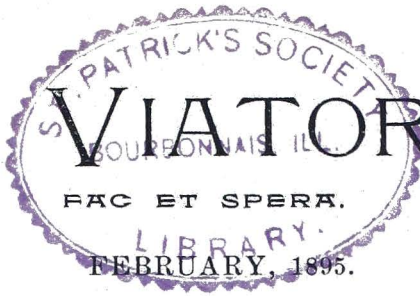


THE VIATORIAN.



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MANGAN AND POE.

Among the poets of our language we know of no two whose characters bear more marked resemblance, and whose lives awaken associations more kindred than James Clarence Mangan and Edgar Allan Poe. Both were poets of exalted gifts, but sorrow and suffering were blended with their existence, and the clouds which marred their lives seem, even yet, to linger with their memory, dimming the brightness of their names as poets. Mangan was the son of a poor tradesman in Dublin, and was born in that city on the 1st of May, 1803. His father died, leaving a young family almost destitute. James, who was the oldest child, received some schooling from excellent teachers through the kindness of an uncle, but at an early age he was deprived of his uncle's assistance and left school to win his own livelihood. He worked in a scrivener's office, and afterwards became an attorney's clerk. Ten irksome years—the best years of his life—were spent in these, to him most uncongenial employments, till he obtained a more agreeable situation in the library of Trinity College. His talents naturally led him into literature, and aside from his duties in the library, as well as subsequent to his connection with it, he contributed to the *Dublin Penny Journal*, *University Magazine*, *The Catholic Magazine*, *The*

United Irishman and other publications which were then flourishing in Dublin.

Personally, Mangan was sensitive and reserved, and as time advanced he shrank more and more from society and companionship. Disease and poverty, with gloomy forebodings, made life to him a wearisome gain. He expresses the anguish of his own cheerless spirit in these lines:

“Speak no more of life;
What can life bestow
In this amphitheater of strife—
All times dark with tragedy and woe?
Knowst thou not how care and pain
Build their lampless dwelling in the brain
Ever as the stern intrusion
Of our teachers Time and Truth,
Turn to gloom the bright illusion
Rainbowed in the soul of truth?
Wouldst thou have me live when this is so?
Oh, no! no!”

He longed to forget his misery, and sought forgetfulness in periods of drunkenness and debauchery, or, for days at a time would numb his faculties by the excessive use of opium. Finally some friends found him living in mean surroundings, in a shattered and pitiable condition. He was removed to a hospital and cared for with what tenderness charity can bestow, but it was apparent to all that his days on earth could not be long. Pain and exposure, with those fatal stimulants, had wrecked his delicate frame, and there, in the thirty-ninth

year of his age, he closed his sad career after receiving the last consolations of the religion which in childhood he had learned to know and love.

The place which Mangan deserves among the poets is surely a high one. Mrs. Browning has said:

"The rank of man in nature
Is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer
Marks the sweetness of the strain."

The muse of Mangan has struck some of the sweetest strains that his country has ever heard. Moore is the most honored of Ireland's bards, and he sings sweetly, especially so of the wrongs and former glories of his country, while yet he seldom breaks from the despair he felt for her freedom, and bids his countrymen:

"Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warned in vain;
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled
It never lights again."

Mangan is the poet of hope, and he has associated the sorrows and hopes of his country with song which shall not die while beauty and patriotism subsist. "The Irish National Hymn" is one of Mangan's best known poems, and was warmly received throughout Ireland, for it came from the heart and it spoke to the heart of the nation. We have space to recite but a few lines of this poem:

O, Ireland! Ancient Ireland!
Ancient! yet forever young
Thou our mother, home, and sireland—
Thou at length has found a tongue;

Proudly thou, at length,
Resisteth in triumphant strength.
Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled;
And as that mighty God existeth,
Who giveth victory when and where he
listeth,
Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations
of the world.

Mangan's sad and obscure life with the comparatively small audience which his poems had during his day, will perhaps account for his merits being known and appreciated by so few. In his day, Ireland, because of her circumstances, could afford but a poor field for literary fame or honor. Goldsmith and Moore and many others of Ireland's gifted sons found their first audience in England, and from there were introduced to the world; while Mangan's works appeared in Ireland only, hence it remained for time to fully recognize and appreciate his merits.

"The worthiest poets have remained uncrowned
Till death has bleached their foreheads to the bone."

The sad life of Mangan found its counterpart in that of Edgar Allen Poe, who was born in Boston on the 19th of January, 1809. His parents followed the stage, and six years after their marriage, which were spent in theatrical wanderings and poverty, both died, leaving three children to be reared by the charity of friends. Edgar, who was then two years old, was adopted by Mr. Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, who took much interest in the education of the promising youth, till at nineteen, we find our poet leaving the University of Virginia

with credit as a classical scholar and already proficient at verse-making. Poe was destined to follow the business of Mr. Allan and was for a while employed in the counting-room of that gentleman; but a poet's dislike for that sort of work, and also, as we must believe, Poe's own waywardness, incurred the displeasure of his benefactor and a rupture followed between the two in consequence of which Poe was left to struggle with the world by himself. Homeless, almost friendless, and with little cleverness in the ways of the world, he had a troubled path to follow. There was, however, one expedient remaining, which was his pen, and to this Poe had recourse for a living. His versatile talent soon found patrons among the publishers and he contributed to various reviews and magazines, including *The Quarterly Graham's*, *The Mirror*, and for a few years he edited *The Southern Literary Messenger*.

Like Mangan, Poe was of a pensive, reserved and susceptible temperament, struggling amid distresses of both body and mind and never would exempt himself from poverty except for a few brief periods. He married, and the death of his wife shortly afterward added an extra drop of bitter disconsolation and lonesomeness to his life. Haunted by morbid imagination, he believed himself a social outcast, and like Mangan gradually sank into the terrible gulf of despondency and gloom. Poe became the victim of Mangan's excesses and his life, too, tells a sad story of misery, of genius prematurely blighted and of an awful

ruin. He expresses his own misfortune in these lurid figures of "The Haunted Palace."

"In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

* * * * *

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate,
(Ah, let us mourn! for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim—remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghostly, rapid river,
Through the palace door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh, but smile no more."

Poe died in a hospital in Baltimore in 1849, which was also the year of Mangan's death. Nearly half a century has elapsed since Poe's death but not yet has he received the honor he deserves among his own countrymen, although he is fast gaining popularity. He was first honored abroad and to-day there is perhaps no American poet whose reputation is greater beyond the Atlantic. He is the most spiritual of all our poets and, notwithstanding the opprobrium which has been heaped upon his character by some, "there is not," as Stedman says, "an unchaste suggestion in the whole course of his writings; * * *

nor was Poe a man of immoral habits." Faults which are seldom remembered or otherwise little known, often remain conspicuous in the lives of illustrious men; as a shadow sometimes mars the beauty of a landscape when it would not be noticed on the black earth. It has been observed by foreign critics that the works of Poe formed the most unique and original literature that America has yet produced. However, be that as it may, Poe is truly American and above all the poet of the South. H.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It is a grand thing for nations to celebrate the natal day of their heroes. The good effects of this custom can never be measured, for they are the noble examples of what men can accomplish, of what men can suffer, and held up to the youth of the land for emulation they spur him on to great achievements, instill into his breast a noble patriotism and a love for whatever is truly sublime in character.

I know of no hero in our land, whose memory deserves more praise, whose life gives a higher example, whose character excites more genuine love and admiration than that of Abraham Lincoln. His history, full of hardships courageously met, of countless privations patiently borne, demands our admiration. What more brilliant example of moral courage than that of the youth so full of industry and perseverance, whose growing character gathered strength and energy at every

step, whose greatness proves that birth nor wealth can truly enoble but that glory and renown demand lofty principles and sterling qualities governed by a loyal heart. Such was the nobleness of him, who on the 12th of February, 1809, was born in the bleak backwoods of Old Kentucky, in obscurity and humble poverty, who not so much by nature's gifts or by propitious fortune, as by his own persevering self-improvement and insatiable pursuit of knowledge, joined to a creditable ambition, was destined to shed a powerful light on the darkness that clouded the nation's mind; destined to wield the highest power in the land, and guide the "ship of state" through the ruin and confusion that whirlwinds of passion and contention hurled around her. Lincoln's life proves that "knowledge is power."

Look at the lowly boy in the rough regions of his native state, and on the still rougher plains of Indiana whither the father afterwards removed. Here he early learnt to bear the trials and hardships of pioneer life with the same fortitude that he showed during the great crisis of our national trouble. Here he imbibed those hardy virtues from the honest, hard-working men around him, virtues that grew more stubborn with each opposition, and made him so obstinately just in his dealings with men.

Naturally bright, yearning for knowledge, and with few opportunities for improvement, it would be little wonder, had he rather developed into an unknown backwoodsman, than into the intellectual giant he became. He

says of Indiana at that time, "It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods, and there were some schools, so-called; but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond readin', writin' and cipherin' to the rule of three. If a stranger supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for knowledge." Yet in the face of these difficulties he made progress. After learning all these half-educated teachers could impart, he read and re-read every book he could find, and early began to put into writing all he recollected of the books he read, and the various impressions his surroundings made upon him. With such a spirit of industry and perseverance what barrier could prevent him in his conquest of knowledge?

About the age of twenty he removed with his father to southern Illinois. After assisting his father in splitting logs to build a house and to fence the farm, he left him and hired out to a boat builder. But soon a chance to better his condition presented itself and he embraced it, becoming a clerk in a country store; it gave him ample time to indulge in study, and now at the age when most men have finished long courses in College he was only beginning to drink at the fount of knowledge. He studied English grammar and gained a few principles of law and surveying during his free time. About this time the Black Hawk war broke out, he enlisted, and was imme-

diately elected captain of a company. Of this he once said: "I never felt more pleasure in my whole life than that I experienced on being chosen Captain." During this war he entered politics, left off fighting to canvass his district for the legislature. He was defeated though his county was for him to a man. "This was the only time I was beaten by the people," he jokingly wrote in his memoirs.

At the next election and the three succeeding ones he was sent to the State Legislature, and there an opportunity to study law was readily seized, and he became one of the most proficient lawyers of the state. He quit the halls of the solons and removed to Springfield where he practiced law with gratifying success; at the same time he was losing interest in politics. He was soon aroused, for a bill came up in Congress to repeal the Missouri Compromise. Lincoln at once took the active field against its supporter—Senator Douglas, and gained a widespread popularity for his views and doctrines. Soon after, he was elected to the lower house of Congress. Next year he for the first time sought a federal appointment, but it was denied him. Always a Whig in politics and generally on their tickets, he was becoming known throughout the country, his active campaign bringing his opinions before the public and his wit and sound logic joined to a vast fund of facts and experience attached the people of the North to him. But it was especially his famous debates with Douglas and his speech in New York City that convinced the people of his

honesty and sincerity, of his energy and ability. It was at this time when men, confused by various interpretations of the Constitution; when statesmen wrangled with statesmen; when the South was pitted against the North in angry debate; when our Union was threatened with impious ruin, that Lincoln stood forth, proclaimed by his sound doctrines to be the man of the hour. And the North, uncertain as to the future, flooded with doubts concerning the issue of a possible war, vexed commotion seized the minds of everyone, and with one accord they turned to Lincoln, believing that if anyone could guide them, he was the man.

When he accepted the nomination, he delivered a speech beginning with this sentence so pregnant with meaning: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this country can not endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it to cease to be divided." This sententious speech, delivered with a solemnity strange to politicians, arrested the people's fears, punctuated his policy and duty by showing that the union must live, cost what it might. Hardly had he taken up the reins of government when the wrathful jars between our nation's sons brought inevitable war. Of course the South despised his doctrines on the question of slavery and union, and though he begged his wayward countrymen to reconsider their rash and incautious step toward secession; al-

though he prayed them in anxious tones, and kindly admonished them, it did no good. They sought on the tented plains to enforce their demands, and so Lincoln willed war as a last resort, as the only possible chance to save the union which he swore to preserve and protect. Always ready at any moment to make peace on condition of re-union, yet fully determined never to yield though every man must fall in preserving the union our forefathers established at so great a cost.

It is unnecessary to review the events of this bloody strife of the patriotic North and impetuous South in order to show Lincoln's full participation therein. These are too familiar to Americans to need further comment.

I will not say he was the greatest general, statesman or president of this country; these are unnecessary decisions, but I will say he was a man true to his trust, who never shirked duty, and who bore "malice towards none, charity towards all, who did the right as God gives us to see it," and what greater praise can be given to man than this, that his deeds prove his heart. Undoubtedly Lincoln deserves our praise and admiration not only for the great deeds he accomplished, but for his simple, generous character, that obscurity could not hide nor power spoil. Ungainly in form, sad in looks, awkward in movements, yet a giant in mind, a wit in speech, and dignified in manners.

His fame seems to have increased as the years rolled on, more and more, and doubtless as study clears up the past

and history gives to Lincoln the full measure of his participation in the stirring events of the time, his glory will swell and go undiminished down to future ages.

H. C.

WALT WHITMAN.

America, the product of a century's growth, stands unique among the nations, for energy, ability, originality and the rough vigor that accompanies the youth of nations as well as that of man. If poets, painters, and men of intellect, be few, they have at least a stamp of originality which, if it is not exalting in the plane of letters, gives them claims at least to prominence and individuality.

The most striking and perhaps uncouth of all these is Walt Whitman, possessed of genius, no doubt, but original to a degree—to the degree of a literary crank.

Born on Long Island, May 31, 1819, he was twelve years the junior of Longfellow, and Bryant had already made a stroke for popularity, when the "Good Gray Poet" first saw the light.

He was from the start a spurner of formality and decorum. His democratic tendencies were almost savage, and his egotism mountainous. His first appearance in the literary field was a decided shock, but he gained attention by his strong personality and by methods peculiarly his own. He not only set himself decidedly against social forms, but likewise against literary ones. No verse was

ever so prosy. Rules that held since the days of Homer, for the guidance of the poet were cast to the winds—himself in manners, ideas, morals, he knew no restraint in sentiment nor in his manner of expression.

He throws down the gauntlet thus:

"Toward all
I raise the high perpendicular hand—
I make the signal,
To remain after me forever,
For all the haunts and homes of men."

He evidently believed that he was here for a purpose, and desired that men should know it. So bold a challenge, where a bold and forward spirit prevails, could not but excite attention, and it did. Many came near to scoff, mayhap, and remained to worship.

If the world wished a reason for his being, and for the attention he demanded he told them in these words:

"I celebrate myself;
And what I assume, you shall assume;
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you."

Not an example of modesty by any means, but entirely characteristic of the man.

His fame rests on his "Leaves of Grass," in which he gives vent to peculiar feelings and sympathies. In this humanitarian ramble and jumble, he reviews man and woman in their loves and hates, passions, sympathies, all of which, good and bad, meet his favor and his fondest praise.

The work is coarse, almost brutal. There are fine touches, but there is a too strong appeal to the gross in man, throughout his pages, to

make it other than an influence for evil.

Still while its publication cost Whitman the loss of a government position, it brought him also some warm praise. The latter was more intense in his few admirers than general with the public.

In all his works he pictured himself, or humanity in as much it entered into his mind. The very force of his personality naturally lessened his scope and while he believed his efforts were for all men, they rather reflected the few that went his way.

There is little doubt that his absence of formality gave him advantages in other respects. Free from the thralldom of rhyme and of that delicacy of rhythm that most poets love, he found more freedom and ease in giving out his thoughts, which, if anything, must be the soul of the poet. In latter days it would appear that the absence of originality is to be apologized for by the grandeur of poetic harmony, too often poetic nothings. Genius knows no bounds and is great without the trappings of the gallant knight, still only *genius* can claim such favors.

Whatever claim Walt Whitman shall have on posterity, and the future alone holds the true estimate of man, he shall surely stand as the most original and peculiar figure that has sought and obtained notice in the field of American letters. M.

The tendency to confound what he desires with what he deserves makes man a poor judge in his own case.

THE VILLAGE GRAVEYARD.

At sometime or other, we have visited a graveyard. The burial of a friend or the desire of seeing the last resting place of some beloved one, was the motive which prompted us; such places have few charms for the curious.

The city cemetery has many fine monuments to attract lovers of the beautiful, but no grand works of art are to be found in the village churchyard, where the simple villagers find a last resting place.

Nature has given it the only charms it possesses and a charming simplicity is the prominent feature. The site is charming, being above the slow moving river, hard by the stately forest. Far in the distance stretches the open plain, broken only by the forest skirting the river's bank. A few giant oaks standing as sentinels at the entrance, within, the drooping form of the willow, gives solemnity to the scene. Beautiful and fragrant flowers bedeck the graves, marks of the loving remembrance of mourning friends.

No sound of the world's turmoil reaches the precincts of the solemn spot to mar the peaceful serenity by which it is surrounded.

Let us follow one, who after an absence of many years, returns to his native village and visits the silent graveyard. He enters the hallowed spot and passes along its deserted walk, scanning the tombstones as he goes.

On some he finds the names of dear friends or acquaintances, with whom

he spent many of childhood's happy hours.

Here, perhaps, he finds the grave of his beloved father; near by sleeps a fond mother. Farther on are the graves of schoolmates, teachers, friends; old and young alike have paid tribute to death and

"After life's fitful fever sleep well."

What thoughts crowd upon him, as in fancy he recalls those days gone by. Again he wanders along the river's mossy bank, in the playful mood of happy youth, with many too, who now fill the graves around him. What wonder that tears flow from the eyes saddened by the sights around him. Imagination can recall so many happy scenes, so many dear faces, but the sad reality is but too strongly shown by his surroundings, and he knows that the happy times of yore are but memories.

He turns backward and on a modest stone reads a name, and recalls a youth on whose cheek burned the flame of health and on whose brow virtue and talent had left their impress—yonder rests a maiden as simple and guileless as she was beautiful; whose praises the simple people never tired of sounding and at whose approach many tender hearts beat faster.

"Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed,
Or touched to ecstasy the living lyre,"
are now stilled, and the cold earth contains all that was mortal of those whose sorrows and joys were once his own.

Others he knew whom ambition controlled even among people so unas-

suming—the ones to whom people looked up—and who bore gracefully honors they were not slow to wish for. These too have withdrawn from the scenes of little triumphs and with rich and poor, the simple and the wise, populate this rustic "city of the dead."

"Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain."

TRAMPS.

Tramps of the "Weary Willie" or Phree Aneasy kind are not the only sort, though perhaps the best known. The genus tramp has several distinct varieties, alike in this, that they are all idlers, differing principally in the way they dress. There is the literary tramp, who wanders or tramps through all the low haunts of the trashy and sensational novel, and whose idea of life is as large as association with the unnatural and low character of the popular novel will allow. And the name of this tramp is legion.

Then there is the student-tramp, who never performs a task nor meets the acquirements of a class the year round. In his opinion the sum of the world's literary efforts is found in the newspapers or a cheap novel. This member is sufficiently large to awaken pity in the onlooker, who sees splendid opportunities wasted by such thoughtless persons. How many whose morning dawned brightly, but whose day, spent in mental idleness, darkened and closed in a night of bitter disappointment.

There is another specimen of this high class tramp who, by a constant changing of places, employments and designs in life, develops such inconsistency that fickleness becomes his only characteristic, and life for him a vain effort to fit a wavering desire to an agreeable employment rather than a heroic bending of himself to some honest work in which, with perseverance, he must succeed. Thus life goes on, and men condemn, scorn, the only *consistent* tramp, and pass over in silence the other varieties, who drag out an equally vacuous existence, without the disadvantages of taking a lunch at someone's back door and washing it down with the juice of the bubbling spring, drawn out in the sportive tomato can.

"Consistency thou art a jewel."

DISSATISFACTION.

Among other ills, at the present day, that of dissatisfaction is to be deplored. It permeates all classes of society and exhibits itself in Protean forms. It finds its way into the counting room, into offices, into places of every description of business, and perhaps as noticeably as any place, it occasionally "takes a run" into our colleges and universities.

It is an every-day occurrence to see a student wending his way toward the place of authority with dissatisfaction plainly depicted upon his countenance. He is dissatisfied with some study for which he has no inclination, or in some other way he has encountered an opposition post, and he seeks satisfac-

tion. This is an evil that while being deplored, may be remedied.

We are never satisfied. No sooner does some passing pleasure smile upon us, than it vanishes, and is succeeded by bitter remorse and dissatisfaction. It is a characteristic of the people of today to be continually seeking for something new—new books, new styles, new luxuries, and now that the joyous season of Easter approaches, we will see one hundred and one different styles in cards and bonnets. No sooner does a new book come from the publisher's table than it is eagerly sought for by countless numbers of readers. Often it has no other merit than a fine cover and gilt edges. It matters little whether it contains value or not. The very fact of it being new gives it a ready sale. The old paper covered and thumb-marked book, from which so much useful knowledge and amusement has been derived, is cast aside, and in its place is substituted the new one, with no other quality, perhaps, than its fine appearance. The same rule holds good in regard to styles. The moment a new style in any kind of goods appears, the old is thrown aside, regardless of worth. How few attend to the lines of the poet:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

This spirit of dissatisfaction, then, is certainly an evil. Surely in the mind of him who is always dissatisfied and fault finding, there lurks a deadly spirit, a poisonous arrow. From such a person little that is grand or noble can ever be looked for. Try, therefore, to be satisfied. Try and be happy, and by so doing render others satisfied and happy.

J. M.

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Trying to find out how one acquired
a bad habit will profit little. Our ef-
forts should be directed towards its
eradication. Successful in this en-
deavor, neither its origin nor effects
need give us any great trouble.

Sympathy is a most beautiful vir-
tue. What a world of good it may do
How many hearts it will cheer. Blind
to other's faults, it has a ready excuse
for such as must be admitted. It
gives a rosy tint to life, drives away
the mists of doubt, and reanimates
drooping spirits. Sympathy is the
offspring of charity and mercy doing
the lighter work of these noble vir-
tues.

How many sad hearts crave—not
money or power—but just sympathy
—one word to tell them that their sor-
rows and disappointments are ours,
that we know their griefs and mourn
them as we would our own. How
easy for two hearts to carry a load too
heavy for one, and how consoling to
think that while one might break
under the burden, two can divide it
and be joyful under its strain.

BISHOP DUNNE'S VISIT.

Bishop Dunne, of Dallas, visited at
the college on the evening of February
8th and remained until noon the day
following. He was accompanied by
Fathers McShane, Clancy, Dunne,
O'Gara, Perry, Dore and McDevitt.
There were also present on the occa-
sion Canon Belanger, Fathers Chouin-
ard, C. S. V., Kelley and Beaudoin.
The Bishop was accorded a hearty
welcome. Mr. John Nawn, in behalf
of the students, read the following
address:

Right Reverend and Dear Bishop:

This warm applause, this joyful
music, the smile lighting up every
countenance, all speak of the happi-
ness that fills our souls and tell of the
most cordial welcome that we students
extend to you and your companions,
in the name of the Faculty of St.
Viator's college.

But we are not surprised at your
condescending to come in our midst.
We have heard how you responded to
the voice of noble friendship, calling
you from the sunny South to the snow
clad North, and we feel as highly
honored as did he, to honor whom you
came—one formerly a near and de-
voted neighbor, always a warm friend,
who claims not only yours, but the
friendship of thousands, the Reverend
and beloved Father McShane.

While, dear Bishop, we cannot merit
the same sacred relationship there is
that which can and does endear us to
him who is the consecrated shepherd of
souls, the advocate and patron of
Catholic education.

Your coming at this time, in a season so dull for the student, when nature has hidden her beauties under a snowy mantle, is like a ray of spring's warming sunshine, and our eyes rest on the Episcopal colors, emblematic of your royal dignity, as they would on the season's first violet by which the awakening earth asserts its supremacy.

That which above all gladdens our hearts is that we shall hear your voice, echoing from a grand and beautiful soul, words that will speak of the sacredness of duty, and the ways that lead to victory's crown.

Accept then our most hearty thanks and let us hope that when you visit Chicago, the theatre of your former labors and the home of your dear ones, the city of the marvelous exposition, the seat of that church which has sent devoted prelates to keep the watch of faith in the fertile valleys of the South and by the "Golden Gate" of the Pacific, that you will deign to spend some time amid the quaint solitude of our college home where you shall be ever welcomed as a Father and Protector.

THE STUDENTS.

Evidently pleased by the manner of his reception, the Bishop in responding acknowledged his gratitude, for the compliments bestowed on him, and his delight at being a guest in St. Viateur's. He then proceeded to exhort the students to manly exertion and unremitting perseverance, portraying for them the present condition of Society, its turbulence, selfishness and thirst for lucre. God has little room in the present state of men's

minds; He is rather an incumbrance in His own Creation. The vision of too many is confined to this world, nothing of a higher nature attracts their attention; hence the popular motto of the times: "Eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Hearts are as a consequence dwarfed; anxiety only seeks temporal advantages, and ignoble ambition aims at the largest possible share of this earth's goods, "Ego!" says one and so another also, each his own god, and his loftiest idea of supreme power—the all-mighty dollar. Wherefore it comes to pass that anarchy is the offspring of plutocracy and that that bane of the civilization which it took nineteen toilsome centuries to establish is in an especial manner, the child of the present age.

In such like terms he characterized the evils which beset the oncoming generation and made all feel the responsibility and duty awaiting men of faith and the noble task and labor before those now stepping into the arena of life to whom an earthly horizon is not the limit of vision. A request for half a holiday which was granted twofold by our Director, Father Marsile, ended the kind Bishop's discourse and the echo of his words died unheard amidst applause.

On Saturday morning, assisted by Fathers Fournier, McShane, Laberge and Kelley, the Bishop conferred on Brother Ryan, C.S.V., the Minor Orders and Subdeaconship. There are in all seven orders conferred upon a Catholic priest, namely Porter, Lector, Exorcist, Acolyte, Subdeacon, Deacon and Priesthood. The latter three are

called Major and the four former the Minor Orders. There is a special spiritual power annexed to each order. Porter confers the power of opening and closing the church door, of admitting the worthy and excluding the unworthy. Lector gives the power and right to read the psalms and the sacred Scripture in the church, and to catechize and instruct the people in the dogmas of faith. By the Order of Exorcist is conferred the power to cast demons out of those possessed. The Order of Acolyte gives the right to serve the Subdeacon at the solemn sacrifice of the mass, to prepare and offer him the water and wine and to light the candles. Subdeacon gives power to serve the Deacon and to sing the Epistle. Deaconship gives the recipient the right of immediately assisting the Priest in mass, of singing the gospel and of preaching and baptizing. Priesthood confers the special power of consecrating the body and blood of Christ in the celebration of mass, of absolving sins and of attending to the spiritual needs of those over whom he has charge.

Brother Ryan has yet to receive Deaconship and Priesthood, but his many friends will be pleased to know that the time is not far distant when he will be ordained one of the specially chosen who work in the vineyard of the Lord.

A reception was tendered Bishop Dunne by the pupils of Notre Dame Academy. The Bishop left Saturday for Chicago.

E. H.

EXCHANGES.

"Two Sides of a Question," a debate on the propriety of girls riding bicycles, forms an interesting discussion in *St. James' School Journal*. The decision is not given, and very properly, because there is much yet to be said on the disputed point. In the meantime the bicycle girl will go forth to conquer or die, on her wheel and by her wheel.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *St. Joseph's Collegian*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Dial*, *St. John's University Record*, *The Peddie Chronicle*, *The Lever*, *Normal Monitor*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *Bate's Student*, *Agnetian Monthly*, *Academia*, *College Index*, *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian*, *Normalia*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *Santa Maria*, *The Outlook*, *Tiltonian*, *Hamilton College Monthly*, *Stylus*, *Collegium*, *Portfolio*.

The *Niagara Index* celebrates its silver jubilee by a most brilliant number. It is filled with contributions from many of its ex-editors, some of whose portraits adorn the pages. The writers naturally recall "old times," and with seeming pleasure refer to the days of college life and journalism. The *Index* always has a neat appearance, but really this gorgeous jubilee dress fits it most becomingly. This commemorative number was a happy thought, and reflects great credit on the present management, as it is also a fitting testimony to the good work of the former editors. *Ad multos annos.*

One of our very best exchanges is the *Niagara Rainbow*. Neat in appearance, solid in its views, varied and interesting in its essays, set off by many fine illustrations, it is creditable alike to the college world and the institution it represents. Proximity to the sublime scenery of the great falls is no doubt inspiring, and many details of the grandeur of that remarkable place are beautifully exposed, both in art and literature.

The Mountaineer, a worthy representative of the grand old institution which educated so many of the great men of the American hierarchy, is advocating the erection of a monument to Archbishop Hughes. There is no question of the propriety of the step, but some maintain that the monument should be given a site in New York, others that the most appropriate situation would be St. Mary's, the alma mater of the illustrious archbishop. A writer in the paper supporting the latter view says, very justly: "This is the birthplace of the priest, this is the school in which the future bishop was trained, and it is the priest, the bishop, to whom the monument is due."

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The February magazines are as interesting as usual. The *Century* continues its "Life of Napoleon"—with manifold pictures of the great warrior, as numerous and conflicting as those of Columbus. "Personal Recollections and Unpublished Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes," lets inside lights

on the character and business methods of the genial doctor.

"Casa Braccio," Crawford's nightmare, develops a vigor of plot that might well make the "Tiber run crimson to the sea." "He Would-a-Wooing Go" is a ludicrous tale of an old-time New England lover. There are many other articles quite interesting.

The Catholic University Bulletin is the latest venture of importance. It will represent the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., and if it follows in the steps of its first number will do so most creditably. It contains papers from the ablest of the University's Faculty.

Cardinal Gibbons contributes "Science and the Church," "Thomas O'Gorman, Leo. XIII, and the Catholic University—Theology in Universities by Rev. T. Bouquillon, are among its leading ones. There is a great deal relating to the workings of the University, from which the reader may get a comprehensive knowledge of the inner doings of the University. The *Bulletin* is under the management of Rev. T. J. Shahan, in whose hands its success seems assured.

The Rosary has among other excellent reading, "Little People of the Silent World," a glimpse of the Ephpheta school, a Chicago institution for the care of deaf mutes. This is but one of the many charitable institutions that has grown up under the patronage of the good Archbishop Feehan. The sketch will repay perusal, both on account of the work it

explains as well as for the remarkable life it sketches of the devoted religion in charge of the institution.

The Young Investigator and Amateur Scientist, No. I, Vol. I, drops into public notice with collection of scientific, if not new, at least well treated. As its name suggests, it is to follow rather than to lead, but will, no doubt, maintain a distinct personality among scientific periodicals.—50c a year—(J. J. Simpson, Pub., 1113 Maple ave., Evanston, Ill.)

Students who have so often admired the beautiful windows in our chapel, and particularly the large one containing the magnificent painting "Christ Among the Doctors," by Hoffman, will find a splendid criticism of that painter, together with good illustrations of his best works, one a most beautiful St. Cecilia, in the current number of the *Catholic World*.

We have received, through the kindness of Hon. H. K. Wheeler, M. C., of Kankakee, Illinois, the following official documents: "History of Higher Education in Maryland," 2 Volumes, "Smithsonian Report for 1891," "The United States Geological Survey" for 1891-2, 3 volumes. We gratefully acknowledge the forethought of our worthy representative in congress.

The "Napoleonic Boom" goes on apace and pictures galore of that wonderful man fill the magazines. *McClure's* presents many, with all the variations suggested by the imaginings of infatuated artists. "Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief," by Hon. A.

K. McClure, of the Philadelphia *Times*, gives some of the inside history of Lincoln's work. Many details and interesting features of Robert Louis Stevenson, besides a complete set of late photographs, collected by ardent admirers of that splendid writer, make an interesting feature of the magazine, as they likewise help one to know better the subject sketched.

PERSONALS.

—Mr. J. King, of Chicago spent some days with his son Charles, who has been ill for some time.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. Kraus, of Chicago, paid a very pleasant visit to their son, Albert, of the Minim department.

—Mrs. L. Hawkins, Miss Dudleston, of Chicago, and Mrs. St. Cerny and son, of Lincoln, Ill., were among our recent visitors.

—Messrs. H. P. Concannon, J. Fitzgerald and P. J. Kelly, of Chicago, have returned and resumed their philosophical studies.

—Rev. F. X. Chouinard, C.S.V., of Manteno, Ill., will celebrate the inauguration of a new organ at his church, Monday, Feb. 25th.

—Mr. W. H. Thorne, editor of the *Globe Review* of New York and formerly Professor of Literary Criticism here, has promised to come and deliver a lecture early in March. Mr. Thorne's lectures are greatly appreciated by the students and he will receive a very cordial and pleasant welcome.

—Rev. J. F. Lockney, of Chebanse, accompanied by his sister, made a pleasant call last week and in company with Messrs. Lariault and Welter visited Kankakee.

—Rev. A. Granger is making strong efforts to build a hospital in Kankakee. We wish him success in his undertaking as the city is in very great need of such an institution.

—We learn with sorrow of the loss of Rev. Father McCarron, of Bradford, Ill., whose house was destroyed by fire February 10th. The Rev. Father has our earnest sympathy for his sudden and unexpected loss.

—An anniversary mass for Rev. P. Paradis was said in the College Chapel February 14, Rev. Father Coté, of Aurora, was celebrant; Rev. A. Granger, of Kankakee, deacon; Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., subdeacon and Brother Williams, master of ceremonies.

VIATORIANA.

—Ice.

—Snow.

—Skating.

—Much of them.

—Bither—Mither.

—Excessive talking.

—You will, will you!

—I struck the board.

—And still they come!

—You'll lose your job.

—Its a self-evident fact.

—Kneidrick Dickerbocker.

—This: these:: that: those.

—Beyond my comprehension.

—Have you my suspenders on?

—He cracked his voice talking.

—Chase that turkey down here.

—Who is John Otis? Ans. A carpenter.

—Still there is no authority for the expression "Between he and I."

—The play for St. Patrick's Day is under preparation and will be a stunner.

—The \$10,000 Hoosier has returned and signed a contract to play ball the coming season.

—The leniency of the law is best exemplified by long life of some so-called singers (?).

—He was chasing a grin all around the room. Later an idea struck him and he fell out of bed.

—The three delegates from China, who were in town lately, report a lively time on the Chinese frontier and have concluded to take in washing till this cruel war is over.

—According to this ground hog method of prognostication, the winter will be with us for some time, and of course, the skating, which has been so greatly appreciated.

—The members of the philosophy class are preparing an elaborate program for St. Thomas' Day, March 7, and will endeavor to celebrate in a fitting manner the feast of that great philosopher and theologian.

—The Thespians are preparing "Fin-negan's Fortunes," which they will recount on St. Patrick's Day. "There will not be a dry eye in the house," is one of the effects predicted, but in any case let your collar hang loose during the play.

A VALENTINE TO THE VICTIMS.

—When fame her flaming torch puts out,
And scorns the hopes she raised,
And darkness gathers round about
The victim whom she praised.
He then, who thus is dragged to earth,
In business, love and war forsook,
To show the world his sterling worth
Doth straight sit down and *write a book* (?).

SOCIETY NOTES.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

The new year has brought with it many resolutions for improvement, but none have been more visibly traced than in St. Patrick's society. This is due to the lively interest taken by the members and officers and the untiring zeal of the Rev. Moderator.

As it has been customary to respond to the roll call by a quotation from some author, it has been lately resolved, and is now in force, that all answer with a quotation from a given author. An excellent idea, and one that is certain to be productive of good.

The following subjects treated have been well handled, and the participants merit a just praise:

Essays—"Evangeline," by J. Marx. "William Cullen Bryant," by J. Devane. "Washington Irving," by L. Mullins.

Debates—"Resolved, That the Democratic party is no longer needed." The affirmative was upheld by J. Casey and W. Doody; the negative successfully maintained by J. Fitzpatrick and J. Murphy.

"Resolved, That it is just as desirable to live in Russia as it is in the United States." The affirmative was supported by M. Ford and J. O'Dwyer, and the negative by J. Sullivan and F. O'Reilly. The negative was victorious.

"Resolved, That our senators be elected by the direct vote of the people." The affirmative was ably sustained by J. Marx and J. Mortimer, and the negative by J. Burns and E. Kromenacker. Decision of the judges 2 to 1 in favor of the affirmative.

The program of last meeting consisted of a very interesting discussion on "Poetry," "History" and "Philosophy." Each subject was well developed, and their advocates assuredly deserve praise for the care and research shown by the careful preparation of the papers read. J. C.

MIVART.

The Mivart society held its regular meeting Sunday evening, Feb. 10th. The programme for the evening was as follows:

Our Museum—The Stamps, Mr. J. Fitzpatrick.

Ancient and Modern Modes of Measuring Time—Mr. J. Murphy.

Observations—Mr. J. Mortimer and Mr. J. Devane.

As usual the meeting was very in-

teresting and instructive. All the members seemed to have entered the society with a good will and determination, and this is made manifest by the earnestness and enthusiasm with which each set about to prepare the subjects allotted to him. May it long live and prosper. M. J. F.

MILITARY.

The companies are still doing splendid work. They have greatly increased in size, but this has nevertheless furthered their progress. Each captain is striving hard for the pentant. No doubt it will be a close contest.

The following changes have been made this month. Cos. C and D have been united and a few promotions became necessary:

1st Sergt. E. Cavanaugh, of Co. D, promoted to the position of 1st Lieut. of Co. C.

2d Sergt. J. Berry, of Co. D, promoted to the position of 2d Lieut. of Co. C.

Private H. Martin, of Co. C, promoted to the position of 1st Sergt. of same company.

Private A. Changelon, of Co. D, promoted to the position of 2d Sergt. of Co. C.

The Ford exhibition squad is as ever making rapid strides under its skillful captain. No engagements have been lately made on account of the examinations, which are now over. Good prospects are already in view. C.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The day and its celebration was happily anticipated by the arrival of Rev. A. L. Furman, '90, who had promised a lecture and came to fulfill that promise. The earnest and pleasing manner of the speaker impressed his audience and his eloquent words made a deep impression. The Reverend lecturer chose "College Life and its Advantages" and this he so developed as to convey a most useful lesson. He found that the great evils opposed to the success of college life were—idleness while at school, and a desire to leave college for more agreeable surroundings. When pupils lose their precious days of school life by wasting them entirely or by being satisfied with the acquiring of a few facts rather than the training of one's self to love knowledge and the fitting of one's self to seek it after a college course is finished, he fails in the first requisite of the student and starts out on a road that leads to disappointment. The college idler leaves school unfitted for manual work and unqualified for any sort of mental effort.

If the desire of "change" is allowed to possess him, the college boy will begin to wish himself somewhere else—thinking that new places will supply a deficiency that is really within himself. He accordingly moves—finds that other places are much like former ones—changes again, becomes inconstant, fickle, and a man who can rest in no situation—is irresponsible, one whom no one can employ, because of his instability and inconstancy.

Thus the seeds of good or evil are sown in college life and the boy—the father of the man—marks out a path that he will hardly ever see changed.

That the pupils appreciated the solid and eloquent words of Father Furman was shown by their enthusiastic and repeated applause.

The principal feature of Washington's birthday was the *congé*, but in the evening a very fine program was rendered.

The Junior Thespians made their *debut* and acquitted themselves very creditably. Their first appearance on the stage gives proof that they will be able to fill with honor the places of their older brothers in the drama. The acting and singing of Berry was especially good as was proved by the hearty encore that greeted him. He quite surprised the audience and most delightedly, too.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Kill the pig-face.

—Did you see my dog?

—A circle five feet square.

—Tell 'em to wash the water.

—How much did that cost, Prof?

—They rode ten miles in a haymow.

—Cow - boys chasing themselves around Chicago.

—Mr. Chairman, I move we proceed with the proceeds.

—Long Island Sound produces more fruit than any other state in the Union.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V. of the faculty, spent Sunday in Pullman, Ill., assisting Rev. P. J. Tynan who has been ill for some time.

—The singing on recent occasions has been excellent, even brilliant, much to the credit of the zealous teachers who have the matter in charge.

—The monthly examinations began about the first of March, a reminder, by the way, that there are only a few more months and but few examinations.

—The usual celebration will take place on St. Patrick's day. The play will be given on the evening of the 17th. Our friends are cordially invited to be present.

—Rev. F. J. Barry, assistant pastor of the Holy Name Cathedral, made a pleasant call on the faculty recently. Father Barry enjoys good health, and is as genial as of yore.

—The Philosophers have a special class of instruction in plain chant, and are doing splendid work. Some of the gentlemen have remarkable voices and are making every effort to bring them to the highest perfection.

—Rev. P. Dugast, C.S.V., of St. Viator's Normal Institute, Chicago, attended the musicale at Manteno and stopped a day at the college before his return to Chicago. He reports a flourishing state of affairs at the Novitiate.

—Rev. O. I. Ouimet, pastor of St. John Baptist's Church, Chicago, spent a few hours at the college recently. The Rev. Father is one of the most eloquent and accomplished priests of the archdiocese, and a most affable and entertaining gentleman.

—Rev. L. A. Senecal, C.S.V., treasurer of the college, returned Feb. 24, from Montreal, Can., where he has spent the past six weeks, and looks much better for his rest. Rev. Bro. Mainville, C.S.V., filled the position of treasurer during Bro. Senecal's absence.

—We were pained to learn of the serious illness of Rev. Bro. Cox, of the Holy Name School, who has been compelled to abandon his post and is now in the Alexian Hospital at Chicago. We trust that nothing serious will result from his sickness and that the good brother will soon recover.

—THE VIATORIAN has made very few calls on its subscribers for money. But money is essential to publications of all kinds, hence we take this occasion to remind those in arrears that no better opportunity will show itself than the living *present* to send in subscriptions. They will be both useful and profitable.

—The musicale at Manteno was carried out most successfully under the care of Rev. P. Desjardins, C.S.V., and the very able choir trained by him. The professor and his class started early for Manteno and then made immediate preparations for the evening's entertainment. Many dis-

tinguished visitors from abroad graced the occasion by their presence and partook of the hospitality of the genial pastor, Rev. Father Chouinard. In the evening a large audience assembled at the church which had been prepared for the occasion, and were most agreeably entertained for two hours, with musical selections, both vocal and instrumental. The occasion of the *fete* was the formal opening of the new pipe organ, recently put in the church, and this first trial—a thorough one—proved that the choice was an excellent one, as the instrument is first-class, beautiful in tone, and complete in all its arrangements. The admission charged went to pay for the organ. A neat sum was realized. Those taking part did credit to themselves, and the people of Manteno were enthusiastic in their praise of the students.

Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

A kind heart is a better vindication of one's belief than an argument. Deeds go further than words in justifying one's creed.

Love is the seed of harmony, peace and prosperity. Hate is the seed of discord, terror, destruction and annihilation.

It is the newly made peer who talks of his title; the prince of the blood drops it when he would be comfortable, and travels incognito. A man of sense is too busy with his work to ask what people say of him; it is the child who brags of what he has done and begs to be petted and applauded.—*Rebecca Harding Davis.*