

# THE VIATORIAN.

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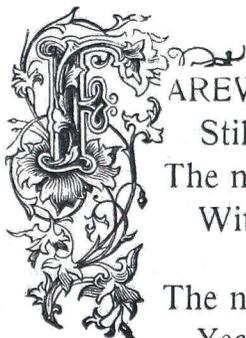
NO. 2

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## FAREWELL.

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*To Mr. J. B. Surprenant:*



FAREWELL! as the scent of the roses  
Still clings to the old shattered jar,  
The memory of thee so reposes  
Within us, though now thou'rt so far.

The news of thy going brought sadness,  
Yea, tears to full many an eye,  
We thought on the joy and the gladness  
Spent together in days gone by.

This year we intended enjoying,  
'Mid pleasures the muses reveal,  
But now there's a cloud that's alloying,  
Thou'rt gone and thy absence we feel.

Yet this is repeating life's story,  
A smile so soon fades in a tear,  
And young friends as well as the hoary  
Must part with the ones they hold dear.

But comrade, though now we are parted,  
Forget not the ones dwelling here,  
St. Viateur's boys are true-hearted,  
And thou'll be remembered in prayer.

Farewell! and may heaven's bright gleaming  
Surround thee in now thy new home,  
And make e'en thy cloudiest dreaming  
A vision of love from God's throne.

—J. H. N.

## AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

To the reflecting mind, there is a striking analogy between the different divisions of human life and those of the seasons. Spring is, in many respects, emblematical of the tender age of childhood; summer, of youthful vigor, beauty, and activity; autumn represents that period of age and gradual decline which precedes the winter of death and decay. It is in autumn we harvest and gather in the products of the seeds which were sown in the spring, and which were developed and matured during summer. We see on all sides indications that the year is growing old. The gay and festive attire which nature assumed in the spring, and displayed so ostentatiously during summer, now looks faded and tattered. The flowers which were so pleasing on account of the variety and richness of their colors and sweetness of smell, are beginning to lose both their beauty and their fragrance; the pallor of death is upon them—they will soon lie prostrate on the bosom of their mother earth.

The fields which were lately teeming with golden corn, undulated by the warm breath of summer, are now almost bare. Their produce is gathered into the granary of the farmer, whence it will find its way into the markets of the towns and cities of the country, where it will ultimately be distributed in the shape of food for both man and beast.

The green of the meadows is turning brown; the forest trees, which were drooping with luscious fruit, have

been relieved of their burdens. The forests, which during the warm days of summer resounded with the songs of the birds and the humming of the bees, are now silent, save when disturbed by the moaning of the wind or the rustling of falling leaves—their rich and verdant foliage is turning into sere and yellow leaves, scattered about by the rude winds, fading and falling fast.

The days, though bright and clear, are growing shorter and the nights longer. We no longer groan and sweat under the sweltering heat of a few months ago. The sun has spent its youthful fire; its rays are less ardent, but more agreeable. In a few weeks more the blithe and cheerful Indian summer will bid us farewell, giving place to the cold and muffled form of winter approaching in the distance. The swallows have taken passage for warmer climes, and those human swallows who have been cooling themselves and seeking repose away on the hillsides or by the seashore have returned into winter quarters.

A great transformation is silently passing before our eyes. All nature is silently resigning the honor of its form to winter's stormy blast—soon it will be a dreary, cheerless waste.

To him who is bent with the weight of years, there is something peculiarly interesting and truly congenial in the contemplation of autumn amid the tranquilities of the country. There is an air of chastened serenity diffused over the face of nature at this season, and when he views the surrounding

landscape withering under his eye, it reminds him of the roses and beauty of health which glowed on his own features during the midsummer of life, and which are now almost faded and gone. The ardor and enthusiasm of his earlier years have left him—he begins to feel the chill of advancing age; but if he has not spent the summer of life in thoughtless extravagance and feverish enjoyments, the taper of life, though wasting to its close, will burn with the same mild, uniform, and genial luster with which the sun cheers and invigorates us in the month of October.

Autumn teaches us, also, that at the heart and root of everything that exists there is the germ of decay and death, that all earthly glory is short-lived, vain, and frail, and as fleeting and transitory as the leaves and flowers before the autumn gales. Yet

For him who with a fervent heart goes  
 forth  
 Under the bright and glorious sky, and  
 looks  
 On duties well performed and days well  
 spent,  
 For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,  
 Shall have a voice and give him eloquent  
 teaching.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death  
 Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
 To his long resting place without a tear."

A. L. O'S.

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A man who has that sympathy which leads him to remember the lowest and the poorest, the afflicted and the sorrowful, has in himself an influence which will overrule pride, selfishness, and all passions.

## WILLIAM MORRIS.

—  
 In the death of William Morris, England lost one of her noted characters—a man as rarely gifted as he was peculiar in the use of his diversified talents.

Born in 1834, he sprang from the common people and all his sympathies went out to them. His father was a merchant in good circumstances and saw that his children received a good education. William, the eldest son was sent to school at Marlborough and later to Oxford.

He early manifested a love of art and spent much time at painting, but he soon found that he had mistaken taste for talent and gave up painting as a profession. But his love of the beautiful never left him. Indeed his whole life was one of complete devotion to the beautiful to which he gave expression with pen and pencil. "That thing which I understand by real art," he said, "is the expression by man of his pleasure in labor."

His great effort was to spread a love of the beautiful among the lowly in the hope that an appreciation of the beauty might bring alleviation from suffering and make happy the great number of toilers to whom joy seldom comes and with whom it stays so shortly. He had a deep abiding sympathy for the poor. All his thoughts were for them. His religion was humanitarianism that has no higher hopes with which to inspire man—no greater cure for his diseases than the cold balm of worldly consolation.

Morris was what one might call a tradesman, his business that of a deco-

rator. He designed furniture and wall paper; besides he studied wood carving, engraving, and modeling—he was also a poet. In all these employments one central thought moved him; how he might best give new forms to beauty, which ever like a guiding spirit drew him on. He preached it, wrote of it in prose and verse—in a word, tried to make others love it as he did himself.

His first book of poems was *The defense of Guenevere and Other Poems*, which appeared in 1858. This work, while betraying the student, lacked that flavor of fields and running brooks amid which the poet gets his best inspirations. It gave promise, however, of good things, and this was realized in the *Life and Death of Jason*, a work gleaming with light, and in which the effort is sustained and around which there play all the spirits of the world of fancy. It is narrative in form in seventeen books carried sweetly and strongly forward from first to last. Morris was a lover of the romantic in literature, and he sought it not only in the classic Greek, but in the tales of the North. He is original rather in method than invention, but his touch was artistic and the romance and fable of old received new life and form from his skillful touch.

His greatest work is the "Earthly Paradise" and it is a great work indeed. Taking all the universe for its field it drew without stint from Grecian, Roman, and Northland lore and fable.

The stories were not new; they had gone the rounds of centuries, but

never did they assume the pleasing appearance that Morris gave them. Flowing on with ease and grace they sparkle with a clearness that shows how closely the author was drawn to them and how fully they took up his mind.

But there is a depressing strain running through this work that is not consoling to those of us who feed on hope. The thought that we are to die and that this is the end of all things and of all hope is not refreshing. If Morris could propose to the poor struggling masses of the great metropolis no sentiment more inspiring than this:

"A long life gone, and nothing more they  
know,  
Why they should live to have desire and  
foil,  
And toil, that, overcome, brings yet more  
toil,  
Than that day of their vanished youth,  
when first  
They saw death clear, and deemed all life  
accurst  
By that cold, overshadowing threat—the  
end,"

he has done little to inculcate a love of the great beauty—truth, and above all, the great one that the God-man spent years in toil and contradiction not to prove that we should never die, but to convince men that beyond the grave there is hope and cessation of grief, that death is not an ending but a beginning of that complete life to which even the lowliest of men feel that they are destined.

William Morris, though a man of wealth and culture, was by sympathy a socialist. It is passing strange that

a man of his qualification should be so. But if we consider well his deep sympathy for the poor, and the shocks his warm heart must have felt at the trials that are theirs and then stop to see that he sought a remedy for all this by methods that do not satisfy, we can understand his theory, which of all theories is the most impractical. The moment we forget man's destiny, or lose sight of the fact that suffering is inevitable in this life, that moment we prepare ourselves to launch forth any wild and destructive theory of bettering men and the world—and we take from man the hopes that alone can save him from himself or prepare him by suffering for the glorious rest beyond.

M.

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#### KING HENRY VIII.

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In Shakespeare's historical plays the author is compelled to confine himself more to facts, paying closer attention both to the manners and customs of the times, while the characters are drawn, with much truth and accuracy, from actual life. These plays cannot properly be called tragedies or comedies, but dramatic compositions exposing the people and manners of the times of which he wrote. Hence the absence of his imaginative powers, so extensive in his tragedies and other plays.

Among Shakespeare's historical plays there is one which is not only a work of art but also of more than passing interest to all students of history, namely, King Henry VIII.

This play is distinctly, and very properly, called a play of characters rather than of action. In it are chronicled a few of the principal incidents in the history of the reign of the English "Blue Beard," and it portrays such eminent personages as Cardinal Wolsey, King Henry, Queen Katherine, and others of lesser note, as Buckingham and Cromwell, in a manner that is likely to give one an intimate knowledge of these remarkable characters and their doings.

The play may be truly said to be a history of the rise and fall of that

"Great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey."

If this, then, was Shakespeare's object, to depict the fortunes of this great personage, with what skill has he not unfolded them—chaining our attention from the very first and keeping our interest awakened throughout. How he arouses us to a pitch of indignation when that proud and ambitious Churchman let fall the heavy bolt of his wrath on noble Buckingham, and our feelings can scarcely be subdued when we see him opposing the virtuous and queenly Katherine

"Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and  
flourished,"

in a point touching her honor as well as her life. Yet Wolsey plays on our sympathy and it must indeed be a hardened heart that would not soften with pity, when we behold him who had been fashioned to so much honor bending neath the weight of his great sorrow:

“Nay, then farewell!

I’ve touched the highest point in all my  
greatness  
And from the full meridian of my glory  
I haste how to my setting; I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.”

And who could help shedding a tear  
with the noble-minded Katherine, in  
her great trials on being approached  
by the scheming cardinal as she says,

“Have I lived this long (let me speak my-  
self,  
Since virtue finds no friends,) a wife, a true  
one?

A woman (I dare say without vain glory)  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king? lov’d him next heaven?  
obeyed him?

Been out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded?—  
No friends, no hope; no kindred to weep for  
me,  
Almost no grave allow’d me.”

When examining the character of that  
odious tyrant, King Henry, we find  
that the author endeavors to paint it  
as pleasing as possible. The senti-  
ments that Shakespeare makes him  
express when he says:

“Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come, with her  
Katherine our queen, before the primest  
creature  
That’s paragoned o’ the world,”

we find very different from the char-  
acter of Henry, as handed down to us  
by history.

The first four acts of this play are  
so written as to ever keep our interest  
awakened, but in the fifth act, we are

disappointed for the incidents de-  
veloped in this part pertain only to the  
minor characters, and we can without  
any hesitation say it is the weakest  
part of the play. I doubt if Shakes-  
peare in writing it, had any other  
purpose in view, than that of paying  
compliments to his

“Good Queen Bess.”

This play, though the least Shakes-  
perian of all that bear the great au-  
thor’s name, will always awaken  
interest in all lovers of good litera-  
ture, abounding as it does in eloquent  
expressions and over-flowing with  
beautiful thoughts. C. J. Q.

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#### MY LAST DAY AT HOME.

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There are few words more likely to  
fill our minds with happy recollections  
than the expression “my home.” Home  
means more to some than to others;  
but it influences every one, I think, to  
some extent. That men think less  
kindly of the paternal abode must be  
attributed to the fact that they have  
never been separated from it; for its  
influence pursues man in all his wan-  
derings, and its charms increase with  
the running years.

Home is dear to most of us inas-  
much as it is the place of our child-  
hood days; days of innocence with no  
thought of ills to come.

To people that can visit home and  
kindred, and all dear to them in a few  
days, there is not the charm, as for  
those who can visit home but once or  
twice a year. Nor is it so prized as by

those who can visit home only once in two or three years. And what feelings must then overwhelm those who never, perhaps, may set eyes upon the scenes and kinsfolks foremost in their hearts! One in this position may be excused, should pathos for the moment lead him to overdraw the picture concerning home, for he appreciates it beyond description of tongue or pen.

In the home of my boyhood I spent some of the happiest years I ever hope to spend, so dear to me that "to remember is but to lament." In such a place I was certainly happy and contented, with not a cloud to darken the rays of happiness that lighted my path. I went to bed at night pleased with what the day afforded me, and arose again with a hope that its close would be as agreeable as the preceding day.

But the sunshine that had lighted my path was now tinging an approaching cloud; the hour for my departure was drawing near.

It was certainly a trying moment when I had to depart from all that was dear to me. The streamlet on whose banks I had loitered a thousand times, though always pleasing, never looked so beautiful as now, when I was about to leave it perhaps forever. The little wood I had so often made speak with a verse or two, seemed by its rustling leaves, to bid me a final farewell. The crows which I had pitied on winter evenings, when they flew in long battalions to take shelter from the wintry blasts, among the naked trees, seemed now to pity me in re-

turn. The garden which I tended and the flowers I so often watered seemed each to say "farewell!"

I woke on the morning of my departure, as the grey dawn crept through the little window that lighted my room, to find a dear mother at my bedside. She reminded me of the many times she made with care that bed which she said was to be never more used by one dearer to her than life, and assured me that her hands would never again be laid on it, so great was her emotion at my parting.

I arose at an hour earlier that morning than was my custom and hurriedly dressed myself. I came down to the room where my father, mother, brothers, and sisters awaited my presence, that we all might have breakfast together perhaps for the last time. I can never forget the train of thoughts that filled my mind; happy recollections of the past crowding out a very indistinct view of the future. I was leaving home and dear ones, breaking the bonds of unity that bound us so closely together, that when one rejoiced all rejoiced, and when one mourned all were sad. And as the hour approached the time seemed to speed faster than it ever did before; but I took advantage of what yet remained to me, precious moments, whose value till then I had not known! I stood at the door and surveyed the scene that lay before me, especially the garden I loved so well, and which presented such a beautiful appearance. But my view was soon dimmed by the tears that filled my eyes, and I turned from the door only to confront my

mother, who drew me aside and with a steady gaze, as if she endeavored to imprint my image on her tender, loving heart, sobbed a last farewell.

Such are the memories of my home beyond the broad Atlantic, memories that are an incentive to a higher and nobler plane of life; memories that forced from an American Consul in Egypt the lines of that inspiring and old, yet ever new song:

“Mid pleasures and palaces though I may  
 roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there is no place like  
 home.”

M. J. B.

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#### THOMAS ERSKINE.

Thomas Erskine, the son of Earl Buchan, and one of England's greatest forensic orators, was descended from a noble though impoverished family. The future Lord Erskine was born in the humblest of circumstances and first saw light in the topmost flat of a large tenement house in Edinburgh on the 10th of January, 1750.

Early in life he manifested that jovial good nature and quickness of intellect which afterwards characterized the man. His school life was spent at the high school of Edinburgh and the University of St. Andrew; at the latter he remained but one year. In these places he acquired a thorough knowledge of the English language, but his education in the classics was exceedingly limited. What Jonson said of Shakespeare may be said of Erskine: “He knew little Latin and less Greek,”

Lord Erskine's mother, a virtuous and well educated woman, early laid the foundation of his greatness, helping him in the studies that her means would not allow her son to pursue in college. He seems to have been a pet of fortune. Being a favorite of all he was admitted to the best society and this is what gave him those extraordinary conversational advantages which were so helpful to his success in after life. For a man possessed of so small an education, his success seems almost miraculous. But what he had not in knowledge he made up for in his boldness and freedom of manner and speech. His chief talents were application and self-reliance, and these he used with such effect that he became the most eloquent orator of his age.

Through the influence of Lord Mansfield, who was a friend of the Erskines, Thomas, at the age of fourteen, received a commission in the English navy. For several years he sailed with his ship. After four years his ship returned to England and the crew were paid off, and he found himself without any employment. About this time his father died, leaving him scarcely any income. At last he joined the army, and at the age of twenty he seemed to cap the very climax of his misfortunes by marrying a lady as impoverished as himself. But fortune favored him still. Marriage repressed extravagance and showed him that he had responsibilities and duties. His regiment being stationed at Minorca he there, for two years, pursued a system of studies in the English classics.

He committed the whole of Milton to memory and could carry on conversations on numerous subjects in phrases borrowed of Shakespeare. It was here that he acquired his strong and forcible style, his rich imagery and fluency of diction. Having obtained a furlough of six months, he went to London and obtained his old place in society. Boswell pays him this high compliment by saying that he dined with "a young officer in the regimentals of the Scots Royals, who talked with a vivacity, fluency, and precision which attracted particular attention."

At the age of twenty-eight, he became a lawyer and scored his first success in a most startling manner. A Captain Baillie, lieutenant-governor of Greenwich hospital, discovered numerous abuses in the management of that institution, and accused Lord Sandwich, the first lord of the Admiralty, of complicity in the matter. He was then prosecuted on a charge of libel and his case was in a very precarious condition when Erskine accidentally became one of the defendant's counsel. While dining with a friend he happened to speak in favor of Captain Baillie (not knowing that that person was present). The captain was pleased and inquired about Erskine. Finding that he was a young lawyer without much practice, he gave him a retainer for his case. His speech at the trial attracted universal attention and his fortune was made. Then his famous speeches in favor of Lords Gordon, Keppel, and Stockdale rapidly followed.

In 1783 he took his seat in parlia-

ment. On his first speech at that place his friends relied greatly, but their hopes were not realized. He was not suited to parliamentary debate, and his maiden speech was a failure. Still, after a few years, he became eminent among the speakers of that house.

Thomas Erskine was one of the few men who have inscribed their names on the pages of fame entirely through their own efforts. In his profession he is unexcelled. He could control a jury as no other man was able; he could move a judge as he willed. When he accepted a case he threw himself into it with all the ardor of his nature—he sifted every piece of evidence so finely that he left no loop-hole for his opponent. He was at once cautious and bold; he would defy a judge as soon as a common person. Some have said his genius was the cause of his power over a jury. It was not. His self-reliance and caution, with his clear logic, made him famous. And lastly, he was kind to a rival, never jealous of those who were eminent in his profession.

At the age of 56, he was made lord chancellor, but while thus employed he did not add much honor to his name, and after occupying that position for thirteen months, he resigned. The decline of his life is a sad tale. He became as impoverished as his father. He could not return to the practice of law, as that was against the custom, and at the age of 73 he died while on a visit to Scotland.

Erskine's delivery added much to the effect of his oratory, also his form

produced great results. Being very graceful and having a beautiful voice, it is said that a jury could not keep their eyes from him. His style was acquired from studying the two great English authors, Shakespeare and Milton. It was pure and strong, with a great variety of words. His life is a striking example of the adversity of human life. For a time he was at the very zenith of honor and glory, and then he declined until at last he disappeared below the horizon.

P. H.

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PERSONAL.

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—Mr. F. Westney, '88, was recently married to Miss Beaudry. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Granger, of Kankakee, Ill., in the church of Notre Dame de Chicago. We congratulate the young couple, and wish them many happy years of wedded life.

—Mr. Andrew Lyons, '96, is at present holding a responsible position in the State Bank at Arcola, Ill. Andy has the industry and honesty that will bring him success, and his many friends will watch his progress with great pleasure.

—Mr. A. Anderson, of Chicago, spent a recent Sunday at the college. He was accompanied by his son Harvey, now grown almost to manhood. They enjoyed a pleasant afternoon in the company of friends.

—Masters E. Carroll and C. Flanagan accompanied Father McCormick

to their home, Flanagan, Ill., where they enjoyed three pleasant days in the company of their relatives.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., spent the last of October ministering to the spiritual needs of the people of Pilot, Ill.

—Mr. John Surprenant, who spent the past six years at the college and who in that time made many friends, has, at the desire of his bishop, entered the Grand Seminary in Montreal, Can. We wish him success in his new home.

—We were pained to learn of the severe illness of Mr. John P. Maguire, '94, who has spent the past two years at St. Mary's, Baltimore, where he had made a fine record for himself. His sickness will prevent further study this year.

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—He kicked my lamp over coming back into the car.

—R—— is a good grammarian, but he's an awful 'rithmeticker.

—You don't need to think you are an artist, because you draw flies.

—He caught me by the neck, and I thought he was twisting my head forwards.

—Get that note, pupil. Do-o-o-o! That's not low enough. Then put it on the ground.

—G——. Say, Doc, is there poison in our teeth?

Doc.—Why, now, do you think we are all rattlesnakes?

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### EDITORIAL.

Fast fading are the all glorious October frescoes; wind, rain, and frost, like vandal genii of nature, have ruthlessly effaced the bright crimson and golden hues of the autumn scene. For a while the lawns and woods and parks were strewn with the silent and restful fallen leaves, as with a fleece of gold; it was as if the departing glories of the vegetal kingdom had been lying in state. But soon the cold and hollow and howling north wind sounded the last toll and the poor leaves were driven to their graves to the dirge of their own last rustle.

Along with these vanishing splendors have passed the first triumphs of the class year and the last victories of the field days; and encased in all these, too, the gay scenes of St. Viateur's day, dramatic scenes, military scenes, religious scenes, sporting scenes, have passed away. Memory loves to preserve them thus framed as dear momentos of happy days.

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But the young and ardent spirit lives not, as the old, upon the contem-

plation of what has been; it delights more in the achievements of the present moment and in the prospect of the future. Girded with strength and hope, it seeks to do great things now, and to push onward to great ends to be obtained on the morrow. If October has been garlanded in the wreaths of eloquence and song, and in the trophies of the classroom and the campus, November is at hand with its own battles to be fought and its own victories to be won. The real live youth rests not on the laurels of yesterday, but made stronger by the very exercise, he issues forth splendidly agile and hopeful for the new conquests today.

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Thus the feast of All Saints is a busy day for the catholic youth; as the soldier loves to see the arms with which great heroes have won battles, and delights in placing fair wreaths upon their monuments on festal days—thus honoring his own calling—so the young Catholic leaves not All Saint's Day pass without piously reflecting upon the virtues and honoring the glories of his predecessors in the fields of the church militant. Youth is naturally hero-worshiping, and the young man whose hero is a saint, already gives fair promise that he will become the most precious citizen and the most admirable Christian. Nor does he forget those nearer ones, friends, parents, relatives, benefactors whom death has snatched from him. He does not ignore that it is a sacred duty of filial piety, of a filial piety which is tender and enlightened, to cover with the flower wreaths of

prayer and gratitude the fresh graves of those who, having made the world better for having lived in it, are now gone to meet the Just Judge. Of these duties November reminds him, and, in the onward march and ceaseless exertion of his activity, this ambitious youth stops and reverently kneels by the cold and quiet tombs of his departed ones, laying, as it were, at their feet the homage of his loving gratitude and at the feet of God the tribute of his prayer.

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Finally, Thanksgiving's festal scenes entwined in fairest colors of patriotism and religion already appear through the white veil of winter's first fallen snows. Feast of young and old, of every American who is thoughtful of the great blessing of being an American. The student especially welcomes this feast and celebrates it with proper enthusiasm, gives thanks to God who vouchsafes to our country that profound peace which makes possible the pursuits of knowledge in which all students are engaged.

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Were we to scan the entire length of the month we would find it all strewn with eventful dates. Already we can hear the distant echoes, like winged heralds of music—the heavenly descended muse—announcing that St. Cecilia's day is near. Ever welcome and happy feast which rocks our souls in waves of harmony and praise! Other feasts call forth the latent strength of our souls—our ability to speak well, act well, pray well, or play well; this feast especially develops the aesthetic

side of our nature. It is a feast for the ear which, as the eye, is essentially an apprehensive and a discerning faculty, and can by exercise learn to appreciate what is beautiful in the soul-lifting art of music.

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This year's November it has another day, the long-looked for day on which the young citizen casts his first vote for the chief magistrate of the nation. Although politics is not a specialty of the student, yet nothing that is American should fail to interest him; and if there is anything that is more distinctively and preciously American than another, it is the exercise of the right to elect those who rule over the destinies of the nation.

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#### EXCHANGES.

—In a late issue of *Notre Dame Scholastic* there is an article entitled, "Sunshine, Firelight, and Moonbeams," written by a member of the class of '97, and the masterly way in which he treats his subject would almost lead the reader to conclude that he is a relative of his namesake, the great champion of silver. It is not an abstruse, scientific dissertation. From the opening lines, which state the scientist's theory of light in general, one would naturally expect this, but the writer soon finishes, and then launches into the poetic strain, which cannot fail to charm the reader. First he speaks of sunshine and shadow, and how they "play upon the Æolian harp of human feelings," the former bring joy and gladness, the latter gloom and sorrow.

Twilight, the gentle blending of light and shade, calls forth the poetry of our nature, for its sweet serenity and air of rest appeals to our inmost soul. Firelight, though artificial, is another source of real sentiment, and "the man who cannot watch and interpret the mystic tracings of its flames is greatly to be pitied, for he has lost the power of youth and the sweet sensibility of the soul." Lastly, there is the moon, the queen of the night. Who has not felt the gentle, softening influence of its peaceful rays? No man, be he ever so prosaic, can help being moved by its shimmering rays and lifted up in spirit to the very Deity Himself, the author of all beauty. In marked contrast to the above is another article, entitled "Nutting Parties," which, though it is intended to amuse, is, on the contrary, very tedious, and a decided disparagement to the high literary character of the *Scholastic*. We cannot help admiring, however, the good intentions of its author, but would suggest that he cultivate a higher ideal of the humorous, and incidentally a better consideration for the patience of his readers.

The *Holy Cross Purple* surpasses anything in the line of journalism which we have thus far seen. It is a magazine of literature rather than a mere college journal. The masterly paper, "What Oxford Owes to Catholicity," is deserving of special mention. The author proves that in Oxford, as elsewhere, higher education is in no manner indebted to Protestantism, and that the most glorious days of this university were her days of faith.

*St. Mary's Dial* is quite up to the standard of last year. Its tone is decidedly literary, and shows the taste and good judgment which has always characterized its editors.

It is always a pleasure to read *St. Mary's Chimes*, for it is a journal published entirely by the students, and is one of the most interesting exchanges on our table. The paper on "George William Curtis" exhibits a mastery of the subject of journalism, including its early history. The verse is also of a very high order.

*Santa Maria* is the exponent of St. Mary's Parochial School, Freeport. It is a very neat journal, and is agreeably varied with prose and verse. Conducted by very young students, it shows that they have already attained great ease with the pen, and is worthy of emulation by other parochial schools.

There is absolutely nothing readable in the *Cloverleaf*, a little sheet devoted to the welfare of the Kentucky University. As contributions are solicited from the students it is to be hoped that at least a few will sharpen their pencils and make their contributions something more than a mere society local.

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## ST. VIATEUR'S DAY.

### THE PLAY.

The rendition of "Henry VIII," on the eve of our Patron's feast, while difficult,—as are all plays of the Shakesperian order,—was beyond expectations. Setting aside the fact that

not many theaters of the average city can stage, in a becoming manner, the quaint dramas of the master-dramatist, William Shakespeare, one must not, for other reasons, stint praise in referring to the creditable interpretation of each rôle, by the students of our Collegiate Department, under the experienced supervision of Mr. Nawn. In general, then, should the Thespians be commended for their devotion to their art.

Entering into details, it is but just to accord due appreciation to the efforts of the gentleman who took the part of King Henry, namely, Mr. H. Rainey. His voice, gesture, and general demeanor well fitted him for the title rôle. Mr. Quille, in the part of Prince of Arragon, produced a very good impression, evidently sympathizing with the character which he so well interpreted. Mr. Nawn's Cardinal Wolsey was up to his usual style of acting. Mr. Logan proved a successful Duke of Buckingham. Success, also, was with Messrs. Cahill, St. Cerny, and Whittle in their parts. Cromwell and Gardiner, as played by Messrs. Hansl and J. Murphy, were no exception to the generally good acting, nor were the efforts of Messrs. Mumford and Granger, the former as Katherine and the latter in a double rôle, Cardinal Campeius and Lord Sands.

Such plays as these, we are sure, will benefit not only the actors but the spectators as well.

The intervals between the acts were made interesting by the excellent work of the orchestra.

All in all, the play was a decided

success, for one of its elevated character. It carried us back to those days of "merrie England," under "Harry the Eighth," and his "goodly compaignie" of courtiers, brusque and chivalrous to extreme, yet withal, interesting to us who are safe from the joy of his patronage or the misfortune of his frown.

#### THE CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Cardinal Wolsey.....	J. H. Nawn
<i>King Henry</i> .....	H. Rainey
Cardinal Campeius } .....	J. Granger
Lord Sands	
Duke of Buckingham.....	E. J. Logan
Norfolk.....	Thos. Cahill
Suffolk.....	Jas. St. Cerny
Lord Chamberlain.....	G. Whittle
Lord Surrey .....	P. Daniher
Gardiner.....	Jas. Murphy
Cromwell.....	P. Hansel
Prince of Arragon.....	C. Quille
Katherine.....	R. Mumford

#### THE DAY.

The exercises began at 9:30 a. m. by a solemn high mass. Rev. Fr. Perry, of Ravenswood, was Celebrant; Rev. J. J. O'Callaghan, of Chicago, Deacon; Rev. H. P. Durkin, of Peoria, Sub-deacon, and Mr. M. Dermody, of the college, Master of Ceremonies. Rev. Dr. Rivard preached the sermon, portraying in beautiful language the many noble characteristics and self-sacrificing acts in the life of St. Viator, and recommending them to the students as virtues worthy of emulation.

After mass the visitors congregated on the campus and watched the various struggles for supremacy among our athletes.

At 12:30 p. m. the bell called all to the refectory, where an elaborate spread had been prepared. For the next hour during the demolition of

the sumptuous delicacies the banquet hall resounded with boyish laughter and general good cheer reigned supreme. When the last course had been served, Father Marsile, arose, and, after extending a cordial welcome to the many guests, spoke feelingly on the character of our feast day.

At 2:00 p.m. the college battalion gave an entertaining drill in the large recreation hall, and were followed by the Columbian Guards and the Ford Exhibition Squad in exhibition drills.

In the evening an impromptu program was gotten up, containing some notable specialities. After two hours of continuous enjoyment the students retired to the dormitories, fatigued in body, but with images and precious thoughts of the day's pleasures so firmly impressed on their memory that years of separation will not efface. Thus ended St. Viateur's Day, '96.

Among the many visitors were Rev. Letellier, of Iron Mountain, Michigan; Rev. Eis, of Crystal Falls, Michigan; Revs. Fathers O'Dwyer, of Merna, Illinois; Griffy, of Cullom, Illinois; Labrie, of Momence, Illinois; Durkin, of Peoria, Illinois; Kelly, of Gilman, Illinois; Callaghan, of Chicago; Perry, of Ravenswood, Illinois; Granger and Poissant, of Kankakee; Lesage, of Brighton Park, and Dustault, of Manitoba. Messrs Halton, Sayre, Moody, Bowman, Baker, Murphy, Powers, Knisely, Hildreth, and Mattei, of Chicago; Ruel, of St. George; Flarm, of Kankakee, and Haley and son, of Joliet, Illinois; Mesdames Halton Pfaff, O'Toole, and Hildreth, of Chicago.

## FIELD SPORTS.

The annual field day sports were an unusual success. The weather was ideal, the entries many, and the competition very great—a combination of circumstances which make any contest exciting. Each student put forth his best efforts in the various contests, in order to capture some of the many beautiful and costly prizes given by Father Ryan. A large crowd of visitors were present on the campus, and were liberal in their applause for the successful competitors. The judges were Father Ryan and Mr. Sammon.

The following are the winners:

High kick, won by J. Denault.

Hop, step, and jump, won by F. Milholland.

Throwing base ball, won by W. Kane.

Batting base ball, won by H. Bouchard.

Throwing weight, won by H. Bouchard.

Hand ball game, won by P. O'Toole, W. Kane, and F. Milholland.

Tennis doubles, won by Bouchard and Milholland.

Tug of war, won by the Olympics, P. Canovan, captain.

Standing jump, won by O'Dwyer, 8 feet.

High kick, won by O'Dwyer, 7 feet, 10 inches.

Running bases, won by O'Dwyer, 15½ seconds.

Three-legged race, won by Denault and Legris.

100 yards dash, won by O'Dwyer, 11¼ seconds.

Throwing weight, won by L. Legris, 38 feet.

Tug of war, won by L. Legris.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT,

100 yards dash, won by H. Bouchard, 14 seconds.

Mile race, won by J. Harris, 6 minutes.

Running bases, won by H. Bouchard, 18 seconds.

Three-legged race, won by Bouchard and Milholland.

Standing broad jump, won by Bouchard.

Running broad jump, won by F. Milholland.

High jump, won by H. Bouchard.

In the senior department, O'Dwyer and Legris carried off many prizes, while in the juniors, H. Bouchard, by five successive victories, won a handsome gold medal, presented by the prefect of discipline.

A summary of the events in each department:

Hand ball, best two in three, won by Kearney, Legris, and Dube.

Mile race, won by D. Denault.

Bat of ball, won by M. Soran.

Throwing ball, won by L. Legris.

High jump, won by J. O'Dwyer, 5 feet, 6 inches.

Running jump, won by J. O'Dwyer, 16 feet, 9 inches.

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#### SPORTING NEWS.

##### SHAMROCKS VS. CHICAGOS.

Sunday, October 11, Anson's Colts (the Chicago National League Team), played an exhibition game with the college team and were victorious by a score of 12 to 4.

The reputation of the visiting team attracted about 800 people to the grounds. The Shamrocks had strengthened their nine for the occasion, and made a very creditable showing against the professionals from the "Windy City." Gregory, of the Buffalo Ball Club, officiated in the box and did fine work; only allowing the heavy league hitters six hits, while he made four succumb to his curves. (Among the number being Dahlen who stands fifth among the batsmen of the National League.) Girard, of Manteno, covered second base for the Shamrocks, and his unfortunate errors were largely responsible for the score being in the double numbers. Smith, of Kankakee, played center field and did fairly well.

Corcoran at short fairly out-did himself, his splendid stops of hot grounders and his speedy and accurate throwing evoked great applause, even from the visitors, who pronounced him one of the best amateur players they had met while on their barn-storming trip. Denault, on third, made some nice stops of hard hit balls, but was a little erratic in throwing.

For Chicago, it is unnecessary to say all played ball. During their practice, Bill Lange, the champion fielder of the league, gave the people an excellent exhibition of fielding, pulling down skyscrapers, while running at full speed, and also other sensational catches.

The game in detail:

The Shamrocks were first at bat. Corcoran flew out to McCormick. Girard struck out. Sammon flew out. No score.

For Chicago, Everitt struck out, affording great amusement for the bleacherites who yelled lustily for Gregory. Dahlen made a two base hit and scored a moment later on a wild throw to catch him napping. Lange went out from Corcoran to Kearney, and O'Connor from Denault to Kearney, one run. Legris was retired on a grounder to McCormick. Smith struck out. Denault made a single to left. Quille drew a base on balls, advancing him to second, he scored on Kearney's single to right. Gregory struck out, ending the inning; one run.

Truby made a hit. Terry went out. Corcoran to Kearney. Truby tried to make third on the play but was nipped by Kearney's splendid throw.

McCormick made a hit; Donahoe ended the inning by a grounder to Gregory; no runs. Corcoran made a hit and was doubled on Girard's grounder to Dahlen; Sammon made a hit; was advanced to second on Legris's single to right, and scored a moment later on Smith's single to left. Smith was caught napping on first, and ended the inning. Result, one run. In Chicago's half Griffith went out from Denault to Kearney, Everitt from Corcoran to Kearney and Dahlen on a fly to Quille; no runs. In the fourth Quille struck out; Kearney made a hit and was doubled on Gregory's fly to McCormick; no runs. Lange, the first man up in Chicago's half of the fourth, made a hit, but was caught between first and second soon after, the entire nine contributing to the put-out. O'Connor made a two-base hit into left; Truby got four bad ones and walked to first; Terry scored O'Connor with a two-bagger; McCormick struck out, and Donohue ended the inning with a grounder to Corcoran; one run. In the fifth, Corcoran got his base on balls; Girard struck out; Sammon made a two-base hit into right; T. Legris flew out to Truby, who made a grandstand-catch and threw to Dahlen; Smith flew out to Dahlen; no runs. Everett hit to Corcoran who fumbled; Dahlen flew out to Legris; Lange got a base on balls; Connors hit to Denault, who let the ball get away, Everitt scoring. Truby again got a pass to first, filling the bases; McCormick hit to Girard, who fielded miserably, allowing Lange to score; Donohue died on a fly to Legris; score,

two runs. Denault flew out to Dahlen; Quille went out; Truby to Griffith, and Kearney was retired on a grounder to McCormick; Griffith got a life on Smith's muff of a fly; Everett hit to Quille, who muffed after a hard run; Dahlen struck out; Lange hit to Girard, and everybody was safe.

O'Connor also hit to Girard, and again the ball went into deep center undisturbed, Griffith and Everitt scoring on the hit. Truby hit a fly to Legris and was out, and Ferry died on a foul fly to Sammon. Two runs. Gregory drew a base on balls, Corcoran hit to center, Girard singled to right, and Sammon duplicated the feat into right field, Gregory in the meantime having been caught napping by Donahue's quick throw to McCormick. Corcoran scored on Sammon's hit, Sammon and Girard both being left on second and third.

In Chicago's half, Lange flew out, O'Connor struck out, and Truby was put out on a grounder to Kearney.

In the eighth, Legris made a single, and scored on Smith's two-bagger; Denault flew out, Quille went out (O'Connor to Griffith), and Kearney flew out to McCormick. One run.

In this particular inning our second baseman completely lost his bearing, making six errors on easy chances and letting the leaguers trot unmolested around his garden and across the plate. But why recall such saddening scenes; it will suffice to say that six runs were marked up for Chicago before they were retired. In their last innings the Shamrocks were blanked. Gregory struck out, Corcoran got a hit but was

doubled up a moment later on Girard's grounder to Dahlen, and the much talked of contest was over.

CHICAGO.	A. B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Everitt, l. f. . . .	5	2	1	0	0	0
Dahlen, s. s. . . .	5	2	1	4	5	1
Lange, c. f. . . .	5	0	0	0	0	0
O'Connor, p. . . .	5	2	1	0	4	0
Truby, 2d b. . . .	5	0	1	3	2	0
Terry, r. f. . . .	4	1	1	0	0	0
M'C'rmick, 3d b	4	2	1	5	3	0
Donahue, c. . . .	4	2	0	5	2	0
Griffith, 1st b. .	4	1	0	10	0	0
		12	6	27	16	1
SHAMROCKS.						
Corcoran, s. s. . .	5	1	3	0	6	1
Girard, 2d b. . . .	5	0	2	0	3	8
Sammon, c. . . . .	4	1	3	5	2	2
Legris, r. f. . . .	4	1	3	3	1	0
Smith, c. f. . . . .	4	0	2	0	0	1
Denault, 3d b. . .	4	1	1	2	4	2
Quille, l. f. . . . .	4	0	0	0	0	1
Kearney, 1st b. . .	4	0	2	13	1	0
Gregory, p. . . . .	4	0	0	1	2	0
		4	16	24	22	17

Two base-hits—Everitt, Dahlen, O'Connor, Sammon. Double plays—Dahlen to Truby to Griffith. Base on balls—By Gregory, 3; by O'Connor, 2. Passed balls—Donahue, 1; Sammon, 1. Time of game, 1:45. Umpire—Rainey.

### FOOT BALL.

#### KANKAKEE ATHLETIC CLUB VS. COLLEGE BOYS.

Thursday, October 29, the newly organized foot-ball team of the Kankakee Athletic Club met our representatives on the college gridiron and were worsted in a lively contest 22 to 0. The Kankakee team averages 180 pounds, and are very much heavier than the college team, but they were no match for the strategic playing of the college eleven, especially of the men behind the line, who skirted around Kankakee's ends, and bored holes through their line as if it were

made of tissue paper. The game was played in the rain, and consequently the ball was as slippery as the proverbial greased pig, making it very dangerous to attempt any criss-cross, or other tricky plays.

For the college team, O'Dwyer and Moore put up a star game, gaining the required ground at every attempt. Kennedy and Denault did good work on the ends, and many a gain was spoiled by the fierce and splendid tackling.

Our line was impregnable, and withstood the wicked attacks of the Kankakee backs without wavering in the least. In Legris and Harkins the team has two as good guards as can be found in any of our state universities. Corcoran and Devane frequently broke through the line and downed the Kankakee runners before they could get started.

For Kankakee Deselm, at right half-back, played the best game, he made a few good runs, but was not helped to any extent by the other members of his team.

Kankakee was never very dangerous, the nearest point they got to their goal being the fifteen-yard line.

The game in detail.

St. Viateurs won the toss, taking the south goal, and letting Kankakee kick off. Devane carried the ball from the twenty-yard line back to the center of the field. Moore, O'Dwyer, and Sammon carried it to the five-yard line by end plays, when Kankakee received the ball on an off-side play, not gaining the required number of yards the ball went to the College on downs. Kan-

kakee center was then bucked and Sammon was pushed over the line for a touch-down. O'Dwyer failed to kick goal. Score, 4 to 0; time, 7:00. Legris carried the kick-off back to the twenty-five-yard line. Moore, under splendid interference, again brought it to five-yard line. O'Dwyer was sent around right end for a touch-down again failing at goal. Score, 8 to 0; time, 10:00. Corcoran brought the ball back to the fifteen-yard line. Sammon went around left end for a big gain and Moore circled the right for another touch-down. O'Dwyer kicked goal. Score, 14 to 0; time, 15 minutes. After an intermission of 10 minutes, the second half commenced. O'Dwyer kicked off to Matthieu, who was downed in his tracks. End runs by Deselm brought the ball to their fifteen-yard line. The College team then took a brace and secured the ball on downs.

Then with splendid interference O'Dwyer made a beautiful run to our twenty yard line where he was downed by Matthew, a criss-cross from Sammon to Moore completely bewildered the Kankakeeans, and four more were added to our score. O'Dwyer failed on goal. Score 18 to 0. Time 12:00.

Matthew kicked to Corcoran, who was downed after a run of five yards. Denault dodged the Kankakee backs for a good gain. O'Dwyer and Moore brought the ball to our five yard line, and Moore was again pushed over the line. No goal. Score 22 to 0.

As only two minutes of play remained the ball was not kicked off.

This was the first game of the Col-

lege team and their work was very favorably commented upon by many ex-college men from Kankakee who were on the grounds. Our manager has arranged for games with Momence High School and other elevens from the surrounding towns, and our first year in foot-ball may see many scalps dangling at our belts.

The game was devoid of all slugging or unnecessary roughness, and everybody was pleased at the outcome:

The line up:

KANKAKEE "A" CLUB.	ST. VIATEUR'S.
Brosseau.....	Left tackle.....Corcoran
Waugh.....	Left end.....Kennedy
Bonfield.....	Left guard.....Legris
Schneider.....	Center.....Armstrong
Turner.....	Right guard.....Harkins
Wheeler.....	Right end.....Denault
Green.....	Right tackle.....Devane
Lillie.....	Quarter-back.....Daniher
Deselm.....	Right half-back....Sammon
Hollenbeck....	Left half-back.....Moore
Matthieu.....	Full-back.....O'Dwyer

Time of play—Two fifteen minute halves.  
Touch-downs—O'Dwyer, 1; Sammon, 1; Moore, 3. Goals—O'Dwyer, 1. Umpire—Deselm; Linesman, Kenoga.

M. P. S.

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—The Ford exhibition squad gave a pretty exhibition of fancy drilling at the armory in K. K. K. one night a few weeks ago. They returned with the applause of the spectators and the hearts of a few.

—The Columbian Guards were the center of attraction in Kankakee the other evening. An interesting exhibition of fancy sword drilling was the focus at which all the rays were directed.

## VIATORIANA.

- Hut.
- Left-face.
- Pumpkins.
- I'll go home.
- Center rush.
- Burned alive.
- Cheap crowd.
- There's a peach.
- Oh! Those samples.
- Do I look some tough?
- My hind puncture was tired.
- I never did hear such a smell.
- How about that ice cream D.?
- I go up in the coop every day.
- Look at dem C. O. D hair cuts.
- I thought his eyes would eat me.
- What was car fare coming back?
- It came—was enjoyed—is gone.(?)
- “He was left hermetically alone.”
- We saw the danger head-light again.
- He was waiving his arms frantically.
- The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Chicago fire.
- Can't you tell me who the G. B. shovelers are?

- I like those leg of mutton sleeves.
- What are the ends of the college called? Answer—Shorty and Kearney.
- You must have been sleeping since yesterday, Pat, you look so well.
- He'll murder me in the morning if you don't wake me up before he gets down.
- (Looking at his feet) I have a better understanding than you. Mine are more to the point.

—Take one hour from our recreation time and add one half hour to our period of unconsciousness and you have the past, St. Viateur's Day change.

—The representative foot-ball team of the college has been organized under the captainship of M. Sammon. The team practices three times a day, and from present appearances, we think they will become as famous on the “gridiron” as on the “diamond.” Several games are already in sight.

—The pipe was hit—sad the results. When senses were restored the prefect, with a twinkle in his eye, said: A little bird told me you were smoking up in the “Coop Barber Shop.” (Earnestly) Pshaw! the next time I go up there I'll open the window and look for that little bird what squealed on me.

G. M. PHELPS,  
M.D., D.D.S.

F. S. TINSLAR,  
D.D.S.

DRS. PHELPS & TINSLAR  
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