

# THE VIATORIAN.

PAC ET SPERA.

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NO. 7

## ST. JOSEPH.

The heroes who struggled and toiled for our  
banners

We honor and love, and this surely is just  
But what of the hero who saved man's Redeemer,

Who labored to nourish that heavenly  
trust?

He knew that in journeying to sunny Egypt  
Great trials and sufferings would wring  
his heart sore,

But angels had whispered, and Jesus smiled  
sweetly,

He thinks of Redemption and hastens the  
more.

He saved God's own son from the malice of  
Herod,

And slaved for him lest future ills might  
betide;

When terror and trembling had seized the  
fair virgin,

He soothed her with words and kept close  
to her side.

O bright satellite of the great branch of  
Judah,

Descendant of kings, and of far greater  
worth,

Called lord by the Queen of the earth and  
the heavens,

Called father by Him whom the Virgin  
brought forth.

Great saint, from thy splendor look down on  
thy clients,

Permit one faint ray from thy glory to  
shine,

And grant that when dying we have the  
embraces

Of Jesus and Mary, and also have thine.

J. H. N.

## RICHELIEU.

"Richelieu" or "The Conspiracy,"  
by Lord Bulwer Lytton, is truly one of  
the leading classical plays in the Eng-  
lish language. It has all the require-  
ments of a masterpiece, and is very  
often taken as the work of the im-  
mortal Shakespeare.

In the first place the play is divided  
into five acts. The first of these is  
fully in keeping with the rules of  
Blair, who says, "The first act ought  
to contain a clear exposition of the  
subject, should awaken curiosity of  
the spectators and furnish them the  
material for understanding the se-  
quel." This Lytton, in the first act of  
"Richelieu" has skillfully done, for  
with the opening words of the play  
"Here's to our enterprise" the plot  
begins to show itself. Then again the  
presence of the characters are neatly  
explained by their conversation, and  
their *exits* could not have been more  
suitably managed. Also, in the first  
act, all the principle characters are  
introduced, in such a manner as to  
give a clear idea of their connection  
with the plot.

The plot is the dethroning of Louis  
XIII by the villain Baradas whose  
ultimate end is to secure the throne  
of France; this he cannot do without  
having as a colleague a person closely  
allied to the king, whom he found in



the Duke of Orleans, brother of the king, who willingly entered into the conspiracy under promise that he should be made king. But one person now stood in Baradas's way, and this was the Prime Minister of Louis XIII, France's greatest statesman, Cardinal Richelieu, whose death Baradas desires, and for this purpose joins in friendship with De Mauprat, who is the affianced husband of the woman Baradas loves. Thus Lytton, by a skillful arrangement of scenes, gives us in the first act a clear conception of the leading characters and the plot of the play.

In the second, third, and fourth acts "the plot thickens" and the conspirators seem certain of success. Throughout we feel ourselves becoming more and more interested, and they are so written that if a line is omitted, we seem to have dropped a thread of the plot, a fact which Lytton never lost sight of, and on which every scene, yes, every speech, seems to hinge.

In the fifth and last act comes the unravelling of the plot, and it is here that the skill of Lytton is more clearly seen than anywhere else. For in the last scene of this act he accomplished a thing which has seldom been equalled and never surpassed; that is, he brings together fourteen "speaking" characters, whose conversation, which in no way conflicts, lays bare the plot and brings the play to a most happy ending.

Before reviewing the character of Richelieu, I would like to answer a question which is often asked, namely: "Why are not more of Lytton's works recognized as masterpieces?" I an-

swer, because his other plays are too local—so much so that the greater part of them can only be understood by the people of his time and those acquainted with the scenes he describes.

In beauty of diction he has been surpassed by none. Shakespeare, no doubt, had a better conception of human nature, but his language was not more elegant.

The leading character, "Richelieu," is the cardinal from whom the play takes its name. Cardinal Richelieu has been most severely, and, as a rule, most unjustly criticised. He was a truly great man, and as such, was not without enemies. He may have been ambitious—over much—but he loved his country and brought all the powers of his great mind to advance her interests and to shed lustre on her crown. Lytton gives him credit for this, in language which always awakens the patriotic feelings slumbering in the breasts of true Frenchmen:

"France! I love thee! all earth shall never  
pluck thee from my heart!  
My mistress France—my wedded wife—  
Sweet France, who shall proclaim divorce  
for thee and me."

We must look to impartial and just historians for a true view of Richelieu. In Parson's "Lies and Errors of History" we find Richelieu to have been not only a great statesman, but also a true ecclesiastic, a man, cautious, shrewd, and crafty, but whose purpose was a holy one—the love of his religion and the love of his country.

Many historians present the Cardinal as a man steeped in debauchery



and leading a most voluptuous life. This Parsons refutes, saying:

"Work was always a passion with Richelieu, and when he was not occupied in the public affairs of his diocese he was engaged in the direction of souls, in settling quarrels and preventing duels, in consoling the afflicted, and in study."

But let us consider in what light Lytton regarded Cardinal Richelieu in his famous play. He seems, at times, to place him before us as an intriguer, as a man who thought more of self than of anything else. He portrays him as a proud and haughty man, as is shown by the answer he makes De-Mauprat when threatened with instant death:

"Thou liest, knave! I am old—most feeble.  
But thou liest! Armand de Richelieu dies  
not by the hand of man;  
The stars have said it.  
Call them all, thy brother butchers!  
Earth has no such fiend  
No! as one parricide of his fatherland,  
Who dares in Richelieu murder France!"

But although Lytton in the foregoing quotation depicts Richelieu as a proud man, as a man who realized his power, still in other passages he lauds him, as in the scene where his feelings for the weak and oppressed are shown, that is, the defending of Julie from the king's wrath:

"To those who sent you!  
And say you found the virtue they would  
slay here,  
Couch'd upon this heart, as on an altar,  
And sheltered by wings of sacred Rome."

And again in those beautiful and most forcible lines:

"Then wakes the power which in the age  
of iron  
Burst forth to curb the great and raise the  
low.  
Mark where she stands!  
Around her form I draw the awful circle of  
our solemn church!  
Set but a foot within that holy ground, and  
on thy head  
Yea, though it wore a crown,  
I launch the curse of Rome!"

Lines which made the villian Baradas cower, for although a man without the least spark of honor, he feared Richelieu when he spake as an ecclesiastic of the church, to which he owed allegiance.

In the last scene of the play Lytton sums up Richelieu's character by showing us his patriotism. It was after he had triumphed over his enemies and the enemies of France that he uttered those patriotic words:

"My own dear France! I have thee yet;  
I have saved thee! I clasp thee still!  
It was thy voice that called me  
Back from the tomb!  
What mistress like one's country!"

There is but one great fault, I find, with Lytton's portrayal of the character of Cardinal Richelieu, and it is this: he seems to make of Louis XIII. a puppet who obeyed Richelieu in all things as if he were the subject instead of the ruler.

He seems to make of Louis XIII., who has been well styled the Just, a weak-minded king, a king unworthy to sit on the throne of Henry IV. because he was, as it were, ruled by Richelieu; but this is denied by all impartial historians. Marius Topin, in 1875, published over two hundred and fifty



letters of Louis XIII. to Richelieu, which he secured in the Foreign Office at Paris. These letters have been proven to be authentic and they, as Parsons says, "give us a good idea of the relations of Louis and his great minister, while they furnish a view of the king's character which differs much from that obtained from the impressive drama of Lytton. They show us that Louis never ceased to love the Cardinal, or to confide entirely in him."

Richelieu, as is proven by many reliable historians, did not try to dazzle with his genius, his king, for he is said to have been the most passionately devoted of subjects and servants.

France owes its prosperity under Louis XIII. to the genius of Richelieu; joined to the common sense of Louis the "Just," each seems a complement of the other; the reign of Louis is that of Richelieu, the ministry of Richelieu that of Louis.

But when we consider that Lytton strove to make the character of Richelieu the prominent one in his play, and when we consider that he was dealing with members of a church of which he knew little, we are willing to admit that his portrayal of the Cardinal is a fairly impartial one, and he has endeared himself to all Frenchmen, for he has praised a man who was ever true to his God, his country, and his king. He has given to the coming generation a brief sketch of the greatest statesman France has ever produced, of a man who is ranked high among the great men of the world.

C. J. Q.

### THREE DAYS IN MARCH.

While the church proposes to our veneration chiefly the spiritual deeds of the saints, their human side is often most interesting. Such is true in a most particular way of three saints whose feasts occur in March. Placed in circumstances so widely different and destined for a work of such pronounced diversity, each presents a picture most beautiful in its entirety, most complete in its details.

On March 7, the church commemorates the grandeur of that intellectual hero, St. Thomas of Aquin, whom posterity has fondly called the "angelic doctor," and since the Holy Father has proposed him as the patron of Catholic education, he is known as the "angel of the schools."

At once a giant in intellectual strength, a man of great accomplishments, and a saint whose humility was rivalled only by his mental gifts, he seems to have excelled as a worker, as a most incessant toiler, leaving works of such profundity, so broad in scope, and of such completeness, that he may be said to have touched and solved every question in theology.

When we consider that all this great work—great in itself and in the amount accomplished—was done before St. Thomas had reached his fiftieth year, our wonder increases the more and we are less able to fathom the super-eminent genius of the man.

Living in a time that prejudiced men are pleased to call "the dark ages," his was a genius that would shed lustre on any age or any insti-



tution, and stands out in vivid contrast to the self-assertion and the superficial acquirements of the so-called learned men of our times. The world stands sorely in need today of such thoughtful, patient, persevering, and capable workers as the great-souled, heaven-lit genius of St. Thomas Aquinas.

On March 17 another and great champion of God's cause is proposed to our notice, no less than Ireland's great apostle—St. Patrick.

Born under the genial skies of France, from whose shores he was early lured into galling captivity, he spent his first years amidst the people he was to bring from the darkness of paganism into the noontide of Christian faith. Here he was schooled in the hardships of his mortified life, to that strength and patience that marked every hour of his after life, and in sorrow and retirement he listened to the voice of peace—to that heavenly call to evangelize the island where he had seen so many hardships, but to which he longed to bring the tidings of redemption, that he might break the chains of spiritual bondage that bound in ignorance a naturally religious people, and so fill up the mission to which he was so consciously led. Time soon unfolded the plans of God. Having studied, prayed, and so prepared himself to do God's bidding, and with an apostle's zeal and power, the one inspired by God in heaven, the other conferred by His vice-gerant on earth the ardent Patrick went forth to his people to begin the work he had long desired to undertake.

With what success he accomplished his task need not be told. The world never saw a victory so complete nor effects so lasting. Pagan rites and temples fell at his approach, and so quickly that he lived to see the whole island christianized, means at hand to propagate the saving faith, and the real sacrifice offered instead of pagan idolatries.

Here was a most astonishing victory. Everything that appealed to custom, prejudice, the memories of their ancestors, by one stroke this great apostle changed, and this without the shedding of one drop of blood.

Only God's power is responsible for so great a transformation, but one cannot help admiring the striking qualities of the agent He chose.

In the passage of centuries when the faith implanted by St. Patrick has been tried by persecution, calumny, and by a succession of means as diabolical in their conception as they have been persistent in their application, the world has had ample time to study out the grandeur of the saint's work, and if it be patient in its study, and honest in its judgment, the founding of empires, and their destruction, and the glory of Europe's proudest nation will seem trivial in the gaudy finery of her brightest days compared with constancy and grandeur of that unshaken faith, and with the untiring devotion to a God whom they knew only in suffering and worshiped only in sorrow.

This was Patrick's mission, to implant an undying faith, to win a bloodless victory, though his children were



to know no rest while they were faithful to his teachings.

In the third name we find still less, from a worldly point of view, to attract attention. This is Joseph, the foster-father of the Savior, the virginal spouse of a virgin bride and mother. But what a mission was his! To watch, to feed, to be a constant companion of the Savior. His feast the church celebrates on the 19th of this month, and him she has chosen as her universal patron.

Were we to study the life of this wonderful man we would find scarcely a thing to note. Retiring, modest, shunning the world, by no means a brilliant man, at least as the world judges, we hardly know in what he differed from the most ordinary man about us. Yet the poet tells us

"That many a flower is born to blush unseen,"

which line conveys a great truth. Only God's designs brought the humble Joseph into view, only His will made his virtues shine.

But because he was exalted to so great a dignity, we easily conclude that his virtues were in keeping, since God fits every agent for the work He wills him to do.

The church is great in her saints. She alone has them. Other institutions make some professions of good, and do to a great extent succeed admirably; but only God's one church, of whose holy mission and power these three are glowing examples, has the means of developing and harmonizing the whole man, and of thus rendering

him capable of the great and good works which the saints have done, of fostering the patience that makes martyrs, and of giving the impulse to virtue that has filled the world with her virgins.

But these three of whom we briefly speak can be well studied in this age, since they stand in flat contradiction to that love of display, sham learning, and inconstant spirit that marks the character of modern men.

And when the world stands today trembling at the powerful armaments that cover the seas, and the terrible armies that crowd the shores, made still more terrible by the monstrous weapons of modern warfare, is it not pleasant to recall these great intellectual heroes, whose bloodless battles left impressions that no human power can efface?

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#### NIGHT.

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Slowly sinks the sun behind the horizon and gradually its brilliant rays become dimmer. The eye is charmed by the inspiring scene now presented in the hesperian world, where the sky seems to blush for its very beauty. All nature becomes silent as the beauteous eye of heaven is lost to view. Darkness comes as the light vanishes, for oft' welcome night is present. How different the aspect! A little while ago and all was bright and gay, now everything appears dark, dismal, and silent. The imagination, lost in the twilight's loveliness, changes its conceptions and



becomes calm. Alas! too soon, our dream is ended. The west has lost its splendor and brilliancy, and as we turn from it in a rather gloomy mood, lo! the orient smiles. The moon has risen and is already brightening the appearance of earth with its borrowed light.

“Even now she shows, half veiled her lovely face;

Across the gloomy valley flings her light,  
Far to the western slopes with hamlets white;

And gives, when woods the checkered upland strew,

To the green corn of summer, autumn's hue.”

Our admiration increases and the imagination regains its ascendancy as Luna slowly traverses the starry heaven, smiling down upon us and appearing to take care of and watch over night's noiseless slumbers. Lighting up all things here below, it creates that sublime scene; all those charms which made the poet exclaim:

“How beautiful is night!”

Night is the time for repose. During its long still hours every natural object seems to require rest and unconsciousness, and to muster new strength for the coming day.

When the sun has disappeared behind the horizon, a hushed repose seems spread over the whole face of nature, and if we notice the sweet and delicate flowers, they appear to be nodding sleepily upon their stems as if longing to close their eyes and rest; the animals stretch themselves in their respective sheds or lie contentedly in the open air on the grassy plains; the sweet songsters seek rest,

until the blushing morn is ushered in, when they fill the air with their harmonious notes.

Even man must sleep at night. Wearied from his daily toils, he retires, thereby refreshing and invigorating his body and giving repose to his mind. It is a law of nature which none can violate with impunity, that the night must be spent in peaceful slumbers. Its very solemnity breathes rest and stillness.—

“Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel

A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,  
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find  
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.”

The busy thoroughfares of our numerous cities are no longer crowded and noisy. Only the distant eyes of the celestial regions are open in all their brilliancy and beauty, guarding, as it were, the sleeping ones of earth, and looking down majestically on the places vacated by men.

It is in the solemn midnight hour that the nightly, ghastly phantoms are supposed to walk, as man's fancies and superstitions have led him to believe. It is also during the absence of daylight that many of the most heinous and disgraceful crimes are committed, when the deeds of the perpetrators are seen by none save Him who sees everything and whose vigilance never relaxes.

It is only when the silence of night is broken by the noise of some restless animal in his hunt for prey that we feel the solemnity of night.

As night comes, so does it go. When a few hours have passed away, ever



welcome morning peeps gently out of the darkness, then all is once more bright and radiant, and the world is all astir, nothing but bustle. So 'tis with life, when we first see light, we are in life's morning, and as we grow older, like the day, our light sinks behind the horizon of mystery, where it remains till a brighter day calls it forth again.

Many are the lessons given us by night. It reminds us of our destiny, our common and inevitable end. It tells us that one day we, too, shall have our night. Hence it should be as a warning to all to prepare themselves for their future journey.

JAMES O'DWYER.

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### IMAGINATION.

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Man has been endowed with wonderful faculties and senses by a bounteous Creator. Some tend directly to his welfare, while others enable him to participate in the beauties of a wonderful creation, and make more pleasant the thorny pathway of life. Among the latter is imagination or fancy, which plays an extraordinary part in the life of man.

Imagination is a sensitive faculty by which we form certain sensible images, either of objects formerly perceived through the external senses, or of others which we are able to paint from sensations already received. We call the imagination a sensitive faculty because it depends on the senses and is exercised through a material organ, the brain. If the imagination be sound,

and in no way excited by other influences, it does not of itself lead us into error, but may easily cause us to be deceived.

The office of the imagination is either to form new images or to recall those already known from past sensations. But in either case the faculty does not deceive *per se*. For, if it recall known images faithfully, it is sufficiently clear that it does not lead us astray; and if it combines images in a new manner and according to a different order, we know from experience that it does not represent these images as existing in the objective order of things. Hence, we conclude that we cannot attribute error to the imagination.

Moreover, the imagination has this peculiar property that it does not depend on the presence of objects for its operations. With the other faculties this is not so, for we are accustomed to refer our perceptions to the order of objective presence. Hence, unless the intellect attend the imagination, it will refer to objects erroneously and thus lead us into error. Or, again, if the sensitive faculties be violently affected, over excitement will be produced in the imagination, and this disorder will be the less perceptible as the imagination is an internal organ, and we, relying upon its testimony, will thus find in occasion to wander from the path of truth.

But apart from this, man derives, perhaps, more pleasure from the imagination than from any other of his faculties. And we cannot avoid taking notice of the strong impressions



which the powers of the imagination are calculated to give us of the benignity of our Creator. Imagination knows no limits, is confined to no condition. The poor share its pleasures equally with the rich. With rapid flight it visits all ages, all climes. It presents again the world's great drama. We see Rome rise from a humble village to that degree of luxurious magnificence and power which made her the mistress of the world. In an instant we find ourselves in the East, the birthplace of the human race. Jerusalem reflects from her golden temple and numberless turrets and palaces the radiant beams of the rising sun, as our humble Savior walks its narrow streets. Time passes, and we see the rugged sides of Calvary covered with a mob, clamoring for the blood of their God. "All is consumed," is the cry we hear, and we see all nature proclaim man's redemption. Then from its gates march a band of humble but heroic men, to reclaim the world from barbarism and vice to virtue and civilization. A new kingdom is founded. Empires rise and fall, but this new kingdom, enthroned in the city of the Caesars, shall last until the end of time. Civilization, following the beacon light of Christianity, moves westward in its path.

Who among us has not experienced the sweet pleasures of the imagination as it pictures to us again the happy days of childhood, and the hallowed spot surrounding our home. Often the weary and desolate soul finds in such pleasures its only solace and comfort, as it again beholds the amiable face of

a father or mother, prays again the prayers of innocent and happy childhood, or once more rejoices in scenes sanctified by reminiscences of all that it now holds dear.

But however vast the scope given to the imagination by the various events which have transpired on this globe, fancy is not satisfied. Not content to rest on earth, it wings its flight even to the throne of God, there to refresh itself from the happiness with which it finds itself surrounded. Who can doubt that the saintly virgin whom we see standing in the amphitheater, awaiting the spring of the wild beast which is to send her to her God, is not already enjoying, through her imagination, those pleasures and that reward which is so soon to be hers.

It is then with grateful hearts that we should contemplate this beneficial gift of our Creator. For by endowing us with such a power He has widely enlarged the sphere of the pleasures of human life; and those, too, of a kind most pure and innocent. The necessary purposes of life might have been abundantly answered, though our senses of seeing and hearing had only served to distinguish external objects without conveying to us any of those refined and delicate sensations of beauty and grandeur with which we are now so much delighted. This thought the poet has beautifully expressed when he says:

"Not content

With every food of life to nourish man.  
By kind illusions of the wondering sense,  
Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eyes,  
Or music to his ear."

C. F. F.



## PATHOS IN SHAKESPEARE.

No passion requires such delicate handling as the pathetic. The great grief that crushes strong hearts is too solemn to air before the world. Many sensible to its power have sought to portray it, but they failed because they had not known the poignancy of its touch, or because they had not that fine knowledge of the human heart which alone makes successful description of its beatings possible.

Shakespeare, of all men, could best sound the depths of passion; not because of superior art or greater learning, but through that supreme genius that was his by excellence, because of his own great heart and mind, the one feeling in itself every shade and color of sentiment, the other reflecting it in those thousand meteoric flashes darting from every portion of his work.

The depth and strength of great sorrow is lost on him who seeks to analyze it, or who thinks he makes its impression more vivid by heightened language, and by dragging in many incidents, forced comparisons or lengthened speeches no grief-stricken man could utter. Such treatment renders solemnity ludicrous—is the necessary step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Not so the master, Shakespeare. His tender, sensitive soul knew too well the sacredness of sorrow to desecrate it by details. He well knew that the most simple statement of grief is the most effective pathos.

Two of the greatest examples of pathos are found in Shakespeare's two greatest works. The one in Othello,

when that rash and unfortunate man becomes aware of his awful deed, and black despair settles on his tortured soul. He who was once the valiant soldier, the warm-hearted friend and ardent lover, is now become, on realizing his rash deed and the satanic malice of which he was the victim, a wretch so helpless and despairing that we cannot but sympathize with the deluded and unfortunate man, who

“Had loved, not wisely, but too well.”

But without doubt the most pathetic thing in Shakespeare is the scenes in Macbeth, where Macduff is informed of the slaughter of his family, by Macbeth.

Here was a man true to all the highest principles of manhood; true to God, his country, and his family. He had been lately recounting the suspicions whispered abroad of Macbeth; he saw the sad plight to which his country was reduced, but there was still the memory of a happy, loving wife and family, and for those he lived. But his friend Ross,

“Had words

That would be howled out in the desert air.”

With instinctive promptings, Macduff's mind flew to his tender ones, and he begged that if the fateful news concerned him to let him know at once. He had a brave heart, but he knew not how sorely it was to be tried. “Hum!” said he, “I guess at it.” And the sad tale is briefly told:

Ross.—“Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes

Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner,

Were, on the quarry of the murder'd deed,

To add the death of you.”



There was great room here for vivid sketching; with all the sad details and by way of spice, the sympathetic nothings of uncouth, though feeling narrators. Still, Shakespeare relates that shocking deed in those few words.

Malcolm sees the effects of the terrible stroke Macduff receives. There lies Macduff upon the ground in tearless agony—the torture of a strong man's grief. Malcolm entreats him:

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

Heedless of the appeal, Macduff simply asks:

"My children, too?"

He is told all have been slaughtered,

"My wife killed, too?"

Malcolm makes another effort to console his friend:

"Be comforted;  
Let us make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief."

But the words, though kindly spoken, awake a sad echo in the broken heart:

"He has no children.—All my pretty ones? Did you say all?"

Malcolm sees but one thing—revenge. He urges the prostrate man to action:

"Dispute it like a man."

But now tender the response:

"But I must feel it like a man."

Then grief calmed, but rage and fury took its place:

"O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens;

Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he  
scape,  
Heaven forgive him, too."

These are master-strokes, the touch of nature's hand. There is no place here for intruders in sorrow's chamber. With the passing of his wild grief, what a change overcomes Macduff. Then came the whirlwind of passion that swept with undiminished fury till his arch-enemy had met defeat.

Such are the lights the great poet throws on the human heart, and the revelations he makes that the barest words serve to touch us with the power of his portrayals.

Whatever may be thought of his delineation of love, hatred, avarice, his picturing of pathos is complete, because he felt that such soul-burnings were too delicate to be seen—they must be felt; that they are not the body but the soul of art, and must pass from soul to soul through the channels of sympathy.

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—The College Glee Club assisted at an entertainment given in Kankakee for the benefit of St. Patrick's Church, March 10. Several new songs, solos, duets, and quartets were very well rendered, and the boys held up their side of the program in a worthy manner. The feature of the evening was a lecture on patriotism by Rev. J. P. Alyward, of Chicago, who is certainly a fluent, graceful, and eloquent speaker. The entertainment was a decided success.



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### EDITORIAL.

The usual Easter vacation will be taken. It will begin Saturday, April 4, and ends Tuesday 7th. Coming so close to commencement, with all the work there is to be done to make the end brilliant, a greater length of time could not be expected. It is needless to say that the faculty look for a prompt return on the part of the pupils at the expiration of the allotted time.

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There is no day more pregnant of joyful memories than Easter. Typical of awakened life, expressive of peace and promise, coming with the bursting of nature's glorious effulgence, it has indeed what must strike the most harmonious chords in every Christian's heart. Telling of victorious love, of a love that was proved by giving all for the object loved—speaking of an uplifted and sanctified humanity, it awakens joyous echoes that ring down the ages, caught up here and there by nation after nation—swelling as the chorus finds added voices till all earth

rings with the thrilling notes of man's glad pæan to an all loving Deity.

With the advent of the first Easter came the rescue of humanity. Greece had attained the acme of her supremacy, and had merely excelled in idealizing the physically beautiful. Rome had made the world ring with the glory of her military achievements. The one lay in ruins, the other fast crumbling, and man was still unsatisfied because material excellence could not fill up his desires, however complete its development. Then came the humble Savior teaching men the lesson of love and humility, and behold the change! A world redeemed, mankind uplifted, and millions added to the legions of that Ruler "of whose kingdom there shall be no end."

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There has been quite a deal of burlesquing on the part of Spanish and American students over the action of Congress on the Cuban question. In the light of one outrage the other gains no particular malice; both were acts of rash, impulsive young men. The real burlesque is in the action of the Congressmen who by their act of sympathy, deny the right of Spain to crush a rebellion in one of her colonies.

There has been a deal of twaddle indulged in over this row in Cuba that does not put us in a good light before the world. It ought not be that every insurgent and rebel should look with hope to us for assistance. We had a rebellion on our hands not so long since, and the interference of foreign powers



was strongly and justly resisted by our government. The people of this country felt that they had a case of wrongdoing and they proceeded to correct the rebel by the severest means. It served a good purpose—without such right on our part we should today have been a divided nation, and loss would have come to North and South alike.

It ill becomes us, therefore, to take such steps, knowing so well the dangers of sedition and insubordination, and, furthermore, the condition of things are such that we must now act so consistent a part that authority shall have full play when rebellion's hydra-headed form again appears.

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The educated, as a rule, are against war. To many it may seem that education tends to weaken and "make cowards of us all." It was not thus in former time when war was a means of glory, and was waged with unrelenting vigor as it was entered on with the slightest provocation.

We hear that men were then strong and fearless—everything that betokened manly vigor was theirs by excellence, as they despised whatever might make them weak or effeminate. But war was their great work; they did nothing else with such pleasure. They led an active life—and this, while it tended of itself to give strength, kept them from the indulgence that brings decay.

But now things have changed, whether for better or worse is debatable, but the sentiment is that war is

brutal, generally mercenary, and too often fails of its purpose. The advantage gained is but temporary, since the defeated nation will long for an opportunity to be revenged, and chafes under defeat till time shall bring a chance of retrieving its losses. When a man or nation is looking for trouble the occasion is readily found, and war, though disastrous in its effects, is most easily brought about.

If education count for anything, it ought to teach mankind self-restraint. It ought to show him that a dozen cool-headed men can arbitrate a cause and bring about a settlement where thousands of soldiers must bleed in vain. The world today is opposed to bloodshed, and it is a sign that much of the savage nature is being crowded out of men.

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#### THOMAS HUGHES.

After Robinson Crusoe, no book has left fonder memories on the boy's mind than "Tom Brown's School Days," or "Tom Brown at Rugby." Perhaps the latter come nearer home; they chronicle a boy's experience, his mishaps, quarrels, triumphs, and defeats, and every youthful reader finds himself going through all the contests and adventures of the famous Tom Brown.

The author of these books, and the subject of these lines, died recently at his English home, in his seventy-third year.

Thomas Hughes is best known to America by his series of "Brown" books, and these would be a good intro-



duction to any country. However, Hughes has other claims to sympathy and remembrance.

It was owing to his efforts that the splendid public library of Chicago was started. Mr. Hughes made a donation of 7,000 volumes, which he had labored to collect from the living authors of England, each author giving a complete set of his own works, and each book bearing the autograph of the writer or donor, with this inscription:

"Presented to the city of Chicago, toward the formation of a free library, after the great fire of 1871, as a mark of English sympathy."

Such active sympathy is deserving of the highest praise, and our people ought to cherish the memory of one who thus befriended them in their time of need.

It will be seen that Mr. Hughes thought that with the destruction of Chicago's great buildings had fallen its public library. He was mistaken in this, for at that time Chicago had no public library, though its citizens were quick to appreciate Mr. Hughes' generous offering, and set about founding a library worthy of him who gave it life and of the great city that was to guard it. The present magnificent structure, now nearly finished, and the vast number of books, are the best proofs of how earnestly they labored.

Mr. Hughes had visited America in 1870, and spent considerable time in Chicago, where the generosity of her people won his affections and laid him under many obligations, and when the following year fire destroyed the ris-

ing city, he felt that the chance he waited for was come, and he set out to make his collection, with the success above noted.

Hughes graduated from Oxford with the degree of A.B. in 1845, and three years later took up the practice of law. Like many others of his profession, he had a great taste for political life, and spent many years in parliament.

Several years ago he founded a colony of Englishmen in Tennessee, aptly naming the settlement "Rugby." This act of colonization was designed to develop pet social theories, but circumstances were against him and his theories like those of many others, fell flat in the force of practical reality.

Mr. Hughes literary efforts were not confined to the "Tom Brown" series, but extended to several more pretentious though less well known books.

His fame will rest on "Tom Brown at Rugby." This is his last book and one of the best boy books to be found.

The hero, Tom Brown, is the embodiment of the self-assertive, audacious Englishman. In his hero he brought out the predominant traits of Englishmen whose forward, dogged way has made them push themselves into every land, into all climes, and few countries but have felt the power of the fighting Briton of which Tom Brown was a promising type.

Hughes was greatly interested in America and her people, as also in her literature. He wrote a preface to Whitman's poems, and edited Lowell's "Bigelow Papers." In 1863 he published, "The Cause of Freedom; Which



is its Champion in America, the North or the South?"

But he may be said to owe all to his first book, "Tom Brown at Rugby," since it was the great success that work attained which prompted him to continue his literary labors.

On the whole, posterity will have a kind remembrance of this man, who if he rank not with the immortals, has made good use of the talents given him, and left souvenirs of his good will for men, that will interest many boys yet unborn as they have once delighted a generation now going gently down the mountain of life at whose base rest the many whom "Tom Brown" once delighted.

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#### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

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"The Catholic Truth Society of America" has just issued a pamphlet that should have a wide circulation, viz.: *The Business of Vilification* practiced by "Ex-Priests" and others. It gives the records of the more notorious of those who have made lying their stock in trade, and, happy to say, have brought more chagrin to their coaches than injury to the church from which they have been ejected. Still, it is a good thing to spread the truth and let people know something of the wretches they have been glad to welcome in their folds.

"Ceremonies of Holy Week Explained," will be found useful for those who would intelligently follow out the inspiring ritual of Holy Week. These tracts are furnished in quanti-

ties for a mere trifle. (Catholic Truth Society of America, St. Paul, Minn.)

"The American Catholic Historical Society" has sent out a supplement to the *Record*, in which we find a complete account of the society, with a view, too, of its progress, home, etc. It is gratifying to know that the society which has done so much for Catholic history in the United States feels confident that it can still go forward in its good work.

In *Godey's* for March we find a very good review of James Whitcomb Riley's poetry—and whoever has read the productions of this poet, knows that *poetry* is the word to use for his writings, and this because Riley has been in touch with humanity: "whose exquisite art is lavished on humanity so deep-sounding as to commend him to the acceptance of immortality among the highest lyrists."

"Mary Anderson's loyalty to the church of her faith has always been one of her most prominent and beautiful characteristics. Never, during her stage days, did she permit her fatiguing work to interfere with her devotions. Sunday morning, in whatever city or town she happened to be, found her at worship. The nearest Roman Catholic church was her temple, where she passed at least two hours invoking spiritual guidance. It is the same now. If anything, her devotion to the church is greater." Edward W. Bok, in *The Ladies Home Journal*.

*The Rosary* has its usual quota of good things. Chief among them are: "The Boers," an illustrated article on



that very interesting people, who have lately come into notoriety; a prose poem, "Memories, a Dream of Angels," by Joseph W. S. Norris; "From Gibraltar to London," I.; "Gibraltar and Tangier," by Rev. Jos. Selinger, D.D., full of fine descriptions and studies; "Chapters of Bible Study," "Studies in the New Testament," and a very unique pen drawing of St. Joseph.

"Report of the Commissioners of Education for 1892-93," Vol. II. The above volume was received from the Bureau of Education.

"A History of American Literature," by Fred Lewis Pattee. (Boston; Silver, Burdett & Co.; 1896.) The knowledge of their defects in literature, as well as the great effort to help our struggling youth, has led many of late to write on literature and the best way of acquiring a knowledge of it. The old methods will not stand the strain of analysis; many of the newer ones bear the stamp of mere experiments, and on the whole the acme of perfection has not been reached. But it is growing steadily on those who have studied the question seriously that the text-book, while it is helpful, will not impart the spirit of literature, however generous it be with the facts. Only a thorough study of the masterpieces of the best writers, carried on under the skilful guidance of a teacher of refined taste, can be helpful to the pupil, who must grow into literature, or better, make it grow into him, rather than have it pasted on in ill-

fitting patches, as most of the former methods merely did. The book whose title is mentioned above has such a method in view. It aims to give such information as will show the growth of our literature, and the influences that were brought to bear on it, with effects they produced. With a short study of all our leading writers, both in prose and poetry, there is given in marginal notes a list of each writer's leading works, with hints as to the ones that will best help the pupil to get a good knowledge of the writer's style. The compiler has drawn generously on the best American critics, due acknowledgment of which is given, and he also points out the particular place for further research. His main idea is that "actual contact with all of the important writings of the leading authors is imperative if one would understand literature." This the author has made possible, as far as American literature is concerned, and on the whole has succeeded admirably.

M.

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," Coleridge, is the tenth of a series of classics published for school use by Longman, Green & Co., New York. Like others of the series, this is designed to assist the pupil in a thorough study of the selection made, and gives such assistance in marginal and copious footnotes. This list of classics includes the choicest selections in English, and their substantial appearance and low price must recommend these books as the most practical so far issued.



## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Of all days in the school year none are more eagerly awaited and none more enjoyed than the 17th of March. This is a day dear to every Irish Catholic; a day which brings a train of ennobling thoughts, and one that excites sentiments of admiration by recalling to mind a tale of human suffering and heroism at once the most impressive and sorrowful in the pages of the world's history.

The celebration of this day dedicated to the remembrance of a grand and virtuous man, a virtuous apostle, and a great and ideal hero, was begun on the evening of the 16th by the production of *Richelieu*, one of Lord Lytton's best dramas, by the Thespians. The leading character, Cardinal Richelieu, was interpreted in a most skillful manner by Mr. J. H. Nawn, whose work in previous plays was of such a high order that much was expected of him. But in this *role* he far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of his many admirers. So imbued did he become with the spirit of the great statesman and ecclesiastic that in certain parts of the play we thought the famous cardinal was before us. It was in the fourth act, where the curse scene takes place, that Mr. Nawn was at his best, and his interpretation of that scene ending with the famous words:

"On your head, yea, though it wore a crown,

I launch the curse of Rome."

will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. Messrs. T. Lyons

and C. J. Quille, as Count Baradas and Chevalier de Mauprat, well sustained their reputation as amateur actors of no mean ability. Messrs. Allen, as the Monk, James Murphy as the King, and the remainder of the cast played their parts in such a manner that the audience united in saying that *Richelieu* was the best play that had been produced here in a number of years.

The following is the cast:

## CHARACTERS.

Louis XIII.....	J. Murphy
Duke of Orleans, his brother..	C. Harrison
Baradas, the King's favorite.....	T. Lyons
Cardinal Richelieu.....	J. Nawn
Chevalier de Mauprat.....	C. Quille
De Beringhen, a courtier.....	T. Cabill
Joseph, a capuchin.....	B. Allen
Huguet, an officer of Richelieu...	A. Lyons
Francois, a page to Richelieu....	P. Hansl
Captain of the King's Guards...	L. Mullins
Clermont.....	W. Fay
Mons. Marion, in Richelieu's pay.	J. Hickey
Secretaries of State.....	{ L. Kreuder
	{ W. Fay
	{ D. Denault

## THE DAY.

Solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Kelly, of Gilman; Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., Deacon; Mr. M. Dermody, Sub. Deacon; Mr. M. J. Ford, master of ceremonies. At this mass Father Ryan preached his first sermon here, and he gave a glowing picture of Ireland's joys and sorrows awaiting their sure reward from the hand that gave the true faith to Irish hearts and which has borne such rich harvests.

After mass a short time was given to a reunion of former students and to entertain our guests, when soon the we come dinner bell sounded, calling



us to partake of a feast spread in honor of the day. Full justice was done to the turkey and other delicacies which were served in abundance. The distribution of cake to those in each department whose good conduct entitled them to distinction, and after-dinner speeches contributed in making the dinner hour most pleasant.

Fr. Marsile, who was the first to speak, said he was always glad to welcome this day with its emblem of green which was a mark of the freshness and youth of the true faith which the people of Ireland always professed and defended. He then called on V. Rev. Dean Beaudoin, C.S.V., who arose amidst a storm of applause and after a few well chosen remarks in which he showed how the Irish and French were first cousins, closed by saying he preferred to make speeches on the stage when a *conje* was to be given.

Then followed some short and interesting talks on this glorious day by Rev. Bro. Martel, C.S.V. Rev. Fr. Bergeron, Father Kelly.

#### THE DRILL.

After an hour's recreation the visitors assembled in the recreation hall and a dress parade was formed by the college battalion in honor of our guests who showed by frequent applause their appreciation of the drill. Scarcely had the battalion stopped drilling when the Columbian guards with their flaming sashes and glittering swords entered the hall under the command of Master Frank Milholland, who,

though young in years, clearly demonstrated his ability as a commander in military. These little fellows, all under fourteen years of age, were a delightful surprise to all by their various movements, executed in a manner which would have done justice to a squad of regulars. After the Columbian guards had retired the "Picked Squad" appeared and were greeted by a hearty applause as they marched out, accompanied by the beautiful strains of a march from the piano rendered by Mr. John St. Cerny. Under the command of Col. Jas. Murphy, the squad, by their many and varied movements, both in marching and in manual of arms, clearly showed that they were adepts in United States tactics and ready to assert and prove their ability, as they determined to uphold their reputation as fancy drillers which they have won for themselves in former years.

The drill concluded the celebration of the day and the remainder of the time was spent in the company of friends most of whom were to leave in a few hours.

Among those present we noticed: Revs. A. Bergeron, T. J. McDevitt, Chicago; A. Granger, C. Poissant, Kankakee; A. Mainville, Papineau, Ill.; A. Boudreau, St. George, Ill.; J. A. Kelly, Gilman, Ill.; Messrs. M. J. Quille, F. Moody, J. Halton, Chicago, Ill.; John Sullivan, New Orleans, La.; M. Corcoran, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. M. J. Quille, Miss I. Bailey, Chicago; Miss A. Kelly, Gilman, Ill.



## PERSONALS.

—Mr. Charles Knisely, '89, writes that he is anxiously looking forward to a game with the Shamrocks on Decoration Day. The boys will be "at home" that day.

—We learned with regret that Bro. Brennock, '94, was very sick with pneumonia, but late reports show that he is improving and we hope for a speedy recovery.

—Rev. Fr. Letellier, of Menominee, Mich., spent a few days at the college lately and left many remembrances of a large heart, as indeed he does after every visit.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., spent Palm Sunday with Rev. Charles O'Brien, '89, at Ivesdale, Ill.

—Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., has been on the sick list the past three weeks with rheumatism.

—Miss M. O'Connell, of Chicago, made a short call on her friend, Thomas Crowley, of the minim department.

—Rev. G. M. Legris, of the Faculty, will spend Easter with his friend, Rev. M. A. Dovling, of Clinton, Ill. He has invited Messrs. Nawn and Surprenant to accompany him.

—Rev. T. Dugast, C.S.V., Irving Park, Chicago, accompanied by Rev. Bro. Tardi, C.S.V., paid their respects to St. Viateur's recently.

—It will no doubt be gratifying to his many friends to learn that Mr. T. Pelletier, who has been very ill for the past six weeks, is now fairly recovered and out of danger.

—Rev. F. X. Chouinard, C.S.V., pastor of St. Joseph's church, Manteno, Ill., was a recent caller.

—Rev. Bro. Harrington, C.S.V., director Holy Name School, Chicago, spent St. Patrick's Day at the college.

—Rev. J. Laberge, D.D., will spend Easter at Pullman, Ill., assisting Rev. Fr. Tynan.

—Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., will assist Rev. D. D. Hishen at Holy Cross Church, Chicago, on Easter Sunday.

—Mr. P. Murphy and J. Bauer, Chebanse, Ill., spent St. Patrick's Day with James Murphy at the college.

## VIATORIANA.

—Scratch.

—Memory.

—J-o-s-e-p-h!!!

—It's frightful.

—Take my cue.

—St. Patrick's Day.

—My magic won't work.

—Did you done your part?

—He has redeemed himself.

—The wearing of the green.

—The vanity of idle words.

—"He puts this in italics."

—Throw yourself at his feet.

—You can't catch a cyclone.

—"I'll not go till I'm chased."

—A class of weather prophets.

—I'll tell you when I can't ride.

—I'll squeal on dem dare fellers.

—Did you ever see such a push?



—I mean the one that's just over.

—C. is getting to be quite a sport.

—Let us come back to our subject.

—Old faces made young while you wait.

—The day's disaster is his morning face.

—He must have swallowed a pepper box.

—The knock came at an unusual hour.

—Did you see the Mississippi flatboats?

—“Satan is the only snake in Ireland.

—I guess I'll go—no, thanks—I've plenty.

—I'm too old a fox to play with geese.

—We know why he came late for dinner.

—They took his transom out to wash it.

—He was recognized as a great prophet.

—Your mouth looks like a mosquito trap.

—What is the signification of Ph. B.? By philobuster.

—The next feast anxiously awaited by all, is Easter, and will be welcomed by every student, particularly if he is to go home.

—John-do-good-to-you, or whatever you call him.

—Did you ever see that dark blue smell in the billiard room?

—Question: What ball are you going for? Answer: The one I hit.

—They hung his *pance* upside down to let the water run out of the pockets.

—Question: What part of a bald head is the prettiest? Answer: The part that has hair on.

—Tom does not want to wear knee pants. Why? He is afraid he will have to be carried out.

—“Professor, I would like to get into your elocution class.” “Have you a taste for elocution?” “Well, I think it's *easier* than mental arithmetic.”

—The members of both Rhetoric classes have commenced to prepare their respective speeches for the oratorical contest. On account of the spirit already shown by all, it will be rather difficult to name a winner.

—The military department did credit to itself St. Patrick's Day. Never was it known to be in better condition than at present. This is quite evident from the splendid exhibition given by it on that day. It is to be hoped that it will continue to improve and prosper, and no doubt will, under the guidance of the present colonel.

A little man, a little foot.  
But oh! his step, the building shook.

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

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

DRS. PHELPS & TINSLAR  
DENTISTS.

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