

# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Feb. 26. 1887.

No 17.

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### EDITORIALS.

—"ANECDOTES" from Rev. Dr. Peborde's lecture appear in this issue. Part II is reserved for a coming number.

\* \*

THE FAUCITY of scores leaves our sporting editor comparatively idle. He sighs for the days when the ball, bat, and mask will emerge from their dusty corners and stalk forth in the bright May sun and shake off their dust. Scoring gymnastic turns, billiard shots, musical notes, etc., does not fill his blank book half so well as the spring "Fouls," "Outs," "Three strikes," etc., which he awaits, as we do all, with much longing.

\* \*

WE HEARTILY THANK our last lecturer, Mr. Ballinger, for the entertaining and pleasureable evening he furnished us Saturday the 12th inst. We carefully noted down many of the good things he said and with the assistance of his own outline which he kindly sent us, we here endeavor to present what we think is a fair expression of his speech. It necessarily loses much of that spirit and vivacity which the speaker breathed into his utterances. Many of his pleasing and fitting anecdotes also we have been unable to adjust and have given only the more substantial parts of the whole.

IN THE INTERESTS of Elocution as a fine art and for the encouragement of its seekers we clip from the *Catholic Home* the following interesting bit of comment on our old friend Jim Quinlan now pursuing his studies in St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ills. He delivered the "Leap for Life," in what the *Chicago Herald* calls "a very masterly manner." The occasion was the Semi-Annual Scientific Exhibition in St. Ignatius Hall. The *Home* thus says: "Between the different parts of the lectures on electricity, recitations were delivered by Messrs. Maurice J. Donoghue and James M. Quinlan. The former acquitted himself in a very creditable manner, but the latter possesses the powerful and rare gift of oratory. It is said 'the pen is mightier than the sword,' but oratory is mightier than either. It has had a greater effect upon the world's destiny than all the battles that have ever been fought; its power has been felt even there, for the tide of battle has been turned, and defeat changed to victory, by the stirring voice of a brave commander. We take occasion to say this because it has become fashionable in certain sections to under-rate the importance of this great gift. Mr. Quinlan must remember that though oratory is a gift, it must be diligently cultivated; the greatest mistake he could make would be to rely too much upon his natural talent. It requires constant and thorough practice for years to master the art. The prima donna does not cease to practice when her vocal powers are admired and applauded by the public; if Mr. Quinlan will follow her example, he can wield a power which God gives to comparatively few men."

\* \*

OLD DR. BLAIR, of rhetorical fame, on the subject of oratory now so much talked of and so often and forcibly recalled by our weekly entertainment, thus chimes in at the end of his opening chapter on the acquirement of taste for the fine arts in general: "Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favorable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of a relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life."



## MIDNIGHT FANCIES.

Oh, sad is the sound of the wintry blast  
 As it moans through the leafless trees  
 And the plaintive voices of a happy past  
 I hear in each gust of the breeze.  
 The leaves lie withered and dead on the ground  
 That in summer waved green and high—  
 For the hopes of my youth I look around  
 Were these summer hopes made to die?

Was the blast of winter to cast them down?  
 Did they fall in the angry strife?  
 Did they weary of waiting the starry crown  
 That shines still, o'er the tree of life?  
 Gone are the flowers that smiled as I passed  
 In bright spring through the woodland ways—  
 Have friends, dear in boyhood, left me at last,  
 In the storm of these wintry days?

The sunshine and joy from the land is gone,  
 Gone sunshine and joy from my heart—  
 And here, amidst strangers, I live alone  
 Live to dream of a soulless past.  
 Be I heartless as stone there still are worse  
 And unhappier far than I,  
 Then the doom I have sought, I will not curse  
 There's a sun in the cloudiest sky.

Lo? the storm is passed? on my window-pane  
 Trickling down do the cloud tears fall  
 But though dark is my life not a drop of rain  
 On my desert path gleams at all.  
 No matter! no matter! the dawn must come  
 Must come; be it gloomy or bright—  
 Though little the hope in my heart there's some  
 That I'll gaze on its glorious light.

H.

## WALT WHITMAN.

Recent attempts at getting Walt Whitman a pension bring fresh to mind one whom by some mysterious, unaccountable classification, I have always relegated to a corner peculiarly his own in my mental reckoning. What mysterious causes, whims perhaps, determines us to assign such and such places to individuals, mayhap, for no

other reason than that circumstances or good fortune have not made them some of our favorites.

From the time that books of literature became part of my existence, or a welcome—frequent visitor—; to my little sanctum, I've put Walt with whom *my superior critical eminence* never allows me much more than a bowing acquaintance, I have put him on a shelf which invariably leaves traces of neglect on my coat-sleeve whenever I venture there. Yet, strange to say, his has been a form to frequently haunt me, and insist on more accountable, and little less formal recognition. I am, thus, forced to ask myself will Walt—as his friends love to call him, and I hazard the familiarity—live among those, who have planted an indelible character upon our growing literature? And while occupied with these thoughts, the current Lippincott brings me a child of nature, sympathetic observer, in John Burroughs. Now for a few pleasant moments with "Mere Egotism:" naturally attractive title, for with me, it is always "I." The winds may howl, and rain drops patter on my window-pane; no cheering rays of sun, or absorbing moonbeams, or birds singing their sweet songs out in the morning air; my curtains are drawn: it is winter's night, the intellect's festive season—impregnable storm-king living in higher altitudes.

I'm not in dreamland precisely, but where only sympathetic minds may come. I always did love a bit of the biographical, even when interspersed with "mere egotism;" and for this perhaps the more. How interesting and frequently how ennobling to note the loves and hopes and ambitions of those who have made an impress on the life around us.

So you see my friend appears a timely visitor—and let me, in confidence, assure you—a welcome one. He confesses admiration for Dr. Johnson, Whipple, Emerson, Florence, Whitman, Ruskin, Arnold, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson. To them is attributed much of his mental growth and power and right to speak. An obedient servant of sceptered sovereigns!

"To Whitman," he says, "I owe a certain liberalizing influence, as well as a lesson in patriotism which I could have got in the same measure from no other source. Whitman opens the doors and opens them wide. He pours a flood of human sympathy which sets the whole world afloat. He is a great humanizing power. There is no other personality in literature that gives me such a sense of breath and magnitude in the purely human and personal qualities. His poems are dominated by a sense of a living, breathing man as no other poems are."

My chair feels unstable; I already confess a few pangs at my heartless, presumptuous, uncritic-like neglect. He adds, "Some writers confirm one and brace him where he stands; others give him a lift forward. I am not aware that more than two writers have been



of the latter service to me,—Emerson and Whitman. Such a spirit as Bryant is confirmatory. I may say the same of Whittier and Longfellow. I owe to these men solace and encouragement, but no new territory."

High praise this indeed from one whose studies in nature give him authority to speak from that point at least. And I admit, he has almost enticed me from my self assumed eminence and sent me even now, always and everywhere championing the cause of "the sage of Camden." But yet I know not whether 'tis his self-sacrificing spirit and work 'mid the sick and dying during our Civil war that draws me most, or those venerable gray locks that once marked the man everywhere the student of life—its anxieties, cares, hopes, fears, ambitions freighted on "Brooklyn Ferry," those old gray locks that stand out even now strong, venerable, defiant after the storm of bitterest opposition. There has been no middle way in Whitman's regard, little qualified admiration; fondest friends or most determined enemies.

The first surprise in store for the unadvised incursionist into Walt's domains of poetic life and prophecy is his unrhymed and irregular verse. His intense democratism, and abiding sense in a higher, purer and broader self-rule of which our republic is but the budding promise, have caused him to throw off even in letters, all mechanical restraint. He avers that the barriers between prose and verse should be thrown down in order that the American bard may sing and move with a freedom becoming his instinct of liberty and the great cause of progress which is his watchword. This our unique literary seer has in view a new, freer and better era in literature. He speaks the introductory piece; and in the enthusiasm of his reputed mission, professes contempt for the conservatism of other courtiers of the Muse. His boldness and self-reliance, however, while not bringing him a world of indorsement have brought him warm and faithful admirers: these explain his unpopularity by depth and by parading him somewhat "in advance of his time."

"Leaves of Grass," which required 30 years to reach their present complete form are the embodiment of those thoughts and ideas, I take it upon which his singular fame is to rest. "Evangeline" means Longfellow; "In memoriam," "Idylls of the king" suggest Tennyson: "Leaves of Grass," Whitman.

Yet the form poetic which the subject of our little paper assumes is neither new nor original. Stedman tells us; "it is an old fashion always selected for dithyrambic oracular outpourings,—that of the Hebrew lyrists, and prophets, and their *inspired* english translation, of the Gaelic minstrels,—of various Oriental and Shemitic peoples—of many barbarous and dark-skinned tribes."

This truly unique character in the American world of

letters, whose genius and deep penetration none but the most obtuse would deny, has another and deserved claim to *unpopularity*. His too-free speech and too-realistic pictures offend delicacy which is never "impotent." Radical measures usually effect good only through compromise. His pseudo-naturalism, which he has advocated with much talent and specious though impractical argument, has happily, then, met with deserved failure, and will so continue, as "the Merchant-poet" tells us, "so long as savages have instincts of modesty—so long as we dream of and draw the forms and faces, not the internal substance and mechanism of those we hold most dear,—so long as the ivy trails over the ruin, the southern jessamine covers the blasted pine and the moss hides the festering swamp."

For offensive and indelicate naturalism, therefore, lovers of the pure and beautiful in literature as in nature and art, the cold meditative critic notwithstanding, will do their might to render oblivious the writings of Whitman whose power for good and strong appeal for high ideal have been offset by that which blunts, disappoints, wounds, destroys.

"Fink"

### LECTURE III.

ON

"ORATORY AND HOW ACQUIRED,"

By

MR. R. A. BALLINGER

EDITOR OF THE KANKAKEE CHIEF.

Rev. Gentlemen, and Students.

The rehearsal of a scene between King John and Prince Arthur shows how wide awake you are to the art of elocution, how there gleams amongst you a spark of that fire destined to enkindle masses. Your rendition of this moving scene with its thrilling musical accompaniment was in all so theatrical that for a moment I could scarcely realise I was not in the theatre. You may indeed well congratulate yourselves on the talent that is among you and the results you have already acquired from its cultivation.

It may be presumption on my part to attempt to enlighten or to entertain you on a subject with which you prove yourselves so conversant. Let me however explain in the first place, that I do not intend treating you to a display of oratory but simply telling you what I consider oratory is and by what means it may be most practically obtained. The development of these points will naturally bring us to considerations of what oratory has been and is; what it has done and is actually doing; and how it was acquired and may be acquired. Again in all this do not expect a display of oratory.



## PART I.

## ORATORY.

I take it for granted that all of you students are now pasturing yourselves to be great orators either at the bar, in the pulpit, or on the hustings. You are not yet, it is true, ripened out into grown manhood and the earnestness of manhood's years, yet every one of you must have an aim, a purpose in view. If you have not, much of your time will be burdensome to you, and your labor as fruitless as it will be tasteless. We should all more or less be like the little school boy whom an old gentleman once met and thus questioned: "Where are you going, my little man?" "Goin' to school." "And why are you going to school?" "To get larnin'." "And why learning?" "To get an office!" If we do not all have an *office* in view we must have some other incentive that can elicit great efforts.

Casting a glance over the world to-day we witness a very peculiar feature. We see no great orators setting the world on fire by their words. Why no revolutionaries? Why no champions of liberty to-day as formerly? Why no great reformer of society or of religion? Because there is no great principle at issue, no great question disturbs the quiet life into which peoples have settled and are busying themselves tilling this rare fruit of peace "the almighty dollar!" Moreover, peoples will not always go to hear questions debated in public when they can more comfortably read the whole matter written up in the morning paper. But the printer's ink will never leave on the mind of a reader that impression which a sterling orator will make on his audience. However settled the secure tranquility of peace and commercial pursuits nothing assures us the long continuance of such eligible times. We don't know when a revolution will break out in the political, social, or religious world. It may be to-morrow our services will be required to crush the too bold attempts of anarchism, or some like enemy of our social peace. What ensures our civil prosperity? When may not war break out and call on us to defend our dearly bought liberties against other powers? We must then, at all events, be ready to put each of us a willing and an availing shoulder to the wheel of social and national elevation.

Let us now draw a distinction between elocution and oratory. Elocution consists in delivering another's composition with the proper movements of body, inflections of voice etc. This does not make the orator, who is neither a reciter, nor a declaimer. What then is oratory? It is such a public utterance of our thoughts and emotions as will arouse in others sentiments and sympathies intensely felt and in harmony therewith. It is the art of swaying men! it implies forcibleness, conviction, grace, impassioned utterance, in a word all the niceties of elocution.

Now for the essentials of oratory. I consider as one of the first requisites a clear head, good reasoning power, a habit of logical thought. All this may be acquired. To familiarize ourselves with the most cogent logical forms in which to couch our ideas requires study. We need not expect some great occasion, a public calamity, or the rescuing of some great saving principles to call on us and that, on the spur of the moment, we will, mushroom-like, develop forth into full-rigged orators. There is no such a thing as genuine extemporaneous speaking. It is within the natural endowments of no one to get up unprepared and utter anything new, original, startling. Even for the born orator meditation, thought, reflection, selection, are necessary; and when they appear they are at once caught up by a fire generated by the friction of thought and their own enthusiasm passes through speech into their listeners. All this is the result of years of study and sleepless nights.

The next stepping stone is a proper command of language, a knowledge of the words and the various rhetorical forms into which they may be arranged: now in plain, unornamented, easy style, then in flowery and well-rounded periods, etc., etc. This stock of terms to express every emotion again requires even midnight toil. But it is only after having so enriched your diction that you can please or sway.

A knowledge of the passions, emotions, and impulses which rule men is what I would consider a third requisite. Here we have an admirable model and master in the thousand-souled Shakespeare. (*Applause*) He dived deep indeed into the inmost depths of the human heart and saw its secretest workings and in a language ever inimitable gave them forth to the world. Strange however it is to say that Shakespeare, though a great dramatist, never was a great orator. (*applause*) All the resources of elocutionary have been applied to give expression to those grand productions, Hamlet, Macbeth; but much of these wonderful masterpieces will remain unfathomable to the keenest searchers of this superb genius, the immortal Shakespeare. (*Applause*) Perhaps there is one among you whom you've *dubbed Shakespeare*. (*prolonged applause*) Well, I never was any good at guessing conundrums but I see I've guessed one. (*applause and laughter*) . . . Acquaintance with the passions, impulses, and tastes is gained by passing in social ways of the people. It is one of the very distinctive marks of a true orator to see at one glance what kind of an audience he is dealing with, and adjust himself to their capabilities of understanding, their frame of mind, and the bent of their affections. The soul with its passions has been aptly compared to a stringed instrument. If these strings are skilfully touched they echo back the truest and readiest sounds; but the player must know which notes to strike.



A fourth stepping stone is elocution, or a graceful carriage, easy and natural gestures, control of voice for pitch and force, time, the maintenance of a position of dignity, and expression of countenance. This is certainly a grand accomplishment and has much to do in the making of an orator; but, as I remarked, it is not oratory itself. "The boy stood on the burning deck" . . . "At midnight in his guarded tent, The Turk lay dreaming of the hour," that's elocution not oratory. Elocution without power of thoughts is a good deal like a pair of trowsers without legs to put in.

What does there yet remain to assist man in controlling his fellowmen? Have we not yet enumerated all that is essential?

There yet remains one, that is the possession of a high character which from its purity and integrity commands respect, a character of nobility, a truth in action, in person. I should perhaps have placed this important mark first. It is first all around, not only for the particular purpose of oratory, but is fundamental in all our society relations. The truest and only morality is that which Christianity teaches, and there is no true morality without Christianity. (*Applause*) Thucydides said of Pericles that his probity made him strong with the Athenian people. The same thing holds good of Demosthenes, but not of Cicero. Murillo could not have painted a Madonna had he not been so eminently Christian. . . . Summing up then, we see that oratory, though not so flourishing to-day as in former ages, yet, on account of the very instability of our time, deserves to be made the subject of our class study. There is a wide difference between oratory and elocution. What constitutes the orator: a Christian, moral character, logical power, fluency of language, and knowledge of human nature. Let us now proceed to the

## PART II.

### HOW IT IS ACQUIRED.

Let me here preface something which may perhaps surprise you as you are accustomed to the old classic formula that poets, and orators as well, are born not made. I would here remark that my opinion is that orators are made not born; that anybody who takes the trouble has it within his power to become an orator. This, Gentlemen, is a stimulative doctrine, calculated to inspire hope to that vast majority who would invariably reckon themselves as not "born orators." There is need here of perseverance, and repeated efforts. It is very advisable, not to say indispensable, to have previously become familiar with the manners of thinking and reasoning, metaphysical subtleties of ancient songs, and general models in the domains of letters. If we had not Homer, Virgil, Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, what would we do? What did Shakespeare? Only cast these old models into his own mould. You must then feed your

minds on these grand old ideas and again study logic, history, and theology. You must acquire the power of delivery and know to suit your expression to the ear of your audience. You must for several years go over the same lesson, like the young man who once applied to a celebrated musician for a lesson and was given a rudimentary exercise with this instruction. "Practice this one year and come back"—He did. When he had recited, the master said: "Practice another year." Again he came thinking he had mastered the lesson perfectly. But no; the teacher made him go over it a third and fourth, and even the fifth and a sixth year, and then told him. "Go now, you are the best musician in Europe!" You also must go repeatedly over the same things till they become such a part of you that when wanted they will flow forth spontaneously.

Your small irregularities will be so much the more noticeable as you are a lesser genius. Very palpable for instance was the mistake of the ardent young speaker who was making an *excited* first appearance: Cæsar crossed the Rubicon and struck a terrible blow. . . . *Gesture!* . . . (*Applause*) I once had a pupil who was perfect in all the movements of the arms and head, but he could not move his legs at all and therefore presented the most ludicrous appearance to an ordinary observer. It is with us as with the works of art. Minor defects in a small building are much more readily noticeable than the same in a grand cathedral. To overcome even these minor defects often requires very strenuous and continually repeated efforts. But we have the consolation of this thought: that nothing worth having can be obtained without being worked for. We'll often have Alpine paths of difficulties to climb before arriving at perfection in public speaking.

It is now almost a common belief that "universal geniuses" are rare. A man can do only a few things well. Philip chided Alexander for singing so well, because, he said, he could not be such an excellent singer and at the same time a warrior. . . . Anthistenes also bluntly told the flute player that he played indeed admirably, but was good for nothing else.

Now Gentlemen we have gone over the whole ground somewhat rapidly I know, not however without having made you understand something of the importance, of the beauty and grandeur of the subject. There yet remains one thing to be done, and that is the pointing out of a model, both of an orator and of the ways of becoming one. Would any one suggest an example? For my part I see none, in the whole range of history, better fitted to be set up as this twofold model than the grand old Demosthenes. Whether or not he was born an orator I shall not decide; certain it is that he had almost insurmountable difficulties to overcome and did so only by dint of practice and study. You are no doubt acquaint-



ed with his laughable first appearance, his stuttering, the coughing and hissing of the people; you've read how he covered his head with his cloak and ran out; how on his way home he met a friend who gave him good advice; how he accordingly retired by the seaside and dwelt in a cave with half of his head shaved—you can see him before his glass correcting his appearance, declaiming to the roaring tide, or while ascending a steep hill. You know the story of the pebbles, the midnight oil. You know how later on he came forth from his cavern and was the terror of an Alexander. He never appeared unprepared. He possessed admirably the art of suiting language and thought to his audience. In his long lifetime of study he had learned all that pertains to the art and made himself a great orator.

The same holds good of painters. Murillo must needs have studied anatomy, must have known and loved Christianity to form the ideas in his mind and put them on the canvass. . . . A good deal of genius of course is born with the man, but we don't know how much there is in us before we give ourselves a trial and test our capabilities, our susceptibilities of higher development.

It may not be improper here to indicate a fault—a national one, which as Americans we all share. We are all as speakers more or less afflicted with affectation. Women and men, when before an audience, like to feel their individuality and hence appear in an affected and bolstered style. This defect needs the looking glass of a pretty severe critic's eye. Amongst our good modern orators are Moreau, Beranger, Souvoi, Napoleon, Patrick Henry, Clay, Evarts, and Daniel Webster. And at an earlier period of the modern era we have the Christian Evangelists and the early Christian Fathers who converted the world to the new Gospel. They did not do it with pamphlets, nor with the sword. It was by their eloquence.

To my mind gentlemen, let me say in conclusion, no art surpasses that of reaching men's hearts and swaying their minds, the art of goading men to great actions, and you cannot carve out for yourselves a grander and a nobler work than oratory. Hoping to have the occasion and pleasure of meeting you all personally I bid you a very good evening.

#### LOCALS.

- Lent!
- Oysters!
- Gentle Spring!
- *Cheez-vous*. Pat!
- Shakespeare says he isn't a conundrum.
- Mr. Sullivan did a neat job in sewing the cloth of the Juniors' billiard table, last week.

— Professor Therien has arranged "On the Sea," opening chorus to "*The Little Tycoon*" for the full orchestra and choir.

— Rev. Father Moysant of the Immaculate Conception Church, Chicago, paid his Alma Mater a visit on the 17th inst.

— Among the latest arrivals are Thos. Murray of Fowler, Ind. and masters L. Grover Napierre and Harry Dodge of Chicago Ills.

— Two new turning poles were recieved last week for the Juniors and Minims, they were promptly set up, and turning is now in order.

— Joe wants a rest. All right Joe you shall have it.

— Rev. E Rivard C. S. V. attended the Clifton and Chebanse Missions in the absence of Rev. Chas. Gonant who has sailed for France.

— A most enjoyable programme was rendered last Tuesday evening in honor of Washington's Birthday. Selections were played by the band and orchestra in a very creditable manner. Master Pendergast made his debut as a declaimer. We can but praise and encourage him, for he proved himself a graceful and forcible speaker in his admirable recitation of the "Eulogy on Washington." Mr. Alex. McGavick's oration on the Father of our country was highly entertaining. It would have been hard, even for one who had kissed the Blarney, to have excelled him. Mr. Dore's "All Star Dramatic Co." then took the boards and in a "side-splitting, mirth-provoking, and other wise funny manner performed their farce "Double play." Masters Parker, Evrard, Ricou, and Barry have certainly made a hit (if not the hit) of the season. After a few well chosen remarks from Father director, a selection from the band closed the entertainment.

— Dan now wears the medal (leather) for possessing Cleopatra's chief gift.

— On Washington's Birthday the band indulged in a little serenading. They called on Fathers Marsile and Beaudoin, the Convent, Dr. Bergeron and the Novitiate.

— Night Warblings entitled "She's my girl" were rendered most feelingly by Two Cent the other night in the dormitory.

— It seems that since Tim's *pards* left he tried to merge his grief in lore. He overcharged himself however and he claims the surplus is breaking out in the shape of two "wisdom teeth."

— Deering's night mare *Liz* broke her record last Monday. For all particulars inquire of Jim R.

— The Juniors' billiard club now numbers twenty-two members.

— Frather Dooling C. S. V was in Chicago last Saturday. Fathers Marsile C. S. V. and Peborde officiated there on Sunday.



— The Seminarians spent a very pleasant afternoon last Thursday in skating. From the sudden turn the weather has taken we fear there will be no more skating this winter.

— St. Patrick's Literary Association held a most entertaining meeting on the 16th. inst. Mr. James Roach declaimed "The Soldier's Request," Mr. Legris read an essay on "Slavery" Mr. Ricou a biographical sketch of "Diogines" and Mr. Wilstach an essay on "The Causes and effects of the crusades." Rev. Moderator Rivard acted as critic.

— The ghosts of the victims of Doctor Mc's malpractice haunted his regions of sleep and peace last Monday night. After testing his lungs with a fearful yell, fainting away twice and inspecting his room, by the light of Dude Powers' nose, he was induced to take morphine and was soon once more wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

— The evening of Saturday, Feb. 12th inst. was full of life and interest. We are certainly thankful to those who participated in the so creditable rendition of an enjoyable programme reading as follows: Overture by the Band; Scene from Prince Arthur by T. Normoyle and D. Ricou; Chants Canadiens by French Quartette; The lecture on "Oratory and How Acquired" by Mr. Ballinger; selection by the Orchestra: closing remarks by Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V.; and a finale by the Band.

— Hurvey Legris last week handed in his resignation to the Band and Orchestra. It is a great loss to each organization, but Dan Cahill is making strenuous endeavors to master the Baritone for the Orchestra and Hugh O'Neil pipes the same instrument for the Band as if he were made for it. T. Normoyle will practice the tuba, but in the meantime Father Mainville will play it. Albert Letourneau has been admitted as snare drummer for the Band.

#### CLEVELAND'S LETTER TO A CATHOLIC.

The Catholic Club of Philadelphia lately invited the President to attend its annual banquet at which Cardinal Gibbons was to preside. Being unable to accede to the invitation Cleveland answered by the following letter, which shows him to be a true friend of religion and a firm believer in its absolute necessity to insure the good of society:—

"The thoughtfulness which prompted this invitation is gratefully appreciated, and I regret that my public duties here will prevent its acceptance. I should be glad to join the contemplated expression of respect to be tendered to the distinguished head of the Catholic Church in the United States, whose personal acquaintance I very much enjoy, and who is so worthily entitled to the esteem of all his fellow citizens.

"I thank you for the admirable letter which accompanied my invitation, in which you announce as one of the doctrines of your club 'that a good and exemplary Catholic must, *ex necessitate rei*, be a good and exemplary citizen,' and that 'the teachings of both human and divine law thus merging in the one word, duty, form the only union of Church and State that a civil and religious government can recognize.'

"I know you will permit me, as a Protestant, to supplement this noble sentiment by an expression of my conviction that the same influence and result follow a sincere and consistent devotion to the teachings of every religious creed which is based upon divine sanction. A wholesome religious faith thus inures to the perpetuity, safety and prosperity of our Republic, by exacting the due observance of civil law, the preservation of public order and a proper regard for the rights of all; and thus are its adherents better fitted for good citizenship and confirmed in a sure and steadfast patriotism.

"It seems to me, too, that the conception of duty to the State, which is derived from religious precept, involves a sense of personal responsibility which is of the greatest value in the operation of the Government by the people. It will be a fortunate day for our country when every citizen feels that he has an ever-present duty to perform to the State which he cannot escape from or neglect without being false to his religious, as well as to his civil allegiance. Wishing for your club the utmost success in its efforts to bring about this result, I am yours sincerely, GROVER CLEVELAND."

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Cold and low to-day in the silent tomb sleeps the remains of our late highly esteemed and dearly beloved companion, Mr. Thomas O'Donnell. His death, which occurred so recently in our midst, was to us a severe and terrible shock. Seldom indeed have we been called upon to chronicle a sadder event. Large and strong, he seemed gifted with a sound constitution, and destined for a long life. A few weeks of heavy sickness, however, told fearfully on him and, although already past the critical point and apparently on the way to recovery, his condition was still regarded as serious. Last Friday night, the 25th. inst., a sudden change announced that the worst could be expected and that death might come at any moment. A few hours before dawn in the morning of the 26th. an unusual noise throughout the house, the low whisper and the quiet hurried tread of footsteps, told plainly that the end was really approaching. So indeed it was; the priest had already heard his confession, anointed him and given him all the spiritual consolation that a minister of the church and a priest



of God can give. He was well prepared, and was ready for death. Soon it came; and under its dark shadow and beneath its cold grasp, his breathing ceased, his young heart stopped its beating; his spirit had fled. Close by his side, his dear Mother and brother, in tears and with feelings that we shall not here attempt to describe, watched his last faint struggles, watched, tenderly and lovingly the last spark of life in their darling boy pass slowly away. In the room many priests, seminarians and students were also gathered, who prayed fervently for their dying friend. His death, which took place a little before six o'clock, was quiet and tranquil. Many Masses were immediately read for him, and prayers offered up in the Chapel for the rest of his soul.

When the morning dawned and the sad news was whispered around, deep sorrow pervaded the whole community, and many a student walked away from the little crowd that had gathered together and secretly wept his fill. At noon the remains were brought to Kankakee and thence taken to his parent's home in Ottawa, where they will be interred on Monday the 28th. Rev. Father Dooling accompanied them home, and followed them to their last resting place. Twenty of the older students also went as far as Kankakee. It was the least they could do to show the love and respect which they entertained for their dead companion. That night, while dear friends and relatives wept bitter tears over his pale confined remains at home, a cloud of deep sorrow hung over the community here, and prayers were frequently offered up both privately and in common.

To-day the bleak winds howl about his grave, and the snows of winter are, perhaps, covering it from view. His place is vacant at home, a dear brother is gone, a fond child laid in the silent tomb. Here, too, his place stands unoccupied, and a highly esteemed and much respected companion is missed. Mr. O'Donnell, during his short stay among us, had, truly, made many friends; he had won the love and good will of his fellow-students as well the esteem and confidence of his superiors. Always mild and gentle, he seemed pleased with everybody, and had faults to find about nothing. He was smart, talented, and industrious; and had apparently a bright future before him. During the greater part of his sickness, his dear mother and brother were at his bedside, and were unremitting in their attention to him. Sorrowful, indeed, as his death was to us, it must have been doubly so to them. In their great affliction we extend to them our heart-felt sympathies, and would say that, though their darling boy is gone, we trust and sincerely believe, it is his gain. They have lost a child, a brother; and we a dear friend and companion, but heaven we believe has gained another soul. This at least is our sincere hope, and to that end we will not cease to pray.

*"May his soul rest in peace."*

## ROLL OF HONOR.

### NEATNESS AND ORDER.

D. Cahill, J. Roach, J. Bennett, H. Lesage, J. Geer, W. Powers, E. Graham and J. Golden.

### DEPARTMENT.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

T. Burns 100, R. FitzGerald, J. Maher, P. Granger, P. Saffer, J. Suerth, J. Whalen, T. Whalen and Alex. Granger.

Distinguished—J. Cleary, A. Fortin, T. J. O'Donnell and T. Murray.

### POLITENESS.

D. Cahill, J. Roach, W. Powers.

### APPLICATION.

R. Fitzgerald, T. J. O'Donnell, L. Grandchamp.

### DILIGENCE AND PUNCTUALITY.

D. Carroll, T. J. O'Donnell, P. Wilstach.

### MINIM'S DEPARTMENT.

#### Diligence and Punctuality.

L. Falley, V. Lammare, Jas. Tierney, Lingle and Culver.

### NEATNESS AND ORDER.

Falley, McDonald, Legris, Jos. O'Connor. V. Lammare, Lingle, Letourneau and Boivert.

### Department.

L. Falley, V. Lammare, H. Lingle, Letourneau, Fontanelle.

### POLITENESS.

A. Besse, Jas. Tierney, Falley, W. Tierney, Lingle Jos. O'Connor, Culver, V. Lammare, Sweeney, McDonald.

### APPLICATION.

Falley, Jos. O'Connor, V. Lammare.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

### Department.

V. Cyrier, W. Lehman, and M. Fortin.

### Politeness.

W. Prendergast, T. Maloney, W. Stafford, C. Knisely and Alf. Lesage.

### Application.

V. Cyrier and W. Lehman.

### Diligence and Punctuality.

W. Lehman, M. Fortin and C. Knisely.

### Neatness and Order.

W. Prendergast, T. Maloney and C. Knisely.

On the next page follows the report of the February Examination, the average of each student who had 75 and over being given.



## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Cahill, 86; Convey, 88; J. Bennett, 90; E. Bennett, 87; Frazer, 82; FitzGerald, 80; McGavick, 94; Normoyle, 89; Saindon, 90; Wilstach, 89; Grandchamp, 84; Burns, 86; Lyons, 91; Muehlenpfordt, 88; Suerth, 81; Welsh, 90; Pallissard, 86; P. Granger, 85; F. Lesage, 89; Ehrich, 88; Whalen, 90; E. Grandpré, 82; Baine, 75; Harbour, 78; Dandurand, 79; Baker, 78; Deering, 75; P. Kelly, 82; H. O'Neil, 75.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Ricou, 90; Belton, 85; Falley, 92; Lamarre, 87; Jos. O'Connor, 88; Lehman, 85; Bonfield, 80; H. Baker, 75; Knisely, 76; M. Fortin, 86; A. Marcotte, 79; T. Rouseau, 77; G. Evrard, 85; W. Stafford, 76; W. Prendergast, 88; T. Maloney, 79; J. Kelly, 84; E. Adams, 80; W. Calvin, 85; T. Dowling, 86; B. Frazer, 75; G. Gravelin, 80; A. Lesage, 82; L. Gosse, 79; W. Roach, 77; A. Besse, 83; W. Conway, 76; S. Rivard, 76; Scott, 75.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

J. O'Callaghan, 91; D. Ricou, 85; R. Adams, 84; J. Belle, 79; Cyrier, 84; Conlan, 85; W. Evrard, 86; Friedman, 82; F. Moran, 82; C. Quinlan, 77; J. Tierney, 83; W. Tierney, 79; Tynan, 90; Lingle, 84; Fontanel, 82; Giroux, 87; Sweeny, 78; Letourneau, 85; Binsfeld, 77; H. Culver, 89; D. Granger, 75; A. Granger, 84; Keaogh, 86; G. Rivard, 88; McDonald, 85; Giroux, 75.

—Absent: J. Moore, F. Baker, A. Kerr, D. Conway, L. Legris, and J. Rivard.

## ZOUAVE STORIES

## THE MAGNANIMOUS ZOUAVES.

The French Zouave is quite another production of Algeria. He is noticeable for his picturesque uniform, his turban, his short jacket, his full-skirted breeches fastened under the knee with yellow leggings, and also for his novel disposition of mind which he seems to derive from the hot, bracing and gay climate of the country. Who did not here of the Zouaves' legendary boldness? When in the beginning of the Crimean war, at the battle of Alma, a staff-officer informed Menshikoff, the Russian General, that those Zouaves who, a few minutes before, had been passing apparently unconcerned, as for a parade, under fire of his cannons, had escalated a ravine so steep that he had not judged it necessary to be defended, he exclaimed in a passion: *You lie, devils alone could pass that ravine!* But it was too late; the Zouaves driving back everything in their bold advance were already in sight and he had just the necessary time to fly leaving every thing in their hands, even his own private canteen abundantly supplied with dainties and rare wines on which they joyfully feasted. By that bold maneuver, possible with Zouaves only, the heroic Marshal de St.

Amand, suffering from the fatal sickness he died of the next day, routed with his 20,000 men the 60,000 Russians of Menshikoff, before the English of Lord Raglan who had refused to march before eating their breakfast, were through with their meal.

But what is less known of the Zouaves than their boldness is their generous and truly Gallic humor which not seldom becomes quite tricky. Two anecdotes will illustrate that double aspect of their character.

During the rebellion of the Kabiles, a village built as generally are all the villages of the Kabily on the top of a steep hill, had to be stormed in order to dislodge a large party of rebels fortified in its houses who, protected by stone walls, were firing with impunity at our soldiers destitute of artillery. A company of Zouaves was commanded for the attack. After a tremendous cheer "vive la France" they started, bayonet in hand, to ascend the hill. About twenty of them were soon killed and wounded by the balls of the enemy amongst whom their captain. Excited by this misfortune and by the stubborn resistance of the rebels, they did their work so well that not one of the 150 Kabiles was left unhurt. When they broke into the last house they found a Kabile standing in front of a large stone jar, holding a pistol in one hand and a yatayan (sort of carving-knife) in the other. It was evident from his mien that this rebel intended to defend this jar by all the means in his power. Soon however he was compelled to give it up after having inflicted quite a wound on the shoulder of the Zouave who had wounded him, in turn, with his bayonet. Falling back the Kabile grasped in despair the lid of the famous jar. The Zouave, suspecting that the vessel might contain ammunition, opened it, when, to his amazement, the pretty face of a little girl about seven or eight years old emerged from it screaming desperately and throwing her little arms around the neck of her dying father. The Zouave moved by that touching scene, called one of his comrades to whom he entrusted the little girl and, notwithstanding his own wound, took the Kabile on his shoulders and ran to the tent-hospital where I was giving my assistance to the dying wounded. Arriving he cried to me: Make a Christian of this infidel. Informed by the physician that his wound was fatal, I called for an interpreter, but the man, too anxious about his daughter, would not hear of anything else. The Zouave covered with blood went out for a short while and coming back with the little girl in his arms told the interpreter to tell her father that he could die in peace, that the colonel had permitted him to adopt the child, that he would share with her his daily allowance, and that in case of his death his comrades would replace him in his work of charity. The father looked at him gratefully, and on the exhortation of the Zouave he consented to die a christian; after giv-



ing him the absolutely necessary instruction, I baptised him and he died a few minutes after.

The little girl entrusted by the Colonel to the *canteneer* became the adopted child of all the regiment. A few months after she was placed, at the expense of the regiment, in the convent of the Good Shepherd in Algiers and in 1878 (11 years later) a letter from her informed me, in elegant French, that she had taken her vows under the name of Sister Mary of the Zouaves. Her brave god-father, the Zouave who caused her to become a Christian, became himself a Trappist lay brother at the monastery of Our Lady of Staoueli.

After presenting you the Zouave in his most chivalrous aspect of character, I must now show him to you as a merry, jovial fellow, ever ready to crack a joke or play a trick even in the midst of dangers and sorrowful circumstances. Once, going from Oran to Algiers on a steamer carrying two or three companies of Zouaves, we met with a terrible storm during the night which seriously endangered the safety of the vessel. Several men had been swept off the deck by tremendous waves. The steamer driven by the gale towards the Balearic Isles was forced to seek refuge in Port Mahor. There in presence of the crew and of the passengers gathered on the deck, the Captain went through the moving formality of roll-calling to ascertain the number and the name of the victims of the tempest. The call of several names, three times repeated, remained unanswered, amongst whom the names of a sergeant and of a bugle-player. In the silence which followed the three calls of this last name, a Zouave, who, apparently very tired by the emotion and labor of the last night, was lying on the deck, pointing to a bugle fastened to the mast exclaimed: That poor fellow has forgotten to take his bugle along with himself; no doubt when he'll reach his garrison in the other world the sergeant will lock him up in the Guard Room. That same man who had been noticed during the storm for his courage, his self-denial, his readiness to expose himself even to the danger of death to save others, could not restrain himself even in such distressing circumstances from indulging in a good joke.

#### THE JOLLY ZOUAVE.

Another anecdote and I am done. 'Twill be a short one. When we passed by Bogart, a small town on the north skirt of the desert, we were given a few days rest during which the Zouaves had time to play many good tricks. Among others, this one. Some four or five of them who were one day coming up from one of the highways into town were requested by a respectable French inhabitant to help him lower into his cellar four casks of wine just received from France. They lent themselves readily to this task and received as a recompense a relishable supper really *à la mode de Paris*, and a taste of the juice from the old soil.

The next day the soldiers of the whole Zouave regiment went as usual to drink at the fountain immediately in front of said French gentleman's house, and most wonderful to behold all came back with evident signs of intoxication! Had the spring been poisoned. Every thing was surmised; the water was analyzed and found perfectly pure. The same unaccountable phenomenon happened again the next day.

We on the fourth day moved thence and never again did our regiment come across such exhilarating waters.

Some three months afterwards the French gentleman was met on the streets of Blidah by visiting parties and most good humoredly explained the marvelous virtue of his fountain by stating that his four casks of French wine had been sucked through bamboo canes, (intended for pipe stems) a bundle of which the soldiers had found in his cellar and adroitly connected from the barrels through to the fountain. The joke was such a good one that military discipline only laughed at it and all heads were safe.

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### PERSONALS.

Prendergast—We had the pleasure of welcoming in our midst for a few days James Prendergast, '83, who still lives in Streator, on a farm of his own. He has not yet joined the *Benedicts*.

McCabe—Elisha and George McCabe, '80, and '81 respectively, are enjoying life at their home in Brimfield, Illinois.

Bonneville—It appears that Jos. Boneville, '84, has come out victoriously after the long struggle he had with the severe sickness that caused him to leave us. He is still in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Flynn—Charles Flynn, '85, is working with his Father in the office of the *Danville News*, Danville, Ill. There is some talk of his coming back to visit us soon.

McKone—We were happy to hear from Owen McKone '76, who is now conductor on the W. St. L. & P. R. R. between Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Danville, Ill. He writes: "It is a great pleasure for me to receive your paper. It reminds me of days gone by while at St. Viateur's.—Regards to all the Lafayette boys."

Cullen—While mentioning our other friends from Brimfield, we must not forget Jos. Cullen, '80, of jovial memory. He is yet at his home in the above named place.

Lecours—We have now and then the occasion of meeting Joseph and Edward Lecours, '83, who are yet living in Kankakee City with their father, engaged in the Dry Goods business.

Murtaugh—By the latest news from those quarters, William Murtaugh, '81, was pursuing his Theological studies in Montreal, with the Sulpician Fathers.



Bernard—George Bernard, '81, is having at home in Bel-Oeil, Canada, as joyful and sportive a time as ever. He never forgets his college days and can enjoy a good laugh once in a while when thinking over them.

Kniery—Our genial friend, Ed. Kniery, '85, is pursuing his course of Philosophy in St. Mary's, Baltimore. He spent last year with the Sulpician Fathers of Montreal.

Perry—Ed. Perry, '82, holds steadfastly to his position in the Farwell & Co, Wholesale Clothing house, in Chicago.

#### EXCHANGES.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* in its new-year issue is brimful of choice productions, and its exuberance at this time of the year reminds us of the "Blue Grass" region, and its richness. The remarks on Ireland quite surprised us. C. D. enters into the spirit of the subject; and her prophesy that "Aurora will pour forth her resplendent rays upon benighted Ireland," will, no doubt be soon fulfilled. Among the other pieces that which pleased us most for its artistical treatment was "Life's River," in which we have a pure imagination at work, and often capable of keeping pace with its quick, broken fancies. Come again in such trim and we'll read you with pleasure.

The "*Illini*" contains a remarkably fine sketch of Justin McCarthy, M.P., the Irish orator. It does the lecturer entire justice. The article on "Testing Machines" though lengthy, is quite interesting and instructive. At present the *Illini* presents a very neat and pleasing appearance. Make your matter correspond, and you will always be anxiously looked for.

One of our estimable and esteemed contemporaries took exception some time ago to certain expressions used in the exchange column of the JOURNAL, among others "pronouncedly" "give the least appreciation," "abominable slangy" (evidently for "abominably slangy," and others which were branded by the wisacre of the exchange corner as unenglish and unfrench! We have given up in utter desperation, and as far beyond our power of reaching his susceptibilities of understanding, the enlightenment of this fun-provoking message carrier. To those who may have read his dyspeptic musings we would explain that we think it perfectly safe to use, as current and therefore English, words appearing month after month and week after week in such publications as the *North American Review*, Lippincott's *Magazine*, the *Catholic World*, etc., etc. Read and you'll see every day such expressions as "admittedly," "pronouncedly," "thusly," "markedly," "assuredly," and a hundred others coined after the same stamp. Most of these expressions used by later writers are not found even in Webster's

Unabridged, that we know; still they are generally received as in harmony with the genius of our language and its admirable, exhaustless adaptability to word-building, a characteristic which it has from its Teutonic origin. "Give appreciation" is English and means, we think, to make an estimate of merits or demerits; it is an expression often used, and indeed almost indispensable, in literary criticism. The fact of not being able to soar above a little typographical error does not argue much wing power. The French would call it *petitesse d'esprit*; the *patois* for this is *narrowness of mind*.

Our old friend the, *Georgetown College Journal*, is as bright and newsy as ever. It is in every respect a commendable college paper. Its contributions are always choice and fresh.

The *Little Crusader*, published at Columbus, O., is a regular visitor in our midst. Its object is to furnish interesting and instructive literature for the little folks. Even a cursory glance at its varied contents will not fail to convince any one that it accomplishes its laudable object. May it continue and prosper in its good work.

The late issue of the *Emory Phoenix* was replete with some very choice articles. The essay on *Oliver Goldsmith* was read with pleasure. The one on *True Greatness* was also deserving of a careful perusal. At the present day too many young men have a wrong idea of what are the constituents of true greatness. Led away by false ideals, they bring to naught an otherwise prosperous future. The editorial department is ably conducted and forms one of the most prominent features of the *Phoenix*.

The *Swarthmore Phoenix*, in its last issue, served for its readers quite a choice and relishable intellectual *menu* which could not fail to tempt the most exacting palate. The *Phoenix* occupies a prominent position in the college paper world. It is always a welcome visitor to our sanctuary.

The February number of the *Rambler* is fully up to the standard. It contains not a few well written productions. "Scribor" makes a strong plea for the "Study of German" urging that its intricacies are not so difficult to master as our imagination paints them. We believe that the German language, owing to the number of our fellow citizens whose mother tongue it is and the yearly influx of immigrants from the father land, as also the tenacity with which they always adhere to their language, will eventually become a prominent factor in our country. Hence its acquisition cannot but prove advantageous. By the way, "Scribor" don't you think that you *ego* it too much in your assertions. In the space of not more than twenty lines, we counted eleven I's. Beware or some uncharitable exchange editor may dub you "the great I am."



## CATHOLIC NOTES.

Africa has a Catholic population of 1,646,000 souls.

The troubles over the McGlynn case are happily dying out of the papers.

Seven Cardinals will be created at the approaching Consistory to be held on March 7th.

Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau were heartily welcomed on their arrival in Rome. The former resides at the American College.

The State Board of charities has recommended an appropriation of \$30,000 to the Mercy Hospital in the city of Pittsburg.

The population of Rome is 355,000 inhabitants, which shows an increase of 140,000 citizens since 1870.

Detroit is said to have 66,000 Catholics, about one half her entire population. Twenty-two years ago there were but 6 Catholic churches in the city; now there are 19.

Father Bernard O'Rielly, D. D., who has already furnished a number of works to our Catholic literature, now presents us with another book recommended and praised by many papers and entitled: "Novissima; or, Where Do Our Departed Go?"

It seems true that a remedy has at last been discovered to cure leprosy. Father Damien, of the Lepers of Molokai, says that he himself has felt the benefit of the treatment and that many of his afflicted flock are now on the way to health again.

The Congregation of the Propaganda has recently authorized Mgr. Livinhac, in the missions of his Eminence Cardinal Levigerie, to collect the acts of the Negro martyrs, of whom we spoke in these pages not long ago, in order that they may be sent as soon as possible to the congregation of Rites.

It has often been said, and probably in all truth, that it is hard to be a good Irishman and not be a Catholic. Some were thinking that Justin McCarty was an exception to that rule. Happily it appears from a speech he delivered at Ann Harbor, that he follows the general rule and is also Catholic.

A most encouraging change has come over the spirit of the Chinese Emperor in regard to the Christians. In a proclamation he says: "the sole object of establishing chapels is to exhort men to do right. Those who embrace Christianity do not cease to be Chinese, and both sides, therefore, should continue to live in peace and not let mutual jealousies be the cause of the strife between them."

The Rev. Edward Hanna, of the diocese of Rochester, *alumnus* of the North American College, who carried off one of the two large gold medals conferred by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in reward of the brilliant defence of the theological thesis argued in the debate held in the Urban College, July 12th, 1886, has

received the high honor of being appointed to fill the chair of Dogmatic Theology in the College of Propaganda when the erudite Thomist, Professor Sattolli, is unable to lecture. (Catholic American.)

Dr. John Gilmary Shea is acknowledged to-day as being the ablest writer on the Church History of our Country. He has now ready the first of the five volumes of his History of the Catholic Church in the United States, which will be sent to any one for the price of \$5.00. It is a subscription work and only sixty copies are open to the public.

The report of the Society of the Catholic Knights of America for the year 1886 shows an increase in membership of 3,200 individuals, raising the total number of Knights to 16,500. This order is the only one of the kind in the States and cannot too highly be praised for the good it is doing by keeping men from going to secret societies.

Nothing is more beautiful than the growth of the mustard seed of faith in our dear State of Illinois. The first mission founded by Father Marquette at Kaskaskia in 1675, was placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin and has now developed to the proportions we notice below. "In the State of Illinois we have an active priesthood of 512 who serve 566 churches and superintend 51,000 children in parochial schools, chiefly conducted by members of the various religious orders, and a Catholic population of about 614,000 souls."

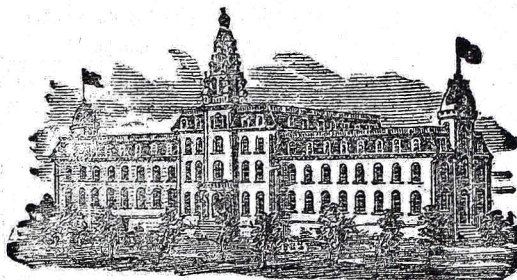
From Sadlier's Directory for this year it is ascertained that there are at present in the Episcopate of the United States 12 Archbishops and 61 Bishops. The priests number 7,658; ecclesiastical students studying for the priesthood, 1,630. The number of churches already erected is 6,310; chapels and stations 3,281. There are in operation under the supervision of the Church, 36 Theological Seminaries, 38 Colleges, 593 Academies, 2,697 Parochial Schools and 485 Charitable Institutions. The Parochial Schools are attended by 537,725 American children who are educated *free* of any taxation upon the general public, thus saving at least ten million dollars annually to the tax payers of America. (The Monitor.)

Mr. Thomas Hallahan, a business man of New York was cured of a spinal disease regarded by the best doctors as incurable, by the use of Water coming from the miraculous fountain of Lourdes. In the transport of his feeling of gratitude towards our Blessed Lady he left immediately for France to visit her Holy Shrine in Lourdes itself. This miraculous cure is one out of very many wrought by the pious use of this precious water.

At the recent examination for licentiate in pharmacy by the Wisconsin State Board of Pharmacy, Sister Mathilda, of the Franciscan Community, La Crosse, attained an average of 95 per cent. — (Catholic Universe)



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