

THE VIATORIAN.

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OWAISSA.

(BLUE-BIRD.)

ON the banks of that fair river
Illinois, which onward ever
Flows with such majestic rushing,
Lived a maiden coy and blushing,
Dark her skin and eyes so beaming,
Raven locks on shoulders streaming.

From the lustre of her tresses
From her kind words and caresses,
Her stout-hearted Indian father
Called his little girl Owaissa.
And his little Blue-bird daughter
Loved the young brave Mishemokwa.

In their village of LaVantum,
Kineboo, the brave, was chieftain,
And in height of deadly anger,
For some real or supposed slander,
Ran in haste, without a follower,
And killed Ottawa's chief warrior.

Thickly swarming o'er the prairie,
Kickapoo, Shawnee, Miami,
Came in dusk of eve, like phantom,
To the village of LaVantum,
Whose poor people wild with terror,
Scaled the rock across the river.

There above the shining water,
Mishemokwa sought Owaissa,
But sank his heart as now he heard,
E'en that evening, little Blue-bird
Had gone fishing down the river.
Ah! they cried, "She's lost forever."

"No! no!" cried brave Mishemokwa,
"I must save my own, Owaissa."
Then from off that height so soaring,
Leaped into the waters roaring.
When he rose they saw him shivering,
In his back an arrow quivering.

At that moment his Owaissa
Reached a cliff above the water,
And the cry of anguish now heard,
Was the dying note of Blue-bird,
As she leaped down to her lover
And they both were lost forever.

What of Owaissa's poor people,
On that rock as high as a steeple?
Ah! the name now tells the story:
Stands "Starved Rock" in solemn glory,
While the Maiden's Leap, apart,
Tells of Blue-bird's broken heart.

—J. H. N.

STARVED ROCK.

“Here by this stream in days of old
The red men lived who lie in mold;
The leaves that once their history knew,
Their crumbling pages hide from view.”

Every nation looks with pride upon the many sites which mark the events in her history, to the numerous monuments which commemorate the deeds of her heroes and she preserves with the greatest care the documents and relics which increase her fame or add to her glory.

“Some rusted swords appear in dust;
One, bending forward, says,
The arms belonged to heroes gone;
We never hear their praise in song.”

And if we are so eager to learn the history of the places which mark the material progress of our country why should we not be more anxious to outline the numerous landmarks of the church, to study their history and if possible to visit them. We shall not attempt to rewrite the history of the many memorable localities which surround us in this part of Illinois, but shall merely make a short review of the facts connected with a spot whose historic prestige is only equalled by its fame as the most noted landmark of the great west. Few places of historic note will be found of more peculiar interest, scarcely any more picturesque in landscape, and certainly none more unique in position than Starved Rock. We have but to mention the name to enlist our attention; to study its history to increase our interest.

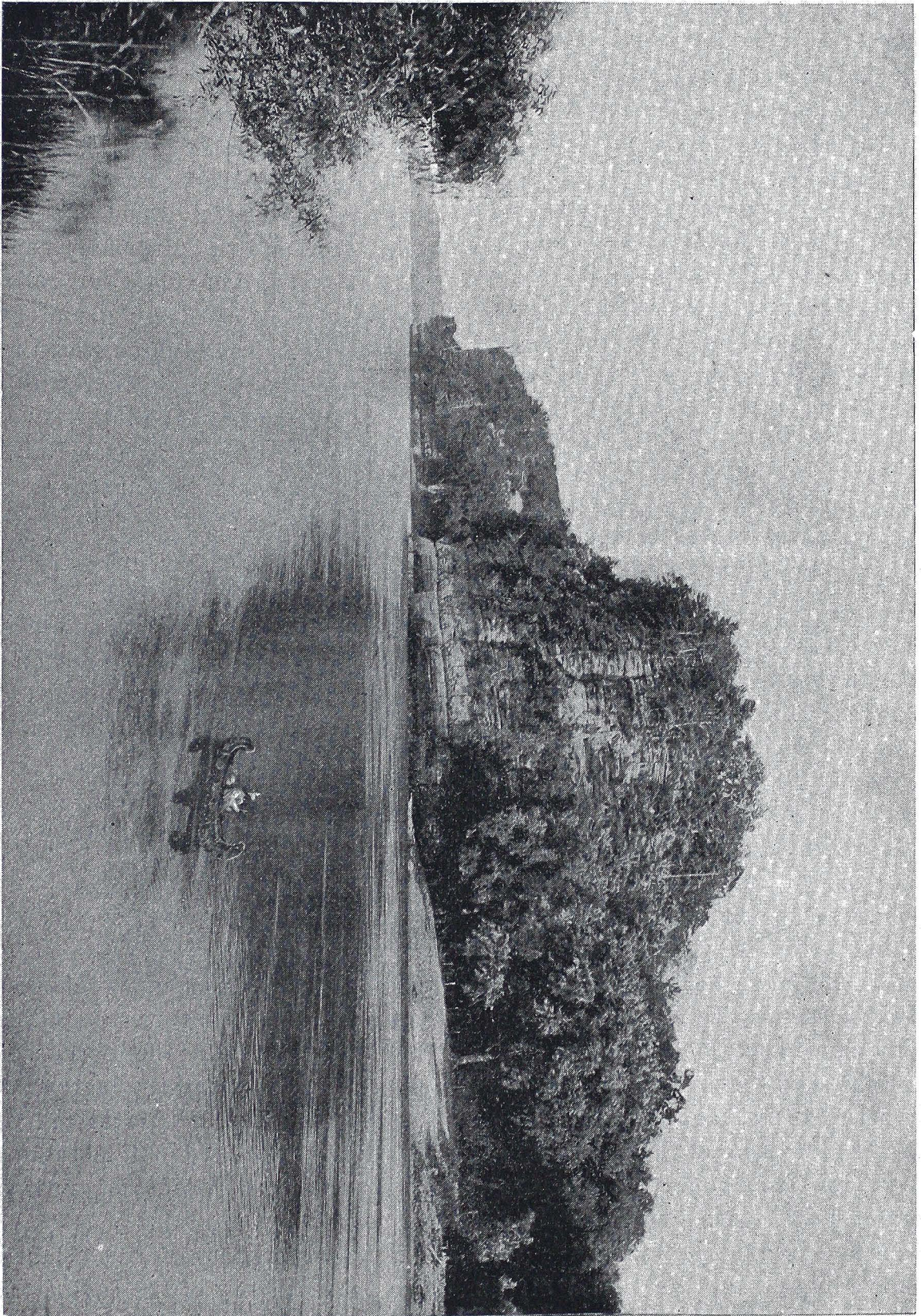
Let us first take a glance at the Rock with its surrounding which give

“an air of classic sanctity to its seclusion,” then we shall briefly review its history, learn the origin of its name and give a description of the Rock as seen at the present day. This natural curiosity, once a part of the bluff which bounds the Illinois valley on the south, is situated but a few miles west of the picturesque city of Ottawa. Its perpendicular sides shaped by floods of many years, rise to the height of one hundred and twentyfive feet above the level of the Illinois river. It is circular in form and its summit contains nearly an acre of land, while its sides are covered with vines and ferns, wild flowers and cedars, while below

“The river calmly flows.”

This great citadel which is as impregnable as Gibraltar stands apart like some great fortress of ancient times and its summit can only be reached from the rear where the floods of ages have piled up the sands against its base. When we have ascended the rock our eyes rest upon a picture of nature in all her grandeur.

“I have stood upon Starved Rock and gazed for hours upon the beautiful landscape spread out before me,” said the late Justice Sidney Breese. “The undulating plains rich in their verdure; the rounded hills beyond clad in their forest livery; and the gentle river, pursuing its noiseless way to the Mississippi and the Gulf, all in harmonious association, make up a picture over which the eye delights to linger; and when to these are added the recollections of the heroic adven-



STARVED ROCK.

turers who first occupied it, that here the banner of France so many years floated freely in the winds; that here was civilization while all around was barbaric darkness—the most intense and varied emotions cannot fail to be awakened.”

As the observer stands upon this great pile he looks down upon the valley of the Illinois in all its beauty and freshness, its green fields of vivid green, dotted here and there with clumps of trees, he sees the pomp of the groves which are divided by deep ravines, the brooks and waterfalls reflecting the quivering foliage which surrounds them. The tops of the trees on either side of these ravines unite and their interlaced foliage forms a green canopy over the deep canyons below so that the sunlight as seen through these leaves looks like myriads of stars set in a firmament of green.

As we look eastward we follow the course of the river, which is divided here and there by large islands covered with gigantic trees, and in the distance the stream looks like silver ribbons stretched on a bed of emerald. Behind another fortress known as Buffalo Rock we see the picturesque city of Ottawa with the crosses of her many church spires glistening in the sunlight, and the smoke from her busy factories, as it rises in clouds shuts out the view beyond the city. To the north sits Utica under the brow of the distant bluff, with her immense potteries and cement mills; to the west the eye lingers on the placid stream as it steals through groves of trees decked with tender and graceful foli-

age, and in the far distance the silvery trail is lost—

“Where gleaming fields of haze
Meet the voyager’s gaze.”

To the north and west are seen the twin cities, LaSalle and Peru, with their immense zinc factories which are the largest in the world. Between these cities and the river may be seen the green slopes of velvet turf relieved here and there with clumps of evergreen trees. The bluff on which rests the twin cities is connected with the one on the south bank of the river by the famous Illinois Central Railroad bridge which spans the river—

“Like a triumphal arch
Erected o’er its march
To the sea.”

And we gaze with admiration upon the reflection of this immense arch on the clear bosom of that stream named after the memorable tribe of Indians—Illinois.

“No wind stirs its waves,
But the spirits of the braves
Hov’ring o’er,
Whose antiquated graves
Its still water laves
On the shore.”

As the eyes linger upon this boundless panorama of nature, the stillness, the desertion, and the obscurity of this rock fort naturally increase our interest, and we ask ourselves what role did this isolated cliff play in the great historical drama of past centuries.

The early history of this celebrated spot is the history of the Indian tribes in America, and this cliff stands today as a memorial of those tribes who were

driven from their native abodes, and as a monument over the graves of their fathers. These unfortunate aborigines of America have been wronged in many ways by their white brothers who found it much easier to kill than to civilize them. They have been despoiled of their rightful possessions

bows are snapped, our fires are nearly extinguished—a little longer and the white man will cease to persecute us, for we shall cease to exist." The only way to civilize the Indian is to christianize and educate him. This is what the Jesuits did. Their band of Indian missionaries were the select men of a



PATHWAY TO TOP OF STARVED ROCK.

and their characters are what they are, because the white men have made them thus; and these poor exiles of the forest have been murdered not alone because they were guilty of any crime, but rather because of their ignorance. "We are driven back," said an old Indian chief, "until we can retreat no farther—our hatchets are broken, our

society which had a first claim upon the most fervent souls. Search the records of the whole human race and where will you find a story of purer lives, of sterner martyrdoms or more zealous apostleship? What a vivid picture of the loftiest virtues to be found in the world, do we see in the lives and the deaths of these great

martyrs! What praise is too extravagant; what language too sacred to apply to this noble band! "Nowhere," says Parkman, "can be found more that is sublime even to eyes blinded by the glare of human greatness, than in the biographies of these martyrs of the American wilderness." They were especially great for their "heroic self-devotion, energy of purpose, purity of motive and holiness of design." They suffered and endured all things; yea, they even met death for Christ's sake and his Church.

"They were a glorious company of apostles; They were a noble band of martyrs."

The principal missionaries who visited Starved Rock and the whole of the Illinois Valley, were Fathers Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, Hennepin, Gabriel, and Zenobe. We shall content ourselves for the present with a brief sketch of the labors of Marquette and LaSalle as their missions were more directly connected with the history of our subject. The former was one of the most interesting as well as the most conspicuous figures of north-western discovery. No man of his day had a more complete mastery of the Indian languages, and this joined to the many characteristics of a zealous priest, fitted him more particularly for the distinguished part which he took in the noble mission of his order. He was both teacher and preacher. His was

"A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay."

Inspired with the love for the soul of

man as well as his great devotion to God, need we wonder then, when in 1675 Marquette, Joliet, and five oarsmen, and two Indian interpreters forced their way down the Mississippi and up the Illinois river.

They stopped at the Indian town called LaVantum situated not far from the present site of Ottawa. Never before had the waters of the Illinois reflected the face of a white man and it is no wonder the Indians were surprised on seeing the visitors, for they believed the new arrivals had been sent from other worlds by the Great Manitou and for evil purposes. The preaching of Father Marquette, however, soon changed their minds and Chassagoac, the head chief was one of the first to be converted. Many others followed his example and now instead of the god of battle, the Indians worshipped Him who first brought peace on earth to men of good will.

Here on the open prairie and just across the river from Starved Rock, the amiable Marquette, the last of this band of Jesuit martyrs, established a mission which he called the "Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin," and here he went from cabin to cabin instructing the inmates. Then as Dr. Shea tells us, "when all were sufficiently aware of the doctrines of the cross to follow his discourse he convoked a general meeting on the beautiful prairie. There before their wondering eyes he raised his altar, and . . . they beheld him offer the holy sacrifice of the mass, on the very day when, over

sixteen centuries before, the God he preached had instituted it in the upper room in Jerusalem. Thus on Maundy Thursday, April 11, 1675, was possession taken of Illinois in the name of Catholicity—of Jesus and of Mary."

And so it was at this *first* mass in the Mississippi valley, where the true religion was first preached to the Indian and here began the instruction of the many willing Kaskaskias who gathered around this glorious apostle of Christ.

The place as we have said was called La Vantum by the Indians, but this name was changed to Kaskaskia by Joliet, hence confusion often arises when reference is made to another place in Illinois which bears the same name. But our reverend apostle was not destined to remain long at this mission. He was stricken by a dangerous disease and was taken by his companions up the Illinois river then into the Kankakee, after traveling several days they landed among friends in Michigan, where our zealous missionary expired.

Ah, weary priest! with pale hands
On thy throbbing brow of pain.

—Whittier.

He was a man of comely form,
Polished and brave, well learned and kind.

—Puritan Poet.

Scarcely had the last words of this glorious apostle—"Mater dei, memento mei" died away on the winds of Michigan when a catholic nobleman, Robert Cavalier de la Salle now advanced to complete the work which his prede-

cessor had begun. LaSalle arrived at Kaskaskia (Starved Rock) in 1679, and in a short time afterwards built a fort which he named St. Louis. He discovered nothing except the Ohio river and he was simply a follower in the paths marked out by his predecessor, Father Marquette. His idea, however, was the founding of a permanent colony at Starved Rock, and to establish a new route to France *via* the Mississippi and the Gulf instead of *via* Canada. The fort at the Rock was intended to be a bulwark against enemies, as well as a storehouse for furs of all western tribes. He proved incapable of carrying out these projects, and as he returned from the Gulf he was stricken with a dangerous illness, and at once sent Tonty, his faithful friend and companion, back to the fort. Both men met again and repaired to the Rock where they established a colony, and six thousand Indians of the Illinois tribe returned to this their favorite dwelling place. These attempts of La Salle, like the preceding ones, were not crowned with much success, and he was murdered while traveling through Texas.

Several missionaries followed in the footsteps of Father Marquette, planting the cross of Christ and building chapels among the Indians. In 1699 Father Marest caused the mission at Starved Rock to be removed to the new Kaskaskia (the Kaskaskia of our own time, the first capitol of the State of Illinois) on the Mississippi river. The cause of this removal was due to the decay of the fort at the Rock as a military and commercial point, and

also to the desire of a closer union among the catholic tribes of Indians.

Oh, the generations old,
Over whom no church-bells tolled,
Christless, lifting up blind eyes,
To the silence of the skies.

The bells of the Roman mission
That calls from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

—Whittier.

(To be continued.)

GERALD GRIFFIN.

“Large was his bounty and his sole sincere
Heav’n did a recompense as largely send
He gave to Mis’ry all he had, a tear.
He gained from Heav’n (’twas all he
wished) a friend.”—Gray.

The subject of our sketch is one of the ornaments of English literature in Ireland. The “*Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*” has done a fair share in bestowing honor and lustre upon the tongue of its adoption. She has given to the world orators, whom “Byron” has not hesitated to rank with Demosthenes, and poets that have kept rank with the first of England’s singers.

Looking up into that resplendent firmament of Ireland’s modern literature we are impressed by the lustre and brightness of one particular star, Gerald Griffin.

He was born ninety-four years ago in the historical city of Limerick, whose walls are washed by the silvery tide of the princely Shannon. About seven years after Gerald’s birth the family moved to their new country seat, known as Fairy Lawn. This

site was on the banks of the same majestic stream that flowed through their native Limerick. In this delightful haunt the future poet and novelist first drank in the inspirations that afterwards flowed in sweet melodious strains from his gifted pen.

Young Gerald’s poetic soul was not only influenced by the enchanting scenery along the sweet banks of the Shannon, but also by his virtuous mother’s training, a lady of ability, and very refined literary taste.

At the age of twenty, fired by the praiseworthy inspirations to win laurels in the literary world, he set out for the great English metropolis. Here he labored with indomitable courage to get his plays brought before the public, but the depraved taste of the community could not appreciate his classical dramas.

When he saw his ill success in the drama he turned his pen to the writing of sketches and essays for some of the foremost magazines of the day. The change was apparently a happy one; for it brought the young literateur rapidly into the foremost ranks of the prose writers of the age. Who has not heard or read “*The Collegians*,” “*Tales of the Munster Festivals*,” “*The Invasion*,” etc.?

In this sketch we intend to consider the poetical merit of Gerald Griffin and let the author of “*The Collegians*” await future consideration.

In his early boyhood he manifested an inclination for poetry. There is an old saying familiar, indeed, to every school boy: “Tell me what you read and I will tell you what you are.”

Gerald Griffin was an enthusiastic reader of the poets and his favorites were Goldsmith and Moore. If there be any truth in the above adage we cannot but arrive at very favorable conclusions regarding his character and literary tastes.

Before setting out for London he suffered a severe shock in the immigration of his parents to America. Here is how his brother tells his feelings on this gloomy occasion:

"It was the first misfortune that touched his young and sensitive spirit. He felt it with all the heaviness of a deep affliction."

Though tried at a very early stage of his life in the furnace of adversity, still the trial was productive of good, for it tinged his lofty thoughts with tender sentiment and the sweetest pathos:—

"That home is desolate! our quiet hearth
Is ruinous and cold—and many a sight
And many a sound are met of vulgar mirth,
Where once your gentle laughter cheer'd
the night.

It is with your country. The calm light
Of social peace for her is quenched too—
Rude discord blots her scenes of old delight,
Her gentle virtues scared away—like you
Remember her when in this tale you meet
The story of a struggling right—of ties
Fast bound and swiftly rent—of joy—of
pain—

Legends which by the cottage fire sound
sweet;
Nor let the bard that wakes those memories
(In faint but fond essay) be unremembered then."

The impressions made on his youthful heart, wandering about the delightful valleys and along the banks of the ever flowing stream in the cool,

shady groves and among the ruined abbeys and monasteries for which his home, around Fairy Lawn, has held an honorable place in the annals of Irish history, had ever and always a feeling that no power on earth could eradicate. In these melodious strains he complied with the request of one of his sisters, who wrote to him from America, for words to the air of a once popular ballad in Ireland:

"There is music in each wind that blows
Within our native valley breathing;
There is beauty in each flower that grows
Around our native woodland wreathing.
The memory of the brightest joys
In childhood's happy morn that found us,
Is dearer than the richest toys,
The present vainly sheds around us."

Gerald's great heart was as genuinely Celtic and patriotic as his soul was chaste and sincere. He was not a frantic and unbridled wooer of the Muse; he was always filled with a deeply religious spirit, and calmly and sweetly and beautifully the ideas conceived in his rich imagination were woven into exquisite verse by his ingenious pen. He prudently guided his genius in the wholesome path of virtue. Never was Gerald's pen dipped in Venus's fountain. He found matter enough in the good and the beautiful to weave into strains of richest melody.

In his poem "Lines Addressed to a Seagull," seen off the cliffs of Moher, in the county of Clare, we have an unobstructed view into his beautiful soul:

"White bird of the tempest: Oh, beautiful thing,
With the bosom of snow and the motionless wing:

Now sweeping the billow, now floating on
 high,
 Now bathing thy plumes in the light of
 the sky:
 Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form
 Now breasting the surge with the bosom
 so warm
 Now darting aloft, with a heavenly scorn,
 Now shooting along, like a ray of the
 morn:
 Now lost in the folds of the cloud cur-
 tained done
 Now floating abroad like a flake of the
 foam:
 Now silently poised o'er the war of the
 main,
 Like the spirit of Charity, brooding o'er
 pain
 Now gliding with pinions all silently
 furl'd
 Like an angel descending to comfort the
 world!

In the above there is an exhibition of a soul that hungered and thirsted not after the terrestrial enjoyments, but the delights of the world to come. His love for the "Angelic Virtue" was that of a St. Aloysius. How beautiful the simile! The "white bird of the tempest" that ever breasts the snow capped waves of the deep blue sea, preserves from her birth till her death pure and unsullied her "bosom of snow," with which her Almighty Maker has been pleased to robe her.

Though thrown friendless upon the stormy and dangerous sea of London life, at an age when the passions of youth are strongest, and his soul panting after the fountain of fame, Griffin was ever the innocent high-souled being that sat at his noble mother's knee to hear her read the charming lines of "The Traveller," and "Deserted Village."

He loved peace as the greatest and best gift that can be bestowed upon this world, and war as the direst calamity that can cross the threshold of nations:

War! War! Horrid war!
 Fly our lovely plain
 Guides fleet and far
 Thy fiery car,
 And never come again
 And never
 Never come again!

Peace! Peace! smiling peace!
 Bless our lovely plain.
 Guide swiftly here
 Thy mild career
 And never go again
 And never
 Never go again.

Gerald always, even when his name was a household word in the British Isles, and when he moved in the best society of London and Dublin, fondly turned with childlike simplicity and love to the dear scenes amidst which the bright years of his boyhood were wont to move:

"'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream
 Brightly glancing, brightly glancing
 See, oh, see the ruddy beam
 Upon its waters dancing;
 Thus return'd from travel vain,
 Years of exile, years of pain,
 To see old Shannon's face again,
 Oh, the bliss entrancing!
 Hail our own majestic stream,
 Flowing ever, flowing ever,
 Silent in the morning beam,
 Our own beloved river."

It seems that nearly every poetic gem that came from Griffin's pen was prompted by the happenings of his daily life. When he received word from a relative of his that she intended

to give her life to the service of God in the ranks of the Sisterhood, he penned that beautiful poem which has found its way into our school books, "The Sister of Charity":

"She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race;
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort of home,
Rose quickly like Mary and answered, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride;
Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved."

He seems to have ever in his mind the innocent pleasures of his young days, enjoyed in the bosom of his fond parents and loving brothers and sisters in their pleasant home at Fairy Lawn. Often, indeed, he bade the muse inspire him that he might sing those loved days in sweetest verse:

"Old times! old times! the gay old times,
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree.
My Sunday palm beside me placed—
My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land.
Old times! old times!"

Though often battling against disappointments, he fought like a Turnus for the laurels he so ardently sought when he set out for London. Such an abhorrence did he have for the word "failure" that in one of his letters to

his sister he starts at the word, "That horrid word failure, No!—death first."

No, failure was not to be the reward of a soul that gave expression to those mighty words.

He won distinguished honors, his name was printed in letters of gold on the walls of fame, but Gerald was not puffed up; he was ever calm and simple as a dove. In the zenith of his glory and renown he sat down to muse on the words "one thing is necessary," and with a sweet smile on his lips addressed "Life," and then retired to join the sacred battalion of the Christian Brothers where he enjoyed to the full that peace the pleasures of this cold world cannot give:

"Life, what a cheat art thou!
On youthful fancy stealing,
A prodigal in promise now;
A miser in fulfilling."

Thus we close our sketch of Gerald Griffin the poet, who has contributed not only poems of exquisite beauty and great depth of thought, but also models of prose that have raised him to the first ranks of those who have enriched our language and raised our literature to a standard we are justly proud of.

A. H. W.

Keep in the midst of life. Don't isolate yourself. Be among men, and among things, and among troubles, and amongst difficulties and obstacles. You remember Goethe's words: "Talent develops itself in solitude; character in the stream of life.—*Henry Drummond*."

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EDITORIAL.

How swiftly pass the days that make up the college year. Those that filled up the present year have left pleasant memories behind, but how swiftly does the tide of time flow on. We are now in the time of the harvest so to speak, examinations are in order and then the awarding of the prizes which shall be settled by them. There will be only two examinations this year, instead of three as formerly. This will be then one less effort, but a corresponding increase of work in order to cover the ground gone over during the scholastic year.

The first examination takes place the first week of this month. The second and final one begins about June 8. Students have just as much time then as intervenes between these two dates to make up for some of the lost time. We hope that those who look for distinction do not rely on their ability to "make up" for lost time. Very few can, and most of the few who do succeed have no scruples about

the means they use. Better to fail manfully than to win by fraud.

GENTLENESS.

Gentleness is a virtue most befitting to every christian, but it is especially becoming and essential to those who have the control and direction of youth. It commands respect and obedience when harshness and passion only exasperate. It wins and persuades when every other argument fails. It disarms the fierce and softens the most obstinate; while harshness only confirms what it would subdue; and of an indifferent person, creates an enemy. Nothing is so objectionable and intolerable as a haughty and overbearing manner. To the man who is gentle and patient, on the other hand, the world is generally disposed to attribute every other virtue. The higher endowments of the mind, like a lofty mountain, we admire at a distance, because we do not see the rugged parts so clearly. Whereas we love and admire gentle manners the closer we come in contact with them. The man who possesses this quality succeeds almost without effort, and is envied by none. If he should have any misfortunes, he will also have many sympathizers. "The world itself will praise him then; 'twill even take him by the hand and set him on his feet again." And whatever his failings may be they will be readily forgiven. The influences of gentleness are two fold. From what has already been said its external influences are apparent. Its influence for peace and

tranquility is certain and powerful
like a ray of sunshine lighting up the
dark recesses of mind.

O. S.

rational; for as long as men are men,
there will be, there must be war.

O'D.

WAR.

Nearly all writers today advocate peace. Glorious indeed is the end they wish to attain, but insurmountable the difficulties to be overcome. Undoubtedly, there are but few who desire the terrible loss of life, the certain demoralization of men, the frightful destruction of property; the numerous famines and pestilences, the separation of loving friends, and other evils innumerable which war makes inevitable. Though it is known that war excites patriotism, gives new national vigor, and many other benefits, nevertheless there are none of us who do not in our hearts cry for peace.

It should be so, for peace alone will advance civilization. It seems that the efforts of the advocates of peace are unavailing. Today the Cuban and the Spaniard have met in deadly conflict. The Greeks and the Turks are also battling; the one the noble defender; the other the rapacious invader. But though such unwelcome scenes loom up before us, the present is a peaceful era and will so continue. We should not forget that in human life, things are such that they inevitably lead to strife. In heaven only shall perfect peace be found. There is but one instance of universal peace—during the life of Christ. All we can hope for then is the greater perfection of man's animal nature through his

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

It has often been remarked that the revival of athletic sports and out-of-door recreations is one of the most hopeful signs of the day. Our American universities are awakening to the fact that college athletics, when properly controlled and directed, may be made to minister powerfully to the improvement of both the mental and moral faculties; and in consequence we find physical culture firmly established in nearly all our leading educational institutions. The prevailing opinion some years ago was that a student's whole time while at college should be given to study alone, but happily this false idea has long since been eliminated and as a result, the schools of America today are supplying the country with young men far better able to cope with the "ups and downs" of life; men better fitted to use their knowledge to advantage, than were their predecessors of old. Moreover daily observation teaches us that activity of the mind depends to a great extent upon the condition of the body; hence if the latter be weak and sickly the former generally loses its natural force and energy, and becomes stagnant and unprogressive. How many young men, before entering college, are strong and healthy, and after many years of hard study, with but little, if any, exercise, find themselves broken down in health, in truth physi-

cal wrecks, a burden to themselves, as well as to those around them. Then, but unfortunately too late, do they realize the amount of truth contained in the words of the poet Dryden—

“The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his work for men to mend.”

J. M.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Messages and Papers of the Presidents, 1789-1897. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson, M. C., of Tennessee. Washington, D. C., Government Printing Office, 1896.

Two volumes of the above, containing the state papers of eight Presidents, from Washington's first term to the end of Jackson's administration, have been kindly sent us by the compiler. The advent of such useful books is to be hailed with delight, as many of these state papers are of great historical value, and the questions they consider are treated with great learning. In a very modest prefatory note, the compiler says of the documents here collected and published: “The messages of the several Presidents of the United States are among the most interesting, instructive and valuable contributions to the public literature of our Republic. They inspire to the highest and most exalted degree the patriotic fervor and love of country in the hearts of the people.”

This work has no doubt entailed much labor on its worthy compiler, but it is evidently a work of love and will be a lasting memorial to his

patriotism. The mechanical work of the books is far superior to that generally issued from the congressional press. The edition is limited to 6,000 copies. Volume III of the above work is issued uniformly with Volumes I and II, carries the work forward to the end of President Van Buren's administration. This volume contains among other noteworthy papers, those relating to the controversy over the United States Bank during Jackson's second term.

We are in receipt of two text-books recently published by the American Book Company. They are “The Mastery of Books” or “Hints on Reading and the Use of Libraries,” by Henry Lyman Koopman, A.M., Librarian of Brown University; and “Elements of Algebra,” by William J. Milur, Ph.D. LL.D., President of New York State Normal College, Albany, N.Y.

The aim of “The Mastery of Books” is to guide the student in his selection of books, to imbue him with a love for them, and to point out the most rational course to pursue in their use.

A glance at the “Table of Contents” will give a more definite ideas of its aim. Why and How much to Read; What to Read, How to Read; Reference Books and Catalogues; Periodicals; Memory and Note Taking; Language Study; The Place of the Library in Education; Reading Courses; Classified List of Books; Books on the Subject of Reading.

The style is racy and fluent, being enlivened by a number of happily chosen anecdotes which cannot fail to

bring home to the reader the truth to be exposed.

We have one objection to offer, however, and that is concerning the list of books. No task is of a more delicate nature than the recommending of books, for almost invariably works of an inferior character are listed to the utter exclusion of superior ones. The student when given a definite course of reading will naturally confine himself exclusively to that course and by so doing he renounces to a great extent his own individuality.

Reverend J. L. O'Neil, O.P., expresses precisely our opinion in his his "Why, When, How, and What we Ought to Read." He says, "Do not become a slave to rules, a mere sieve for filtering other men's thoughts. Have your own likes and dislikes, and do not be afraid to express them, for 'What is one man's meat is another man's poison.'"

Prof. Milur's "Elements of Algebra" is all that its title implies. Its strongest point is that it presents the subject in such a manner as to awaken in the student a deep interest from the beginning of the course. "Two causes," says the author, "have conspired to make the study of algebra uninteresting—one, the unattractive method of presenting the subject; the other, the difficulty of the example and complexity of the problems presented to the pupils for solution." At a single perusal one can readily observe that the author has kept this fact in view for the entire work, being elementary, aims at enlisting and holding the interest of the beginner.

THE MAGAZINES.

The features of the *Rosary* for April are "Details of the martyrdom of St. Peter of Verona," "Alexander Pope," by R. Malcolm Johnston; "The Rosary and the Holy Eucharist," by J. M. L. Monsabre, O. P.; "The Dolors of Mary," "The Hidden Life," by Miss Caroline D. Swan, is very beautiful, as it is of a very encouraging nature, being a collection of verse on religious topics which the worthy author gathered from the secular press, where indeed one might look last to find them.

The first quarter's issue of the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, begins the eighth volume of that laudable periodical. The present number contains many entertaining incidents of catholic history, in particular the chapter on the 'History of Commodore John Barry.' There are added also many pictures of historical personages and places.

The Cosmopolitan for April begins what will no doubt prove to be a very interesting discussion on educational matters. Judging from the standing of those who are to take part it will certainly be good in theory whatever practical results may flow from the debate. The question as propounded is "Does modern College education educate in the broadest and most liberal sense of the term?" The scheme was proposed by the editor who met those he has asked to discuss the question and with them formulated a plan on which lines the question will be argued. It will no doubt create great interest especially among educators.

The Catholic Reading Circle Review, has for its leading papers, a sketch of Rev. Noah, of the Christian Brothers; "Poetry: Its Characteristics and Mission;" "Electricity from Carbon;" "Some Thoughts on Teaching;" "Educational Thoughts;" "How the Home Can Help the School." With these are the usual fine studies in history, literature, and social topics.

The Century devotes considerable attention to Grant, who is the hero of this year as Napoleon was the one of two years ago. Besides the serial by Gen. Horace Porter, we find "Gen. Sherman's Opinion of Grant;" "Gen. Grant at the Bonanza Mines;" "Grant's Most Famous Dispatch;" and "A Veto by Grant." With these there is a sketch with illustrations of the tomb of Grant dedicated with great ceremony in New York last month. "Old Georgetown—A Social Panarama;" "A New American Sculptor;" "Newly Discovered Portraits of Jeanne D'Arc"—form other features of note.

"Dominant Forces in Western Life" opens the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In this the writer traces mainly the trend of immigration and the sources from which the principal states were settled: "Mark Twain as an Interpreter of American Character," is a rather lengthy acknowledgment that the well known writer possesses neither art, taste, nor skill as a writer; that his humor is of a very questionable sort, and that while Mark really succeeded in giving us some description of real Western life and of the humor that pervaded it,

neither was of more than passing worth and were done with when we had once read them. "The Nominating system," as most lamentations on public calamities, follows and points out the evils of political systems without proposing the remedy for their betterment. In "Bryant's Contribution to Literature," we are told that his fame will rest chiefly on the merits of "Thanatopsis," and "To a Waterfowl." These are a few of the principal papers in the stately and prosaic representative of cultured Boston.

EXCHANGES.

One of our latest and most welcome exchanges is *The College Athlete*. It is a worthy exponent of college and school athletics, for it treats in a masterly and pleasing style all that pertains to that field, and numbers among its patrons many of the leading colleges and universities of this country. Its pages are enlivened by copious illustrations of various college teams and their representative athletes, and this feature alone bids fair to insure it the popularity it so richly deserves.

The April number of the *Niagara Rainbow* of Loretta Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario, is unquestionably the banner number of those we have thus far received. It contains two exquisite engravings illustrating the gloom of the Lenten Season followed by the joy of Easter. On the one hand the dead body of our Lord in the arms of his sorrowing mother is

portrayed and on the other the glorious figure of the angel at the Sepulchre greeting the holy women who came in search of the body of their Risen Lord. From a literary point of view the *Rainbow* ranks creditably with our best exchanges.

The *Holy Ghost College Bulletin* for April contains three very commendable articles. They are "Studies in Shakespeare," "Edmund Spencer," and "The Study of Metaphysics." Beauty of style, careful study and skill in arrangement are plainly shown by the authors.

PERSONAL.

—The Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., attended the exercises of the dedication of St. Vincent's Church, Chicago, the first Sunday of this month.

—Captain O'Mahoney, of the Desplaines street station, one of the old and faithful police officers of Chicago, was a recent visitor at the college.

—Among the new students recently enrolled are Masters McNaughten of Chicago, and Leo O'Shaughnessy, of Alabama.

—The Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, the accomplished pastor of Annunciation, Chicago, paid his respects to the faculty during the past month.

—Sheldon Peck, D.D.S., a former pupil of the college, is now practicing his profession in Chicago. His office is in the Marshall Field building, Room 907, where he will be pleased to meet his friends.

—The Rev. Joseph Kelly, of Gibson City, Ill., was a recent visitor. Father Kelly is engaged with Father Lentz, of Bement, Ill., in giving missions to non-catholics.

One of the visitors of the month was the Rev. J. B. Souaya, a Basilian monk, formerly of Beirut, Syria, now of Chicago, where he attends the spiritual needs of the people of his own country.

—The Revs. J. F. Kelly and R. Flynn, of Gilman, Ill., were among the welcome guests last month.

—Messrs. Prost and Kaufmann visited the son of the latter, on a recent Sunday.

—Messrs Bennett and Mullen, of Chicago, visited relatives at the College.

—Mr. B. A. Dupuis, '94, Detroit, Mich., made Father Ryan a pleasant visit. Bert, though a busy man, looks well and enjoys life.

—Mr. Jules Rivard, '90, was married to Miss Georgiana Gareau, at Notre Dame church, Chicago, Wednesday, May 5. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., his brother. THE VIATORIAN extends its best wishes to the young couple in their happy entrance into married life.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., for the past ten years a member of the Faculty, and for nearly all that time prefect of the Commercial Course, was called by his superior to Chicago, the first of May, where he will take charge of the Holy Name School. Before

leaving, the students of the College presented him with an address, in which they embodied the many kind things they felt towards him, and also extended their heartfelt thanks for his many acts of kindness and zealous efforts in their behalf. We, too, join in offering him our kindest wishes for his success in his new work and hope that the pleasant memories he leaves behind may be reminded by many returns to his old home.

BASE BALL.

The prospects for a successful season in the National game here are exceptionally bright.

After two months indoor practice the representative team has been selected, and it is easily conceded to be the best that has fought under the college standards for several years.

Rev. J. F. Ryan has been elected manager, and is completing a schedule that promises abundance of sport and glory.

M. P. Sammon will be found again at the receiving end of the battery.

The pitching department will be taken care of by L. Legris and J. O'Dwyer, and their practices justify us in saying that they will decrease the batting averages of many of our heavy hitting opponents. Legris's pitching is of the cyclone order, his speed is terrific and this, coupled with his many curves will prove a stumbling block to many batters.

O'Dwyer, our clever south-paw, while not as speedy as Legris, has

more deceptive curves, and has in him the making of a great twirler.

J. Kearney, the pride of the "fans," will take care the initial bag, he needs no introduction to our readers as his playing last season was always one of the features of the game.

At second will be seen a new face, W. Smith, for a number of years the star of the Alleghany College team has been assigned to this position. He handles grounders, and throws like a professional, while his batting will be a continued source of sorrow for aspiring twirlers.

H. P. Rainey will play third, he is very clever on ground balls. His throwing is excellent, and he is a very heavy hitter. At short will again be found the only Corcoran, whose brilliant stops and lightning throws of last season made him the idol of all. He heads the batting list and is a very sure hitter. The outer garden is well provided for. C. J. Quille will play in left, he is the surest fielder on the team. J. Patterson will be in center and D. Denault in right. These latter show up splendidly in practice, and are good hitters and throwers. The team has secured new suits, gray with maroon trimmings and they present a very nobby appearance. The diamond has been graded and is now one of the finest in the state. The following schedule has been arranged and our manager is at present in correspondence with several Chicago teams:

May 9—at college—Joliet Standards.

May 12—at Wilmington—Wilmington.

May 19—at college—Manteno.

May 22—at Kankakee—Kankakee.

May 30—at college—Illinois Cycling Club of Chicago.—S.

VIATORIANA.

—Diary.

—Smiles.

—Flurting.

—My Uncle.

—Squat-head.

—Tut! There's Hut.

—This is my sister.

—Mutton and chuckle.

—Repeat it over again.

—Small but important.

—Li Hung Chang (elonge.)

—What a glorious banquet.

—Man to climb the hickory stairs.

—I am the Jack in the French comedy.

—Well, sure enough, its tomorrow now.

—That is—when wanted for Saturday.

—“Now, will you be good.” Who said it?

—Say, put me between the end and the last.

—After this, say, gents—call me naygur.

—O! look at the flock of wheelbarrows.

—O! O! My gray shoes! (gracious)
—hi! hi! hi!

—Wanted badly and quickly, a mascot.

—In America, niggers dress in street cars.

—Won't that stuff spoil your teeth-brush.

—Say, Jim, I want you to stick to the point.

—He told me *explicitly* not to allow or permit it.

Shorty is an absurdity; for he is Change long.

—It took three cyclones to blow an angry whiff.

—Get a delivery wagon to express your thoughts.

—I'll be hanged if I can keep still while I'm talking.

—If you are short of shorty you are shorter than K.

—5 and 6 are 11, and 8 is 14, don't you know that?

—Rumor has it that Mac. is afflicted with heart disease.

—Well, Duffy is going home—a spree is coming back.

—The monotonous sound of the riverlet and brooklets.

—“If your eyes are sore, don't be looking out the winde.”

—“You see its dis way, if you read one novel you know dem all.”

—“Supposing I'd run for Senator”
—“Nobody would vote for you.”

—There was a tremendous earthquake step, but the pig crowed.

—Where are you coming from? I've just come back.

—Where was you? Up on the roof practicing my speech.

—Our spring poets have good material in "lonely Joe."

—Visit during leisure hours the famous Irish museum—near the Van.

—"You better keep away from me, or I'll take some of the conceit out of you."

—"How, judges, do you want to destroy the essence of the constitution?"

—The world should admire the ingenuity of the man who made Ireland fit in Bourbonnais.

—They tell me I'm under the Bishop. No. (?) And I fainted when I beheld that deadly wall.

—If it happens I'll put you in the study-hall—but I'll have compassion on my pet, because——

—"We have decided to frown," says the nightly conart, "since our sweet smiles were ridiculed."

—"On Grand Boulevard in Chicago and elsewhere people know an elephant can't sometimes kill a mouse."

—Our "little genius" has become famous because of his recent production of the celebrated "Hinky-Dink Step."

—Cahill's nightly songs can be found in the baby's dictionary, and only there, free of charge, because so charming. (?)

—The echo of the bombardment of the Turkish Tin Fort was heard here recently and reproduced by the phonograph of St. J's corridor.

—There are wonders in this world. History has immortalized heroines and heroes, but it has yet to make immortal our heroic dummy maker.

—Scientists there are who would like to have those wonderful relics recently on exhibition, for they might find that "missing link" in somebody's head.

—Some claim that crookedness is the principle characteristic of the alderman. Some one please inform us if this applies to the corporeal part of the animal.


—The latest form of government known to mankind comes from the genius of a certain civilian. It is called "Picayuneism." Motto is "You must *raise* from above; lock not at all, and be content after it is ate."

—"O, Maggie, Maggie! Take the cow out of the kitchen!" The cow was driven out.

—"I have been a horse-doctor for four years in Craw-ville, Ind.; but my vocation is to be a human doctor."

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