

THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

VOL. XVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 2.

HOPE.

The Brown Thrush flutters 'mid the leafless bowers,
Its echoes roundabout the woodland fill;
The last sad anthem to fair Summer's flowers,
To wood, and dell, and merry laughing rill.

Yet in its notes there is the tone of hope,
As Southward swift it wings its airy flight;
There is the trust, that Winter's shades will ope
To welcome Spring in budding beauty bright.

Thus in the time when shadows dim my heart,
Tho' sad the days, yet sunshine soon returns,
And by Hope's voice despondent thoughts depart,
At peace, my spirit to The Maker turns.

W. J. Cleary, '03.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE PURGATORIO.

In the "Purgatorio" Dante rises above matter and revels in the spirit world. It is less realistic, more mystical, more sublime, more didactic than the "Inferno," as poetical; and hence more artistic. The latter is an endless sea of matter whose dark, sullen waters shut out forever the vision of bliss, from the accursed souls that sin has plunged beneath its stagnant surface. Forth from its depths, arise the polluted breath of sin-stained souls, which envelops the gloomy waves with a dark miasmal atmosphere. Far different is the "Purgatorio," an ethereal realm in which fiery, subtle, ungraspable, spiritual elements purify the happy souls that have triumphed over the flesh, from the scars which they received in the conflict. Here a soft serene, angelic atmosphere, fragrant with the sweet incense of prayer, fans the bright living flame that penetrates the disembodied soul and removes from it the last vestiges of sin. It is to be expected, that this land in which the soul is prepared to become a fellow-citizen with the pure spirits that dwell around the throne of Infinite Purity, is a fairy land, whose golden shores are kissed by silvery waves, whose verdant valleys are watered by crystal streams and whose hills are sparkling emeralds; now are we disappointed in the expectation.

"Refulgent gold, and silver thrice refined,
And scarlet grain and ceruse, Indian wood
Of lucid dye serene, fresh emeralds
But newly broken, by the herbs and flowers
Placed in that fair recess, in color all
Had been surpass'd, as great surpasses less.
Nor nature only there lavished her hues,
But of the sweetness of a thousand smells
A rare and undistinguish'd fragrance made."

Welcome as the glimmer of the kindly light which greets the weary pilgrim, is the first vision of Purgatory, with which the poet breaks the spell which holds his readers mystified in the darksome caverns, of the "Inferno." The transition from an atmosphere of deadly gloom, is made with art that mocks description. At first the faint twinkling of a star strikes gently upon eyes accustomed to peer through caverns "where light was silent all;" then the dawn breaks softly upon them, renewing unwonted joy, and finally, is ushered in "the radiant planet that makes all the orient laugh." Over a sea that reflects the azure heavens glides a bark, freighted with heroes, fresh from the victory over death. At the prow an angel in dazzling splendor stands, "visibly written blessed in his looks;" swiftly, towards the land of purification he bears his precious charge, spurning all human aid, "so

that nor oar he needs, nor other sail except his wings." Above the gentle ripple of the waves, is heard the joyous strains which celebrate the delivery of these happy spirits from their earthly bondage. With eager bound, they reach the shore, where earth's last vestige, they shall behind them leave. With the soft angelic blessing of their heavenly steersman fresh upon their brow, forth they go, anxious to embrace the severe ordeal which from their eyes, shall remove the scales of sin that shut the eternal vision out.

Thus the poet creates a fitting atmosphere to surround the world in which he embodies the lofty concept of Christian purification. With true artistic skill, he prepares the mind of his readers, to grasp the deep thoughts which come forth from the depths of his noble soul. His profound genius like an exhaustless fountain diffuses itself around. It is indeed, a wonderful intellect that can lead men captive through such scenes of human misery as are presented in the "Inferno," without tiring the imagination or sickening the heart; but, surpassing all this, is the admirable display of genius with which the poet transports his readers into the spiritual region of Purgatory. Like the lark that soars into the bright and sunny sky, pouring forth its soul in fuller strains, as it mounts higher and higher, the soul of Dante frees itself from its prison of clay, and wings its flight into the realms of the spirit-world. Nor is the poet alone in this, his flight, for with a master touch he strikes the contemplative chord of the human soul and transports it into communion with its kindred spirits. At his magic touch the grand mountain of purification, clad in the freshness of spring, rears its lofty summit; forth from its verdant terraces on which are stationed God's ministering spirits, beams a dazzling brightness unrivalled by the blaze of the mid-day sun; the limpid streams that course down the mountain sides reflect the rays and all seems brightness—fitting prelude to the endless sea of brightness for which the soul is destined.

But we must not think that Dante's Purgatory is a heaven. No; for the beauties of Heaven, which are but faintly reflected around them, make the poor sin-stained souls long all the more for their ultimate end. Nor are they, although free from every vestige of the body, without other sufferings than that of longing desire. The hand of justice lies heavily on them. The proud, stubborn souls are bent down under heavy loads. The envious eyes are blind to the light; and so on for the different kinds of sin. But far different are the souls that are punished here from those that are shut up for ever in the caverns of hell. Those are meek, submissive to the yoke which justice lays upon

them, nay, anxious to embrace the sufferings which shall fit them for the company of the blest; while these are proud, envious, contentious, carnal—all that sin has made them; and are so immersed in matter that no power can extricate them therefrom. The guilt of sin is the unbridgeable chasm that divides the “Inferno” from the “Purgatorio”; in the one it remains while in the other it has been washed away by the tears of penitence.

“Ah! how unlike to these
The straits of hell; here song to usher us,
There shrieks of woe.”

Throughout the “Purgatorio” we cannot but admire the purity of affection which the spirits manifest. They listen attentively to the numerous instances of virtue recorded by invisible spirits that hover over them. They gaze with rapturous admiration on the beautiful images of humility, meekness, justice and the other virtues which are artfully engraven on the marble walls. No earthly affection moves them. In vain has the poet recourse to flattery, honorable mention in the upper world, and other devices which worked so well in the “Inferno,” to forward his designs. But when he makes known that a heavenly dame is interested in his welfare, then all his wishes are fulfilled. “* * * if Dame from heaven, as thou sayest, moves and directs thee; then no flattery needs. Enough for me that in her name thou ask.”

The chaste strain in which the poet sings of this higher world adds to it a charm without which it would not be spiritual. The coarse, rough rhymes, adapted to the subject of the “Inferno,” here give place to others more fitted for a higher song. Here too his comparisons are all of a higher type. Speaking of spirits that are but one step removed from the company of the blest he appeals, not to our senses, but to the highest faculty of the soul. The beautiful descriptions of the angels that guard the different terraces, shed a lustre over the whole, that harmoniously combines the different elements of this marvelous song. In the twelfth canto the poet gives us one of these pictures in the following words:

“The goodly shape approach’d us, snowy white
In vesture, and with visage casting streams
Of tremulous lustre like the matin star.”

J. P. O'Mahoney, '01.

LORD BYRON.

“This should have been a noble creature; he
Had all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust and passion and pure thoughts,
Mix’d and contending without end or order
All dormant or destructive.”

There is no writer in the history of modern English literature that deserves more careful study than Byron, the greatest poet of the nineteenth century. He is the only poet of this century for whose works all reasonable critics have expressed their admiration, without however being blind to his vices. Neither is it my intention to cover up his faults, nor do I purpose to follow the advice of Shakespeare that “we should condemn the fault and not the actor of it.” I will try to represent Byron as he appears to me, giving him no praise that does not justly belong to him, nor taking away from him any credit that is rightly his. In studying the life of Byron, the first thought that presents itself to our mind is, that he was born with the same inclinations and desires with which we are all born. From the very hour of our birth we are inclined towards evil. If we do not yield readily to its seductive allurements, it is because there is a hand more powerful than our inclinations that holds us back. It is the hand of a mother, who understands her duty to her God, to her child, and to herself. Alas for poor Byron! he never had the support of that powerful hand to strengthen him against his evil tendencies. If Byron’s mother had been a good Christian woman, who understood what she owed to her God, and to her child, his life would not have been so unhappy and scandalous. Even in his childhood we find that he possessed that grand quality which ennobles man,—unselfishness. A child may not always be obedient to its parents; it may sometimes get angry and use improper language, but if it be willing to deny itself for others, there are qualities in it which we may hope to see ripen into noble manhood. Such was Byron. It is related by Taine that one day at Harrow, a big boy claimed the right to fag a smaller one and finding him refractory gave him a beating on the inner, fleshy side of the arm, which he had twisted round to render the pain more acute. Byron, though too small to fight the rascal, asked him in an indignant voice how many more stripes he intended to inflict. “What is that to you, you little scoundrel?” returned the bully. “Because if you please I would take half,” replied Byron, generously holding out his arm. O noble words!

even today though the name of Byron is covered with a shadow, and is handed down to posterity as the name of a man who has gone astray yet we cannot but believe that if he has wandered from the path of righteousness, the fault may justly be traced to his mother. This woman was no more fit to educate a child than a "lioness" would have been. She would often, when in rage, run after him calling him a "lame brat" and hurl anything that came to hand at him. Then can we wonder that Byron was not a virtuous man after having been raised in such a manner. In fact it seems rather strange that he was not worse than he has really been. If it be true that in the child we see the man we may justly conclude that if the child Byron had received a good Christian education at home and at school, the man Byron would have been far better. Not forgetting to make allowance for his defective home training or rather lack of training, yet we must not overlook his real defects. The greatest fault, of which we may rightly accuse Byron, is his boldness in sinning. He cared not whether one person or the whole world knew his faults. Surely when a man has reached such a stage in sin, that he commits it without remorse, fearing neither the laws of God nor the censure of man, and more than that even glories in his wickedness as Byron has sometimes done," that man assuredly merits our strongest censure. It is not fitting that we should stop here to enumerate all his vices. No, the less we know of them the better it will be for us. We should now consider his redeeming qualities. They are not numerous but they are mighty. He was a charitable man, and St. Paul says, that charity covers a multitude of sins. Moreover no one would dare to accuse Byron of being charitable merely to gain the esteem of man, since he scorned the opinion of the world. No! it was a charity that came from a true, sincere heart, and it is the only kind that is worthy of the name. Towards the end of his life, he gave to the poor one thousand pounds for every three thousand he spent. How many Christians, who today have nothing but hatred for Byron, do as much? At Naples, the poor loved him so much that the authorities expelled him from the town, fearing his influence over the people. While he was at Metasta, in the island Cephalonia, he heard that several persons had been buried by an embankment that caved in. He hastened to the spot and when he saw that no one would risk his life to save these poor men, he himself took a spade and rescued three of the unfortunate men. These are but a few of the hundred acts of charity that he performed during his life. Then when we consider his admiration for the beautiful and how he spent his life in contemplating the grandeurs of God's works, and

in describing them with a power that has rarely been equaled, we cannot but regret his faults and admire his noble qualities.

It matters not what opinion we may have of Byron as a man, when we consider him as a writer, we are forced to admit that he is a poet of extraordinary power. He is by excellence the poet of originality. We know of no writer in the whole history of modern English literature, that has been more original. He is so original that he reflects himself in all his works. If we examine "Childe Harold," "Manfred" or "Don Juan," we will find that they are but a portrait of Byron acting under different circumstances and influences. For depth and vigor of thought Byron has never been surpassed, and for boldness of imagination has rarely been equaled. It may not be out of place to stop here for a few moments and examine his "Childe Harold" and his "Manfred" which are usually considered as his sumblimest productions. "Childe Harold" written in the Spencerian stanza, is the history of an English knight, who visits historical places; at each spot where heroic deeds have been performed, he stops and admires. It is the power and the beauty, with which Byron has depicted these different places, that give value to this work. Whether he be describing the battle field of Waterloo or the plains of Thermopylae we find always the same vigor and beauty. Some one has well remarked that "whatever place has come under his observation has been rendered famous by his immortal song." This poem is full of grand thoughts clothed in most beautiful language, and frequently adorned with magnificent imagery. On the whole, this piece may be considered as one of the most comprehensive works ever undertaken by a poet, and it has been executed with a skill that has never been surpassed. Although this is a masterpiece, his "Manfred" is considered by many superior to it. "Manfred" has been highly praised by Goethe; he thought some parts of it excelled some of the productions of Shakespeare. It may rightly be styled as unearthly for the characters he herein describes with the exception of a few, are not beings of this world. Though Byron would have us believe that Manfred is human he cannot. Have we ever heard of a man possessing such sentiments as these:

From youth, upwards,

My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men
Nor look'd upon the earth with humid eyes,
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions and my power
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh.

* * * * *

My joy was in the wilderness to breathe
 The difficult air of the iced mountain's top
 Where the birds dare not build." * * *

"And then I dived
 In my lone wanderings, to the cave of death,
 Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
 From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd-up dust
 Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
 The nights of years in sciences untaught,
 Save in old time * * *

I made

Mine eyes familiar with eternity."

Manfred is, as Byron intended that we should believe; a solitary man, who spends his days and nights in studying "forbidden things." He has been the cause of the ruin of a young girl whom he calls Astarte. After the death of this young woman, he wanders about trying to commit suicide, but he cannot; "the cold hand of a pitiless demon held me back." Then he has a burning desire to see Astarte again, and by his magical powers he forces the spirit to call her back to earth. She appears before him with a "bloom on her cheek," but it is "no living hue." Then Manfred entreats her with all his power to forgive or condemn him. She remains mute to all his entreaties, till the prince of the spirits commands her to talk. Then she utters, with a voice that resounded with perfect harmony through the stillness of the night, these awful words: "Manfred, tomorrow ends thy earthly ills, farewell." Then the phantom disappears and Manfred becomes convulsive, but yet, "he masters himself and makes his sorrows tributary to his will." After this comes the scene when the priest tries to bring him back to God, but all is vain, "it is too late," already a demon is seen coming for his prey, but Manfred despises his power and dies with defiance on his lips. As we see, it is not his hero that gives value to this piece, since he is a man for whom we can have neither sympathy nor admiration, but what has immortalized this poem, are the reflections that Manfred makes. These reflections, in my opinion, contain passages which are unsurpassed in the English language. An English Critic has said: "If we should compare these soliloquies with that of Hamlet, they would lose nothing by the comparison." From what has been said, we may clearly see that Byron is a poet, whose great power lies in his portrayal of strong passion heroic deeds, intellectual strength and the sublime aspects of nature. His characters are conscious of their own wreck, yet they scorn to receive consolations from others. In concluding this essay we may justly infer that if Byron, instead of wasting much of his life in debaucheries, had devoted it exclusively to the splendid work of which he was capable, that he would have been one of the supreme poets of the world.

P. B. Dufault, '03.

"THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL."

Among the beautiful scenes of Elmwood, with the inspiration of his many friends, urging him to the best, Lowell put forth his first mature work, "The Vision of Sir Launfal." Though this poem is not original throughout yet Lowell added to it many beauties which it had not received from the romancers of the middle ages—Chretien de Tyroes and Wolfram von Eschenbach—nor from the modern poet, Tennyson.

This poem is founded upon a tradition of great antiquity. According to this the San Greal or Holy Grail, made of one great sapphire was used by the Savior at the last supper when he gave his body and blood to his apostles. It had been brought by Joseph of Aramathea into England where it was kept as a precious relic. It was absolutely obligatory upon those to whose keeping the sacred treasure was committed, to be chaste and pure in thought and deed. One of Joseph's descendants having violated this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. Lowell represents Sir Launfal as setting out in search of the sacred vessel.

In the first part, the prelude opens amidst the brightness of summer, which awes man with the splendors of nature, entices him to noble deeds, and fills him with the admiration of him, who has adorned this temporal home of man with all its graudeur.

This season too is also conducive to the search, for the sun with its beaming rays, the song birds chirping nature's airs and the green clothed fields suffice to encourage perservance. Thus the poet has reached the climax.

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Thus, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune.
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

This beautiful description of a June day is not merely thrown in for the sake of filling space; it is necessary for the poets purpose. It prepares us to sympathize with the undertaking of his hero. As Sir Launfal, on his charger, arrayed in his gilded mail, commences his search, we feel that indeed.

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for the grass to be green or the skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living:

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The soul partakes the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

This universal sunshine and gladness together with the memory of his ancestors, fill Sir Launfal with feelings of haughty superiority, which cause him to overestimate his own worth and to despise those below him. Having left his castle gate he meets a leper crouched by the roadside who with out stretched hands begged an alms but as this sight was repugnant to Sir Launfal's vain nature, and as the poet says drives the sunshine from his soul, he casts a piece of gold. The leper considered this no real charity and resents the haughty and disdainful spirit of the proud knight.

"That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
 He gives nothing but worthless gold
 Who gives from a sense of duty."

It was here that Sir Launfal received his first lesson in Christian charity, but does not profit by it though he continues to carry out his vow.

The beauties of summer have passed; the scene has changed, and December has come with all its chill. No more are nature's summer grandeurs seen. All seems desolate and the once green fields are enshrouded in snow, while the ice covered leaves reflect the beams of the moon and sun.

Here again the poet shows himself a master in creating circumstances well calculated to produce feelings in the reader in harmony with those of Sir Launfal. We now feel keenly the blast of northern winds, as formerly we enjoyed the splendors of summer in the early part of the poem.—

"It carried a shiver everywhere—
 From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
 The little brook heard it and built a roof
 'Neath which he could house him, winter proof."

With these two preludes the reader is impressed as if he were an eye witness to the scenes. No where have we in American poetry the soulful, beautiful and musical stanzas, that mark the introduction to the different parts of Sir Launfal.

We next find Sir Launfal on his homeward journey, fatigued a worn and a fragile looking man. He has searched the world for the Holy Grail but all in vain. Having arrived at the castle gate, he again meets the leper who begs an alms. All his

pride of family, wealth and social position has been completely purified from his heart. Suffering has made him an altogether new man. Though he no longer has gold to give, yet his whole soul goes out to the poor leper in compassion, sympathy and love.

"I behold in thee
 An image of Him who died on the tree:
 * * * * *
 Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
 Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Immediately the leper rises and to the astonishment of Sir Launfal is transformed into Christ, to whom he had given the alms, and who after listening to the story of Sir Launfal's fruitless search thus addresses him.

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
 In many climes, without avail,
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
 Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now:
 * * * * *
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

This lesson which Lowell has sought to teach in this exquisite poem, is truly of a high moral character, and well suited to induce his readers to act from high moral purposes. In it are to be found many delicate touches of a poetic genius, though occasionally he fails to carry out his delicacy. He has also enlarged the moral meaning of the San Grail, by making charity, and humble love the main conditions for a successful search, but he unfortunately ignores the most divine gift from God to man, namely: "the giving of Himself to be our food and drink." Nevertheless the "Vision of Sir Launfal" is a poem which repays earnest attention. The poem is certainly not without its defects, but notwithstanding these it is "a thing of beauty" and therefore "a joy forever."

L. J. FINNEGAN, '03.



THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

“What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and movement, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!” If this sublime description be true of one of those grand types of manhood by whom our common humanity is glorified and ennobled, what shall we say of those magnificent epochs of human history whose inheritance was genius, and which have left to posterity the grandest productions of the human mind!

Such was the era of which I speak—the Elizabethan age—an age of science, an age of discovery and exploration; and, above all, the age of poetry. The geniuses of Elizabeth’s reign are enthroned in glory far above the great writers of former and succeeding periods.

This marvelous age begins in the early part of the sixteenth century and dawns upon the civilized world, “like a genial spring day after a dark and gloomy winter.” You have seen a bed of tulips in the fairness of early bloom; while some of the flowers are enjoying the fullness of color and beauty and attract the attention and admiration of all, there are also a large number of inferior blossoms which, though beautiful and fragrant with perfume, pass unnoticed. Such are the characters of the Elizabethan age. The men of this period came forth, as it were, from the narrow paths of intellectual idleness and entered upon the broad highways of learning and understanding, “They touched a wild sheaf and it became a perfumed orange; they touched a seashell with three strings across the mouth and it became a sweet-toned harp or organ; they caused a wild and savage speech to become a stately language with a rich and varied literature.” Printing also reached a high degree of perfection. It was the wonderful invention which brought the people throughout the world into close correspondence and caused the ancient alienation of nations to vanish and give place to brotherly association. Drake’s circumnavigation of the globe; the adoption of the Gregorian calendar; Kepler’s laws of motion; the settlement of colonies in America, and the discovery of the earth’s rotundity add wonder and beauty to this great age. These splendid achievements have been hailed by each succeeding generation as among the greatest works performed by man. But why enumerate? Great names in every art, in science and in literature are so numerous that it would be impossible to dwell at length upon even the most conspicuous. I must, therefore, confine my attention to literature. During the early days of Elizabeth’s reign there were few signs of vigorous, literary life. Years and centuries had passed with only a voice here and there to break the classic stillness; when suddenly a whole constellation of sages and poets, illumined by the learning and eloquence

of Greece and Rome, appear upon the literary horizon. Now we are entering the days of Sir Philip Sidney and Spencer, the days of Shakespeare, of Ben Jonson and Bacon, the "golden age of English literature."

Spencer and Sidney were the first great writers of this brilliant period. In youth these two were intimate friends and associates. They took morning walks to the tops of high mountains, there to gaze upon picturesque landscapes diversified by majestic rivers, babbling brooks and purling rills, while the sun in all his splendor came slowly creeping from out the east and shed his golden rays upon the azure dome above their heads. In the chariot of genius they traveled from pole to pole and received the hearty applause of lovers of the beautiful in every nation. After them came the loving and loveable Ben Jonson. The noble character of this man is revealed in his writings. He walked straightforward in the path of honesty with unwavering footsteps, ever ready to sacrifice self interest and personal ambition or even friends and country for truth and justice. It is impossible to study the life of such a man without feeling ourselves impelled to noble thoughts and righteous living. Even greater than Jonson, at least intellectually, was the renowned philosopher, Lord Bacon, who devoted all the energies of his grand mind to philosophical pursuits and in trying to learn something of the world around him. Many dark clouds of ignorance and error rolled from the mind at his irresistible command.

But far superior to all these, great though they were, is that supreme poet, the glory of this age and the pride and admiration of all succeeding ages—William Shakespeare. Before him, the kings of thought and the lovers of sublime drama, bow in profound homage and hail him as "the Prince of Dramatists." Shakespeare's wonderful versatility of mind, sublimity of conception and felicity of execution have never been combined in an equal degree in any other dramatic poet. There is no depth of the human soul which he has not sounded, no virtue which he has not glorified, no vice he has not scourged. What wonder then, if his dramas have been presented on the stage for more than two hundred years with ever increasing popularity and if today they occupy a place on the book shelves of every home.

We are seized with awe and reverence when we gaze upon anything which has withstood the storms of centuries and bids defiance to the ravages of time. When we gaze upon the craggy sides of towering mountains or upon the raging deep as it heaves boundless from shore to shore, we feel our souls expand within us, but most of all when we behold the immortal works of genius. Just as the remote ages of Greece and Rome are still living and will continue to live in the names of Homer and Socrates, Aristotle and Demosthenes, Cicero and Virgil, Caesar and Livy, so will the Elizabethan age continue to live even though the English people should perish and their national existence become naught but a story, descending on the wings of tradition.

J. F. O'Brien, '04.

THE VIATORIAN.

Published monthly for the students by the Times, Kankakee, Ill.,
 Edited by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill. All correspondence
 must be addressed: THE VIATORIAN, Bourbonnais, Ill.
 Entered at the Kankakee Postoffice as second class matter.
 Subscription price, one dollar per year, payable in advance.

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EDITORIAL.

LITERARY STYLE.

It is not difficult to prove that a good literary style is of the highest importance to every writer and public speaker. He indeed must have a high opinion of his own talent and originality who hopes to say anything absolutely new upon any subject which may occupy his attention. We are so completely dependent upon books for the ideas we possess that whether consciously or unconsciously we can do little more than give expression to the thoughts of others. It is extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to think or express something which was never thought or expressed before. All we can reasonably hope to do is to say old things in a new way. Now this is precisely what is meant by style—the manner in which a man expresses his thought. Therefore, generally speaking, all that a man can lay claim to as his own, is his style, and lacking this he has nothing.

* * *

STYLE, then, is necessary and we must use the means if we would acquire it. According to Dr. Johnson, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." By this he means of course, that imitation is the only way to acquire a similar style. There is undoubtedly much to be gained by the careful study of good models of pure style. The great classics of every language, both ancient and modern, so perfectly discipline the taste that we choose without difficulty the words best adapted to the expression of our thought. A faulty style is corrected, chastened and modified in various ways by a thorough familiarity with these masterpieces and especially by those authors with whom the reader is most in sympathy.

Yet great care must be taken in the models selected for imitation. Because an author has an admirable style, it does not necessarily follow that his style is good for every writer. Irving might certainly have followed Johnson's advice with profit because his bent of mind resembled Addison's very closely, but Johnson did not and could not adopt his own advice without grave injury to himself. Carlyle could no more have imitated Addison than he could have performed the feats of Hercules. Although the style of Carlyle may not be perfect, yet it has a certain impressiveness and force to be found in few English authors. Let anyone attempt to imitate Carlyle's manner of writing and he will only render himself ridiculous. "Style," says Chesterfield, "is the dress of thought," but to have dressed the thought of Chesterfield in the literary robes of Johnson or Addison would only make him a splendidly dressed clown.

* * *

IMITATION, then, to be of any value must be judicious. Models must be selected which are good not only in themselves but relatively to the talent and mental inclinations of the student. Milton's style is full of grandeur, majesty sublimity and power but it is essentially "MILTONIC." There are few who could wear his splendid literary cloak. The thunderbolts of Jove are mighty forces, but only Jove can hurl them. A worthy style is the fitting expression of worthy thought. It is never thoroughly formed until character is formed and until the expression of thought has become habitual. After all character and quality of mind are the only secure basis upon which style can be built and it is only in so far as the great masters have formed our thoughts and rendered them in some way similar to their own that we can rightly imitate their style. And finally perhaps the most efficient means for acquiring a suitable style is the frequent use of the pen. It is to encourage the practice of writing that college journals exist. We therefore invite the students to send in articles for the Viatorian. There is everything to gain and nothing to lose even though your work be not accepted.



EXCHANGES.

On looking over our exchanges we find that in several there is an inclination either toward the sentimental story or to articles which look as though they had just stepped out of the Encyclopaedia. Of the two we prefer the latter, although we think that all editors should endeavor to strike the "happy medium." One of the chief objects of the College Magazine is to make the student think and to teach him how to express his thoughts in a clear, forcible manner. Both these objects are realized when the student writes essays, criticisms, etc., and the student is at the same time acquiring useful knowledge and imparting it to his readers. The short story has its place, of course, but when it is cultivated to the exclusion of more serious matter it becomes harmful. Especially, as too frequently happens, when the subjects are sentimental. Then the student naturally goes to the sentimental papers and novels for his model, both for the plot and the style of the story. Hence his mind is taken up with this light literature and becomes incapable of producing anything serious and instructive.

It is true that the short story gives the student a chance to exercise his imagination; but that is not the only or even the principal faculty which needs training. Stories are written chiefly for amusement and all our time should not be spent in seeking that. Let the College Magazine be a source of instruction and amusement, not a combination of amusement and nonsense.

The Bee contains an excellent article entitled "*The Mysticism in The Ancient Mariner*." The writer interprets the "*Ancient Mariner*" as an allegory representing the feelings and impressions of a young man, his fall into sin, his deepening in crime, the coming of grace, the strife, desolation of the repenting soul, the temptations, and, at last, the victory. The interpretation is poetic and consistent and the subject is very well treated.

In the "*Young Eagle*" there is a letter from Oberammergau which will be welcomed by those who had not the opportunity of going to the Passion Play. The language is so vivid that the reader imagines

himself present at the great Drama and it is with sorrow that he nears the end. He is anxious to read farther and discover new beauties, but still lingers on every word to enjoy each beauty as long as he can.

St. John's University Record is, as a whole, a very good magazine but why such an article as "*Music*" should be printed we cannot explain. It is a mass of disconnected sentences and phrases containing still more unconnected ideas. It is not even grammatically correct. Sentences like the following are unpardonable:

"To know a little music, is by far better than not to be able to enjoy music but with disgust."

Sentences are thrown in that have no relation whatever to the preceding ones. *"The time however has come, when a musician is looked at with suspicion, the time has come when the artist is considered a rogue. Time, experience, and civilization may have brought about the change, but how much truth lies in the assertion remains to be proven. The abuse of an art does not, and cannot disprove the utility, the nobility of the art."* We hope the next time the writer tries to compose an essay that he will endeavor to collect his thoughts, first, and then (having reviewed his Grammar) express them in at least passible English.

The "*Holy Ghost College Bulletin*" contains a well written article entitled "*Is the Earth a Solid?*" There are also two other essays worthy of mention: "*Disinterestedness*" and "*Socialism.*"

"*The Mercury*" contains some well written and interesting stories. But we hope that the next number will contain something more serious, essays, etc.

"*A Reminiscence*" in the "*Jabberwock*" is well written and interesting from the first word to the last.

"*The Old Homestead*" in "*The St. Mary's Sentinel*" is a beautiful poem illustrating simple pastoral life. The following lines are beautiful both in thought and expression:

"Anon, as evening grew dusky and tender,
We saw the moon rise and her beauty unfold,
And cover the scythes and reapers with splendor
As homeward together contented we strolled.

Those scenes of my youth have departed forever,
They've gone with the flood and the tide of the years,
And yet through the mists that arise on life's river
They come to me often and touch me to tears,"

There are other good articles: "*Cheerfulness in Literature*" and "*Paradise Lost*."

"*The Tennessee University Magazine*" has a very pleasing appearance and is excellently illustrated, but there is a very evident lack of seriousness in it.

"*The Dial*" has a good essay on "Fidelity." The following passage contains a great deal of truth. "*We forget that he who cannot make his feelings known often feels the deepest, and unpretentiousness is the veil of steadfast fidelity.*"

Among our other visiting friends are: "*The Notre Dame Scholastic, Lake Breeze, Mercury, Sacred Heart Collegian, Retina, Traveler's Record, Niagara Index, Davidson College Magazine, Emory Phoenix, St. Joseph's Collegian, Fordham Monthly, St. Joseph's Journal, High School Chat, Guard & Tackle, High School Comus, Our Young People, Central News.*"

A. Girard, '03.



FOOTBALL.

ST. VIATEUR VS IRVING ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

On Nov. 4 the first game or football of the season was played on the College Gridiron. A sturdy team of football players representing the Irving Athletic Association came down from Chicago to try conclusions with the college eleven and were defeated in a hotly contested game. The day was one to gladden the heart of football enthusiasts. Just cool enough to keep the fever heat from rising too high and to put snap into the players.

The Irving team arrived about 2 p. m., accompanied by a respectable crowd of loyal rooters, armed with tin horns and well arranged yells, and although the team put up a royal battle it could do nothing against our well trained and speedy eleven.

After a short practice by both teams Referee Rielly flipped the coin and Captain Armstrong won the toss. He chose the south goal with a fine brisk breeze blowing at his back.

McMahon kicked off for the Irvings and the ball landed in Caron's hands on the ten yard line, who returned it fifteen yards before being downed.

Immediately after lining up Sullivan smashed through the line for a gain of five yards and a moment later Martin repeated the same operation for six more. In a mass on tackle, Caron carried the ball four yards. On the next play St. Viateur's lost the ball on a fumble, an Irving player falling on it. The Irvings made a few gains through the line but were soon held for downs.

After the line-up Cleary was sent around left end for three yards. Martin tore through the line for three more. Then by a series of mass on tackle plays, line bucking and the revolving wedge plays, the ball was brought to Irving's five yard line. Sullivan was pushed over for a touch down. Connelly kicked goal. Score 6 to 0. A few minutes after the kick off time was called, the ball being about in the center of the field.

In the second half Martin kicked off to the Irving fifteen yard line. The ball was caught by Berry who returned it only six yards when he was downed by Sullivan. By line bucking and massing on tackle the Irvings carried the ball down the field to St. Viateur's forty yard line where they lost it on a fumble, Caron capturing the ball. Martin bored a hole through center for four yards, but in the next play the ball went to Irving on a fumble. The Irvings this time worked a beautiful long pass and McMahon sprinted down the field for a gain of twenty-five yards before being brought to the ground by Kearney. The

Irvings then hammered at our line but found it impregnable and after three ineffectual attempts to advance the ball were forced to hand it over to St. Viateur.

Caron found a hole between left guard and tackle for four yards and Martin dashed through the line for four more. With the aid of splendid interference by Kearney and Martin, Sullivan went through right tackle for ten yards. By fierce line bucking, end plays and center rushes St. Viateur carried the ball to Irving's ten yard line when Irving took a brace and held for downs. McMahon punted about forty-five yards, the ball rolling out of bounds.

After the line-up Martin tore through left tackle for six yards. Caron tried an end round but was downed for a loss. He again took the ball and circled the left end for ten yards. Sullivan bucked the line for three more. With a few revolving wedge plays the ball was finally landed on the Irving fifteen yard line. Had not time been called St. Viateur would certainly have scored another touch down in a few more minutes of play. Although the two teams were about equal in weight yet the Irvings could do little against our better trained eleven. They put up a splendid fight, however, and were always dangerous. They are a gentlemanly crowd of foot ball players and consequently the game was not marred by anything like slugging or wrangling. No scoring was done by either side in the second half. The score stood therefore at the end of the game 6 to 0 in favor of St. Viateur.

Referee, Rielly; Umpire, Holmes; Timekeepers Burke and Peterson; Linemen, Bergeron and Monast; time of halves 25 and 20 minutes.

ST. VIATEUR VS. KANKAKEE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

On November 10, the College eleven journeyed to Kankakee to line up against their old rivals, the Kankakee Athletic association. A light snow had fallen during the previous night but the sun came out bright and clear and before noon not a trace of it was left on the ground. The day was an ideal one and a grand exhibition of football was given by the college eleven, crippled though they were by the absence of two of our strongest players. Our big center rush was unable to get into the game owing to a severe cold and Kearney, who takes such good care of left tackle, was kept out of the game for a similar reason. We were besides greatly handicapped in the matter of weight, the Kankakee players outweighing our boys by at least twenty-five pounds to the man. Notwithstanding these great disadvantages our fellows played the beefy Kankakee team to a standstill.

Acting Captain Sullivan won the toss and chose the south goal. Vadboncoeur kicked off for Kankakee. The ball was caught by Cosgrove who brought it back fifteen yards before being downed.

In a collision with Burns, of the Kankakee team, Cosgrove sprained his shoulder and was ordered to the side lines by Capt. Sullivan. Haydn took his place at right tackle.

After the line-up for the scrimmage, Martin bored a hole through right tackle for three yards and on the next play Sullivan bucked the line for as many more. Caron was pushed through left tackle for two yards more. Martin smashed through the center on a tandem forma-

tion for eight yards. The quarter back, Connelly, again called for the tandem formation and Martin once more hit Kankakee's line for five yards. Cleary tried an end run which netted us another yard. Martin was given the ball and with the revolving wedge play succeeded in breaking through the line, and with a clear field it looked as though we were certainly good for a touchdown, but unfortunately he was blocked by a spectator who was crossing the field. Had it not been for this accident we would certainly have scored a touchdown; as it was he made only twenty yards when Griswold fell on him. By a series of tandem formation plays and revolving wedges the ball was brought to Kankakee's twenty-five yard line. St. Viateur was then held for downs and Kankakee took the ball.

By line bucking and end runs Kankakee worked the ball back to the center of the field. They were then held for downs. After a few plays time was called with the ball on Kankakee's thirty-five yard line. Neither side scored a touchdown.

In the second half Martin kicked off to Kankakee's ten-yard line. Schneider picked up the ball and with splendid interference brought it back thirty yards. Kankakee got through our line for a few short gains. Vadboncoeur tried to go around right end but was downed for a loss. Kankakee's left guard was given the ball and made a gain of five yards around right end. By line plunges and end runs Kankakee landed the ball on St. Viateur's twenty-five yard line. Here they were held for downs, St. Viateur taking the ball. The ball was carried around right end for eight yards and Martin smashed through the line for four more. Sullivan did the same thing on the next play for a similar gain. Caron skirted the end for good gain. Sullivan again hit the line for three yards but lost the ball on a fumble.

Griswold trotted around left end for the longest run of the game, forty yards. Kankakee finally forced the ball to St. Viateur's five-yard line where they lost it on a fumble, Connelly falling on the ball. Martin kicked out of danger. Vanboncoeur advanced the ball only ten yards when he was downed by Jordan. Kankakee again brought the ball to St. Viateur's ten yard line but were held. Time was then called. When we consider the great disparity in the weight of the two teams and the crippled condition of St. Viateur's eleven, we can have nothing but praise for the grand battle our boys fought against such enormous odds. Relying on their great weight, Kankakee felt perfectly confident of victory but on this they were disappointed. Every man in our team played the game of his life. The fierce tackling of Jordan, the line bucking of Martin, Sullivan and Caron and the clean, accurate work of Connelly at quarter were some of the features of the game. Carmody, although not within fifty pounds of his opponent, was a wall of strength in center and rarely were gains made through him. This was Carmody's first time at center in a large game and with practice and age he promises to be equal to the best. Jordan took excellent care of everything that came his way, frequently breaking through the line and tackling his man for a loss. We meet Kankakee again on the 23d and with all our players in condition we expect to take them into camp.

Referee, Deselm; Umpire, Armstrong; Timekeepers Burke and Griffin; time of halves 20 minutes.

VIATORIANA.

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- Rev. Joe.
 —Turkey.
 —Pie wagon.
 —The great dialogue.
 —A mouse for a pickle.
 —Take a chance, won't you?
 —Gammon! beat du charge.
 —(In his sleep) Pass the ball, pass the ball.
 —I have a sprained head.
 —Why is Latin what it is?
 —O Doc! bring back Martin's watch.
 —No lounging in class.
 —It is after ten, blow out the light.
 —To be or not to be.
 —Whatever you think is right.
 —O Doc! a little piece of turkey!
 —I caught the greased pig.
 —(To fellow who went to corridor.) Pre. To come up here it costs you a chance, three for a quarter.
 F. Give me something good will you Willie? W. I did not get a box. (lie.)
 —(To student who missed his Latin lesson). Prof. We cannot expect anything from you P. till the campaign is over.
 —W. I play behind the line in foot ball game.
 M. What position? H. Spectator behind the white line.
 —D. What time do you go to bed? K. Two minutes before I go to sleep.
 —V. Do I have to pay two cents to hold a cue in my hands and see him play.
 —R. I'll remember you because you gave all my "good" literature to the prefect.
 —Revenge may be sweet but it leaves a bad taste in the mouth.
 —Com. Why won't you play foot ball? K. Because I have too much respect for my bones.
 —Writer. Can't you give anything to Q.? He played foot ball and is sick. S. Yes, they all get hurt and I have to pay for it.
 —You are out of the infirmary Mc S. because it is conge this afternoon. Mc S. No, I got cured miraculously after the good steak I got this noon.

—(Sen. (who went to Chicago to conductor) Leave me off at Bradley so I won't have to walk so far, (Con. as a great accommodating man stopped the train in the field and gave the student a good five mile walk.)

—Teacher. How can the resistance of the air be avoided. Bright student. Take it out.

ACT I.

—K. (plays his first foot ball game) Gee I'm tired I guess I'll go to bed.

ACT II.

—(Next morning) K. There goes the bell, I'm too stiff, I won't get up.

ACT III.

P.(comes up the corridor) P. I got you K! I got you, you are not dressed yet. K. No you haven't father no you haven't. (Puts on overcoat quickly and comes out the door with "Phils adventures" in his hand) See I am studying father.

Moral. If you want to sleep late in the morning go to the infirmary.

—Although St. Viator's day was not celebrated this year with as much pomp and solemnity as usual, on account of the silver jubilee celebration in honor of Very Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. which occurred only a short time previously, yet it was not allowed to pass by unnoticed and unhonored. The principal event of the day was the drill by the S. V. C. battalion and the two crack squads of the college, the Ford Zouaves and the Columbian Guards. The battalion has adopted the new manual of arms and under the efficient training of Col. Caron made a creditable showing. Col. Caron is also to be congratulated on the good work done by the Ford Zouaves. But the palm of victory belongs to the Columbian Guards. This squad is composed of minors, yet they performed the difficult maneuvers of sword drill with such accuracy, precision and promptness as to excite the wonder and admiration of the spectators.

