses himself a rank, an incurable pessimist and a disciple of the philosophy of despair? If there is a clear moral sense to this piece of composition it is the solemn warning which it gives to all those who might feel inclined to follow the doctrines of Epicurus and Shopenhaur. Those who surrender themselves to the reckless and shameful excesses of sensual indulgence which the philosophy of pleasure will lead them into will inevitably wander into the black forest of pessimism and despair.

Speaking of a Spanish recluse, Byron says:

"Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell."

This hermit sought to sanctify himself through retirement, solitude, silence, prayer and mortification. All this, according to Byron, is making earth a hell for one's self. Byron was no ascetic,

much less a mystic. He here professes his disbelief in the efficacy of penitential exercises for curbing the passions. St. Paul chastized his body for that purpose. Byron leaves out of count the superior delights which flood the souls of contemplatives.

He would then have us believe that it is by the gratification of all desires that we can make a heaven of earth, that is, attain supreme happiness right here on this dusty globe. Thus would come about the rehabilitation of the flesh dreamt of by Cabanis, Broussais, Saint Simon. To be well-fed animals does not seem a very high aim for men. To make this earth a paradise, that is, to spend all our efforts to make our homes the delightful abodes of luxury, of affluence, of peace and of love and to be satisfied to bask in indolent enjoyment of this Eden unto the end of our natural lives, ignoring the while any other higher destiny—all this is unsound philosophy, because it is converting means into an end. And even were this earthly felicity the **summum bonum**, it could neither be attained nor preserved without the constant repression of many dangerous natural inclinations. And should it enter into the minds or hearts of these supposedly happy mortals to scale the summits of intellectual or moral eminence, they would soon discover that these feats are impossible without mighty effort; and that great effort calls for qualities quite the opposite of the dispositions developed by self-indulgence.

Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato and the Stoics had saner views by far on this subject than many of our own modern would-be pagans, among whom Childe Harold, alias George Gordon Byron, can easily be classed. Byron made his own life miserable by acting quite the opposite of the saintly Honorius, and there is no telling how many domestic Edens he defiled, how many happy lives he wrecked in acting out his own bad principles. A few more men like Honorius make the world take a serener aspect; a few more men like Byron would soon make the earth as inhabitable as hell itself.

R.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

TO bear the name of statesman and orator, justly, and above all, to act up to the exalted standard of manhood, implied in the term Christian, is surely sufficient to glorify and ennoble any man and to make him an exemplar to which his race and nation may turn their eyes for guidance and inspiration. The bare consideration of what these titles stand for is sufficient to make this clear. A statesman is one who devotes his talents and energies to the welfare of his fellow-men; who seeks to enfold the humblest citizen in the land with the protecting mantle of just law, and to secure for every man the exercise of his inherent rights. This is the ordinary scope of statesmanship. But there are higher, nobler, grander displays of this magnificent science. He may justly take his place in the front rank of statesmen, who lifts the galling yoke of iniquitous laws from the unoffending necks of millions of his countrymen; who dries the scalding tears of his cruelly scourged fellow-citizens, and allows them to breathe the sweet air of liberty and security. All this I claim for Ireland's greatest and most beloved son—the immortal liberator, Daniel O'Connell—statesman, orator and uncompromising Christian.

Why do we today hold this man in such high esteem? Why do we love, honor, and venerate his name? Why do we so fervently perpetuate and immortalize his memory? In a word, what has he done, what great work has he performed that his name is enshrined in every Irish heart and in the memory of every Irishman? Before answering these questions let us cast our thoughts some few centuries back and briefly investigate the sad condition of Ireland before O'Connell appeared upon the arena.

That Ireland has been the most afflicted of nations, no man will deny; and never was her grief, her affliction, her misfortune greater; never was her dark hour darker than at the close of the 18th century. She was cruelly oppressed and persecuted by the tyrannical government of England, as no nation or people had ever

been before. England had framed a code known as the Penal Laws, which Montesquieu said could have been "made only by devils, and should be registered only in hell." Under these unjust and rigorous laws, a Catholic Irishman was barely allowed the right to live, and scarcely could he lift his hand without violating the law. It seems oppressive, cruel, shameful in the eyes of men that a powerful nation trample under foot, crush and enslave a weaker, an inoffensive people, and impose on them the galling yoke of oppression and tyranny; but how far more tyrannical and hateful in the eyes of God and man does a nation appear, which not only enslaves and tyrannizes a people thus, but even seeks to enter the very sanctuary of their souls and to bind with chains and shackles their very conscience, their free-will, denying them that which is most dear to men,—the exercise of their religious, their spiritual duties—the worship of the true God. This was how England treated and trampled upon the Irish people, almost denying them the right of existence. It is no wonder, then, that this "Ireland of Saints and Scholars," chained and shackled by the cruel bonds of oppression, was in such a sad condition that one of her most cherished poets has thus described her:

"O Ireland, my country, the hour of thy pride and thy splendor
hath passed,
And the chain that was spurned in thy moments of power hangs
heavy around thee at last!
There are marks in the fate of each clime, there are turns in the
fortunes of men;
But the changes of realms or the chances of time shall never re-
store thee again."

* * * * *

"In the nations thy place is left void; thou art lost in the lists of
the free;
Even realms by the plague and the earthquake destroyed may
revive, but no hope is for thee."

It was at this very moment when the nation's spirit was broken, when all hopes had been abandoned, when she seemed to have reached the limit of her sufferings and humiliations, that O'Connell—then a young man, without arms, without rank, without

wealth, without renown—threw himself in front of the people and begged them to make one more effort. The people, dispirited, disunited, broken-hearted, turned a deaf ear to him. They were unwilling to make another effort. In vain they had fought and toiled and labored. They had now given up all hopes; for they had seen every attempt lead but to the scaffold. This was the people with whom O'Connell had to deal; a people whose repeated failures had driven them to the verge of despair. But O'Connell said: "I will forge these four millions of Irish hearts into a thunderbolt, which shall suffice to dash this despotism to pieces."

The ablest of her statesmen—Swift, Grattan, Emmet, Flood, Sheridan, Curran and Burke, had given their lives to Ireland, but after all what was she? A slave, still clamoring for justice, at the feet of England. It was O'Connell, by his devotedness, his patriotism, his untiring zeal, who moulded these millions of disunited dispirited and broken-hearted people into a strong and formidable band, and compelled England to yield to their demands. He demanded justice for Ireland, and the emancipation of the Catholics. He did what Grattan told the Irish people on many occasions: "Keep knocking at the union"; and England was forced to yield point after point. And where is Ireland today? Her chains and shackles have fallen off one by one, and now she stands on almost an equal footing with England. All this has O'Connell done for Ireland. Yes, and even more—he has laid the foundation, the corner-stone of Ireland's freedom and future greatness; he has deeply implanted in her blood-stained soil the seed of sweet liberty, which shall be reaped in some future generation; and the last and patriotic words of the immortal Emmet: "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written," shall be realized, and his epitaph shall be inscribed in letters of gold on the marble shaft which a grateful nation shall raise to perpetuate the memory of its martyred hero.

Is it, then, any wonder that the Irish people, wherever scattered, love, honor and cherish deep in their heart of hearts the name of O'Connell? Well may they exclaim, "Grattan sat by the cradle of his country, and followed her hearse; but it was left for O'Connell to sound the resurrection trumpet, and show that she was not dead, but sleeping."

After viewing the marvelous success of O'Connell as a statesman, let us now consider his abilities as an orator. Wherein lay the great charm by which O'Connell achieved such a wonderful success? It was his marvelous, his prodigious eloquence. As an orator he is unsurpassed in modern times; and we may search the records of history in vain to find another man who united millions of his countrymen, and inspired them with such lofty and burning aspirations, with such an unquenchable fire of patriotism as did the great O'Connell. His oratorical eloquence and skill consisted not so much in the splendor of his diction; not so much in fine expressions and rounded periods; but it consisted in the powerful grasp with which he handled the most vital questions; in his deeply resonant and thundering voice; in his majestic appearance; in the eye beaming with intelligence and humor; in the uplifted arm, emphasizing every glorious maxim of freedom and religion. He was gifted with a wonderful memory, a powerful and comprehensive intelligence, a most fertile imagination, a penetrating genius, a most tender and loyal heart, a truly noble and generous spirit. He knew how to conciliate in the highest degree the affection, devotedness and loyalty of his countrymen; and had such a power over their minds and hearts as to obtain from them whatever he desired. His invincible firmness of mind; the superiority of his genius; his truly noble and generous heart; his great and untiring energy of soul; and above all a most consummate prudence under the most trying circumstances were the means by which he endeared himself to his people and won their love, respect and admiration. O'Connell has a still higher and broader title than that of "Liberator." It was he who invented; it was he who laid the corner-stone of the great method of constitutional agitation, and the "first great agitator" is the title by which he is universally known, and his proudest title to gratitude and fame. "This," says Father Burke, "is the first and greatest victory of peaceful principle which the world has ever witnessed, the grandest triumph of truth and justice, the most glorious victory of the genius of one man."

But, after all the final and supreme test by which every man must be measured; the only genuine criterion of true greatness is

not what he has done, not what he has, but what he is. We must measure him not by the brilliancy of his genius, not by the greatness of his power, not by the vastness of his influence, but by the grandeur, the nobility, the truth and beauty of his life. Now the most perfect, the deepest, the holiest, the most comprehensive law of right-living ever taught for the guidance of man's conduct is, without question, the sublime teaching of the gospel—Christianity. Consequently, in the last analysis he must be accounted the greatest and highest type of man who most fully conforms his conduct to the standard of lofty action taught by Christ. This is the solid title to enduring greatness which I claim for O'Connell—that he was a whole-souled, practical, earnest, fearless Christian.

Before him lay two ways of life: one led to all the world prized—wealth, glory, title, fame; to the council chambers of the nation; to the highest places of distinction in the land. The promptings of youthful ambition, the stirrings of genius which he already felt, the consciousness of vast intellectual power placed all these grand prizes within his easy grasp, and strongly urged him to enter this golden field, to grasp this grand opportunity. The other way led to humiliation, privation, hatred and contempt; it was a way of danger and of blood and it had ever before ended in defeat; a way in which the noblest patriots of the land had trodden to a most shameful death on the infamous scaffold. Nevertheless, it was for O'Connell a way made glorious by the sufferings of his forefathers; sanctified by the blood of martyrs and patriots, and illumined by the cross of Christ. Yet he who entered here was bidden to leave all worldly hope behind. It required a man of an extraordinary strength of character, of unshaken faith to resist such temptations. O'Connell was such a man a true and fearless Christian, and I claim for him the wisdom and courage of choosing the latter path. Sacrificing the vast gains of his profession, and loudly proclaiming his religion, he cast in his lot with his people, and devoted his life, his time, his energies and his power with untiring zeal to the cause of right; to the cause of justice and humanity; to the cause of his suffering countrymen—the emancipation of the Catholics. “Were it only to Ireland,” says the great Lacordaire, “that emancipation has been profitable, where is the man in the church who has freed at once seven millions of souls? Challenge

your recollection—search history from that first and famous edict which granted to the Christians liberty of conscience; and see if there are to be found many such acts comparable by the extent of their effects with that of Catholic Emancipation! Seven millions of souls are now free to serve and love God even to the end of time; and each time that this free people, advancing in their existence and their liberty, shall recall to memory the aspect of the man who studied the secret of their ways, they will ever find inscribed the name of O'Connell, both on the latest pages of their servitude and on the first of their regeneration!"

O'Connell had a two-fold mission to perform; and now that he had successfully accomplished the crowning act of his life, Catholic emancipation, he turned his thoughts to the second grand object—the repeal of the union. For ten long and weary years he sat in the British parliament, amidst the bitterest opposition, hatred, rivalry and contempt, fighting for Ireland's rights, for Ireland's freedom, demanding justice for that people which he loved with a love next only to that of his religion and of his God; but, alas! before he had time to execute this grand design, the angel of death spread his devastating wings over the land, and the sad news of famine, misery and death went from mouth to mouth. Famine, in its most frightful and horrible forms, raged through the land. The strong man, the aged widow, the orphan and the tender maiden alike turning their white lips to heaven in the last faint cry for bread, succumbed to this dreadful visitation. Many found their way to the churches that they might breathe their last in the presence of their God. When the aged father of his country beheld this sad spectacle, and had not the means to save them, his heart—that tender, that brave, that true, loyal and generous heart, broke within his bosom. The aged man arose from his bed and directed his tottering steps towards Rome, the holiest spot on earth, to plead for his suffering people; but, alas! afar off on the shores of the Mediterranean he breathed forth his pure spirit. His last request was: "When I am dead, take out my heart and send it to Rome; let my body be brought back to mingle with the dust of Ireland!"

Thus passed away one of the grandest and noblest characters that adorn the pages of history. There may have been men of more profound learning, men of greater genius than O'Connell; but

there are few who possessed so many and such brilliant and striking qualities so marvelously blended together in such exquisite harmony. If everything be well considered; if we call to mind the innumerable odds which he had to encounter, together with his undaunted and successful perseverance, few will be found who merited as high commendations; still fewer who evinced under all possible occasions, under such trying and distressing circumstances a greater energy of soul, a greater fortitude, and a more consummate prudence; and none, perhaps, who, placed in the same or in a like situation, confronted by such innumerable, tremendous and seemingly insurmountable difficulties, ever equalled him, or could have achieved such a grand success, such a glorious triumph. In this point of view O'Connell seems to stand alone; in this chiefly must he appear to every one as an extraordinary man; a man truly worthy of the gratitude of not only the Irish people, but of all christendom, whose cause he so valiantly espoused. And when we consider his devoted patriotism, his rare disinterestedness; the glorious and ennobling principles of truth and justice which he instilled into the hearts of his people; his grand, inspiring faith; his ardent zeal for his holy religion; the grand and edifying example which he left, not only to the Irish people, but to the whole world; the lofty, generous purpose of his whole life: when we today recall those grand, noble and inspiring principles which illustrate his life, we can say:

“His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man.’ ”

D. O'D.

RICHARD II.

WHAT theme is more effective in arousing men to deeds of valor and renown, in awakening dormant nations to protect their honor and their institutions, than the inspiring accents of patriotism. The world's great heroes have found this motive of such influence and import as to sacrifice life, friends and fortunes in order to serve their country's cause. Even the perusal of the grand efforts of such heroes is sufficient to stir the hearts of humanity, to rouse men to perform like deeds for their country's welfare and happiness. Many of the master orators and writers of all ages have found no loftier subject in which they might display their genius. Even the immortal Shakespeare has infused into one of his dramas a brilliant array of patriotic sentiments, which, no doubt, bespeak the love and affection which he bore toward the land of his birth.

With such feelings is the tragedy of Richard II. all thrilling and likewise does it become an incentive to noble thoughts and actions.

"This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the land of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea."

What a tribute to the Briton and what a powerful incentive to hearts which beat with bravery is the reply of Mowbray to the terrible accusations of Bolingbroke:

"Call him a slanderous coward and a villain!
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable."

And, again :

“As gentle and as jocund as to jest, go I to fight.”

We behold, moreover, the stately bearing and faithfulness of spirit amongst the nobles and all these qualities so proudly predominant.

“My honor is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honor from me, and my life is done :—
In that I live and for that will I die.”

With such models of bravery and dignity, Shakespeare has supplied rich material for a careful study of his race, and left high ideals to succeeding makers of history.

Of probably greater importance, however, are the characters themselves, who afford us mean scope for the study of human nature. The principal ones introduced are Richard, Bolingbroke and the Duke of York, yet the others bear close relation to the action and, in some cases, reach a height of dramatic power which leads one to forget for the moment the greater personages. Richard is a character who does not favorably impress the reader, but he affords an insight into that class of men whose wavering character is the scorn of their associates. Surely Richard is a man of weak action, displaying a woeful lack of such strength as should of necessity exist in a man whose high position demands the exercise of force. This weakness amounts in many cases to a certain effeminacy, which, when we regard his rank, makes him but the more despicable.

We may first examine those traits of mind which were the direct consequences of his deficient character and which are so well presented by Shakespeare.

First, he was insincere. Such friends as he had were quickly forgotten if the scale of favor turned but slightly against them. Thus loudly does he rail at Busky, Green and Bagot, his erstwhile companions :

“O villains, vipers, damn’ed without redemption !
. . . Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !”

Another example of his weakness is demonstrated in his vacillating mind. This is, perhaps, his most noticeable fault, and though he endeavors to conceal his actions in the garb of deceit,

the least question of his powers betrays his woeful lack of moral force and utter want of constancy :

“But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face
And, till so much blood thither come again
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?”

But a possibility remains in the decrepit Duke of York, a vain hope, however :

“High b our thoughts ; I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn.”

Are not such feeble essays condemnable in a man whose only interest should be the protection and advancement of his government, whose actions should portray the boldness and courage of an unconquerable spirit? Richard even stooped to the level of a culprit when he takes mean advantage of the unfortunate family of Hereford. The father dead, the son banished, he seizes the possessions of this family, an act which finally brought retribution, and for which he paid the price of his crown.

We have said that he was effeminate. This is supported by a general view of his dependency upon others, even those weaker than himself, and the tenor with which he viewed sudden reverses.

“This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion’s arms.”

And, a little later in the same scene :

“Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend ;
They break their faith to God, as well as us !”

And, again :

“I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends :—subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?”

Yet let us endeavor not to take an entirely pessimistic view of Richard. We must surely give him credit for an evident tinge of kindness, which lurked secreted amidst the inconsistency of his

nature. However, his benevolence can cast but a faint ray of praise, o'ershadowed as it was by his detestable weakness of character. Another factor in his favor was his love of conventionality, of ever observing the highest dignity and formality at court. This fact attests his respect for established customs and the regard in which he wished to be held. More essentially the latter, for surely these formalities were of greatest aid in drawing from his subjects the estimation which was his due by descent and established custom, an estimation of which Richard was sorely in need and which he so little deserved.

In a word, Richard II. was remarkable for his wavering character, the cause of his infidelity, inconstancy and vacillating mind. A man who can rule a great nation under such difficulties is worthy of note, and in studying him we can but conclude that we are viewing the better side of the English people's nature, their respect and support of their monarchs.

In Bolingbroke we have a character worthy of serious reflection. Many critics have likened him to Richard III., yet his talents do not display themselves as clearly as those of this crafty monarch. Furthermore, he is unlike Richard III., inasmuch as genius is his agent for ambition. Yet can we boldly declare that his ambition soared above patriotic and just motives? Even when Richard is in his power he grants him opportunity for honorable retribution and safety, however, with a certain feeling of self-importance:

"Even at his feet to lay my arms and power
Provided that my banishment repealed
And lands restored again, he freely granted."

We must concede that Bolingbroke is worthy of the title noble, since he appears the soul of honor and gracious bearing, willing to trust and desirous of rewarding his benefactors:

"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

Above all he is the fearless English nobleman of old, displaying with proud and loyal spirit the dauntless courage which seems

but as a part of his being, and which is in such direct contrast to Richard II.

York is the faithful support of Richard, the guardian of his kingdom. He is ever loyal to his word, and his boundless faith in Richard, even though he receives no return from his good advices, will not allow him to forsake the king. He is the victim of circumstances and though his age adds dignity to the noble projects he advances, the vigor of youth is lacking for the execution. He is a model patriot as well as adviser, avowing allegiance to the crown even so far as to yield the life of his only son; and this of his own accord. In this connection ensues a scene of dramatic power, intensely impressive and of the highest order. In presence of the painful voice of duty, York stands unmoved, whereas the duchess displays the deepest emotions of a mother's love:

“Forever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees
. . . . until thou bid me joy
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.”

And more:

“Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow!”

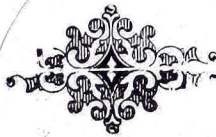
And Bolingbroke hears her prayer, the appeal of a heart held by but a thread of hope.

It is somewhat difficult to criticize many passages which Shakespeare has introduced into this tragedy unless we have a keen insight into the customs and liberties of his day. Thus many have objected to what are termed misplaced puns, yet the “Bard of Avon” has but seemed to take advantage of the spirit or fault, if you will, of fancies so popular in his age. This tragedy is, perhaps, the choicest legacy which Shakespeare has left in the form of historic dramas, at least from the standpoint of the student of history. None are more worthy of serious reflection, for in this splendid piece of historical painting an admirable insight is given into the character and manners of the times, as well as the vicissitudes, the heartaches and frequent misfortunes of princes and rulers. The events of history form the texture into which the lives of the char-

acters are closely woven, while in most of his other historical dramas events are but a background to which the characters are affixed.

The tragedy of Richard II. has many qualities which will conduce to its preservation for succeeding ages. It is a lasting monument of the power of the great genius who has infused such life and action into its characters.

W. J. CLEARY, '03.



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EDITORIAL.

CLASSES were resumed on Thursday, September 4. Never in the history of the college have so many students been received during the first week. The number increases steadily from day to day. The attendance has now reached last year's maximum. This certainly indicates that the present will be a record-breaking year for St. Viateur's. The Viatorian extends a cordial welcome to all the students.

"Here or nowhere, now or never
Let each one strive with best endeavor."

Students, let this be your motto, cling to it with fixed resolve, act always in accordance with it. In a short time the results will be evident. Some men never find themselves in the right place. If they act wrongly, their surroundings are to be blamed; if they do not make progress, their environments retard them. Oh, if they were but elsewhere, what would they not accomplish!

Unfortunately, they can never locate that **elsewhere**, even with the aid of the most complete atlas. All at times are attracted by distant charms which, on being approached, vanish and again reappear still further. If you wish to achieve anything, if you desire to make men of yourselves you must learn to be content with your present position and utilize it to the best advantage.

Let not gloomy thoughts take possession of the sanctuary of your mind. Like tiresome visitors they are slow in taking leave

and their presence renders one incapable of fruitful effort.

Here, not elsewhere, as far as the present is concerned, you are called upon to be "up and doing."

Now is the time to sow the seed if you expect to reap the harvest hereafter. Today's work must not be deferred until to-morrow. Another work awaits the morrow. Spend not your time in fruitless irresolution concerning what you will do. You have your tasks assigned. Do them well and overburden not your minds with too anxious thoughts about the results. Time and the thousand secret influences which Providence brings to bear upon the development of the human mind, will make the seeds which you sow, sprout, grow, blossom, and bear fruit a hundredfold. The acorn requires a hundred years to reach the full development of the stately oak. Feverish anxiety to put the finishing touches on our work often retards, if it does not altogether destroy, the work intended. No masterpiece was ever produced in a hurry. The perfect statue has long been conceived in the mind of the artist before he seeks the marble on which to reproduce his conception. His tools need repeated sharpenings before he gives to his idea a concrete form. We too are sculptors. The marble on which we work is an immortal soul. The tools which we use are thought and action. The masterpiece which each is to produce is a perfect man. This of course is a work which will cease only with the last throb of our life-giving hearts. But every throb as it adds to the life and strength of the physical man should likewise indicate progress in the development of what is high and noble within us. Each moment as it drifts us closer to the shores of eternity should also bring us closer to wisdom and goodness. If you strive thus to advance steadily in slow, natural and healthy intellectual growth, you will learn to make all that is fair and noble in life a part of your own being. Then the bread which will nourish your inner life will be the manna of life's truest happiness, which you will not eat alone, but, with a generous hand share with your fellow man and find in the distribution a constant multiplication of your supply.

It is wonderful what you can accomplish when you set your minds firmly on any task. Obstacles may tower up mountain-like before you, your path may be steep and rugged, the biting blast of adversity may smite your cheeks, no sympathetic friend may be

near to apply the balm of consolation to your bleeding breasts ; but if, with firm step and hearts aglow with determination, you stride upward and onward, brushing aside all that would thwart your progress, you will eventually rise above the commonplaces of life, and with hearts strengthened by activity, find yourselves prepared for greater achievements. One obstacle overcome enables you to surmount two others. The lessons of today well learned fit you for the more difficult ones of tomorrow. Exert not the mind in useless endeavor to find knowledge without labor. Set it down as a first principle that your mental capacity is in proportion to your mental labors, modified by the manner in which you execute them.



EXCHANGES.

WE are pleased to have before us at the beginning of this scholastic year so many college journals that abound with essays, debates, orations and poetry. Indeed, we wish that the numbers for June and July were "double numbers," as there is a freshness and flavor of originality to be found in the writings of students during these two months that seldom appear at other times. This we believe is owing, in some measure, to a more careful preparation of the subjects treated, on the part of the writers; but especially to the fact that they have made progress in the art of writing during the preceding months. Surely there is nothing that can give a young writer more encouragement than this one consideration: to know that he has made progress, and hence that he is capable of making still greater progress. While we admire the talent displayed by the writers who have contributed articles to the respective journals which are now upon our table, we express the hope that they will continue to keep up the good work for the year '02-'03.

"The Fordham Monthly" for July is replete with interesting and up-to-date topics, but we must make special mention of the articles: Rationalism in the Press, in the School-room and in the Pulpit. The writers have treated their subjects in a forceable and masterly way and this, too, at a most opportune time—when so many of our American youths have the tendency to place too much confidence in their reasoning powers. The poems, "In Memoriam," "O Salutaris Hostia," and "The College Cemetery," are well written; but what appeals to us most is the high and noble sentiments which they breathe.

"The University of Ottawa Review" has a well-written and instructive article entitled "Those Filipinos." In this the writer shows how unjustly the Spanish friars are characterized as a body of avaricious and corrupt men, besides he points out the fact that they have contributed incomparably more toward the conversion of the heathen than their accusers, notwithstanding the two great forces which the latter had at their disposal—dollars and free Bibles.

We have read with no little surprise in the commencement

number of "The Spectator" the following extract, taken from "Augustana Journal":

"The 'Away from Rome' movement is spreading, and has also entered Italy. Every effort has been made to keep the Protestants out of Italy, but it seems that they are all quite unavailing. At the present time there are Protestant services in at least 300 places in Italy. In addition to these there are 12 congregations belonging to the Catholic Italian church, 42 Methodist congregations, 12 congregations and 40 preaching stations are in the hands of the Episcopalians, and the Baptists have 80 congregations and preaching places. In this way is the good work kept up and developed, in spite of all opposition on the part of the Roman church."

The fact that all these various sects and preaching places, which are so carefully enumerated above, exist in Italy, is not, after all, so wonderful. Weeds are sometimes to be found growing in the most fertile gardens, in spite of every effort on the part of the gardener to eradicate them—even in Italy. As for the preaching places, we are all aware of their importance. A dry goods box placed at the corner of some side street and a Bible are about all that is required to constitute such a place—preachers are only too numerous. But it would appear that the Spectator is jubilant over the number of sects and preaching places, since it devotes valuable space in its "exchange column" to this extract. Now, since truth is essentially one, indivisible and unchangeable, and hence, since there can be but one religion that is **true**, we would like to know how the Spectator or the one who first penned these lines can reconcile a number of sects, each professing different beliefs, with this one religion? Is it not evident to every thinking man that the greater the number of religious denominations that exist in any country, the greater is the number of souls in that country who are fed on wind instead? But this is precisely what Protestantism and a few of its legitimate children—the sects and congregations named in the extract—are doing for the inhabitants of Italy. And this is what is called the **good work** that is being kept up in spite of all opposition on the part of the Roman church. We would respectfully suggest that the Spectator in future display better taste when selecting an extract for its "exchange column."

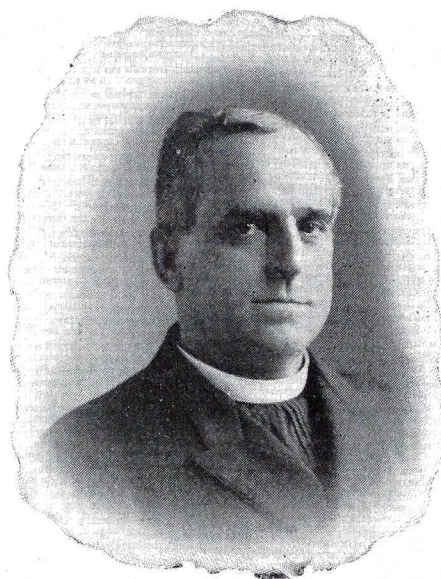
J. LYNN.

SILVER JUBILEES

—of—



Rev. H. Boeckelman.



Rev. J. Lesage.

REV. H. BOECKELMAN, Elkhart, Ind.,

—and—

REV. J. LESAGE, Aurora, Ill.

IN September of 1877, the two reverend jubilarians who were recently feasted were advanced to sacred orders. They had both been students of the philosophy and divinity courses of the college and had lent the faculty the aid of their talent as professors in this institution. Both distinguished themselves by their zeal and tact as teachers, and gave promise of the successful ministry, twenty-five years of which they have just rounded.

Students of the present generation feel a keen joy in the suc-

cesses of their elders and also in the glory which they shed upon our common alma mater. We can look with but eager admiration and hearty applause upon the efficient work of those who have left these halls and gone forth to build churches and fill them with devout worshippers. And when an institution begins to count the years of its existence by quarters of centuries it is an assuring sign of its solid stability in the midst of the sweeping changes of our fast going age. Hence these jubilees, these epochal dates are for us young students of St. Viateur's occasions of genuine delight and encouragement. They are opportunities we gladly seize of congratulating those worthy alumni upon their distinguished services to the sacred cause of religion during these many years, and of wishing them full many more years of blessed labor.

Rev. H. Boekelman celebrated his silver jubilee in St. Vincent's church, Elkhart, Ind., on the 3rd of September, and Rev. J. Lesage, in Sacred Heart church, Aurora, Ill., on the 9th of September.

There were at both feasts large numbers of former students of St. Viateur's and friends of the reverend jubilarians. Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D. V., Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., and Rev. J. L. Laberge, D. D., represented the college on these festal occasions and were among the number of those who made addresses.

Rev. Father Lesage was the recipient of a solid silver tea-set and many other valuable presents from his numerous friends. Rev. Father Boekelman was presented with a purse of nearly \$800 and many other gifts from his parishioners and his confreess.



RECEPTION OF RT. REVEREND JULES CHATRON, D. D.,

Bishop of Osaco, Japan.

BEFORE the opening month of school drew to a close, it was our good fortune to receive the honored visit of Rt. Rev. Jules Chatron, D. D., bishop of Osaco, Japan. The most reverend bishop, accompanied by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris, arrived at the college Friday, September 19, and was most cordially received by the priests and faculty.

Thirty years have elapsed since, as a humble missionary, Father Chatron went forth from his native land, sunny France, to spread the gospel of Christ in that land to which the glad tidings were first carried by the saintly Francis Xavier. During this long period the zealous missionary never left Japan, but labored there incessantly to fulfill his sublime mission, ever ready to receive the recompense which was given to so many of his fellow missionaries—the martyr's crown. The health of his grace, and the interest of the church in Japan made it necessary for him to visit this country.

On the morning after his arrival, the bishop celebrated mass in the college chapel, at which all the students were present. Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., was assistant priest. That morning he was given a reception by the students and faculty in the study hall. Mr. J. M. Kangley read the following Address of Welcome:

“Your Lordship: With great joy did we learn a few days ago that a bishop from far-away Japan and a friend of our learned and devoted professor, Monsignor Legris, was to visit us. With eagerness did we look forward to the moment when we would have the pleasure to gather around you and bid you a hearty welcome to our college home. Be welcome among those whom your friend, Monsignor Legris, not only honors by his sojourn among them, but whom he loves enough to feed daily from the copious fund of his knowledge and whom he daily edifies by his many virtues. Your acquaintance with Monsignor Legris and the high esteem in which

he holds you, both bid us open wide the doors of the friendliest hospitality and receive you with the warmest affection.

The episcopal dignity which you bear tells us that you are a prince of the church, that you are invested with the plenitude of that sacerdotal power which rules the spiritual world. We feel honored by your princely presence and we welcome you with all the respect which is due to one who is vested in the majesty of God-given power.

"We know, too, that you are one of those self-sacrificing missionaries of whom the holy spirit exclaims: 'Blessed are the feet of those who preach peace'; we know that when you left your sunny France for distant Japan the pious multitudes kissed your feet in wishing you God-speed on your soul-saving journey; we know that you are one of the worthy successors of the saintly Francis Xavier, apostles whose lives have all been sanctified by the most arduous labor, by poverty and ever-trustful prayer. Believe us when we say it is with feelings of the profoundest reverence that we look up to you as one of those elect souls whom God uses to work out the conversion of peoples. Be you, then, thrice welcome among us to bless and cheer our directors and teachers, to bless and inspire those who are to become preachers of God's fecund word and to bless and gladden all the young gathered here around you, the lambs of the flock, who, like the children who pressed around the gentle Christ, eager for his caresses and blessings, now lovingly surround you and crave the favor of your sage counsel and paternal blessing."

After thanking the students for their friendly greeting, the most reverend bishop, spoke on the condition of the church in Japan. His lecture was most interesting and instructive. It aroused the admiration of his audience for the zeal of St. Francis Xavier, the heroism of the missionaries who succeeded that great apostle of the Indies and Japan and, above all for the grand constancy of the converts to the faith. The distinguished prelate also touched upon the political situation in Japan and the great progress which that country has made towards civilization.

His grace left the college for Chicago, but we hope to have the pleasure of seeing him once more before his departure for the land of his labors.

GOVERNOR RICHARD YATES' VISIT.

GOVERNOR YATES and many other prominent men from various parts of the State did honor to the faculty and students by their visit to the institution on Thursday, September 11. The visit of the first man of this great State of Illinois, of one who has been raised to that exalted position by the choice of a free people would, at any time, be a pleasure and an honor; but at the present time, when the governor has so many appointments, so much important work to accomplish, it is to be considered as doubly such. Our distinguished visitor and those who had the honor of accompanying him, after receiving a cordial welcome from the president, Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, were given a reception by the students and faculty, in the Entertainment hall. After the echoes of the applause which greeted his honor had died away, Mr. J. M. McCarthy stepped forward and read the following Address of Welcome:

"Your Excellency: It is for us a pleasure as genuine as it was an unexpected honor to be able to welcome you in our college home. Both the pleasure and the honor which you are doing us by your visit shall be long and gratefully remembered.

"We always appreciate as a very high honor indeed the personal visit of one whom Providence and the confidence of his fellow citizens have placed at the head of the State, as the guardian of justice, the executor of law and the defender of those sacred rights upon which the social organism and all true civilization rest.

"It is ever a pleasure for us to lay our tribute of respect at the feet of those to whose care are committed the momentous affairs of governorship, and to profess our loyalty to those who represent the supreme authority of the State.

"It is a source of particular delight and encouragement for us young men to greet your excellency, whose years still mark him a young man and one capable of deep interest in the youths of this State. Your presence here as our governor is a shining proof that youthfulness is no bar to promotion to the highest office in the gift of the people. It is a sign that the age places large confidence in

its young manhood and that it is disposed to reserve for young men its highest honors, as well as its weightiest responsibilities.

"Once more heartily greeting you, we assure you of our respect and loyal regard."

Governor Yates arose to respond and, in a short but eloquent speech, expressed his appreciation of the welcome extended to him, and also of the promising appearance of the students and the grand opportunities which were within their reach to prepare them for that success which, in a free country like ours, lies open to men of persevering endeavor. In the course of his remarks, which were interspersed with striking comparisons and noble figures, he brought vividly before the minds of his auditors the necessity of labor, science and religion in education.

The opportunity of meeting, hearing and coming in close contact with a man who, in the early years of life, has forged his way through great obstacles to noble achievements, certainly should be, for the young especially, an incentive which will nerve them to endure manfully the hardships which must necessarily be undergone to prepare them for the battle of life. The students have been given an opportunity such as this at the beginning of the scholastic year; it is their duty to profit by it. We wish to thank Governor Yates in a special manner for his friendly visit and were it not too much, to hope that it may be repeated.



PERSONALS.

—Rev. J. H. Nawn, St. Mary's Church, Chicago, recently spent a very enjoyable day with his friends at the college. He was present at the reorganization of the elocutionary classes and gave the students a practical lesson in that art. His ability as an elocutionist needs no comment here. It will be our good fortune to hear him as a pulpit orator on October 21, when he will deliver the panegyric on St. Viateur. Although but a few years in the ministry, Father Nawn's success in sacred eloquence has already been assured. The Chicago Journal for September 22 devotes a whole column to a criticism written by Mr. J. O'Donnell Bennett on a sermon which Father Nawn recently preached at St. Mary's. From this appreciation of Father Nawn's eloquence we quote the following: "Excepting only a few discourses by the erudite and polished Jesuits, I have never heard such a stirring sermon from the lips of any Catholic as Father John H. Nawn preached at St. Mary's. A young man, this priest, dark, slender, animated, having clear, sharp eyes, a far-carrying, melodious voice, much elegance of gesture, utterance and diction." The critic goes on at length, analyzing the sermon and pointing out its many perfections. We need not remark further on this quotation; it speaks for itself.

—We were pleased to learn of the return of Rev. J. D. Laplante, C. S. V., to this country, after an absence of four years, spent in pursuing an advanced course in theology, at the seminary of St. Sulphice, near Paris, and at the seminary of Cambrai, France. Father Laplante made his studies in the classics and in philosophy here, winning in the latter the honors of the class of '94. Leaving the college he entered the Novitiate of the Clerics of St. Viateur and, after the required probation, became a professed member of that order. He taught for a few years previous to his departure for Europe at the Holy Name school, Chicago. As a student, Father Laplante was no less remarkable for his diligent application than for his good qualities of mind and heart. The many friends which his kind, gentle, and affable manners have already

won for him will hear with pleasure of his advancement to the important position of Master-of-Novices for the Chicago Province of his Order. The Viatorian wishes to congratulate Father Laplante and hopes that his efforts in leading the young men committed to his care in the paths of religious perfection, may be crowned with a success equal to that which he achieved so often in the classrooms and debating halls of his Alma Mater.

—Rev. J. Ryan, C. S. V., has resigned his position as prefect of studies and discipline, which he had held for the past twelve years. As treasurer, he has now charge of the financial affairs of the college.

—Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., recently ordained, replaces Father Ryan in the prefectship. Father Bergin will also teach the Philosophy of History class.

—Rev. Brothers F. Clark and P. Brown are teaching at the Holy Name school, Chicago. Rev. Brother Sheridan is teaching at St. Viateur's Normal Institute, Chicago. The Viatorian wishes them success.

—Rev Brothers Corbett, Quirk, Surprenant and Solon, formerly of the Holy Name school; also Rev. Brothers Brower and Hazen, of St. Viateur's Normal Institute, are stationed at the college this year.

—Rev. Brother A. D. Manville, C. S. V., whose connection with the college extends back over a quarter of a century, has retired from active service to seek in the calm retreat of Novitiate life a well-earned rest. Brother Manville, during his many years at the college, has successfully filled the following positions: Professor of Telegraphy, Stenography and Music; he has also been procurator and assistant treasurer. The Viatorian is not unmindful of the reverend brother's connection with it in its early days, and in return it wishes him health and happiness.

—Rev. Brother Senecal is expected to return to the college in a few weeks. He has been in Canada since last June and, previous to that time, he had spent nearly a year in Colorado, for the benefit of his health. We hope to find him much improved in health.

—Our esteemed friend and kind benefactor, Rev. M. Letellier, is with us once more. He has just returned from Dewtit, Ia., where, for the past four months, he replaced Rev. Father Hennessey. He is delighted with the appearance of everything at the college, especially the lawn and flower beds, in which he takes a special interest.

—Rev. O. E. Paquin, C. S. V., has charge of the tailoring establishment, which has been moved from Chicago to Bourbonnais. He is prepared to give complete satisfaction in the line of clerical goods to all who desire it.

—Rev. D. O'Dwyer, Chebanse, Ill., visited his friends here a few weeks ago.

—Rev. W. J. Granger, St. Joseph's church, Chicago, while recently visiting his parents in the village, called at the college. Fr. Granger's many friends here wish him success in the new field of endeavor which he has just entered.

—Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan and Rev. Father Murphy, Belvedere, Ill., and Rev. J. Lamb, Lyons, Ill., were the guests of the president. Father Murphy made arrangements for Master T. Butler, of Belvedere, Ill.

—Rev. M. A. Dooling, pastor of St. John's church, Clinton, Ill., called recently on his friends at the college. Father Dooling has closed the contract for the property on which he intends to build a new church, which, when completed, will be one of the most magnificent churches in the Peoria diocese. Father Dooling's efforts well deserve the success which crowns them.

—Rev. Father Nawrocki, of Chicago, spent an afternoon with his friends here.

—Rev. Father Whalen, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Kankakee; Rev. Father Dennison and Rev. Father Jennings, of Chicago, were the guests of the president one afternoon in September.

—Rev. H. Durkin, Rantoul, Ill., brought some of his parishioners over to see the college a few days previous to the opening. Their impressions of the place evidently were good, as we have several students from that town. Our sincere thanks to Father Durkin for the interest he takes in the welfare of the college,

—Rev. F. McDevitt, Chicago, made a trip to the college with some new students from St. Columbkille's parish. We fully appreciate Father McDevitt's efforts to forward the good work of his Alma Mater.

—Rev. J. Kelly, Clinton, Ill., was with us for a few days in September. Father Kelly made all his theological studies here, and was among those who went forth last June to take an active part in the work of the ministry. For the past three years Father Kelly ably filled the important position of director of vocal and instrumental music. His efficiency in work of this kind was amply demonstrated by the frequent triumphs of our young choiristers; but by none better than by that which he enabled them to achieve in the rendition of the operetta, "St. Patrick," at the Illinois theater, Chicago. While here, he gave the students and faculty a very pleasant musical entertainment. We hope to hear Father Kelly again soon and, in the meantime, wish him that success in the new field of endeavor which he has entered to which his many qualifications entitle him.

—Mr. Doran, Mr. Naurocki, Mr. Uehlein and Mr. O'Rourke are among our new seminarians. Last year's seminarians are all back, with the exception of those who were ordained, and Messrs. B. Tarsky, who has entered St. Mary's, Baltimore; N. Lamarre, St. Lawrence, Canda; E. and A. Caron, St. Francis, Wis., and also Mr. J. Staeger. The theology class is larger than that of any preceding year.

—Mr. D'Arnalle, in company with Mrs. Ost and Mrs. Wilde, of Chicago, made a trip to the college in September. Mr. D'Arnalle is professor of vocal and instrumental music and has his studio in the art institute, Chicago. Before leaving, he entertained the faculty with selections from various operas. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. D'Arnalle again.

—We were pleased to learn that Mr. A. Caron and his brother, Ulrich, have completely recovered from their recent and severe illness.

—We regret that Mr. C. Johnson, one of last year's students,

is down with typhoid fever. We hope that he will speedily recover and be back with us once more.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robinson spent an afternoon with their son, Edwin, of the minin department.

—Master A. Lambeau had the pleasant visit of his father recently.

—Master R. Daley received a pleasant visit from his mother a few weeks ago.

—Mrs. S. Holland visited her son, Carl, of the Junior department.

—Mr. Burke, of Chicago, spent a pleasant afternoon with his sons, William and Robert, both of the senior department.

—Mr. and Mrs. Moran, Mattoon, Ill., made their first visit to the college last week. Their son, William, showed them the buildings and grounds. They were very well pleased with the appearance of things in general.

—Mrs. M. Gaine, of Chicago, visited her son, Clarence, of the minin department.

—Mrs. W. Youngs visited her son, Finius, a few days ago.

—Miss A. McGinniss, Chicago, called on her brother, Frank, recently.

—Mr. W. Gillam, in company with his daughter, Miss Katherine Gillam, were the guests of Miss J. Bergeron, Bourbonnais, last week. While here, they made Edwin forget all about homesickness.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Connor, Joliet, Ill., spent a Sunday in September here, with their son, Thomas.

—Mr. W. Flannigan, who was one of the seniors of '01, made a trip to the college a few weeks ago. His many friends here were glad to see him looking so well.

—Mrs. E. Lister, Chicago, passed a few pleasant hours in the company of her son, Edwin, of the minim department,

MILITARY NOTES.

The battalion was organized on September 14, by Colonel Cleary and prospects for a successful year are very flattering, owing to the manifest enthusiasm in the ranks and the large number of recruits who are being initiated into the ranks of army life.

Adjutant W. Hayden has succeeded Major Maher, and Capt. Burke, of last year's victorious Co. B., has taken the post left vacant by Major Hayden's promotion.

The Marsile Light Guards are in charge of Capt. A. Burke, who hopes to see the pennant float over the ranks, where, in former years, it has so often been borne, whilst former aide DeCamp Sheil will guide the erstwhile victors, the Rivard Light Guards.

A new departure in having senior captains, R. Mudd and W. McKenna, over the Junior companies, insures a race for honors which already begins to grow exciting, and every effort is being put forth, especially in these early drills, when the rudiments upon which to build perfection are being acquired.

The Ford exhibition squad will bid for first honors on St. Viator's Day. Although composed almost entirely of new men, the organization promises to uphold in an able manner its high standing among the leaders in Western college squads.

Military exercises are becoming very popular amongst the young men of today, and justly so, since the beneficial effects of such training cannot but result in men of strong physique and systematic habits. The discipline of drilling has a threefold advantage when combined with college life. Besides emphasizing the necessity of order, it renders a young man physically attractive, whilst in sustaining needed balance between mind and body it accomplishes a result which is too often offset by the elaborate athletic systems of the modern college.

C.

ATHLETICS.

The campus presents a lively scene during the autumn days, when the rigors of wintry confinement begin to be anticipated and every moment of free time is utilized by the devotees of sport after the weighty duties of class and study hours.

The baseball diamonds are the scene of many interesting contests, whilst hand-ball claims an ever increasing popularity. The bowling alleys were opened early in the season and, judging from the number of knights of the pin, we shall have an expert league for the winter months.

The Senior Athletic association elected the following officers at the last meeting:

President—W. Cleary.

Secretary—J. Dreman.

Treasurer—Rev. W. J. Bergin.

Assistant Treasurer—P. J. Wahl.

The Junior association has the following officers:

President—F. Munch.

Vice-President—J. Finn.

Secretary—J. Monahan.

Treasurer—Rev. J. Boudreau.

Assistant Treasurer—J. Finnegan.

The football team is rapidly assuming shape, under the competent leadership of Capt. Martin, although no remarkable talent has appeared amongst the new men, but there are some whose weight and speed will be of advantage, and hard practice should develop a team which will excel that of last season. At least half of last year's eleven are back to don the moleskin and with such bright prospects the "Old Gold and Purple" is sure to add to its already long list of victories on the gridiron. Although the schedule is not yet complete, the following teams will probably appear on the college field:

North Division High School, Lewis Institute, Armour Institute, Morgan Park Academy, Hyde Park High School.

With the close of the football season the new gymnasium will become the center of activity. The pool and billiard tournaments which proved such an attraction last year are to be continued, whilst the Indoor Baseball League is already being promulgated in order that teams may be developed early and interest increased. On the whole, athletics have assumed an enthusiastic aspect and the proportion of mental activity and pleasant recreation assure likewise a year of highly beneficial work.

KANKAKEE HIGH SCHOOL, o; RESERVES, o.

The second eleven lined up against the Kankakee High school team on September 27, and, although neither goal line was crossed, the contest was exciting and spirited. The game was played during a shower of rain; hence the footing was insecure and fumbling characterized nearly every scrimmage. In spite of the fact that the Reserves are nearly all new men, they presented a strong line up against the seasoned High school eleven, and will doubtless prove a difficult proposition before the season is far advanced. Wahl, Holland and Hayden played fast ball for the college team, and the entire eleven put up a surprisingly strong exhibition of line breaking and tackling.

These teams will meet in a series of games, the second to be played on October 2, at the fair grounds. C.

VIATORIANA.

They're off!!! Unum strike.

Toothpicks. On the roof. "I bought it."

"Where are the golf links?" Are you going to join the automobile club? "He's all right! He played in Paduckey."

All are welcome at the Wayside Inn.

Have you seen the five dollar pants? They are tailor-made, too!

"All students in the science class must be single."

Wanted—A good umpire for hand-ball games. He must have his life insured.

K.—"I know a colored lady in Chicago."

Charley from Kentucky—"Oh!!!!"

(In the Latin class) Prof.—Has possum an imperative?"

Bright student—"Yes; poteto (potato)."

P.—"Say, William, what are you taking out of my pocket?"

William—"Your reputation."

Ray—"Where is the carpenter?"

B.—"You will find him in his room under the basement."

Alex. B.—"I drill daily (Dailey) now, although I only have to drill three times a week."

(In the Astronomy class) D.—"What is the Earth?"

M. H.—"A comet."

Charley from Paduckey—"I wonder why Vivo took the purse from Martin?"

Kelly—"I suppose he thought the change would do him good."

Shorty—"I know somebody who smokes better cigars, now."

Dick—"Why shouldn't he? He's the treasurer."

Joe—"Our friend in the Poop will have a long way to come to Greek class this year."

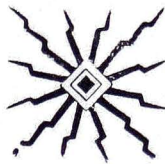
Willie—"Oh, he can ride his pony down!"

Cure for baldness: Go to the music room and you will hear music that will raise the hair on your head.

A WARNING TO THE KICKERS.

We know it has occurred before,
That some are prone to feeling sore,
If they but see their name in print.
To such as these we drop this hint:
We have no use for any bloke
Who cannot stand a decent joke.
We're here to write the jokes on all
From learned Profs. to minims small.
For kickers we've no earthly use;
For them we've nothing but abuse;
They'll find that kicking 's rather thin,
For we'll proceed to rub it in,
Until they humbly bow to us,
And cease to kick, and fume, and fuss.

J. AND S.



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