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NO. 1.

Longings.

Down where the Merrimac gently is flowing,
Joining its music with hum of the wheel,
Close to the waters where zephyrs are blowing,
Stands the fair shrine where my Mary does kneel.

Oft, when the western breeze by me is sighing,
Bearing a message my soul can but feel,
Fain would I leave my hard tasks and go flying
To kneel at the shrine where my Mary does kneel.

Sometimes alone by the great lakes I wander,
And watch the waves dash 'gainst the pleasure-ship's keel;
"Oh! would I were on that fair skiff," thus I ponder,
"And bound for the shrine where my Mary does pray."

I have seen richer shrines with their gold and gems shining,
To dwell on their grandures would make the brain reel;
But when I would pray, then my heart is a-pining
To pray in the shrine where my Mary does pray.

For faith and devotion are there without measure,
And Mary is praying for me and my weal;
God grant that ere long I have the great pleasure
Of saying a mass where my Mary does kneel.

J. H. N.

ARISTOTLE.

J. H. N.

In studying the history of philosophy we find that its birth occurred among the Greeks. True, some vague theories had existed in the far East, but it was not an independent science, being always intimately related to religion either in developing its doctrines or in refuting others as false. The philosophical notions of the Eastern nations were not, however, without some effect; but to Greece belongs the honor of making philosophy the queen of science, and her noble sons vied with one another in devotion to this fair goddess. Her beauty was enhanced by the virtuous Socrates, made still more brilliant by the poetical Plato, until under the masterly care of Aristotle, she became a form so exalted that it needed but the breath of the "Angelic Doctor" to make her divine.

It will be of interest to us then, as students of philosophy, to know something of the great pagan philosopher, this forerunner of St. Thomas, whose name stands as the marble column of the Parthenon, towering far above its reclining and shattered contemporaries, which gives a mournful beauty to the once noble Acropolis.

Aristotle was born 384 B.C., in Stagira, a Greek colony in Thrace, overlooking on one side the sea, and on the other groves of oranges and lemons. His father, Nichomachus, was the friend and physician of the King of Macedonia, and that Aristotle himself had a love for the natural sciences, as his writings prove, may be

accounted for by this fact. While still quite young he lost his parents and in his eighteenth year came to Athens where for three years he eagerly awaited the arrival of Plato from his Sicilian expedition.

For seventeen years he followed the instructions of that great man and so surpassed all his companions in keenness of wit, logic, sarcasm, and general power of intelligence, that his master, charmed with the young man, oft referred to him as "the intellect of the school." He also compared him to a young colt so needful of restraint yet so unwilling to submit to the rein.

After the death of Plato, Aristotle repaired to the court of Heracles, ruler of Altarnesis, where he resided for three years, after which he went to Mitylene. At the age of forty-one he was invited by Philip, then King of Macedon to undertake the instruction of the crown-prince Alexander who was at the time thirteen years old. He accepted the charge and was tutor at the court for four years, when his pupil was appointed regent; Aristotle remained, however, three years more in Macedon and the esteem in which he was held by Alexander may be known from the statement of that prince, who said that he honored Aristotle no less than his own father, for "while one gave him life the other gave that which made life worth having."

When Alexander set out for Asia, Aristotle returned to Athens where he founded his school at the Lyceum, the most splendid gymnasium in the city. Here he collected a large gathering of disciples and walking up and down the

shaded avenues of the groves and gardens, which added a charm to the learning of the master, Aristotle discoursed on philosophy with his followers. Beautiful was the sight in Athens then, with its grand schools, theaters, and arenas. There was the porticoes, courts, and promenades, while through the scented valleys with their winding paths strolled the brilliant philosopher and his disciples, thus earning for their school the appellation "Peripatetic." For twelve years Aristotle taught in this magnificent place when after the death of Alexander he was accused of impiety by the Macedonian party in Athens.

They hated Alexander and all his friends, and having heard too much of the fate of Socrates to have faith in the justice of a trial, Aristotle fled to Chalcis, saying to his friends that he did not wish to give the Athenians a second opportunity of committing a crime against philosophy. He died shortly after in the sixty-third year of his age; some say that like Socrates he poisoned himself by drinking aconite. In appearance he was a small, slender person, with lisping voice, and in dress, a dandy. Indeed it is seldom we find such a masterly intellect in the person of one otherwise so insignificant; for, as Doctor Hampton says, he has been stigmatized as parasitical, gluttonous, effeminate, sordid, ungrateful, impious. He had a sneering cast of countenance and impertinent loquacity and, indeed, is said to have so worried Plato that the poor old man had to change his walking place in the Academy, to avoid the "colt's" logic-

chopping. In this respect some may think that the spirit of Aristotle still lives. Vaughn tells us that he was married, had possibly two wives at the same time, and certainly a concubine as well, but justly adds that many of the accusations made against him are doubtful; but we may be sure that his character is not without stain, and that historians have been very lenient with him on account of his extraordinary intellect.

However, if he had not the purity of life of Socrates or Plato, he stands preeminent among all the ancients for the clearness of his reasoning, the simplicity of his thought, and his power of appreciating facts. As a philosopher he leads the world, for it has been said that St. Thomas but gave the finish of Christianity to the works of the great Stagirite. St. Thomas seldom names Aristotle, but often refers to him as "The Philosopher."

We find that with Plato, philosophy was in form and outlines only the philosophy of the Greeks set to the dialogue, filled with myths and poetic imagery so beautifully associated with the Hellenic character; but in the hands of Aristotle it undergoes a great change and what was like the philosophy of a particular people now becomes universal. Its poetry turned to sober unimpassioned prose.

Thought takes a new turn; in fact the change is radical. Unlike Plato who begins with the idea and proceeds by deduction or *a priori* to the facts, of experience, Aristotle begins with experience and from this standpoint proceeds by induction or *a posteriori* to

universal truths. Here we see the mastery over those who went before him, in proceeding so analytically beginning with actual experience and by a deliberate examination of facts, phenomena, circumstances, and possibilities, arise like an impregnable tower to the universal, ultimate truth. It is not strange then, that he should have such a liking for physical science and a tendency to scientific experiment; this tendency led him to found sciences which had received little or no attention before his time, namely logic, empirical psychology, natural history, etc.

But, as in a rich city that which is of greatest interest is not so much the road by which it may be reached, but the treasures of art and learning it contains, its monuments and the like, which bespeak its high culture and civilization, so in the study of a great scholar we are not to be entirely absorbed in finding out what way or method he pursued in acquiring his vast knowledge but we shall be especially occupied in examining the excellence and variety of the knowledge which he has left us as an inheritance.

Aristotle has not established any complete division of philosophy, nor indeed has he always followed any one of the parts which he has enumerated. In like manner we will not follow any set rule in examining his works nor will space permit any elaborate study of the same. We will, therefore, content ourselves with saying a few words of his treatment of the principle parts of philosophy, leaving fuller and better explanation to better hands.

The fundamental principle of Aris-

totle's theory of knowledge is that nothing is in the intellect that was not first in the sense; *Nihil in intellectu quod prius non fuerit in sensu.*

This great and most valuable principle destroys all the airy castles of the flighty idealists of the old Platonic schools or of our later day transcendentalists, the German idealists. It is equally fatal to the empiricists and determinists or materialists for while all of these go to one extreme or the other, the application of Aristotle's theory takes a middle course which secures at once the rights of reason and experience.

Beginning with the individual (for what we know through the senses comes through contact with the individual) he proceeds to the universal and thus derives a concept of the universe. But Aristotle emphatically disagrees with his master, who separated the universe from the individual and gave it an objective reality like to that of the particular. The younger philosopher clearly shows that in the individual only, is radically found the universal and not without; that in truth it is properly defined as, "that which can be predicated of many things and of each individual in particular." Now the logic of this mind is too well known for me to say any thing of it here, but I would just mention the importance he has given to the syllogism as a means of demonstrating truths. The syllogism differs from the inductive inference in that it draws a particular conclusion from a universal major, while induction proceeds from particular to universal

propositions. The former he shows is a more rigorous form of inference, but for us induction is clearer as it is immediately within our reach, proceeding from what is first in our experience. However, the syllogism is a means of proof and without it we can not have proof; and so regarded is divided by Aristotle into three kinds: The Demonstrative, when our conclusion is drawn from true and undisputed premises; the Dialectical, which draws conclusions from merely probable premises, and the Eristic, which draws conclusions from premises having only apparent probability. But "proof drawn from a syllogism must ultimately arrive at the undemonstrable, for should it go on indefinitely we never could have proof, so that it must come to propositions which are so self-evident that they admit no proof. To quote then the philosopher himself, "Induction enables us to reach general notions by a process of abstraction, conducts us immediately to concepts of widest universality, and mediately to the first principles which are the result of comparing these concepts while the rational syllogism founded on experience and the first principles of reason leads us to the causes of phenomena and by aiding us to reach the highest cause of all being lifts us to Philosophy, the queen of the sciences."

In his metaphysics Aristotle gives four principles of all being, matter, form, efficient, and final causes. Matter is that which is indeterminate but capable of being determined. Form is the determining principle, giving matter a character.

The efficient or moving cause is that which causes the action or movement of the substance, and the end or final cause is that to which the motion issuing from the efficient cause is directed. This end is always good.

With most remarkable clearness Aristotle proceeds, from his explanations of matter, form, and motion, to prove the eternity of the latter, and from this the existence of a primal, immovable motor, namely, God. But alas! here, when he reaches the summit of all, he staggers and falls from his lofty pedestal to a point far beneath his master. In his teaching regarding God he is absolutely much weaker than Plato, for he pictures the Almighty as a goodness separated from the world; motionless, though communicating movement; a being that would be contaminated by knowing evil, that does not even know what is going on in the world. His God has no divine ideas; no benign providence guides the world, but nature runs its eternal course from the stern law of necessity, while the Highest Good is greedily wrapt up in the contemplation of his own being. I would fain pass from this subject, and glancing into his psychology notice his theory of the soul, which he so elaborately and reasonably explains until he comes to the question of its duration. Here again he sadly falls behind his master, for he not only never proclaims its immortality, but rather infers it to be mortal by teaching that the intellect, although immortal, preserves no memory of former events, *i. e.*, it has no individual consciousness. Even in

his "Ethics," where it would be of such importance to find the admission of the true theory, he rather says that death is terrible because it is the end of all, neither good or evil awaiting the dead beyond the grave. In his "Ethics" Aristotle distinguishes between the rational and irrational soul, the former being reason, the latter the appetitive faculty. The goods which are objects of desire are classified into morally useful and agreeable goods, as they are desired for their own sake, for that of others' good, or for pleasure. The highest is distinguished from subordinate good as that for which all things are desired, that it may be reached. This he declares to be happiness, which is the highest good, relative to man. Not, however, mere passive enjoyments, such as brutes enjoy, but happiness in action, intellectual action, and that of a particular kind, namely, which springs from virtue. It follows that the greatest happiness springs from the highest virtue, which itself gives rise to the highest kind of pleasure and enjoyment. This calls for the definition of virtue, which Aristotle says may be known as a habit by which man exercises the proper functions of his nature with ease, promptness, and steadfastness. The most excellent of all the many kinds of virtue is justice, for in the widest sense it is the practice of all ethical virtues toward our fellow-man. This is equivalent to the observance of the law. In the attainment of happiness, which is the end of life, man is forced to depend on society, in which he is born. Society is perfected

in the state, and the latter is above the individual as the whole is above the part. But here Aristotle draws some very queer conclusions. Blinded by the brilliancy with which he bedecks the state, he says: "Liberty of marriage should be restricted by law, children of defective bodily formation should not be reared, a maximum number of births should be fixed by law; every excess beyond the number should be destroyed before actual birth." It is also worthy of remark that he was an advocate of slavery. According to him, the individual who is not gifted with much intelligence seems to be born for subjection, is destined by nature to be a slave, and has absolutely no rights against his master, who may use him as a machine and destroy him if he so choose. In conclusion, we may say, alas for the world had the "Ethics" of Aristotle been firmly implanted in the souls of its peoples; but leaving aside his "Ethics," we may truthfully say that the world is brighter and better because of the philosophy of his great mind. His was the scepter of the golden age of Greek philosophy. Before his throne the disciples of Plato and Socrates must bow down in mute and humble submission, while the saints of the church of God, those Christian doctors whose great learning commands from Catholic students something akin to adoration, while they gave to the world the philosophy which not only enlightened this earth but also opened the portals of heaven, have taken many a brilliant gem from the flashing diadem of Aristotle.

VICTOR HUGO.

A great man is one who has a special mission in life, the powers necessary for the accomplishment of that mission and none of the vices incompatible with its fulfillment. If this definition be correct, then Victor Hugo is not a great man. That he had a mission is probable; that he was endowed by nature with rare mental powers is undeniable, but he was wholly wanting in the third essential requisite of true greatness.

Among all the writers of the present century, no one has been so highly praised or so universally applauded as Victor Hugo. Certainly no poet of this century united in himself so many exalted gifts of nature and such puerile conceit as the subject of this sketch. He was in the language of Lamartine, "the child of genius." He possessed a brilliant imagination, remarkable powers of concentration of thought, and a bold, animated style, but side by side with these wonderful gifts were insane vanity, childish ideas of self superiority, and an almost total lack of judgment. Thus the great merit of some of his poems is counterbalanced by the most glaring faults and pernicious errors in others.

If we read Hugo at his best no praise will seem extravagant and we will rank him amongst the greatest singers, but if we examine many of his productions we will be tempted to consider him as one devoid of reason. There is no evenness in his works. At one moment he soars aloft to the heights of poetic inspiration and sings in strains

of enchanting sweetness, overawing power, and matchless beauty, at the next he folds those splendid wings on which he sailed through the azure sky and like a bird of evil omen, broods over the impure waters of vice and immorality. This perhaps accounts for the conflicting opinions which different critics have formed of him as a prose writer and poet.

In his earlier writings before his head was turned by the absurd adoration of foolish and too unstinted praise of wise men, he gave free range to his native, inborn genius, and produced poems that were full of promise for his maturer years, but this promise was never realized. Flattery, like the burning rays of a noonday sun, withered the budding flower of his genius and stunted the growth of his young mind not yet sufficiently developed to bear such a fiery test. Had Hugo, in his younger days, undergone the "sweet uses of adversity" and been made to feel the necessity of conforming himself to the requirements of stern, exacting criticism he might have been one of the world's greatest poets, but by constant adulation he came to believe that he was above the rules of good taste and grammar and that his must needs be the wisest thought most aptly expressed. Thus he lost the power, as he did not perceive the necessity of serious, earnest thought on any subject and advanced with implicit confidence, the first crude, unsifted impression that came to his mind. He measured the truth, the beauty, and the worth of everything by his own visionary theories and what did not harmonize

with these he rejected as false and wicked. Thus he constituted himself the sole judge and measure of what was best in politics, in literature, and in morals.

Believing himself to be a great statesman he wrote in all seriousness to two of the leading governments of Europe giving them directions as to how they ought to conduct their political affairs. Yet this same man, so self-confident, so attached to his own opinion, so thoroughly convinced of the practicability and value of his political principles, resigned the office of public trust to which he had been elected and in which such a splendid opportunity of testing the soundness of his theories offered itself, merely because his views were not at once accepted by the French parliament.

His intense egotism blinded him to the dangerous tendencies of his radical doctrines and prevented him from perceiving the truth and solidity of the arguments urged against them such writers as Lamertine and Louis Veuillot.

As a literary artist Hugo is equally unsound. The mission of art is to give a full harmonious development to the good, the true, and the beautiful, and not to render vice attractive by decking it with the charms of poetic imagery. Hugo directed all the efforts of his powerful mind to make wickedness less repulsive and to exalt the depraved and the vile to the rank of virtue. This is an offence against art as well as against morality, and no matter how powerful the genius of him who attempts it, disgrace and failure are sure to follow the attempt. All that

men hold sacred was for him a subject of ridicule. Kings, rulers, statesmen, ministers of religion, religion itself were the objects of his intense hatred, whilst the dregs and offscourings of humanity, such as thieves, bandits, harlots, and gypsies were the constant themes of his most enthusiastic eulogy. "Whenever," says Sydney Smith, "a man meddles with the illustrious feelings of the human mind, he is astonished to find that in all the great promptings of their nature, the great mass of mankind always act and think aright, that they are ready enough to laugh, but that they are quite as ready to drive away with indignation and contempt the light fool who comes with the feather of wit to crumble the bulwarks of truth and to beat down the temples of God."

So it has fared with Hugo. The intense Hugo-olatry of the past has entirely disappeared and a reaction has set in towards Lamertine for a long time so ungratefully forgotten, and Louis Veuillot who in depth of thought soundness of principle and purity of motive was immeasurably Hugo's superior. From time to time eccentric geniuses, like Hugo, have appeared who set at naught the principles of literary taste and artistic propriety, and for a time gain the applause and admiration of the masses but their writings cannot endure. When the heat of passion and party spirit have cooled and men begin to read with calmness and impartiality they will inevitably condemn the extravagance of these radical innovators.

He is indeed foolish who ventures

to oppose his unsupported opinion to the concurrent opinions and judgments of the world's great master minds. Some few of Hugo's poems will undoubtedly live and be appreciated as long as literature continues to be admired, but the great mass of his writings is mere froth floating on the current of literature which will ere long disappear forever. W. B.

LONGFELLOW.

What American does not know Henry Wadsworth Longfellow? Many may not have been acquainted with the renowned professor of Harvard college, but Longfellow the poet—who does not know and love and esteem in his heart as *le poete des belles ames*?

Methinks I see him still—venerable in years but young in heart, sitting in that old arm chair given him by warm friends, and made from the old chestnut tree, under which the happy blacksmith, now also resting from his labors in the quiet churchyard, used “to swing his heavy sledge, with measured beat and slow.” I see him sitting and thinking of the days of yore, when the “children's love” that came with the “grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair, climb up into my turret o'er the arms and back of my chair.”

Longfellow loved children; he also loved all mankind. How deeply he felt “that every human heart is humane.” For him there was no slave—all men were free. His poems on slavery took rise in his inmost heart.

Longfellow was neither a Byron nor

a Shelley. The passion of the former nor the high sounding lyric of the latter, may not be found in his poems. Wordsworth excels him, perhaps, in a more genuine conception of nature. Swinburne surpasses him in secret and artistic arrangement of language and in the rhythm of his deep and sublime thoughts. Withal, Longfellow has acquired a popularity that no other poet ever obtained, not only in America, but in England and wherever English is spoken. And why? Because Longfellow understood the great art of attracting people to himself, by descending to their level. His songs always found their echo in the hearts of the people, because they interpreted in pure and simple language, the wishes, the longings, and the wants of the people.

He was the poet of the household, just as Dickens was its cherished story teller. But there is another reason for this well deserved popularity. Longfellow passed a great part of his life traveling in the Old World. It was not mere curiosity that prompted him to visit the famous cities and towns of Europe. His love for song may have led him, for a while, to the places where centuries ago the ballad and master singers lived, playing the role of troubadour; but this was not the aim, the object of his traveling; he had sublimer aspirations.

When Longfellow had spent weeks and months in the chief libraries of a country, he crossed its length and breadth; every ruin he met had an attraction; oftentimes he might be found in some borough, sitting in the

midst of simple country people, listening to their stories and legends. Old songs, old romances, and the manners and customs of the people were thereby painted on his memory. The story of old cathedrals and castles he preferred to learn from the lips of aged men.

Longfellow learned the European languages at their fountain source, and this gave him an unrivaled superiority over other English poets as a translator. Indeed, the translations of Longfellow are masterpieces; no other poet has surpassed him in this respect.

Longfellow did not translate poems for renown; his aim was greater and nobler. Millions of his countrymen, he knew, were emigrants, and every year Europe was sending thousands of her children to the New World. These last did not know the Great American. He sang for them their national songs, their aspirations, their sufferings. The sweetest remembrances of their native land found an echo in his songs, and his translations gave him an enviable popularity.

The best poets have always been the best teachers of the people. Longfellow was a great teacher. His poems are instructive lessons.

How noble his instruction to youth:

"Bear, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

Bear that banner on high, but listen to this wise counsel:

"Try not the pass!— * * *
Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"

To the young and old he proclaims:

"Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

Again he sings:

"Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where God may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean."

Longfellow was a model teacher of the people; he reached their wants and hearts. He is their cherished poet, for his songs are for the people, not for himself.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings, and their fame
Is his, and not his, and the praise
And the pride of a name. B.

VIRGIL.

"O, courteous shade of Mantua, thou whose fame yet lives and shall live, long as nature lasts."—*Dante.*

Publius Virgilius Maro, the prince of Latin poets and the pride and glory of Roman literature was born of poor and obscure parents at the small village of Andes near Mantua, about the year 70 B.C. The early indications which he gave of rare mental endowments, induced his father to give him the best education that could be procured. He was accordingly sent to school, first in Milan and afterwards in Naples, where he pursued the study of Greek and Latin literature, mathematics and physics with great diligence and success. Here he acquired that fund of knowledge, purity of style, and refined taste which delight and charm us in his poems.

It was not, however, until his genius had been purified in the crucible of

adversity that he gave to the world any enduring monument to perpetuate his memory. Having lost his property by the distribution of the land around Mantua, he came to Rome for the purpose of recovering the small estate which he had inherited from his father. Through the kind intervention of Mæcenas he was successful. Joy and gratitude enkindled in his mind a poetic ardor which gave birth to the Eclogues. This is a work of great delicacy and a specimen of what was to be expected from a hand that knew so well how to write the graces of nature with elegance and purity of style.

Mæcenas, who had a great taste for poetry, was the first to acknowledge Virgil's merit, and encouraged him to undertake a new work—the Georgics—of far more importance than the Eclogues. In this last work the genius of Virgil is unfolded in all its beauty and magnificence. They are the most finished poems he has left us. For elegance of diction, purity of style, and beauty of imagery, they are unrivaled in the whole domain of Roman literature. They are luminous gems whose natural brilliancy has been greatly increased by skillful polishing. When the first fire of composing, in which everything pleases, was over, he revised them, not with the indulgent hand of an author and parent, but with the inexorable severity of a rigid critic.

* * * Thus, by his diligence in correcting and polishing his productions, he became the standard of good poetry among the Latins, and set the example of accurate, sweet, and harmonious versification.

After completing his Georgics he began his immortal Æneid, which, although it lacks the polish and refinement of the Georgics, is a much greater poem and stamped with the unmistakable character of genius. So great the impatience of Augustus to read this poem that, even before the work was finished, he wrote Virgil several pressing letters entreating him to send him some part of the Æneid. But Virgil always excused himself, saying that if thought his Æneid worthy of that honor he would gladly have sent it to Cæsar. However, he was at last prevailed upon to read some selections from it in the presence of the emperor and his sister Octavia.

The latter had, a short time before, lost her son, M. Claudius Marcellus, a prince of great merit whom Augustus intended for his successor in the empire. Virgil had inserted the praise of the young Marcellus in the sixth book with so much delicacy and feeling that the rehearsal of the verses drew tears from the eyes of Augustus and Octavia. It is even said that Octavia fainted on hearing these words—*Tu Marcellus eris*. She ordered about eighty thousand dollars to be paid to the poet as a mark of her esteem and gratitude.

Having finished his Æneid, Virgil intended to retire for three years in order to revise and polish it. He set out for Greece with this intention but meeting Augustus at Athens he changed his purpose and attended that prince to Italy. He was taken sick on the way home and stopped at Brundisium. Finding his illness increase

he ordered the *Æneid* to be burned, an imperfect work. Fortunately Augustus forbade the execution of this command and even took particular care that nothing should be added to the poem.

The exact place which Virgil occupies in literature is not clearly defined, but he is unquestionably entitled to rank among the immortals in the temple of fame. Critics are not agreed whether the palm of excellence belongs to Homer or Virgil among the pagan poets. There is more genius and force of nature in Homer, more art and labor in Virgil; Homer is undoubtedly superior in the grand and sublime, but Virgil makes amends for what he wants in these points by the harmony of parts and the exact equality he supports throughout his work. Besides this we must remember that Virgil did not live to give the last touches to his poem which without doubt would have made it much more perfect than it is.

This great epic became a Roman classic as soon as it was published, and not to be familiar with the *Æneid* was not to be a literateur. It was placed in the hands of students and to a large extent replaced the Grecian classics. It raised Roman literature to an equality with that of Greece. What the eloquence of Cicero has done for ennobling, elevating, immortalizing Latin prose, the genius of Virgil did for Latin poetry. These are the two great luminaries in the firmament of Roman literature, whose splendor and brilliancy are the delight and admiration of succeeding ages. To them belongs the glory of having overcome Greek su-

premacy in the field of letters as Roman valor had already triumphed over Greek ascendancy on the field of battle.

I cannot better close this brief sketch than by quoting the noble eulogy which the great Dante addresses to his illustrious countryman:

And art thou then that Virgil, that well-
spring
From which such copious floods of elo-
quence
Have issued? Glory and light of all the
tuneful train!
May it avail me that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume and with love
immense
Have conned it o'er. My master thou and
guide!
Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style which for its beauty unto fame
exalts me.

B.

KEY OF SHERIDAN'S SUCCESS.

Gen. Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," in *The Century*, says, after describing the Battle of Five Forks:

Sheridan had that day fought one of the most interesting tactical battles of the war, admirable in conception, brilliant in execution, strikingly dramatic in its incidents and productive of extremely important results.

I said to him, "It seems to me that you have exposed yourself today in a manner hardly justifiable on the part of a commander of such an important movement." His reply gave what seems to be the true key to his uniform success on the field, "I have never in my life taken a command into battle and had the slightest desire to come out alive unless I won."

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EDITORIAL.

Our opening has been very encouraging. There are present about 170 pupils, besides thirty seminarians. This is certainly a sign of a prosperous year—perhaps, too, a sign that this much talked of “prosperity” is really come.

That school has now been in session for a month reminds us that vacation is a dream and labor now a fact. Summer's days are gone and the tinge of death creeps over nature's face, a proof that the year's great change is now at hand. We had so gradually grown used to life, warmth, and beauty—it had so entered into our notions of things, that decay, decline, and death were the last things we thought of. Still all these gloomy forebodings of nature's change and transition are as natural as the putting forth of leaf and flower in spring.

All life, that is, all natural life, is the same, and our experience with nature, who runs the scale of life every

year: being born, growing, reaching perfection, and descending through decline to death, is but a miniature of our life as we shall see it when in old age we look back on the few speeding years that mark the term of our earthly existence.

Just now, however, the full truth of this may not appear to all of us. Youth is hopeful—full of vigor; has too many things to accomplish to give any consideration to an end seemingly so far off. Besides, life at this period is like the brook in the mountains, too swiftly impelled and too far from the common receptacle to admit of slower motion, or to show any other than signs of eternal movement. But as the brook nears the plains and widens and deepens by the addition of other currents like itself, so its mad onward motion lessens, until solemn and stately it approaches the ocean, to be swallowed up in its all-absorbing depths.

Age and experience remove youthful delusions, and life's years are few when find that to live is a serious thing; that there is work as well as play, and that if every cloud has a silver lining, this bright side is only too often hidden.

Hence it would seem that a knowledge, or even a mere intimation that life was to be filled with responsibility, and that although hope should be strong in each heart, nevertheless, we ought to consider well the importance of fitting ourselves for the contest soon

to be begun, and which no doubt we shall wish to see come to a happy close.

Now the acquiring of the few facts that the short space of a college career allows, is not the one sole, all-absorbing question that should propose itself to us during these school years. There are more important duties than this knowledge-getting. We must settle with ourselves how we are to use the knowledge we may acquire, otherwise we shall labor under great difficulties and, indeed, remove the greatest motive for study, viz., the end to which we tend—that particular sphere in life we should like to occupy.

The having of such a purpose will give an impetus to study that could come from no other source. It is the one thing of all others that gives energy to a student's life, which otherwise must be a shiftless existence.

Perhaps some thought on this might direct students to consider their future and doing so, to aim higher—to persist with more than their usual diligence in the pursuit of a worthy ideal in life, which for each one is the vocation for which nature and art fit him; and then by earnest effort and enlightened zeal pursue that end till this worthy ideal shall terminate in ideal worthiness.

MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic Monthly celebrates the fortieth year of its existence with the issue of the October number, and

surely if ever a magazine deserved praise for truth, beauty of utterance, and for treating the American people to the thought-gems of the world's great minds, that magazine is *The Atlantic Monthly*. It has never resorted to any tricks of illustration or the like to attract the attention of our best readers. Born of genius, it has imbibed the milk of true worth, and though on all sides are signs of degeneracy, *The Atlantic Monthly* continues to do honor to its illustrious founders. In the last issue of the magazine there are so many fine articles that we could not think of a critical study. "The French Mastery of Style," by F. Brunetiere, compels admiration as only the work of a master critic could compel it, while Henry D. Sedgwick, jr., writes of "Gabriele d'Annunzio" in a most interesting and intelligent manner. We have heard and read much of this young Italian novelist, who has been hailed as the leader of another Italian renaissance, and we are thankful to get such a paper as Mr. Sedgwick's.

The Catholic World for September has some very fine articles, both in prose and poetry. Among others "Socialism and Catholicism," by Rev. Francis Howard is treated in a masterful way, while the well-illustrated sketch of Mercy Hospital, Chicago, Ill., by P. G. Smyth, is both entertaining and instructive.

The Century for September is particularly interesting in its many and vari-colored articles, both history, poetry, and fiction. A. M. Mosher

writes charmingly of "Browning's Summers in Brittany." Harry Furnis gives sketches from life of the "Grand Old Man," while John R. Tabb graces a page of the magazine with a poetic gem, "The River."

What lover of fiction does not greet *McClure's Magazine* with warmth? In the September number, R. L. Stevenson's story becomes more and more interesting, and we follow the fortune of "St. Ives" with greater eagerness than ever. Robert Barr has an entertaining story, while R. Lincoln Stefins handles the latest craze, "Klondike," in a manner to fairly dazzle the eyes. J. H. N.

BISHOP DUNNE'S VISIT.

The Right Rev. E. J. Dunne, D.D., Bishop of Dallas, Texas, who was in Chicago attending the dedication of Holy Angels Church, visited the college September 28, as the guest of Reverend President. The Right Reverend Bishop, accompanied by several Chicago priests, arrived at the college about noon and after being cordially received by the priests and faculty was tendered a sumptuous banquet in the college refectory.

In the afternoon the Bishop was given a reception in the college hall the following short program was well rendered: "If I were a King," by the orchestra; vocal solo, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," by Master A. Hansl.

A feature of the reception, and a most delightful one, was the singing

of Master A. Hansl. Possessed of an exceedingly sweet voice, he knows how to use it to the best advantage. He had been heard by most of those present for the first time, and the surprise and delight then expressed will insure him a hearty welcome on every future appearance.

Mr. P. F. Daniher then read the following address:

Right Reverend Bishop:

It is with sentiments of deep reverence, filial affection, and genuine gladness that we welcome you again to our college home.

You are the consecrated minister of God's altars, a leader of men, a savior of souls, the special friend and father of youth.

Your kindly visits to our *alma mater* are proofs to us of the great interest you take in the work of our education; they are so many beautiful seals of episcopal approbation set upon the manner of education which we receive in this institution. For this do we heartily thank you.

We moreover especially rejoice in seeing you and take pride in your presence among us, for we are happily reminded of the crowned years of faithful service you have spent in the great and prosperous archdiocese of Chicago where all who have known you have learned to love you. You return among friends and this return is ever a feast of love.

May God grant you many years of a life which you have so entirely consecrated to the highest good of your fellowmen. Allow us, Right Reverend Bishop, once more to assure you of our

sincere affection and profoundest esteem.

The Right Rev. Bishop replied in a few apt and well-chosen remarks, the substance of which was that he was pleased to be the recipient of so many favors and honors, not in so much as they were offered him individually, but that they showed the devotion and respect that the students of St. Viateur's have for God's hierarchy of which he had the honor of being a member. Moreover, he exhorted the boys to become giants intellectually and morally as well as physically. He advised them to accept the golden opportunities offered them by the men who had sacrificed their lives for the sake of educating the youth. He then thanked all for the good will they had shown in their entertainment, and as a befitting finale a grand *congé* was granted. He left us, and once again this kind benefactor of Catholic youth bid adieu to our *alma mater*, leaving all imbued with his spirit of benevolence and kindly advice, promising to return at some future date.

Among the visiting clergy were Revs. H. O'Gara McShane, Chicago; T. O'Gara, Wilmington, Ill.; R. Dunne, Oak Park, Ill.; M. O'Sullivan, Lemont, Ill.; F. Billetdoux, Chicago; J. A. Kelly, Gilman, Ill., and J. J. Cregan, Chicago.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. James Murphy, '97, last year's colonel, is now at the University of Notre Dame, where he will study the law.

—Mr. James O'Dwyer, '97, Merna,

Ill., is following the law course at the Wesleyan College, Bloomington, Ill.

—Hon. J. G. Condon, assistant city attorney, Chicago, is billed to speak in Kankakee, Ill., the second week of this month.

—Mr. H. J. Donovan, of New York City, passed this way *en route* to Cincinnati, where he pursues his theological studies this year.

—Rev. J. J. O'Callaghan was a visitor this month, coming to see his brother Joseph, who is a member of the senior department.

—We learn that Mr. Edward Kromenacker, '97, is pursuing the philosophical studies at Milwaukee, Wis., this year.

—The Rev. Perry Parker, late assistant pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Bloomington, Ill., has been assigned to Galva, Ill., as the pastor of that place. Our congratulations.

—We lately learned of the happy marriage of Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, a member of the Fanny Davenport theatrical company. We congratulate the happy couple and wish them many years of peace and prosperity.

—The Hon. Henry E. Murphy, '86, for many years one of Nebraska's rising lawyers, has recently moved to Chicago, and has an office in the Chicago Opera House. We hope Mr. Murphy will duplicate former successes in Chicago.

—There were some recent changes in the pastors of Peoria Diocese, in which old students will no doubt be

interested: Rev. F. O'Reilly, late of St. Mark's church, Peoria, has been transferred to the rectorship of the cathedral; Rev. J. J. Shannon was transferred from Canton, Ill., to St. Mark's, Peoria, and Rev. Edward Kneiry, of St. Augustine, Ill., succeeded Father Shannon at Canton.

—Old students of '87, will rejoice to learn of the promotion of the Rev. A. J. McGavick to pastorship of St. John's church, Chicago. The appointment was a most happy one, and we wish Father McGavick the fullest success in his new mission.

—The Messrs. Burke, for two years members of the philosophy class, are this year pursuing their theological studies at St. Bernard's seminary, Rochester, N.Y. These young men counted every one in this institution as a friend, and will make lasting friends wherever they go. We wish them all success in their new home.

—Among the recent visitors to the college was Mr. H. A. Grosse '94, now of Cissna Park, Ill., where in partnership with his brother, he is conducting a large grocery store. Mr. Grosse has all the requirements necessary to the successful business man and his success seems assured.

—Mr. M. J. Ford, '97, and Mr. L. Mullins, '97, are both in St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, when the former begins the study of theology and the latter starts his philosophical course. We wish these young men a very successful year.

—Mr. Joseph Lemarre and Rev. Bro. Leclair C.S.V., received Minor

Orders at the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, July 3, 1897. These young men have thus taken the first step towards what we are sure, will be a happy and useful career in the holy priesthood.

—Among the young men who left collegiate for the seminarian department this year are the following: Messrs. Joseph Kearney, H. A. Rainey, A. O. Sullivan and E. Logan. Among the new seminarians are: Messrs. Broadman, Kubiak, Medegan, Ogle, Quinlisk and Shea.

—Mr. F. Fitzgerald '91, Indianapolis, Ind., was a visitor at the college the past month. He placed his brother John here, whose success we hope will not be less than his brother.

Rev. F. A. Dandurand, assistant pastor of the cathedral, Fort Wayne, Indiana, was a recent visitor at the college.

Mr. J. J. Condon, secretary and manager of the Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Co., Bloomington, Ill., was among the welcome visitors last month.

We were delighted by a recent visit from Rev. J. J. Cregan, formerly prefect of studies here, and now superior of the Cathedral school for boys, Chicago. Father Cregan's visit, though short, was very enjoyable.

Rev. F. O'Reilly, pastor of the Cathedral, Peoria, will preach at the college chapel St. Viator's Day, and Rev. Jas. J. Shannon, of St. Mark's, Peoria, will be celebrant of the High Mass on the same occasion.

BASEBALL.

St. Viateur's, 10; Unions, of Wilmington, 15.

On Sunday, September 12, the Shamrocks went down before the Wilmingtons in a poorly played game by a score of 15 to 10. For six innings the game was very exciting and was anybody's contest. On the Wilmington's half of the seventh, the college boys were seized with a desire to throw wildly every time any of them had the ball and as a result the Unions added eight runs to their score and landed the game, despite the Shamrock's spurt which netted them five runs. The features of the game were the first base playing of Kearney, and the pitching, at times of Legris. The Wilmingtons were powerless before his strategic pitching and had he been able to control the ball, would have easily won. Thirteen of the visitors fanned the air; and thirteen also received free passes to first.

Shields for Wilmington played a star game in left field, pulling down many flies that looked good for two and three baggers. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
St. Viateur's-1	0	2	0	0	0	5	0	2	—10
Wilmingtons-0	0	0	0	3	1	8	2	1	—15

Batteries: Wilmington—B. Keeley and J. Keeley. St. Viateur's—Legris and Sammon.

Kankakee 13. St Viateur's 3.

The Shamrocks crippled by the absence of several players and composed largely of substitutes were taken into

camp by the Y.M.C.A. of Kankakee by a score of 13 to 3.

The loss of the game may be attributed to poor support given to Legris. The Kankakee's were unable to solve his curves, making only six hits while fourteen succumbed to his deceptive drops. Besides Legris' pitching, the first base playing of Kearney, the third base playing of Brennock, and Marten's batting were the features of the game. Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
St. Viateur's-0	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	—3
Kankakee —1	1	0	0	0	1	7	3	x	—13

Batteries: Kankakee—McIntyre and South. St. Viateur's—Legris and Quille.

St. Viateur's, 4. Y.M.C.A., 9.

The college boys were again defeated by the strong nine representing the Y.M.C.A. of Kankakee. The game for eight innings was the most exciting contest ever played on our grounds. In the visitors half of the eighth with the score 4 to 2 against them, the Shamrocks made a few costly errors and unlucky wild throws which netted the Kankakeeans three runs. In the ninth the visitors made a two-bagger and two singles in quick succession and these hits aided by a few more errors brought their score up to nine. The Shamrocks were unable to do anything in their half of the eighth and ninth, and in consequence another defeat was marked against them. McIntyre pitched for the Y.M.C.A.'s struck out fifteen of the college boys and allowed but one base on balls. Legris made eight of the visitors fan

the air, while he permitted three to walk to first. The features of the game were the pitching of McIntyre and Legris, the third base playing of Bender, and Hogan's batting. Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Y.M.C.A.	—0	1	0	0	1	0	0	3	4—9
St. Viateur's	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	0—4

Batteries: St. Viateur's—Legris and Sammon. Kankakee—McIntyre and South.

FOOT-BALL.

The prospects for a successful year in foot-ball were never better than at present. Captain Harkins has been giving the men light practice during the warm weather, with a view of getting a line on the good players. A great number of candidates are striving for the several positions on the team, and it is a hard matter at present to give the *personnel* of this year's team. Games are being arranged with the Y.M.C.A.'s, the Kankakee Athletic Club, and Momence elevens, and it is Captain Harkins's intention to avoid being scored against this season and to retain his hold on the championship of the county.

A very strong second eleven has been formed among the seniors to give the college eleven practice and to play the junior teams of surrounding towns. James St. Cerny was elected captain, and is practicing his men for their first game, October 20, with the Y.M.C.A. Juniors. The fact that this eleven is under the efficient tutorage of Coach Daniher augurs a victorious and successful season.

M. P. S.

VIATORIANA.

—I am sick.

—King Rudolph.

—"I am not mad."

—Oh, I don't know.

—The Greek Scholar.

—My love has left me.

—Did you fall in again?

—A bicycle built for two.

—*Non Intellego*, O! Pater.

—"Halt! Who goes there?"

—I am on the Chicago bridge.

—One hundred and sixty strong.

—Say, what does five fingers mean?

—Well, I think I have my rep made.

—He took all the soup and left me in it.

—I hope he gets my permission to smoke.

—How about the volunteer fire department?

—Long life and success to the poet of the poop.

—Those fellows must think I am a regular hayseed.

—I'll not tell him he's too good, but I'll tell the other.

—Your bird will get used to the change bye and bye.

—Are you quite sure we are allowed to go to the convent?

—Having won five battles, I am now ready to take all newcomers. How about that, Eddie?

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V. D.D., attended the funeral of Mrs. Culbertson, nee Ball, who died September 28, at her home in Lafayette, Ind. The deceased was an estimable lady, a devoted christian, and her death is a sad blow to her family. We extend our heartfelt sympathies to the afflicted relatives.

—The Thespians are preparing Richard II for St. Viateur's day. As all the strong talent of last year returned, we foresee a successful entertainment. The play occurs October 20, the eve of St. Viateur's day.

—The "Picked Squad" is made up of competent drillers, who are sparing no pains to present their usual fine drill on St. Viateur's day. The squad is in charge of our new colonel, Thos. Cahill, whose excellent record as a captain gives him strong claims to successful leadership.

—The bicycle in which many here were interested, was raffled at Toronto, Canada, August 30, and was won by Mr. Hugh Rodger.

—"Things are not what they seem," and very often are very different from what they are said to be. Some of the late arrivals may have to change their views—and may know the same persons under several names.

—Please don't send home for the verses, the course is sufficient.

—Teacher—What is distance? Pupil—Fifty-six miles to Chicago.

—Yes, there is quite a change between my meals this and last year.

—Teacher—What is the difference between space and vacuum? Pupil—Space is a hollow place; vacuum is a hollow space with the hole pulled out.


—It is altogether different with birds; they are so much alike that you can't help seeing the *difference*. However, the voice-tones help one to know his own fowl.

—Speaking about fowls reminds us that Section XY (not 22) of the "Dingley Bill," will not allow the slaughter of spring chicken. Hence the afore-said is not "as young as he used be."

—*Comedy in four acts.*—Act I. Windy day; young lady in a car, front seat; gentleman rear seat. Act II. Lady's hat blows off; gentleman gets it with much trouble. Act III. Returning the hat receives a smile, a bow, and "Thank you." Act IV. (Half-hour later on the ball-field gentleman soliloquizing): "Oh! What a dream!"

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