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Ireland's National Songs

Thomas O'Brien, '08



IN all ages and in all nations the moral, social and political aspirations of a people are to be found mirrored in the character and type of their great men. Their many services deserve the gratitude of the nation to which they belong and their names are worthy of being enshrined forever in the annals of her illustrious past. Such men belong not to one age or to one particular country, but to all nations and all time. To them undying honor will be always given, because their sterling worth has earned for them immortal glory. Now Ireland has been singularly gifted with such great men, both in the industrial as well as the political arena, while her intellectual abilities are acknowledged all over the world. Speaking on this point Father Fielding says: "Erin was for centuries the lamp from which Europe took its light, Erin that brought the first knowledge of letters to the Britons and other barbarous nations, Erin that carried the torch of faith through Gaul, Switzerland, Scotland, Germany, Austria and Italy, yea! up to the very gates of Rome itself." But it is not of the men who achieved such glorious deeds and earned for Ireland the grand title of "Island of Saints and Scholars" that I intend to write within the compass of this short essay; but it is of the men whose genius has been given to build up Ireland's national songs.

No more fitting, more beautiful and no more ancient title can history give to Ireland than the singular title the "Island of Song," for she stands alone among the nations of the earth in this respect that she has for her national emblem a musical instrument, the "Golden Harp of Erin." No doubt Ireland is surpassed by Germany, Italy and France as regards purity of style, depth of expression and the lighter and more pleasing touches of music; yet great as are the musical attainments of these people, still none of these nations can point back to such a national melody, to such a body of national music as the Irish. The Irish music is such as dwells

in the heart and voices of all the people. It is the true song of the nation, the true national melody that is handed down through the "avenues of time" from the earliest days of pre-Christian civilization. Looking back through the vista of the last century alone, we see the magnificent account that Ireland has given of herself in the realm of dramatic, lyric and ballad poetry. The songs of Ireland were the most potent factor in keeping alive the national spirit, when everything around seemed threatened with extinction, and when mighty forces were endeavoring to deprive her of her bards and minstrels. And in spite of Henry VIII, who enacted a law that "every harper and every minstrel in Ireland should be put to death," in spite of Queen Elizabeth, who passed a law that they were all to be hanged, knowing well as she did that Ireland could never be conquered as long as the minstrels were there; in spite of all these measures, these glorious and immortal bards and minstrels sang of "Ireland incarnate," its beauties, its joys and its sorrows. Their voices were still heard resounding through the halls of "Cashel of the Kings" and Royal Tara. And so when our Irish poet, Thomas Moore, came and found the glory of Ireland eclipsed by that of the past, he had only to study the ancient melodies which had been handed down by tradition and interpret the Celtic in which they were found into the language of today, or as he more beautifully expressed it,

"Dear Harp of my country in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long
When proudly my own Island Harp I unbound thee
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song."

Who has not felt the sweet strain of Moore's melodies breathing in the songs, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," "Believe Me of All Those Endearing Young Charms," "Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore," "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave," Etc. The old melodies which he revived "age only warms with color and perfumes like old vintage." This is what induced another poet to say of him,

"Oh Tara's hills may waste away,
The Shannon's source may fail,
The mingled waters cease to play
Through fair Avoca's vale;
Loved Arranmore may fade from sight
But you will still endure
In Irish hearts, fresh, warm and bright,
Enchanting songs of Moore."

"Yet even if our ancient race
In time should cease to be,
And if our dear old native place
Should sink into the sea,
The world would save from out the wave
And hold the prize secure
The Harp you strung, the songs you sung,
Our own immortal Moore."

Even in the golden age of pre-christian Ireland the princes were passionately attached to music and song, and at all public assemblies and parliaments, the bards ranked next to the king. Music was always an "institution" and power in Erin. "Let me write the songs of a nation," said O'Connell, "and I care not who makes its laws."

The splendid defense of the Bardic race by St. Columbcille at the great convention of Drumceat in 573, has been the subject of many a poetic theme. In defending the minstrel race he defended patriotism, religion, literature, music and song, and resented the proposed annihilation of one of the most treasured institutions of a nation. As A. M. Sullivan says: "St. Columbcille discerned clearly that by purifying and conserving, rather than by destroying, the Bardic race, it would become a potent influence for good, and would entwine itself gratefully around the shrine, within which at such a crisis it found shelter." Time has vindicated the far-sighted policy of the statesman saint. The national poetry and songs of Ireland thus purified and consecrated to the service of religion and country, have ever since, through ages of dire persecution, been true to the holy mission assigned them by the "exiled saint." In the lyric of love, war, or fancy, the celtic singer gives expression to thoughts and feelings that appeal to all men. Many moods find an echo in them—mystical and simple, lofty and humble, passionate and tender—but every mood gives expression to the feelings of the people. The mother soothes her little child to rest with the lulling melodies of the Irish lullaby. Old age grows young when loved ones minister to its pleasure by pouring forth the purity of their souls in song. Again, our songs melt the heart of the strongest to compassion; of the unmerciful to mercy and love. The thrill of our martial songs inspires us. Their wild fire urged ancestors on to great and glorious deeds. They filled the heart of the weakest with the most courageous bravery and heroism. The soldier marched to the battle field—aye, perhaps for all he knew to death, with a lighter step, when he heard the soul stirring songs of his native land. "They made their hearts like fire and their nerves like steel."

"O, Glorious songs!
 That rouse the brave 'gainst tyrant wrongs,
 Resounding near and far
 Mingled with trumpet and with drum
 Your spirit-stirring summons come,
 To urge the hero from his home
 And arm him for the war."

We admire our songs all the more for their dash and energy; for example, such songs as those of Thomas Davis, which throb with action and in which every line reads rebellion. This is especially noticeable in such songs as "Native Songs" and "Our Own Again," when he says,

"We've bent too long to braggart wrong
 While force our prayers derided."

And again,

"Let the coward shrink aside
 We'll have our own again."

Again, virtues or vices that are deep-seated and widely practised among people are certain to make themselves felt in the people's literature. Thus the deep religious character of the Irish is unmistakably reflected in their songs. The spirit of religion is specially enshrined in the sacred lyrics and political songs of T. G. Sullivan. From the songs of Ossian down to those of the present day, we find the same national strain; the same truth and beauty is depicted which helps to keep them fresh in the minds of the people. Hence our songs are always appreciable, because "truth and beauty never grow old." From the earlier part of the eighteenth century date many beautiful Celtic poems, like the "Fair Hills of Ireland," the "Blackbird," "Garryown," "The Wearing of the Green," Etc., after which appeared the songs of Moore, Griffin, Waller and Banim, while at a more recent period appeared the delightful songs of "Father Prout," Edmond O'Rourke, Thomas Davis, Denis Florence McCarthy, Gavan Duffey and Charles J. Kickham. "Killarney," O'Rourke's masterpiece, is one of the most delightful and best known of Irish songs, while Kickham's "Peasant Girl" and "Patrick Sheehan from the Glen of Aherlow," will ever hold a high place among the people of his native Tipperary. Many of the national songs of America can be traced back to old Irish airs. "No enemy speaks slightly of the Irish music," wrote Davis, "and no friend need fear to boast of it." Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote books of calumnies on the Irish race, paid a high tribute to

the Irish music. "It is in musical instruments alone," said Cambrensis, "that the industry of the nation has attained a laudable degree of refinement, surpassing immeasurably the skill of all other nations I have ever seen. They delight with so much delicacy and soothe so softly that the excellence of their art seems to lie in concealing it."

It is the duty then of every Irishman to proclaim the beauty of his country's songs; it is the duty of every Irish-American to strive to acquire at least a partial knowledge of them, so that he may truly realize and appreciate the genuine worth of his ancestors in the Emerald Isle. It may be said of our songs that though oft doomed to death they are "fated not to die." Ireland, after centuries of suffering and sacrifice such as have tried no other nation in the world, has successfully and proudly defended and retained her faith, her nationality and her songs. She is destined to receive the reward of such heroism, such constancy, such devotion. When she will have received that reward, the brightest jewel in her crown will be her songs—the heritage of her ancient glory.

THE SONGS OF OSSIAN

JAS. L. DOUGHERTY '08



FEW things are more interesting to the average student than the study of the curious manners and quaint customs of ancient races and peoples. We arrive at a knowledge of these, and judge of the enlightenment of former generations in various ways. The engraved obelisks and towering pyramids of Egypt loudly proclaim the ingenuity and mechanical advancement of the children of the Nile. The unsurpassed architecture, the exquisite chiseling, the artistic productions of the brush, and their pre-eminence in oratory, all announce to the world that the Greek and Roman masters are still teachers. But of all the monuments remaining of the ancient state of nations, few are more valuable than their poems or songs. The piling of huge stone upon stone informs us that the Egyptians must have invented and used powerful machines; the unique designs upon gigantic stone columns, and the delicate tracery upon the marble betrays the deftness of the ancient's hand; the beautiful canvasses of antiquity show us the fertility of the pre-Christian

mind and the genius of men who had not the sublime ideals of Christianity. History tells us of the rise and fall of these ancient domains, acquaints us with their forms of government, the feats of ancient arms, and hundreds of other things that affected these nations of the past. But the poems of ancient nations give us a deeper insight into their manners and enable us to form a clearer judgment of these remote people than any of these material wonders, because these poems present to us the history of human imagination, of human passion, of the human heart. "They make us acquainted with the notions and feelings of our fellow creatures in the most artless ages, discovering what objects they admired, what pleasures they pursued, before those refinements of society had taken place which enlarge, indeed, and diversify the transactions, but disguise the manners of mankind," and moreover, they unfold to us the highest beauties of poetical writing.

Poetry is the language of the heart, but it is also, Dr. Blair says, "A child of the imagination," hence in the early ages, when men's passions had nothing to subdue them, and their imaginations were unchecked, it is but natural that they feel strongly, and their language of itself assumes a poetical turn. Unpolished and irregular we may expect the productions of these uncultivated ages to be, and such, to a great extent they are, but at the same time they abound with that enthusiasm, that vehemence and fire, which are the essence, the very soul of poetry. Among the nations of antiquity, power and military prowess were characteristic of the Romans, and we award the laurel to Greece for her architecture and her superiority in the arts, but we cannot say that poetry belonged especially to any of the ancient peoples; it is characteristic of an age rather than of a country, and belongs, in some measure, to all nations at a certain period. I will confine myself to the poetry and song of one nation which we all love and pity—to the poetry of ancient Ireland, and particularly to the productions of Ossian, whose beautiful song has marked an epoch in Celtic literature, and who very justly deserves the title of "The Homer of Hibernia."

The life of Ossian, like that of most eminent men of bygone ages, is veiled in mystery, but it is almost certain that he lived during the latter part of the third century. James Macpherson, who translated the poems of Ossian, has given the impression that this great bard was a native of Scotland, but the true Ossian belonged to Ireland only; he fought the battles of Ireland, and sang the praises of her early heroes. It is indeed a lamentable fact that the art of writing was unknown to Ossian, for his poems, although beautiful as we now have them, would undoubtedly be enhanced a hundred fold could we read them as they came from the tuneful

lips of this bard. The poetry of this ancient bard of Erin has excited the attention of the world's greatest critics, who have thoroughly analyzed his works, and have left little to be said of them in the way of comment. But there are certain features in his productions which would attract the attention of the most casual reader. Seemingly unlimited power of description, exalted sublimity, pathetic tenderness, delicacy of sentiment and strength of expression, are features which, in this poet, we find exquisitely combined. An eminent critic has said, "A poet of original genius is always distinguished by his talent for description." The men of Ossian's age lived, as did those in the infancy of all nations, scattered in the midst of solitary rural scenes, where the beauties of nature were their chief entertainment, and that this poet possessed in a high degree the power of describing these scenes, and the actions of these men as well as their characters, is easily discerned from the effect which his descriptions produce upon the imaginations of his readers. We dwell among his characters and scenes as if they were all real. We distinctly see his heroes fight, and conquer, or if they fall, we see them die bravely as becomes their valor. We see his bards touch the harp, and instantly we hear its answering chord; their songs, if they are a summons to battle, are so fraught with enthusiasm and so vitally patriotic that they arouse the martial spirit in every breast; but if it is the hymn of peace that the poet puts in the mouth of his singer, the din of battle is hushed, and yields to the sweet pipings of purest joy and amity. We have an example of his descriptive power in his poem, "Carthon," when he very poetically paints the deserted castle of Balclutha. He says: "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers." While Homer is most sublime in actions and battles, it is here that Ossian excels, in descriptions and in sentiment. Blair says, "He is even ahead of the polite and refined Virgil."

But while he ever paints for the reader in glowing and vivid colors the heath by the seashore, the mountain shaded with mist, the torrent in the valley, the oaks and the mossy tombs of warriors, his talent is not wholly expended on these word pictures. He shows us human character, with as much facility as he does battles and scenery. From their very introduction we love his heroes and despise his villains. He very artfully contrasts his characters so that they illustrate each other. In no other ancient production can there be found heroes of such bravery, or of such intrepidity, and

at the same time so magnanimous and merciful, as those of which Ossian sang. Fingal, his most important character, is depicted as blessed with all the virtues of war and peace. He is known as "Fingal of the mildest look." He is full of humanity, generosity, mercy, tenderness and solicitude. "My arm," he boasts, "was the support of the injured; and the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel." Do we find any such heroes as this in the writings of other ancient poets? Homer's Hector, fearless though he was, and although he possessed several amiable qualities, cannot compare with the tender but valiant Fingal. Virgil's hero, Aeneas, perfect as he is, is an unanimated person, whom we all admire, but we can never love him as we do Ossian's "Fingal of the mildest look." As sublimity coincides in a great measure with magnanimity, heroism, and generosity of sentiment, we may justly expect Ossian to excel in this most difficult feat, introducing the sublime into his poems. Nor are we disappointed; in his works are to be found the most sublime passages in all literature. He entirely conquers the heart, and the sublimity of his pathos is well calculated to bring tears to the eyes of the reader.

But let us consider another feature that presents itself in this poet, and not only is it to be found in him, but it is characteristic of all Ireland's sons, and will be as long as God grants them existence—and that is patriotism. The fire of patriotism burns in every line that ever came from the gemmed lips of Ossian. Like most ancient warriors he did not seek quarrels, but he and the heroes whose deeds he celebrates always fought for the welfare of their nation, for the protection of their lovely and beloved Isle. Can we wonder, then, that Ossian grows most grandly sublime when speaking of this patriotism? No; for he speaks of Irish patriotism, the sublimest subject that ever quickened the poet's lyre. Can we wonder that Ireland has produced such men as the bold Brian, the O'Niels, Sarsfield, Robert Emmett, O'Connell and hundreds of other renowned patriots? No; it is but the natural succession of effect to cause, for we see her children schooled in patriotism from the earliest ages, and learning its inspiring lessons from the mouths of her pre-Christian pagan bards. No, Ireland, thou needst never fear for the loyalty of thy sons, as long as they are inspired by the lines of this peerless bard. As long as the blood of Ossian flows in the veins of thy children, thou needs't fear no enemy, for the loyalty and patriotism of thy children will protect thee. But though his lines are patriotic, though the sentiments he expresses are lofty, and his descriptions sublime, the reader feels that there is a blank in his poetry. Although his poetry, more than that of any other writer, is the "poetry of the heart," the Christian heart is not wholly satisfied after reading it. This is because a Supreme Being never enters into the verses of

Ossian. Having no knowledge of a Supreme Being, he very skillfully introduces ghosts, and the spirits of departed friends and relatives, as the machinery of his epics, but we must acknowledge that his compositions would have been much more beautiful and perfect had he a conception of the Lord of hosts, the God of battles, which he so graphically describes.

The fate of genius is in the hands of Time, and that merciless destroyer spares it not. Often, indeed, it has tried to dim the lustre of Shakespeare, that sun that illumines the firmament of English literature; it has cast doubt upon the existence of Homer, and has attempted to tarnish and even destroy the crown of Virgil. Can we expect then that Ossian's fame will remain intact? There are many who would do violence to literature, and they say that he never lived, but we have proof to the contrary in some of the grandest lines ever penned by man. In his last lines he soliloquizes, "Shalt thou then remain, thou ancient bard, when the mighty have failed? But my fame shall remain, and grow like the oak of Morven; which lifts its broad head to the storm and rejoices in the course of the wind." Yes, may the fame of Ossian remain forever; may his lines ever comfort his people, may his heroes ever be emulated by them, and may that patriotism which animated him never smolder in the breasts of his countrymen!

ROBERT EMMETT

S. MORGAN '09



HERE are and have been men whose eloquence and pen have swayed nations to deeds of heroism, there are others whose personal magnetism has gathered around them hundreds, aye thousands, of staunch followers; there are more still who through the glory of their arms, have acquired a following as numerous as the sands of the seashore. Yet above these are ranked men whose unrelenting perseverance in the paths of truth and justice will ever keep their memory green in the hearts of mankind. The Church points with pride to her army of saints and scholars; America elevates

her Washington and Hale to the highest pinnacle of fame; Ireland sighs and longs for another Emmett.

Robert Emmett, the heroic Irish patriot, was born in the city of Dublin, March 4, 1778. He was the son of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett, court physician in Dublin Castle. Like all Irish youth of good family he entered Trinity College, Dublin, from which he was dismissed, charged with treasonable practices. Before his dismissal he secured several prizes through the eminent brilliancy of his intellect. Although these were secured through his proficiency in mathematics and the exact sciences, popular tradition represents him as extremely eloquent, and an ardent advocate of Irish self-rule. While at Trinity College his character created such an impression on Thomas Moore, the Irish bard, that he wrote: "Were I to number, indeed, the men among all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with the greatest intellectual power, I should among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmett." In the time intervening between his expulsion and the insurrection of 1803, he visited France. While here, it is said, that he entered into negotiations with the hero of Austerlitz for French aid. It is certain that he did not desire a French protectorate. His dying words justify this statement. He said: "I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No. I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? A change of masters. No." His plan was to quietly arouse a revolt, storm Dublin Castle, organize the oppressed people, and form a provisional government. The people were groaning under the iron heel of despotism and the time for rebellion was ripe. They were well aware of the revolution in France and the revolutionary spirit permeated the air. Was it strange then that Emmett, seeing his unfortunate countrymen goaded by heavy taxation, their efforts for right overwhelmingly opposed, should have incited the people to rebellion? Was it out of place that he, debarred from the professions, should feel that to him belonged the task of freeing Ireland? No! No sane person would say or do otherwise. In view of these things he entrusted his plans to a few subordinates who were to organize the revolt throughout the unfortunate country. He began collecting arms and placed them in two depots in Francis Street and Marshalsea Lane. But the fates were against him. On July 16, 1803, an explosion occurred in the Francis Street arsenal, killing a workman and laying bare the supply of arms and

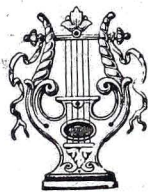
stores, which was confiscated. In spite of this the rising sun of July 23, 1803, displayed a placard inviting all true Irishmen to join in an attack on the hated oppressors. With eighty noble hearts Emmett rapturously started out, his brain filled with glorious visions of a free Ireland, and though the English garrison numbered 3,000, he fought them for the space of two hours. Realizing that the attempt was a failure, Emmett retreated into the blue mountains of Wicklow, famous for secreting Irish patriots. From his mountain hiding place he wrote to his lieutenants advising them to disperse until happier times would arise. On the urgent advice of his friends, he resolved to flee from the country, but he could not depart without bidding farewell to his betrothed, Sarah Curran. Returning to Dublin in this hope, he was arrested on the 25th of August and placed in confinement until the 19th of September, 1803, when he appeared before an instructed jury, to answer to the accusation of high treason. After a mockery of a trial, which lasted only twelve hours, he was declared guilty, the too well instructed jury not leaving their stall to decide his fate, which was hanging and afterwards decapitation. When the judge asked the question: "What have you now to say that judgment should not be passed on you?" Emmett made reply in his deathless speech which is a marvel of extemporaneous eloquence. The next day, September 20th, Emmett was led to the scaffold, where he was hanged and then decapitated.

That Emmett was wrapt body and soul in the dream of a free Ireland, no one will dare dispute. His entire life was spent in that one purpose and his death was due to his unconcealed devotion to the cause of liberty. In the time of Robert Emmett, Ireland was the most pitiful of nations; no nation was ever more afflicted with inhuman despotism; no nation's welfare was ever darker than Ireland's at the close of the eighteenth century. Cruel oppression and inhuman persecution by the reigning Hanoverian dynasty made the lot of an Irishman worse than that of the galley slaves, hence no man will dare dispute the justice of the uprising. But some have said and others will say that Emmett's motives were those of self-interest. To this I will answer that never was viler falsehood ever invented. If Emmett had so desired, if he had been base enough to subsist on the earnings of starving families; if he had so lost human respect as to see his countrymen treated like dogs; if he was low enough to occupy an hereditary position, which he could easily have done, Emmett had only to say the word. No better proof of his integrity can be cited than his own words: "O my country! was it personal ambition that influenced me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have

placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment, and for it I now offer myself, O God! No! my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny." His concluding words, words which are filled with pathos and heart rending sympathy for a lost cause, will ever be remembered by all true Irishmen. "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

When Emmett perished so nobly on the scaffold, there passed away one of the grandest and greatest characters that illuminate the pages of history. There have been men of greater learning than Emmett, but none of broader views, none more patriotic and none more heroic. When we consider what he had to contend with, what he had to support him in his futile attack on far-famed Britannia, we find that there are few who would even have spoken of such a praiseworthy attempt, and still fewer who would have made any effort to realize it. The honor which he receives and merits from the Irish people, although great, is little less than his due. The example which he set is one worthy of many followers. In accordance with his last wishes his epitaph has not yet been written, his last resting place is unknown, yet his memory will ever be kept green while Ireland exists. Thomas Moore, his life-long friend, alone has tried to commemorate his memory with the following verses:

Oh! Breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid.
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.
But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps
Shall brighten with verdure the grass where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.



POLONIUS

T. Wedge '11.



THE character of Polonius, in Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet, embraces all the qualifications necessary to make a good courtier. Shrewd, cunning and ever ready to curry favor by choice bits of flattery, he is at the same time practical and sensible, yet narrow minded and garrulous. As a political leader he could rival the bosses of Tammany Hall, and guide the state through all the troublesome and turbulent seas of civil discord that might arise. But when he tries his hand at settling lovers' quarrels, he meets with failure and defeat. Now Polonius is quite sure that the cause of Hamlet's insanity is the refusal of Ophelia of his offer of marriage; so sure in fact that he bases his argument for thinking this upon a fact that is essentially wrong in the beginning. He supposes Hamlet to follow the natural course of events that a repulsed lover would be apt to pursue. First, he was sad and despondent and grieved over the general fickleness and inconstancy of woman, then he refused all food and rest, a foolish thing to do, and, as a consequence of fasting and watching, grew weak from hunger, and as most people do when in such a state, he grew light headed and finally developed "into the madness wherein he now raves." Could the question have a more simple solution? Polonius merely follows out a deduction that would do credit to a philosopher more gifted than he. What knowledge Polonius has, he has acquired right there at court. That has been his school where he has seen human character and human weakness under the forms of glory and power. He has seen the king intrigue and steal another's wife as successfully as could the meanest citizen of the state, and he has observed "vile deeds sugared over with the trappings of wealth and regal splendor." He looks upon everything with the eye of a business man, always looking for a bargain. He fawns and flatters because he knows that that is the only way to obtain favors, and boasts because he sees his superiors boast. Polonius was quick at observing the actions and motives of those with whom he came in contact, but was so anxious to show off his philosophy and learning that he could not keep his impressions to himself, but being once convinced that he was in the right, all heaven and earth could not change his mind. For wise saws and maxims of worldly wisdom one could not find a better teacher. His parting advice to his son, Laertes, as the latter is about to leave for Paris, is rich in precepts as to character and morals. It is such advice as any father might impart to his son to guide him safely from the pit-

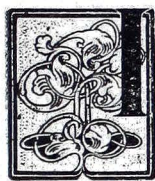
falls and gay, alluring dissipations of city life. To make sure that Laertes is heeding these parental admonitions Polonius sends his servant, Reynaldo, to spy upon his son and report to him what kind of a life he is leading. This act alone should be sufficient to bring out his double or two-faced nature, for a man certainly must be a deceitful villain to doubt his son before he has any proof of the other's misconduct. We generally find men believing in their sons in spite of the greatest conviction possible and only giving in on the confession of the latter. And then again he is great for trying to overhear conversations, but is easily fooled by Hamlet, who makes him look so clownish that we are tempted to laugh at his discomfiture. He is like a weather vane that changes with every wind that blows. This is shown in the scene where Hamlet questions him about the cloud and makes a fool of him. Polonius' great fault was his readiness to jump at conclusions without giving the matter sufficient thought to find the real cause from the effect. Thus he puts Hamlet's loss of mind and melancholy disposition and Ophelia's refusal together thus, to his mind, joining two and two and discovers that he has four. He is so absolutely certain of this that he becomes offended and a little angry when the king has the audacity to doubt his theory ever so little, as when he asks the queen, "Do you think 'tis this?"

Polonius everywhere wants to show that Ophelia gave him Hamlet's letters solely from a sense of duty and obedience, and wants to call attention to the fact that his children are models of virtue and parental reverence, and that his household is governed in a strict and orderly way, for he says: "This hath my daughter shown me and more above, hath his solicitings, as they fell out by time, by means and place, all given to mine ear." But this is simply an example of his boastful and self-satisfied spirit. Finally his inquisitiveness leads him into trouble and ends in his downfall. He hides behind a curtain to hear what the irate Hamlet has to say to his mother in order that he might report all that occurred between the two to the king. Hamlet gives the queen such a tongue lashing that she becomes frightened at his increasing wrath and calls for help. Here Polonius betrays himself by echoing the queen's cry. Hamlet quickly makes a pass through the arras and kills the old spying Polonius. Thus the garrulous, treacherous, cunning old fox died, caught in a sneaking, disreputable act, ending his life in the same state by which he made his living; that of a deceitful and double-dealing old wiseman.



OPHELIA

P. J. McAvoy '11.



IN THE play of Hamlet Ophelia seems to serve as the connecting link between the central figure, Hamlet, and the secondary group of the king, queen and others. Although not much seen in the play, Ophelia is an interesting character, and in her absence she is virtually present by reason of what others say about her. Shakespeare seems to have portrayed her as the counterpart of Hamlet, except in the fact that Hamlet has difficulty in expressing himself in action, while Ophelia has difficulty in expressing herself even in language. Simplicity is the keynote of her character. This trait, along with her submission to paternal command, is shown when in reply to her father's question as to whether she had given Hamlet any hard words of late, she replied:

"No my good lord; but as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me."

These few words of Ophelia make us pity her because they are an apparent betrayal of Hamlet to her father when her help and love might have saved him.

Ophelia appears amidst the corruptions of a wicked court unhurt, because her simplicity of character makes her susceptible of only that which is simple. Added to this she had a silent and sweet disposition, and in spite of her unwilling treachery to Hamlet we must excuse her because her songs while she was insane proved the depth of her love for him. Her father and brother filled her mind with the thought that Hamlet's love was not true and in her simplicity she believed them. Although she loved Hamlet, in obedience to her father, she did not show it. After becoming insane her own words,—

"Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
How should I, his true love, know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon?"

prove the depth of her love for Hamlet and her repentance for not returning it. The injury her feelings sustained when repulsed by her lover, her grief in supposing that he was insane and the violent shock caused by her father's death at the hands of the person

she loved, caused her to become insane. While her mind was in this state she used to wander around singing old ballads which bore on the death of her father or the loss of her lover. While wandering thus Ophelia accidentally fell into a brook. Seemingly unconscious of her position she continued her song, until her clothes, which at first bore her up, became saturated and thus weighted, pulled her down to a watery grave. It is to be regretted that in her innocence and simplicity she could not have received Hamlet's love as becomes a woman. Eventually her help and love would have strengthened Hamlet, and after his mission had been accomplished, she might have become queen of Denmark instead of meeting so untimely and sad a death.

COURAGE.

D. McAuliffe '09.

Don't give the enemy the field,
Because he beats his drum;
Don't shirk the fight or ever yield,
But dare the worst to come.

The bleakest days they ever come,
Before the flowery May;
The darkest hours precede the sun
Before the break of day.

If winds adverse shall blow thy way,
And all is black and drear,
Keep up the fight for there's a day
When all is bright and clear.

An earnest prayer thou art aware,
Will ever ease the pain;
Depart despair, for weighty Care
Is never borne in vain.



CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

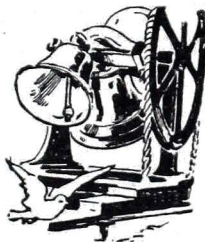
F. Welch '10.

Congregational singing, like most subjects of a debatable nature, has its pros and cons; but I think the arguments in favor of it far outweigh those against it. Wherever the practice has been instituted one result invariably follows—it always fosters a healthy religious enthusiasm. How soul-stirring it is to enter a church in early morn and there hear the priest pronouncing the solemn words of the Mass, but more moving and sweeter still is it to hear him responded to in that religious melody, coming from the lips of the miner, the engineer, broker and soldier. Now I ask, do not these public manifestations of faith do more to touch the heart of a wayward soul or kindle the dormant piety in the lukewarm than for each in his own indifferent manner to offer up some sort of cold prayer? The great and inevitable advantages that flow from congregational singing stand out so prominently that no thinking man can pass them by unnoticed. Man is a frail being ever subject to distractions and interruptions, even when in the best of moods, and attended by the best surroundings. Now, considering him subject to these, should we not place him in circumstances that would counteract these imperfections? Singing tends to elevate and draw the soul from the trammels of things material and place it in higher realms. A national hymn has an electric influence in arousing a spirit of enthusiasm. On hearing a national ballad, a troop, even tho' dejected and discouraged, becomes suddenly aroused, and every sinew vibrates with patriotism. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage heart." Its stirring notes spread a wholesome atmosphere around the passions of man's heart, which may be used for the uplifting of his soul. Music is to piety what medicine is to our anatomy; it stimulates and strengthens the weakened organs. Piety is enlivened with music and when the spell has passed the soul is more active and nearer to God than before.

To prove the power of song we have but to go back to the early ages of the Church when sects made use of hymns as means for disseminating their doctrines and gaining followers. Arius embodied his doctrines against the Divinity of Christ in attractive song. Luther did as much by his hymns as by his translations of the bible. Alarmed by the rapid spread of Arianism, St. John Chrysostom, in order to counteract his adversary's efforts, wrote captivating verses and ordered processional singing to be held in the streets. History tells us that the early Christians, while on their way to death, sang sacred hymns to the God they were so soon to meet. If congregational singing was indulged in by men

and women who had the grace to suffer martyrdom; if it is sanctioned by the inspired writers of both the Old and New Testament, if it has the approval of Incarnate Wisdom Himself, who immediately after the institution of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, chanted together with His disciples a sacred canticle; surely if all this is true we, the weakened sons of Adam, should approve of it. By joining in sacred song the people are preaching God's word. It is related in the "Life of Bishop Cheverus" that once while traveling through Maine, he accidentally came upon a tribe of Penobscot Indians. It was Sunday morning, after a long wearisome journey on foot, that he approached the haunts of these savage red men, and as he drew near he was startled as well as pleased, to hear ringing in harmonious concert, from the depths of the forest, the words of a familiar Mass. Upon investigation he learned that they had not seen a Catholic priest in fifty years, but their faith had been kept alive by chanting in unison every Sunday the sacred liturgy which they and their fathers had been taught by the early missionaries. Surely the children of the forest are not gifted by nature or education with richer or more melodious voices than the average Catholic American. I venture to say and with confidence that a general and a hearty participation in congregational singing will result in bringing about a closer union between the sanctuary and the nave; that it will augment a better spirit of piety among the parishioners, the attendance will be increased, and spiritual exultation enlivened.

To sum up the advantages of congregational singing; it is a prayer, it is a magnificent profession of faith, it is a glowing example to our neighbor, it is a strong incentive to fervent piety and a sermon felt by all.



THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIALS.

Few topics have called forth more comment, or excited more general interest than the present subject of local option. Local option does not mean prohibition, but such is the meaning that prohibition fanatics are trying to give it. Because Cardinal Gibbons has said that he does not favor prohibition, and because he very clearly and ably stated his view on this subject, he has been maliciously assailed by Dr. J. B. Cranfill, a fanatical prohibitionist. His Eminence said in a sermon some time ago, "The Church is not fanatical on the subject of liquor, but she teaches moderation. Her path is not one of rigor, nor yet one of laxity, but the middle course—the golden mean. The use of liquor in moderation is not to be condemned, but if there is danger of abuse then it should not be used at all." Is this not a perfectly sane, just and broad-minded view of the subject? Can any person with a healthy mind infer from the above quoted lines that the Cardinal "announces his alignment with the liquor traffic," or that his "utterance is the result of monetary consideration," as Dr. Cranfill does? Assuredly not. This calumnious attack is so vile, con-

temptible, narrow-minded, and at the same time so ridiculous and absurd, that on its face it bears the brand of bigoted fanaticism. Dr. Cranfill ends his scurrilous letter with the following: "When a man announces such views as Gibbons enunciates, he ought to exchange his surplice for a white apron, his prayer book for an ice pick, and go to keeping bar." These are nothing but the ravings of the maliciously inclined and diabolically directed brain of an unmitigated fanatic, and are to be resented by Catholics as an outrageous insult, and by all as most disgusting, and as an example of extreme fanaticism.



Hardly had the tragic scene enacted in Denver been hidden from our horrified gaze, when a ruthless attempt was made on the life of Chief Shippey of Chicago, in which his son, our former school-fellow, was seriously injured.

Anarchy; There is in these lawless deeds a lesson for this
its country and one that must be learned, if it would
Cure. escape the disasters which will inevitably come from the propagation of anarchy. The obnoxious weed of anarchy must be plucked out by the very roots and so be entirely destroyed. This can be done, not by punishing those who actually commit crimes, but only by taking action against such agitators as Emma Goldman and the rest of her type, who excite the minds of those who commit the crimes against religion and authority; and against such societies as the Giordano Bruno club, which, since it is anti-clerical and anti-religious, must of necessity be revolutionary and anarchistic, and as such should not only be eliminated from this country, but from the face of the entire earth. But how are we to get rid of these dangerous people and their pernicious doctrines? Legislation can never do away with this evil. Rigorous laws may restrain anarchy and anarchists, but they will never reach the vitals of this threatening monster and kill it. The only way that anarchism and socialism can be removed is by removing the cause, which is atheism. Authority comes from God, and since these individuals acknowledge no God, they acknowledge no authority, and regard all those who govern as tyrants. They respect no God, and they openly attack the Church because it as well as the state, must go before anarchy and socialism can triumph.

To eliminate anarchy we must eliminate atheism, and to do away with atheism, we must teach profoundest respect for God, who so providentially governs all men and all nations, and we must vigilantly guard against any atheistic tendencies in government, education or society, and by so doing we will inculcate a high regard and respect for authority and an intense hatred for all that savors of anarchy.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

March 17th of 1908 gave another opportunity to St. Viator's to exhibit its love and loyalty for Erin and St. Patrick. The sun rose to find Roy Hall decked in national colors and festal green. Solemn high mass was celebrated at 9:30 by the Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., as celebrant; Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, deacon; Rev. W. J. Bergin, sub-deacon, and Mr. W. Irish as master of ceremonies. An instructive panegyric was preached by Rev. Griffy of Odell. After the high noon banquet the visitors assembled in the college hall where they were entertained with the drama, "Arrah Na Pogue."

To say that the production of "Arrah Na Pogue," was a brilliant triumph, is a statement confined in the limits of unvarnished truth. The play was under the able direction of Rev. M. J. Breen, C. S. V., to whose untiring efforts much of the credit must be given. All who took part in the play acquitted themselves splendidly and in a manner befitting the Thespian Club of the college. Mr. F. Rainey, as Shaun, the Post, gave a true rendition of the whole-souled, God-fearing Irish peasant; Mr. D. J. McAuliffe, as Michael Feeney, faithfully exhibited the flinty heart of a grasping, miserly landlord; Mr. A. Savary, sustained the title role with exceptional grace; Mr. R. Shannon was the quintessence of Irish maidenhood in the difficult part of Fanny Powers; Mr. T. E. Kotzenberg, as Beamish McCoul, Mr. F. Ryan, as Col. O'Grady and Mr. J. Farrell, as Major Coffin, distinguished themselves in their very difficult roles as was evidenced by the salvos of applause which they frequently received; Mr. F. A. Welsh displayed the dignity of the Secretary of State with exactness; while the troops, under the command of Mr. F. Cleary, took the house by storm. The minor roles were well taken care of, the jigging of C. Magee and W. Tinan being truly Irish. Mr. F. Rainey and Mr. A. Savary gave as perfect an exhibition of pathos in the fourth scene of the first act as was ever seen on the college stage.

THE VIATORIAN

The escape from prison, which occurred in the last scene of the play, was executed with a zest and speed which would have astonished a prison guard. All in all, the play, which was under the auspices of the class of 1909, will always be remembered as one of the really classic theatricals of the scholastic year of 1907 and 1908.

Between the curtain falls the audience heard some choice selections and dulcet strains from the leading operas, by the college orchestra, the members of which are to be complimented on the excellence with which they rendered the Leharian strains.

Cast of Characters.

Col. B. O'Grady.....		F. Ryan	
Beamish McCoul.....	-	T. E. Kotzenberg	
Major Coffin.....		J. A. Farrell	
Secretary of State.....		F. A. Welsh	
Sergeant.....		F. Cleary	
Michael Feeney.....		D. J. McAuliffe	
Shaun the Post.....		F. Rainey	
Sam.....		F. Cunningham	
Oiny Farrell.....	} Peasants	{D. J. Boyle	
Andy Regan.....		R. Delihant
Lanagan.....		S. Morgan
Patsey.....		F. Slattery
Tim Cogan.....		G. Lockwood
Arrah Meelish.....		A. Savary	
Fanny Power.....		R. Shannon	
Katy.....		W. Tinan	

Scenes.

ACT I—Scene 1. Roadway in County Wicklow. 2. Arrah's Cottage. 3. Armory. 4. Wedding scene before Arrah's cabin.

ACT II—Scene 1. Same as Scene 1, Act I. 2. Lawn before Col. O'Grady's Mansion. 3. Interior of English Prison. 4. English Court Room.

ACT III—Scene 1. Room in Secretary's Office. 2. Same as Scene 3, Act II. 3. Exterior of Prison.

Musical Programme.

Conclave March.....	F. Lasey
Donnybrook—Overture.....	F. White

Iola—Intermezzo.....	C. Johnston
Merry Widow Waltzes.....	Frank Lehar
Feast of Roses—Overture.....	Munkelt
The Red Mill—Selections.....	Victor Herbert
Old Faithful Two-Step.....	Abe Halzman
When the Winter Days Are Over.....	Jos. Nathan
Triumph of Liberty March.....	Ellis Brooks
Irish Airs—Selection.....	Albert

S. Morgan '09.

MUSINGS OF DADDY DAN.

- That grief which never speaks is real.
- The more a student rests the more he rusts.
- Wise is the student who prefers censure to praise.
- The backbone of success is concentration of purpose.
- The moon affects not only the tide, but also the untied.
- Ambition is born of dreams, and on ambition rests the world.
- Be in every way a man, then you will not fear for your gentility.
- When riches come in at the window friends flock in at the door.
- Men are liars more from carelessness than from intentional lying.
- That student laughs best who laughs when his teacher laughs.
- Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.
- The average student alone with his thoughts isn't in much of a crowd either.
- Some people believe that to enjoy heaven one must first dangle over hell.
- The dissatisfied are those who are always seeking happiness for themselves alone.

THE 17th WITH JULIUS

Scene—Rome. Banquet-room of Kaiserhof Hotel.

Time—Afternoon of March 17th, many moons ago.

Distinguished guests: J. Caesar Murphy, Decius McFadden, M. Anthony O'Grady, Cassius Flanagan, Pinchback O'Toole and "Kid" Brutus.

J. Caesar Murphy, Toastmaster.

The tables have been cleared and the trophies passed around.



J. Caesar Murphy (arising): Hail! Merry men of
Rome and senators bold,
Trusty guardians of the nation's gold,
I salute thee,
On this the glorious 17th of March!
(When I was young 'twas known as Ides of March)
Then let no sorrow mar this pleasant day!
Forget the trials of state, cast them away!
Ho! Decius, get thee on the quest,
Find thou a shamrock for my kingly breast!

Decius McFadden: Aye! Aye! my lord; no sooner said
than did,
But may I ask, "Why don't you send the Kid?"

Kid Brutus (warmly): Nix on that noise! My flunkey
days are o'er!

Decius! on the job! beat it! there's the door.
The old scout Jules hands lemons rare today,
Perchance he'll give thee car-fare. On thy way!
(Exit Decius).

J. C. Murphy: And now while keen-eyed Decius scours
the path
Of nature's gardens, seeking what she hath
To deck my breast today, let us rejoice,
And with loud cheers and lusty voice
And sounds of mirth and dago brogue display
Our loyal spirits on St. Patrick's day.

M. Anthony O'Grady (anxiously): Dids't thou say
spirits? Ah! thou dost but jest,
For through these weeks of Lent has not my quest
For spirits led me near and far,
From here to there, where'er I thought a bar
Perchance might brave the furies of a jar
With the police? No use. "What's your's?" "Gimme
cigar."

Thus has my withered tongue in grief replied
When all my inner man with fury cried
For stronger stuff.
But enough.
Thou hast said spirits. Aye! then t'were well said.
This local option let us fight till dead.

J. C. Murphy: Enough! Desist! Thy talk is punk
indeed.

Thou knowest little of our country's need.
'Twas at my bidding they put on the lid,
Thou must obey. What now, pugnacious kid?

Kid Brutus: I would a word to Tony in reply
To his lament, his plea for pretzels and for rye.
Hadst read McAuliffe, Tony, thou wouldst know
Intemperance is a monster, apt to grow
And cause distress and many a weary sigh,
Take thou a tip! 'Twill ruin thy batting eye.
And wouldst thou have a sample of a man
Who ne'er has gone the rounds, then thou may scan
My noble self—whom none surpass,
Behold the champion of the bantam class!

Cassius Flanagan: My friends! my fellows! country-
men! loan me your ears!

(Those are the words which in the future years
Will be ascribed to Tony). I would a word
About the speeches which we just have heard.
All were well put but if 'twere up to me
I'd send them to the timbers. I'd label 23
The disputations of my fellow-men,
For on the invitation which I did receive

Were writ some symbols, which led me to believe
 This gathering was a noble one; a celebration that
 Was meant to deal out homage to St. Pat.
 Then why dispute? the arguments are through
 'Twere better thus than to discuss "to brew or not to
 brew."

(Applause from inn-keepers and ice-men).

J. C. Murphy: Your pardon, Cass, the blame is all on
 me,

The error of my ways I plainly see.
 And now let me announce for your delight
 The noble Pinchback who for many a night
 Has labored on the speech, with glowing pate,
 "Ode to the Snake." 'Tis most appropriate.

Pinchback O'Toole (weakly): My friends and pals in
 crime and all

'Tis good to see you in this hall.

(Aside) Now for the toast. Aye, there's the rub,
 Cassius! prompt me! quick, you dub,

(Sings) Over in Erin in the days of old

Where the fairies lived in homes of gold,

There came a circus from the U. S. A.

The train got wrecked and a snake got away.

The snake laid some eggs and they began to hatch

They seemed to like the country for there was an awful
 batch;

The fairies were in agony with snakes on every hand

They packed up all their baggage and began to leave
 the land.

They came upon Patrick landing on the coast

And that's how it happened that I'm giving this toast.

Said he, "Turn back and put your trust in me,

And I'll put the kibosh on those snakes you see."

He gathered all those creepers and he handed them this
 talk,

"I don't like your family so I guess you'll have to walk
 Your space is worth more than your company,"

And then he drove them all into the deep blue sea.

(Prolonged applause).

J. C. Murphy: It pleases much to see with what a
cinch

Your praise was won by worthy speaker Pinch.
'Twas but the starter of a program rare
Which, 'tis our hope, you'll find is passing fair.
With your kind leave we'll onward with the noise.
Prepare for your applause by one of the boys—

Decius McFadden (entering hurriedly): Your honor?
Jules! Old Scout, a word!
Hear my tale! 'tis one you've never heard.

J. C. Murphy: What now? Why breathless and for-
lorn?
Thou shouldst pursue gymnastics in the morn.

D. McFadden: 'Twere often said of you most worthy
soak,
In spite of all, you'd have your little joke.
But list! An hour ago you sent me on a trip
To scour the woods returning with a slip
Of shamrock. Which I fulfilled
Though in the act I thought I would be killed.
For in the woods which grow outside the town
I plucked the flower and then I lay me down
(I hope, my lord, you'll say that was all right
My brain was tired, the sun it shone so bright)
Alas! There hove in sight a monster huge and green
Unpushed, unpulled, that smelled of gasoline.
It groaned and stopped; I, on my knees,
Prayed to this thing, its anger to appease.
It ceased to moan and I then plucked up heart,
Sped for the town, like a flying dart.
It saw and followed; it sent me on my head.
"Mercy!" I cried: "Honk! Honk!" the monster said—

Kid Brutus: Hush! 'Tis sad, that on this festive day
Our friend should from the water-wagon stray,
And hand to us this most unlikely talk
That in our woods these frightful monsters walk.

I move that Decius' story be laid away
Until we meet on next St. Patrick's day.
And, Decius, when next thou goest to the woods,
Empty thy pockets; take not too much wet goods.

J. C. Murphy: And now lets onward with the day's
events,

No more delays to hear these sad laments.
Kid Brutus has a story he would sing,
Have you the wish to listen to his fling.

The bunch: Oui! Oui! (Thumbs up).

Kid Brutus (to the orchestra leader): All right, Pro-
fessor, blow me to the tune,
My song will get their goats, not yet but soon.
(Con espressione)

It was a dark and stormy night
The moon it was not shining bright,
No stars were twinkling high above
As Nero staggered from the club.
"Why is it thus?" he then communed
"I pay to have these streets illumed.
Ah! I've a thought," he softly cried,
Then struck a match which he applied
To the city hall, then sped along
To his palace home and hummed this song
As the city fell and the fire burned on:

Every little shack added to what's afire, helps make a
mighty bright town,
That's the story your uncle Nero fiddled as Rome was
burning down.

If you have trouble in comin' home at night
Just set a house afire, it beats electric light,
For every little shack added to what's afire, helps make
a mighty bright town.

(Shrieks of silence).

J. C. Murphy: My friends, I wish to say without
offense

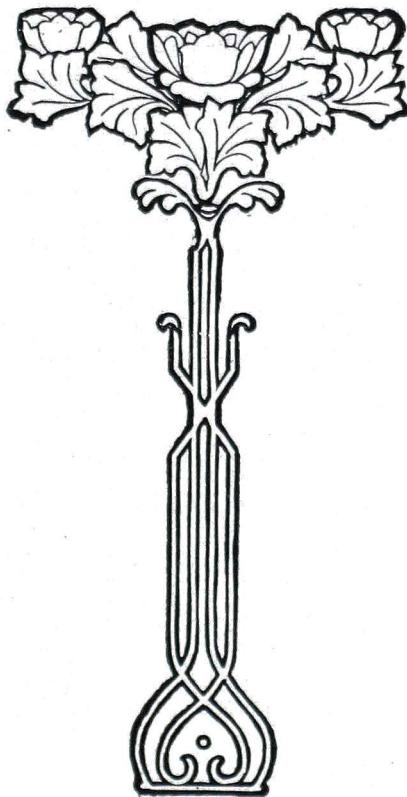
This latest number surely was immense.

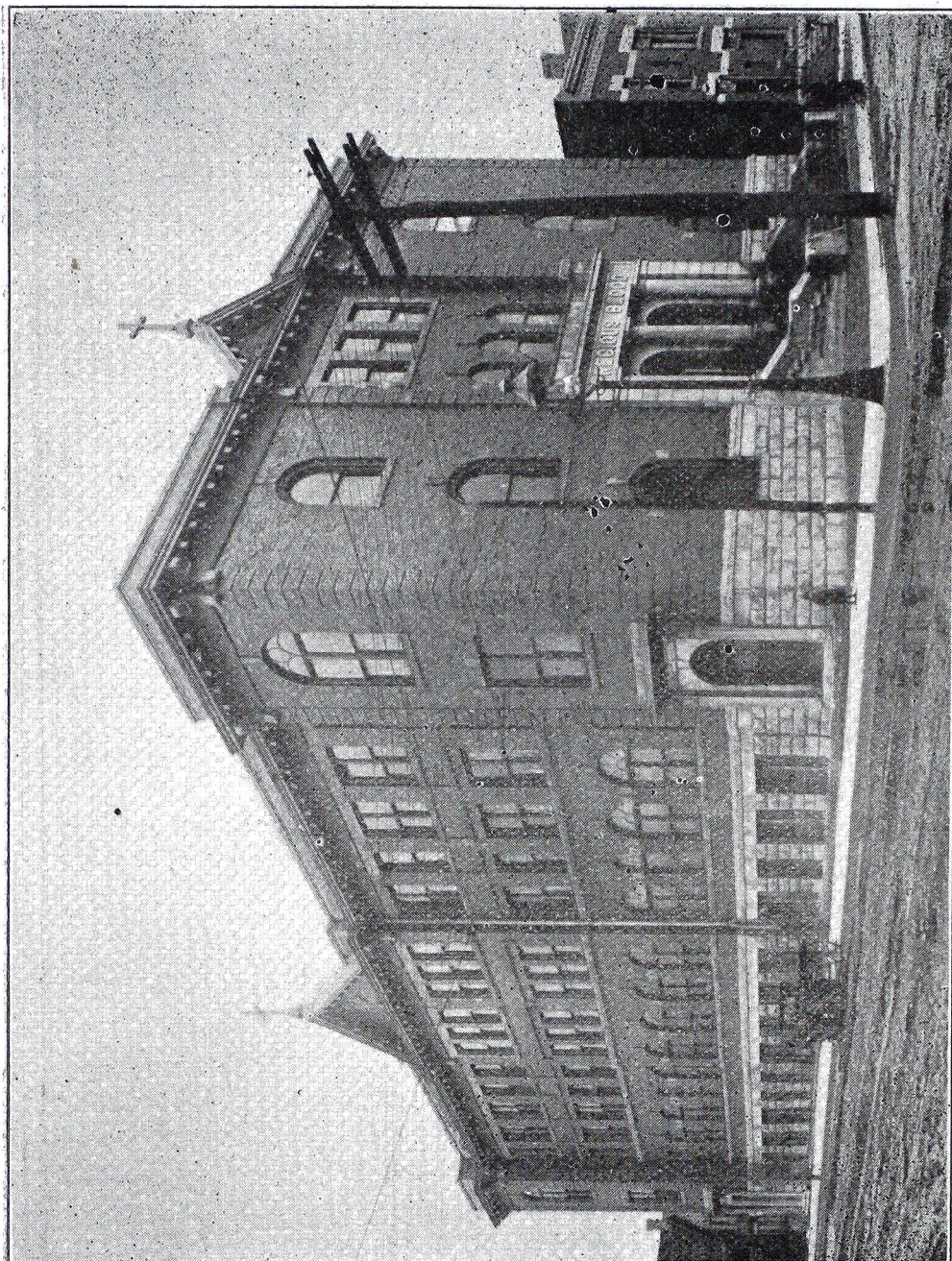
Kid Brutus showed us through the lines he spoke
That Nero longed to be the entire smoke.
Though how his song this banquet does concern
Surpasses my poor noodle to discern.
But it is getting late; we dine at six
I'll have to hurry home or else I'll mix
With Calpurnia; but lets give a parting cheer
For this great day: Oh waiter! fetch some—coca-cola.

(All rise and sing)

Cheer! Cheer! 'The gang's all here,
Rah! for the 17th! Rah! for the 17th!
Cheer! Cheer! the gang's all here
Rah! for the Ides of March! (Exeunt all).

W. EMMETT CONWAY '08.

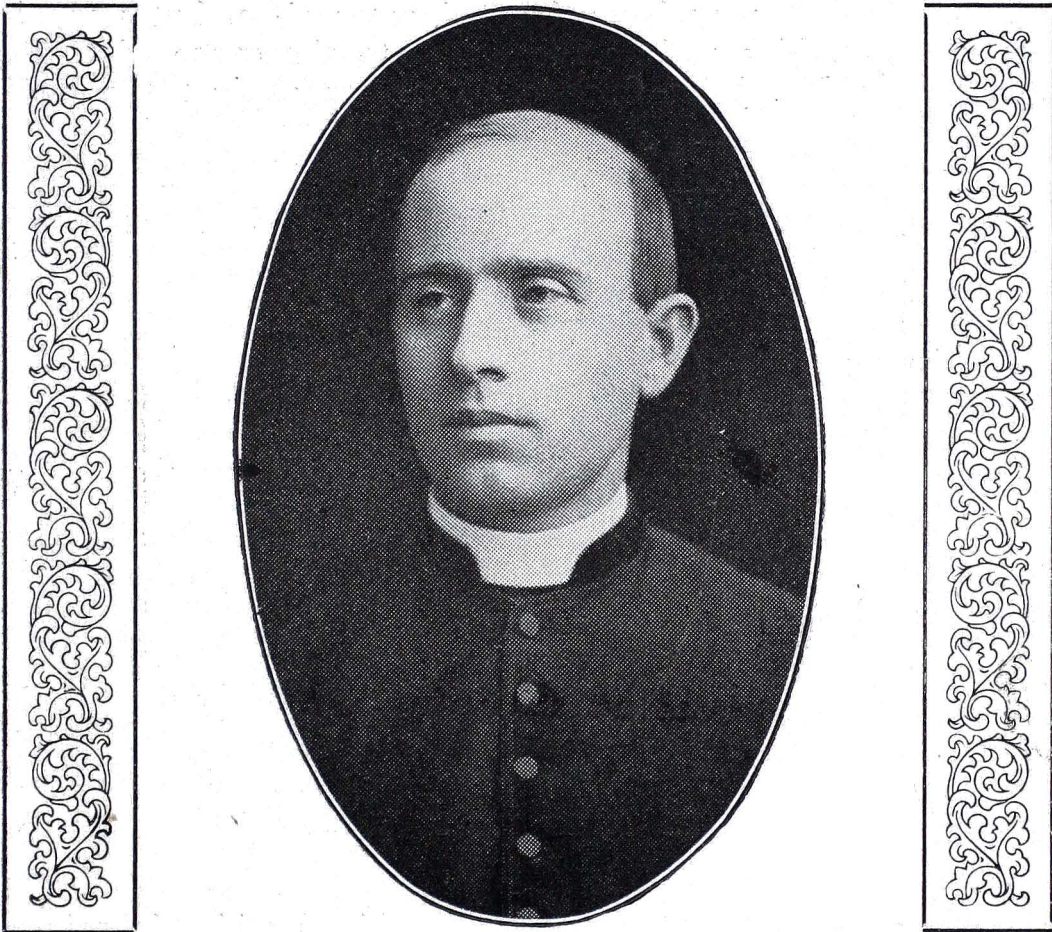




CHURCH AND SCHOOL OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD

PERSONALS.

A year ago nothing was known of the parish of the Most Precious Blood, but through the zeal and labors of Rev. W. L. Kearney, there stands today, in the city of Chicago, a structure of which the parishioners may well feel proud. The building embraces the parish hall, which occupies the first floor and seats over a thousand persons; the church which is on the second floor, and a school of sixteen spacious rooms, which take up the two floors above. The dedication cere-



REV. W. L. KEARNEY

Pastor of Church of the Most Precious Blood

monies of the new edifice were held on Sunday morning, March 15th. At the mass, Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon was celebrant; Rev. Edward Kelley, deacon; Rev. J. J. Jennings, sub-deacon and Rev. B. E. Naughton, master of ceremonies. In the evening solemn vespers were said, with Rev. Joseph Kearney as celebrant; Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., deacon, and Rev. H. Coughlin, sub-deacon. An eloquent sermon was preached at the evening services by

Bishop Muldoon. When Father Kearney was appointed to form the new parish there was great work to be done; but resolute and courageous in spirit he set about the work and in a short time had his people united and laboring earnestly with him. Those acquainted with Father Kearney know him to be a whole-souled, self-sacrificing priest, and the marvelous work done in a parish only a year old attests his devotion to his cause. It is a source of much felicitation and satisfaction to his Alma Mater to see his work progress so successfully and she extends to him her choicest benedictions and to his people sincere congratulations.

Many leaders may have devoted more time, but none have given more sacrifice and earnestness to the cause of total abstinence than Mr. John Cuneen. Workers against the evils of



MR. JOHN F. CUNEEN

saloons have found him an invaluable aid. Besides laboring for the abolition of the drink evil he is interested in every movement that tends to the uplifting of youth. While on a visit to the college recently he addressed the students on the place and the duty of the college graduate in the world. At present he is engaged for a series of lectures under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League. We wish him success in his work.

A very successful mission was closed at the Maternity church March 15th, by Rev. Father Fortier, C. S. S. R., and Father Lemiére, C. S. S. R.

All that science has done to better dairy products and make them wholesome and nourishing can be seen in the depots of Mr. John Anderson. An interesting feature in the depot's equipment



MR. JOHN ANDERSON

is the pasteurizing system which is complete in every detail. Mr. Anderson is a tireless worker. His business integrity and adherence to the principles of mercantile ethics have won for him the respect and patronage of the people of Kankakee.

THE VIATORIAN

At St. Patrick's church, Kankakee, Ill., Sunday evening, March 22, over five hundred people listened for an hour to Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., president of St. Viator's college, who delivered his lecture on the patron saint of Ireland. Father O'Mahoney is a son of the "old sod" and the theme was for this reason an additional inspiration. With a well modulated voice, enriched by a pure Irish accent he told the story of St. Patrick and what it meant to Ireland and the Irish in words of enthusiastic eloquence.

The visitors registered St. Patrick's day were: Mr. and Mrs. McAndrews of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Warner of Chicago, Mrs. Flavin and son of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. D. Boyle of Chicago, Mrs. Tinan of Chicago, Miss Decker and Mrs. Shannon of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Savary of Kankakee, Tom Dowdle of Chicago, Mrs. Galligan, Mr. J. Hickey of Kankakee, Mr. and Mrs. Mullaney of Bradley, Doctor McMahon of Kankakee, Dr. Payan of Kankakee, Mr. J. Anderson of Kankakee, Mrs. John Anderson and Mrs. Hugh McMahon.



Athletic Notes



Doings in the Athletic line have assumed their former condition since the mid-year exams and from now till June, gym and campus will gradually assume a nautral hue, (not due to Spring.) The athletic affairs of the month might be summed in a few lines, but a detailed account doubtless would convey the state of things better. The basketball five, after a mediocre season, disbanded immediately after the disastrous Spalding game. However, although defeated in this contest, the circumstances and floor, which will be described in another column, made basketball impossible. The quint won a majority of its games. Of those lost, all but one were anybody's meat.

Onarga, 15; St. Viator's, 12.

On the evening of February 15th, the Grand Prairie Seminary team journeyed from Onarga and, in a game replete with sensational plays, defeated the 'Varsity in the last minute of play. The game was hard fought on both sides, but the superior size of the Methodists told against the Saints. The 'Varsity's team play was

snappy and the individual work good, but it did not prevail against the visitors' excellent defense. The feature of the game was the guarding of both teams. The score:

Onarga.	St. Viateur's.
Staehling... ..LF... ..	Mahony, Carrol
Clark... ..RF... ..	Rainey, Berry
Hutchinson... ..C... ..	Shiel
Rogers... ..I.G... ..	Slattery
Wand... ..RG... ..	Morgan

Baskets from field—Staehling, 2; Rogers, 3; Clark, 1; Mahony, 3; Slattery, 2; Shiel, 1. Free throws—Staehling, 3. Referee: Ranne, Onarga. Umpire, Conway, St. Viateur's. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

Spalding, 79; St. Viateur's, 8.

On the 22d, the quint left for Peoria to meet the Spalding five of that town. In a game best suited for the padded arena, they were defeated 79 to 8. The score, although overwhelming, gives no impression of the difficulties encountered by the College five. Accustomed to a large floor, they were forced to play on a floor whose space is little larger than our students' rooms. In addition to the smallness of the floor, which made basketball impossible, two well clothed posts stood prominently in the center, and a concrete wall usurped the place of the outside lines. After arriving and practicing for a few minutes, the players realized they were stung, yet they put up an exhibition of the famous St. Viateur bull-dog grit which amazed the down-state team's supporters. As the Peoria paper stated, "Spalding was invincible on its own floor," and we returned home badly beaten, but not disgraced. The summary:

Spalding.	St. Viateur's.
Fitzgerald... ..RF... ..	Shiel
Scherer... ..RG... ..	Slattery, Mahony
Cleary... ..C... ..	Carey, Stack
McFadden... ..LF... ..	Morgan, Rainey
Jordan... ..LG... ..	Carroll, Berry

Baskets—Mahony, 1; Cleary, 16; Fitzgerald, 9; Scherer, 4; Jordan, 4; McFadden, 4. Free throws—Rainey, 5; Fitzgerald, 5. Referee—Conway, St. Viateur's. Umpire—Kelly, Spalding. Time of halves—20 minutes.

The Junior basketball league is nearing the finish of the season and three teams are in a dead lock for the flag. The games are well played, interesting and usually close. At present Gorman's team is in the lead for the honors which are offered to the

winner. A rectangular purple and gold pennant five feet in length is to be given to the captain of the winning aggregation, and a smaller flag of the same description to the individual members. C. Boyle is the official referee. The standing:

Captain.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Gorman...	23	18	5	.783
Cunningham...	24	14	10	.583
Warner...	19	8	11	.421
Dwane...	24	11	13	.413
Boyle...	20	7	13	.350
Delihant...	20	7	13	.350

The Minim five closed another of its successful seasons, retiring the undefeated champions of the county. Their success is due in a great measure to the efforts of their athletic director, Rev. A. N. St. Aubin, C. S. V., who spent much time in developing the basket throwing proclivities of the future greats.

BASEBALL.

Baseball continues to be the center of interest, with Conway's men in the limelight. Out of seventy-one candidates only eighteen have survived. Capt. Conway has ordered each player to report for daily practice from now on, and the finished swing with which they meet the marble on the nose, presages dire happenings for all opposing twirlers, be they dorsal finned or sou' paws. The nucleus from which the team will be picked is as follows: Capt. C. Conway, Berry, Stack, Mahoney, Shiel, McCarthy, O'Connell, Legris, Coss, Hayes, Savary, Quille, Lynch, Farrell, Kelly, Slatery, E. Conway, Nourie. The squad will be reduced to thirteen men on the 20th, and this number will compose the team for 1908. For the catching position Nourie and Hayes are fighting it out nose to nose. The pitching staff will be composed of Stack, Shiel and Mahoney, and is probably the best staff in Western College circles. O'Connell and Legris loom up as candidates for the initial sack. Indications point to Berry, the speedy lad from Ohio, for the keystone position. He is speedy on his feet and is sure of speedy grounders, and possesses the necessary batting eye. He is looked upon as the man for the position. Al McCarthy will probably look after the short field with all the vim which he developed in his Freshman year. The third sack is the position for which most of the candidates are striving, and it promises to be well taken care of. Capt. C. Conway, the stellar out-fielder, will probably be seen again in his old stamping ground in left field, where he is confidently expecting to gobble up the "sky" high-balls.

Coss, Slattery and E. Conway are running a close race for the other gardens, and at this date there is little choice between them. The other candidates are likely men who are all able to break up the game at any time through the power of their wagon tongues. The schedule which Manager Kelly is working on, is almost completed, and he hopes to be able to issue it in a few days. Games are arranged with the leading teams of caliber in this section of the country.

After the first cut, rejected candidates to the number of forty met and organized the Reserves. The squad being unable to secure the services of the 'Varsity coach, divided into three squads and a hard daily drill is given each bunch by the 'Varsity men, who have the squads in charge. A. G. Quille, "Jerry" Lynch and "Peggy" Conway have been elected temporary captains, and at the final election, one of these will be chosen field captain.

The bowling alleys are enjoying a good share of student patronage these days, and in the pomp of their proficiency the "rollers" have organized a 'Varsity five. A series of games is to be played with teams from Kankakee. Kelly and Stack are rolling in good form and hold the individual and two-man records. Kelly recently averaged 234 1-3 in a match game.

The cross-country men are daily enjoying a jaunt along Bourbonnais Avenue and are rapidly rounding into form. The obstacles, hedges and ditches, are being well taken, and Capt. McGuire predicts the downfall of the local six-mile record. McGuire, Colleton, Lockwood, Carey and J. Dougherty, will represent the 'Varsity in the spring runs.

The Junior baseball team is being organized and Mgr. P. F. Brown, C. S. V., is arranging a suitable schedule for the squad. Harrison and Warner will do the heavy work in the twirling line and Legris, Marcotte and Tynan are developing a furore through their work in the reception of the marble.

A class league is being organized for the spring baseball season. The 1909 class has already met and elected "Dennie McAuliffe, the St. Louis twirler, captain and manager. 1908, 1910 and 1911 will soon get into line, and as Freshmen are barred from 'Varsity competition, the teams will be well balanced.



Exchanges



The February exchanges, as a whole, did justice to the two great Americans whose names we celebrated in the month just passed. In prose and verse the noble traits of these patriots were eulogized most appropriately by a large number of college journals—which action we can only commend, for though the subjects are rather ancient and have been the inspirations to literary efforts for years, nevertheless these names must be presented to us at least annually, in order that they may be fresh in our memories and that we may be moved to emulation. And now we may expect, with the approach of the March exchanges, to depart for a time from the realm of political heroes and enthuse over the merits of the saintly Patrick—regardless of our nationality; and we confidently hope the saintly idol of the Emerald Isle will receive justice at the hands of the juvenile rhymsters. His feast day comes at a most propitious time—at the beginning of that season when the early poets emerge from their winter quarters and realize with ever increasing delight the joys of courting the elusive muse. Hence, we anticipate with pleasure the arrival of the March publications.

Especially interesting, just at present, when our country is sending a magnificent fleet around to the Pacific coast for the admiration of foreign nations, is the article, "The Need of a Large Navy," in the **St. Mary's Sentinel**. The author is a strong advocate of the principle, "In times of peace, prepare for war." The article consists in a noteworthy collection of facts, strengthened by good reasoning and sound judgment. "The Baseness of Ingratitude," is an old theme which has been the recipient of new treatment, enlivened by solemn illustrations. Washington's character is fittingly treated, but we hardly agree with the editorial in which present day generals are compared, with sad results, to the "father of his country." With all due respect and reverence for Washington we may still ask, "Did he endure the discomforts and sufferings of the war from choice or because he was unable to better his condition?" The generals of today appear to lead a very comfortable and easy life, but in time of actual war they may be relied upon, with but few exceptions, to perform their duties thoroughly and unselfishly. True, they do not lead the Spartan-like

existence as did the revolutionary heroes, neither do we as citizens undergo the many trials which fell to the lot of our ancestors in the struggle for freedom. But we should exercise great caution in censuring the protectors of our nation, for though, to the uninitiated their chief duties may appear to be assisting at social functions, nevertheless they sternly realize their responsibilities and are as true to the times as were our early and illustrious leaders.

"First Thoughts of the New Year," in the **University of Ottawa Review**, is well worthy of the opening pages of this excellent journal. The time devoted to these "first thoughts" was indeed well spent, as the result shows. The author emphatically points out the necessity of happiness as an incentive for man's proper conduct in life and as a strong argument against suicide, which deprives man of that sublime happiness which follows as the reward of a virtuous life. Man, his opportunities and the use of time, receive worthy treatment in this series of thoughts, while the author says regarding the necessity of morality: "Scientific discoveries and inventions, intellectual prodigies and standing armies cannot make a country prosperous; at the basis there must be morality, and we have this only when man has formed himself, knows himself, knows his duties to himself, to his neighbor, to society, and, above all, to his God." Character, in "The Moral Mark of Man," is treated in a novel manner and proves much more interesting than the title would imply.

The Manhattan Quarterly opens its January number with a lengthy and interesting article on "Summer Education and the Summer School," by Rev. John Talbot Smith. It possesses a peculiar charm and interest, coming as it does from the pen of the president of the Catholic Summer School. The Quarterly may well congratulate itself upon its good fortune in securing this article by the famous clergyman. In "Lights and Shadows of Hawthorne," the tendency of the great author to incline towards fatalism is shown by extracts from his writings, which, when explained, leave Hawthorne open to the accusation. We were glad to see that the hero won out in "A Corner in Steel," although we think he had quite an easy time in proving his worth to "her" father. The author might have described him as "poor, but honest," and then see what he could accomplish. "Honest Joe," in "The Turn of the Tide," had a much more exciting time in claiming his prize, but was fortunately assisted by a brave and well-educated burglar. Both stories are creditable productions.

The Patrician for February gives a very readable account of the "Catholics in the American Revolution." The writer brings

to mind the fact that the part played by Catholics in this war was of great assistance, and yet a true account of their achievements has never been written nor do they receive credit for the aid they so generously offered. You suggest, Mr. ex-man, "that the paper (Viatorian) could be improved by the addition of a few articles." Very true. The same may be said of any journal. You would have done us a service had you in your criticism suggested the kind of articles which **The Viatorian** needs.

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS."

Some there are who say he's Dutch, and this we must deny;
 Some will still remain in doubt and these we just pass by;
 Some will say, and boldly too, and think it quite good reason
 That Patrick's blood was mostly French and hence in Lenten
 season

When we pluck the shamrocks green to ornament our breast
 We're paying homage to a saint who never was our guest.

'Tis awful thus to contemplate the things that might have been
 Had Patrick really passed us by and we were not his kin;
 Why then you might expect in Cork, to see a sight that's new
 Should you but chance to meet a friend, he'd bow and say,
 "Saleau!"

You'd hear the mistress' silv'ry voice while teaching lads in
 school
 Instead of "Pat" or "Tim" she'd call, "Napoleon O'Toole!"

We've owned him all these many years; we've always been quite
 fair

In letting men of different lands our joy and pleasure share;
 We'll ask them all to join the throng in showing their elation
 By singing out his saintly praise in joyous celebration.

But never shall we yield our claim or permit anyone
 To place the saintly Patrick where he wouldn't feel at home.

Ttemme Yawnoc 'o8.



LOCALS.

Our Athlete.

Among the students strong and brave
That live within the college wall,
There's one of whom we all doth rave
A Junior, handsome, stately, tall.

Ah! well we mark his manly form
And well we mark the pace
When Morgan runs with splendid stride
The dash, with easy grace.

—Bill: "Do you feel a draft?"

Harris: "Not unless it is drawn on me."

—Is it warmer in the country than it is in the summer time?

—Wise Percy: "Grandpa, will you make a noise like a frog?"

Grandfather: "What for, my boy?"

Wise Percy: "Why, pa says we'll get ten thousand when
you croak."

Waiting.

F. J. Lynch '11.

Their pictures now adorn each page
And baseball players are the rage.
The new phenoms are trotted out.
Old players who have grown too stout
Are training down; and the small boy
Filled with the thought of coming joy
Long since has gladly ambled hence
To the ball park; and in the fence
The knot hole found and put his brand
Upon the same with steady hand.
Forgotten is the pudgy runt
Who erstwhile did the football stunt;
Forgotten is the horse race too;
Forgotten is the shell and crew;
Forgotten everything and all
The world awaits the cry: Play Ball!

THE VIATORIAN

—Dan: "In what course does Frank expect to graduate?"

Edgar: "In the course of time of course."

—I'm flunking, flunking as I go
While graduate I'll never,
For boys may come and boys may go
But I stay here forever.

—Prof.: "How many beats in a measure?"

Rustic Pupil: "Do you mean a bushel or a peck measure?"

—Bill Memphis: "I want to get some bird seed."

Dick (clerking in July): "Quit your kiddin.' Birds grow from eggs, not seeds."

Dinnie's.

I'm signin' men for Dinnie,
I'm busy all the day,
I'm workin' for the team, boys,
Now listen what I say:
We'er goin' down the river,
And playin' all the way;
Just winnin' games for fair boys,
I tell you 'twill be gay;
So practice in the cage boys,
And wield the mighty tools,
And then the glorious springtime
For Dinnie's artful mules.

F. C.

A Violater of the Local Option Law.

When Anthony entered the forum he raised the cover from the bier—

—For Sale—Basketball suits, almost new, dirt cheap; very good reasons for selling. Apply to the manager.

Echoes of the Play.

Arrah!
What am I going out for, ain't I got an ardher?
Opened by mistake.
Oh, Father Adam, why didn't you die with all your ribs in your body!
Feeney!
And he was tuk.
Order in the court there. Order!

A halibi?

I'll strike you back you villain.

Shaun!

Hark ye boys!

More power, sir.

Halt! Forward ugh, um, ugh!

Then hold your own whist.

What do you know about Blake?

Preserve your dignity boys till ye get outside.

Fanny I am yours.

Do you think there's no one here but yourself.

His washing is done for the rest of his life.

And haven't I refused you since? Well?

To the point, to the point.

Do you indeed sleep in a cave or up a tree?

Isn't there a pair of brogues under a petticoat to stood up against Kildare?

She doesn't speak!

A very prudent resolution. I regret you have not adhered to it.

Step this way, Mr. Feeney!

Guilty! poor Shaun! Oh blessed day!

Shall I wait up Massa?

This is very irrelevant.

Me insides are all fiddlestrings and me blood is turnin' to buttermilk.

Good morning.

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