

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. V

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, June 4, 1887.

No 4.

A. H. PIKE. JEWELLER.

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BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, June 11, 1887.

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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

MR. J. CUSACK.....'87.
MR. A. GRANGER.....'87.
MR. P. WILSTACH.....'89.

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All students of the College are invited to send contributions of matter for the JOURNAL.

All communications should be addressed "St. Viateur's College Journal," Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee Co., Ill.

EDITORIALS.

THE ANNUAL picnic will be enjoyed at the ravines this year. Everybody is invited.

THE HAGAN ELOCUTION Medal has been received and it is superb. We are anxious to see it grace the noble breast which is to wear it.

THE COMMENCEMENT exercises will be held in the college Hall at half past one P. M., June 23rd. They will be presided over by Most Rev. P. J. Feehan.

ALL THE GRADUATES, the alumni, our predecessors at this refreshing shrine of science, are especially invited to make a pilgrimage hither for the 23rd. of June.

PARENTS AND FRIENDS of the students are cordially invited to attend the closing exercises on the above named day. The College may be reached via Kankakee on the Illinois Central R. R.; the Cincinnati St. Louis & Chicago; the Three I, and the Kankakee & Seneca.

"THE THIRD HEAT," as a Junior wag is pleased to term it, is at hand. It is the last and the decisive one.

VERY ENLIVENING are these glad songs and gay arias now rehearsing for commencement day, to say nothing of addresses, declamations, discourses, etc.

THE "DISCOURS FRANCAIS" this year will be pronounced by Mr. P. Wilstach, of Lafayette, who has bestowed much of his attention of late to the study of that language all of beauty.

THE NEXT ISSUE of the JOURNAL will appear after commencement and a copy of it will be mailed to each student at his home together with one or more catalogues. The post-commencement issue will contain the supplementary Frenchsheet which should have appeared in this number. There will be a full report of the exercises with the lists of excellence, of graduates, of speeches, names of visitors, and general doings.

AN EXCURSION TO CANADA?....Wouldn't it be a goodly scheme to organize a party, the graduating class for example, and take in Canada? Let us cogitate over the matter. Mountains of fun, delightful scenery, forests in their glory, the lordly St. Lawrence with its rapids and thousand isles, its great bridge, charming Montreal, picturesque and historic old Quebec, people of different manners, language and customs—all these and more inducements are tempting.

SINCE THE PRESENT COMMUNICATION concerning the Holy Name Zouaves appearing in this issue was received we learn that the young soldiers have passed under the management of Rev. Fr. Mahony, of St. Stanislaus' Polish church, Chicago. Fr. Mahony is an excellent and a successful drill-master as is evinced by the applause which attends every appearance of his Polish Cadets and the young Zouaves. Their late performances at the Exposition Building are a credit to their experienced instructor, and we congratulate them all, master and companies.

JUNE.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

O June! delicious month of June!
 When winds and birds all sing in tune;
 When in the meadows swarm the bees
 And hum their drowsy melodies
 While pillaging the buttercup,
 To store the golden honey up;
 O June! the month of bluest skies,
 Dear to the pilgrim butterflies,
 Who seem gay colored leaves astray
 Blown down the tide of amber day;
 O June! the month of merry song,
 Of shadow brief of sunshine long;
 All things on earth love you the best.—
 The bird that carols near his nest;
 The wind that wakes and singing, blows
 The spicy perfume of the rose;
 And bee, who sounds his muffled horn
 To celebrate the dewy morn;
 And even all the stars above
 At night are happier for love,
 As if the mellow notes of mirth
 Were wafted to them from the earth.
 O June! such music haunts your name
 With you the summer chorus came!

St. Nicholas.

OUIDA'S WANDA.

I trust the few who will have the moral courage to read this compound will not be stunned, too completely paralyzed, at perceiving that the perpetrator of this sketch has read *Ouida*!—*Ouida* is very wicked at times. She is oh, so out-spoken—she says everything she thinks, but does not for all that deserve the medal for candor or naïveté, for she sometimes thinks very wicked things. Of the *femmes auteurs*, as Louis Veuillot calls them, who have lately crowded all literary walks she is perhaps the most able and attractive, and at the same time the most slangy and obscene. This is decidedly strong. Maurice Egan, after wading with her through the slimy, shallow writers of London high life pronounces her a vile old writing hack. Yet even while she is deservedly accounted a very unsafe writer because of her pronounced realism, she sometimes pens pages which one might attribute to Eugenie de Guerin, to Lady Fullerton or even to a Catholic divine.

I opened this book at the instance of a friend who is

no rash judge in matters literary, and who recommended me *Wanda* not as a most edifying, but as a readable and an entertaining novel. I have just finished the last page and am not scandalized yet. As the novel is in the main descriptive of Catholic nobility, one very striking characteristic of the opus is the author's close acquaintance with Catholic subjects, Catholic books, ascetic writers, church ceremonies, and even theology—all the things she handles as freely as one born and reared a Catholic. This is something noteworthy at least. It is as gratifying as it is unexpected.

The style of the work is not brilliant, but it is easy, and here and there quite elegant, sometimes spirited in dialogues; the prevailing tone in what I believe is called the dramatic element, is of the tranquil kind. This novel, unlike others by the same writer, is pretty thoroughly English as regards diction. There yet creep in several French and German *bons mots*—untranslatable of course—which send one to the table of foreign idioms. In this respect however, *Wanda* is not so censurable, so disagreeable as *Under Two Flags* which, on account of its too great proportion of French camp-jargon, I found almost unintelligible and, because otherwise unedifying, I relegated to a merited shelf.

I confess I am not enough of a literary seer to foretell what a destiny awaits *Wanda* in the uncertain future. It is not my impression however, that it has enough of the undying in it to traverse many ages. It will be read for some time and will please no doubt; then it will in all likelihood, as many others of its class, pass into great Oblivion with the venerable formula "*Moriturus te Salutamus!*"

Shall I in a few words recount you the story as I carelessly turn over the leaves?—The prologue takes us away into an obscure Russian village whereas Prince Zaborof voyaging southward to marry his fiancée is obliged to stop to get his carriage wheel mended. While the slow northern smith is plying his dull tools the proud visitant spends his impatience in surveying the very prosaic surrounding. A singular individual was this Prince. So immensely rich that he ignored that even now he was in one of his very own estates which he had not visited for years. Just as he was to bid this obscure place a longed for farewell, a tall dark figure seen in the distance came rapidly towards him. It was old Maritza, great-grandmother to a little boy whom she carried along with her.

Breathless almost, she approaches the proud Prince and confides to him the little orphan whom she persuades him is his own illegitimate son. The Prince is forced to recollect and to own his own, promises to have the child cared for—and goes. A month later a stranger appeared at Maritza's cabin where the little boy Vassia played with his favorite bear cubs. He announced that

the master desired Vassia should be taken to some school out of Russia. The boy, much to his regret was sent to a famous college near Paris. He proved a successful pupil, being keen-witted. He however hated authority, and longed for his bear cubs and the cool waters of the Volga. One day Vassia was called in by his tutor that his protector had died suddenly—Vassia was therefore left upon the world, penniless. He could no longer stay at college. Moritza had died. What would he do? He walked to Paris and we lose sight of him through the dusty thoroughfares, the crowds, the glaring lights of the great gay capital.... This is merely the prelude and serves as a keystone for the denouement of the plot.

Here then the story begins and runneth thus. Once upon a time Marquis René de Sabrans having obtained the great Kaiser's permission to hunt in the Austrian Alps had wandered far into the solitude of Hohenzalras Castle; he had just levelled his rifle at a vulture passing overhead when he was seized as a poacher by the attendants of Countess Von Szalras, and was about to be executed or at least severely punished when she granted him grace upon his promising that he would not shoot on her premises. He had been highly incensed at the indignity offered him. Still he had admired the young Countess. She too had found something remarkable in the stranger, a wonderful fascination she could not forget, though she would.... In his eagerness to leave these forbidden woods the Marquis endeavored to cross a neighboring lake, and being overtaken by a storm was on the point of drowning when he was rescued by the countess and her men, taken in and cared for. During his short stay he became known, through Herr Greswold's converse, as the editor of the "Mexico" and consequently as a man of science. He proved by no means disagreeable company even for the noble ladies themselves. When recovered, he left with many cordial expressions of gratitude.

The Countess Wanda loved her life of solitude amidst her grand native mountains, and meditated no greater bliss, it seemed than to spend her years in happy, quiet communion with her simple people, her books, her exercises of piety, her walks and rides through her silent woods. She shunned company, above all that of the court; all the brilliant charms of society were nothing to her though she had nobility, she had beauty and talent and every accomplishment to entitle her to a first rank in all the circles of the great. She worshipped the memory of her dead brother Bela who had been her most intimate and loved companion from childhood. Yet she remembered the French Marquis. Her aged aunt, Princess Attilie, an ex-abbess, often sought to persuade her to marry the gay visitor, but it seemed to no purpose.

One evening word was brought by the servant that the stranger dismissed some days before had met with another serious accident in the mountains and was now lying in a very precarious condition in a miserably small inn. All possible help was despatched, and as soon as he was able to move about the convalescing traveller was taken to a little Augustinian monastery on Holy Isle, right opposite the Castle and across the Szalrassee in whose waters the foreign gentleman had before very nearly lost his life. De Sabrans found the monastery a peaceful retreat from the dissipated life of the Boulevard to which he was accustomed. Whilst there the Countess Wanda after much discussing with aunt Attilie consented to have him invited over to the Castle. He went.... By and by the little boat crossed to the Castle twice a day. The Marquis was a charming conversationalist, an equally excellent musician and artist, and talked intelligently upon subjects of science and literature, music and art. They visited her schools, her lands and the peasantry, and often rode together.... His religion—well, he had none. All the Szalras had been from remote antiquity staunch Catholics, and the present countess, the last of her noble race, was true in every respect to the faith of her ancestors. She in her practical, logical and christian good sense counselled de Sabrans who had been a *désœuvré*, an idler of Paris, to take up some occupation worthy of his talents. He goes, then, promising to obey.

An unexpressed sentiment of mutual admiration always remains between him and the Countess. She makes inquiries as to the character of one who at first seemed to her a mere adventurer and she becomes convinced that he is a descendant of an ancient family of Norman nobles, whose sole estate, however, consisted of an almost valueless strip of sea shore with a few wind-tossed trees and poor fishermen.

Wanda had an ardent admire in her cousin, Prince Egon, a brilliant soldier and magnificent noble. But, much as she esteemed him for his many admirable qualities, she could not bring herself to love him, and consequently refused to marry him. Meanwhile it was seen by the papers that Marquis de Sabrans who had returned to Paris, was gambling heavily and had broken the bank at Monte Carlo....

At this period of the story a new personage a relative of the Szalras, Madame Olga Branka, of a noble Russian family comes upon the scene. She at once appears as capable of much mischief—which she will no doubt achieve. She is not at all of Wanda's persuasions and finds the "Austrian recluse" too middle-age-like.... A good deal of the yarn here unravels.... De Sabrans is invited to attend an imperial reception at Szalras Castle but cannot come on account of his late election as deputy to the French Chamber. There came a change

over him as he earnestly set himself to follow the good advice of Wanda.

Some very important business calls the Countess to Paris, and as she drives along the Boulevard some one lifts his hat to her. It is de Sabrans. She finds herself embarrassed at her own interest in the gentleman. She reads his speeches in the papers. She finds superb flowers sent her by him, but she does not invite him to come to her. She even went to hear him speak in the chamber, admired him and congratulated him,—but that was all. He answers he only obeyed her injunctions.

She returns home to her loved solitude, her flowers, her people, her schools, her horses, her rider—the quiet life at Szalrasburg. She is induced by her aunt to visit Vienna. On her return thence she finds a “gilded boat-shaped basket filled with tea roses and dove-orchids, her favorite flowers. Sabrans had brought them in person, but he had already gone. She in her good sense could not help exclaiming “What knight errantry!”

Pretty soon the war between France and Prussia breaks out. De Sabrans nobly upholds his country's honor even against the friends and relations of Wanda. He fights bravely, but he is betrayed into the hands of the Prussians through the malicious and revengeful machinations of a former flame of his, by name Cochonette, not at all canonizable, and jealous of his attentions to the Austrian lady... He however regains his freedom. Again he is invited to Szalrasburg but does not come. He visits Romaris, his strip of sea beaten shore, and comforts the poor peasants who occupy his ingrate estate. It is very dull. Letters are exchanged between him and Wanda. Imperial house-parties are given at the Austrian Castle. De Sabrans is invited—no.

One day Wanda gets intelligence that one of her villages is in great consternation consequent upon a flood which had been sweeping away huts, inhabitants and all before it. She goes personally, does not spare money nor individual efforts to assist her distressed people. While thus ministering to the wants of the helpless she hears of the presence of a brave man who is achieving wonders in behalf of the sufferers. It is, she finds, De Sabrans. He had read of the terrible inundation in Wanda's possessions and had come to offer aid, should it be needed. She calls for him—He almost declines, but finally presents himself... Their conversation is not yet a promise of marriage. When all danger is over, Sabrans proposes to leave, but Wanda begs of him to remain until all is perfectly restored. He obeys.... “Will you not come to Holy Isle?” she says to him before departing home. “If you call me there, I will obey.”

She goes home. Afterwards, listening to the promptings of her generous nature and her own love for so worthy a one, and also to the advice of Mother Attilie

she invites him to Holy Isle. He gladly revisits the monks, obeys another summons to dine at the Castle. They meet, and both feel it is to be decisive. She offers him her hand as a reward for his services. It was royal pay, for she was one of the most desirable alliances in all Europe. He was poor though talented and in every way accomplished—a gentleman and a nobleman.

Their marriage takes place in Vienna in great state—and it is the subject of much multifarious comment. They nevertheless live happily together, “as happy as can be.” Their firstborn, a pretty fair-faced child, much like his father, they call Bela in remembrance of Wanda's favorite brother. Sabrans would call the child by his name. Little Bela grows up proud and masterful,

* * *

Here ends the first part of the story. Owing to lack of space we must reserve the second for another sitting.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is seldom we find combined in a single individual the sentimentality of the essayist, the truthfulness and accuracy of the historian and biographer, and the wit and *esprit* requisite for a humorist,—yet such is the grand total summed up in the versatile genius of Washington Irving. All these has he displayed in his various works,—historical, biographical, narrative, and humorous,—displayed in such a rare profusion that the vast army of English and American readers through the mouth of the critics vote him to the foremost rank of American prose-writers.

The subject of this sketch was born in the city of New York in the year 1783. He attended a grammar school for a few years; at the early age of sixteen began to read Blackstone and other legal authors. His ill health soon obliged him to tear himself away from his studies and seek recuperation in the country. He decided on an European tour, on which he started in 1804.

His departure must have been a happy day for him, if we can believe his account of himself, for he says;—“I was always fond of visiting new scenes, and of observing strange characters and manners.” While yet a boy “my holidays were spent in rambles around the neighboring country.... My native country was full of youthful promise; Europe was rich in accumulated treasures of ages.” Can you not imagine him, reader, of a summer evening, when the moon casts forth her first silvery beam and the stars peep from their hiding places,—can you not imagine him throwing aside some favorite book of travels or history, and in a paroxysm of eager desire, exclaim: “Visit for me, O fair moon, those jewels which adorn the bosom of dis-

tant lands. Gaze for me, O stars, on the sacred aisles of Westminster, the dome of St. Peter's, ramble for me among the Alpine cliffs and over the plains of old Spain!"

While abroad he visited the principal countries and made prolonged visits in the various capitals. It was while at London that he gathered the notes on which he expanded in his *Sketch Book*. He remained abroad about two years, after which he returned and in the partnership of his brother and Mr. Paulding edited the *Salmagundi*, a humorous paper afterwards published in book form.

He was but twenty six when he gave the reading public his *History of New York*, by Nickerbocker. The *History*, one of the choicest pieces of refined humor in our literature, is a parody on the early settlement of New York by the Dutch.

But not till 1820 did he produce his *Sketch Book* which will ever stand synonymous with his name, the corner stone of his fame. This little volume contains thirty-three papers, descriptive, sentimental, and humorous. In these essays and tales he has almost surpassed himself by his richness and elegance of diction in some, in others with an irresistible power he draws tears to the reader's eyes, and in a few, 'midst the irrepressible gusts of admiration, causes jolly peals of laughter to burst forth. Through this work his name will ever be inseparably linked with Ichabod Crane of Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle of the Catskill mountains, whose quaint and humorous histories he has related with a masterly pen.

In 1822 he published *Brace-bridge Hall*, and two years later *Tales of a Traveller*. The former does ample credit to his latent genius but in the latter he has fallen far below his standard. After the appearance of these works he again went abroad and remained for some time in idleness, when we find him writing to his brother that he feels lonesome without his pen and intends to resort to it again. The result was his *History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus*, and later the *Voyages of the companions of Columbus*. Of these two the style is engaging, the facts for the most part accurate, but he has singularly failed "in bringing home to the reader the spirit of faith which animated the breast of the great discoverer, which inspired him with the zeal to begin and the patience to prosecute his mighty design."

In 1830 he was presented with a thirty-guinea gold medal by the London Royal Society of Literature, and, as he himself remarks, what made it more flattering was that a similar medal was presented at the same time to Henry Hallam.

Before returning for the last time to America he procured the material for two more elegant works which were to add new laurels to his already verdent wreath,

these works were the *Conquest of Granada* and the *Alhambra*, both treating of the ancient Moorish kingdom. There runs through the former a pleasing mixture of facts and legends and it is written with a floridity and magnificence which harmonizes most gracefully with the romantic scenes described. In some of his other works we are forced to admire Mr. Irving's noble scorn at the insults and ignominies heaped upon the monks by other writers, but, alas, here he himself has fallen into a vein of irony against those holy men, for which it seems hard to account in his impartial nature. Prescott has not less beautifully than truly called his *Alhambra* the "beautiful Spanish Sketch-Book."

In his later days, when nestled cosily away at "Woolfort's Roost," he wrote the following works, though none of them approach in beauty or wit his former compositions. *Astoria*, an American tale; *Abbotsford* and *Newstead Abbey*, *Legends of the Conquests of Spain*, *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, *Woolfort's Roost*, *Life of Goldsmith*, *Mahomet and his Successors*, partly true and partly fictitious; and finally his *Life of Washington* which he had in view before he left Europe the last time. Irving died in 1859, after the Psalmist's limit of three score and ten" had passed lightly over his head. A plain marble slab with his name and date of death marks his grave in the old burying-ground in Tarrytown, and "the path which leads to the entrance gate of the plot is so worn by the feet of visitors that a stranger need hardly look for his way to the place."

Mr. Irving was always a man of retired habits, indulging little in public life, of which he has avowed his hatred on many occasions. He has satirized American politics most vigorously in the *Salmagundi* under the pseudonym of Rub-a-dub Keli Rohu, and when the Government tried to press him into office he refused many times and finally accepted the mission to Spain only because he wished to gather materials for his many works on that country. His favorite nest was the delightful country villa, Sunnyside, where "the waves of the Hudson lapped the shore at his feet." That he loved the easy-going invigorating rural life is apparent from the *esprit* of his works where he always speaks so beautifully of country life. "It leads a man forth amid the scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences." A lover of the country he conformed himself to its habits, every morning he was up at least by six o'clock unwilling to lose the best part of the day,—a sunrise on the Hudson. He always lived somewhat frugally at his cottage, which, though attractive, was not extravagant, and his study only contained a table, a chair, and his few books around the wall.

He was a delightful conversationalist, and words and

sentences flowed out of his mouth with the same ease and beauty that characterizes his writings. He had that charming facility of conforming himself to the taste or manners of anyone, as much at home chasing the tottling youngster in the orchard or on the rustic bench listening to the tiresome prattle of some oldman. Longfellow in a lecture before the Massachusetts Historical Society pays in the following compliment to his character: "I found the author whom I had loved repeated in the man. The same playful humor, the same touches of sentiment, the same poetic atmosphere, and what I admired most of all the entire absence of literary jealousy, of all that mean avarice of fame, which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one's self."

Though an historian and biographer of no mean merit Mr. Irving will always be remembered through his style and humor. He wrote generally "to please the fancy and the ear, while he informs the understanding; he gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expression, but not overcharged with any of its misplaced finery." He was the Addison of this country, and his Sketch Book is the American Spectator. With an air of modesty he lends grace and ornament to whatever he takes up, no matter how commonplace, and Midas-like he turns it to gold. As we peruse his delightful essays, a silent charm steals over us like a cloud of fragrant incense and our imagination lost to the real exults only in the ideal. A contributor to a late magazine has truthfully said, "His limpid style seems so easy to imitate yet so far beyond the reach of effort." His humor is amusing at once and refined, never degenerating to the vulgar, nor verging on the other extremity, the burlesque; this nicety can be attributed only to his practical common sense and good judgement.

Tennyson, like Irving, wrote his best works first, but unlike the laureate his later productions evince the tame versatile talent and happy command of language, only in a less degree. It is the brilliant halo which surrounds the former that casts a shadow on the latter. Had the Alhambra or the life of Washington been written by another they would have been more popular but as it is public appreciation is wrapt up in an ecstasy of admiration for the Sketch-Book, Bracebridge Hall, and the History of New York.

P. W. '89.

FROM ASSUMPTION, III.

Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. lately received from his brother, Dr. Rivard, a letter which, as it is quite newsy may prove interesting to some of the former students.

"Let me tell you, says the Doctor, "some of my late exploits. Since I wrote you last, I have made a trip to the far west, i. e. Kansas. Leab and I and little Rita arrived in Concordia, Kansas, about the second week in May. I visited quite extensively during my stay across the Mississippi. The country looks much prettier, I think, than in Illinois. Land is more rolling, and more beautiful scenery I've never looked upon. Crops look splendid.

"Gus Beauchamp, who by the way, has the finest drug store to be seen outside of a large city, wants me to go and locate there right away. But, though I am positive that if I had gone there 5 years ago I should be worth as many dollars to-day as I am cents, I shall certainly not go—not at present at least. I saw great many of our old friends and acquaintances who are living comfortable whereas if they had remained in the crowded districts of Illinois, from whence they came, they would be poor still.

"Rob. Letourneau is clerking in Gus's drug store. I saw Antoine Courville and Alex Testu, Alex's father has become very wealthy. Hector Martin with his brother runs the biggest wholesale grocery store in Concordia.

"Dr. Mrotte is doing an immense business every way. Old St. Ange seems comfortably quartered in Clyde....

"I am still enjoying a very good practice, although it is not very sickly just now. I've recently received from the I. C. R. R. a pass to Chicago and back. I expect to attend the meeting of the American Medical Association next week. Should "anything turn up" that I could leave at that time I will try and attend your commencement exercises. On what date does it come off? I must close as it's mail time.—Well folks at home we are all happy and prosperous—With regards to all.—

' Brotherly Yours,
George."

BEAUTIES OF BACON.

States as great engines move slowly.

Virtue is like precious odors most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

Histories make men wise, poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

THE REVERSES OF GENIUS.

Christopher Columbus after being laughed at and treated as a fool for eighteen years at last procured assistance from Isabella the Catholic, the good queen of Spain, who offered to pledge her jewels if the required funds could not be raised any other way. The king however saved her this sacrifice by advancing the money, and Columbus finally set sail with three small vessels not one of which was fit for a sea voyage. But this did not worry Chris at all. He was bound for the great unknown Western Hemisphere and was going to get there if he had to swim all the way and subsist on cod-fish and salt water. Most of his sailors were men who had been forced into the service against their will, as none of them wished to go on so perilous a journey. Columbus must have kept a good watch over them till they got out of sight of land or most likely there would have been many desertions.

After they had been out about sixty days, one of the ships was swallowed by a whale or capsized in a storm and Christopher was forced to proceed with the other two.

When they had been sailing around for several months, the men thought it was pretty near time to be making discoveries if they were ever going to make any. After a little talk it was decided to seize the vessels and start for home. They accordingly made a rush for the commander and laying hold of him started to throw him into the sea. The matter was finally settled by Columbus agreeing to turn back in three days if at the end of that time no land was sighted. Things looked mighty blue to Christopher just then. The sky, the ocean and every thing had a bluish tinge and some historians add that to make matters worse, the wind blew a gale most of the time.

The time was nearly up when on the morning of the third day land was seen a few miles ahead and Columbus fell on his knees and thanked God for his great mercies. The ships soon after came to anchor and a landing was made on what is known as San Salvador Island.

The first thing the adventurers did was to set up a large cross and then kneeling on the sandy shore they returned fervent thanks to God, although the pictures in most histories represent them as planting some kind of an antiquated flag. They hate to admit that a Catholic discovered America. Christopher Columbus took possession of the new country in the name of Spain, although he did not know what he had discovered but imagined it was part of East India. The shore was soon crowded with the inhabitants of the island who gazed with wonder on the Spaniards probably thinking they were superior beings sent from Heaven.

They soon found out very different however as the sailors presently began to celebrate in a real old-fashioned style. Christopher brought out a couple of kegs and set 'em up to the natives and then they had a big time. Things changed from a blue to a reddish tinge.

After a week or so Columbus having appointed a few of his men to remain and found a colony, set out for home with the rest. On his arrival in Spain he was treated like a prince for a while, but when the novelty of the thing wore off a little, and after he had made three more voyages, he was thrown into prison where he died in misery and despair. Such seems to be the reward of genius.

E. B.

LOCALS.

-
- Vacation on the 23rd!
 - Picnic soon, next Monday!
 - Are the St Ignatius boys coming soon again?
 - We are thankful to the band boys for the splendid music they have been discoursing in our campus these late evening.
 - "Where will we be a week from to-day?"—Bad grammar.
 - "I want a shave."
 - "Tim you dont live in St. Louis do you?"
 - Mr. Dore our *truest* philosopher, took a cramp while in bathing Thursday afternoon. He called for his friends, who arrived in time to carry him over the rock— Good scheme, Mr. Dore.
 - Bain "take that off."
 - Competitions are over at last! many are sad and especially Tim who would like to have another examination in spelling.
 - The Seniors feel quite high since two or three weeks.
 - O that history medal to what a contest did it not give rise!
 - The premiums, the beautiful and sparkling premiums, have already made their appearance in the room of our prefect of studies. They are ranged about, the laurels of the brave and hard working students of '87. What a triumph shall it not be for the *elite* to be publicly crowned on Commencement day in presence of the Archbishop, of the Faculty, and of our welcome visitors.
 - To-day June 11th, the children of the parish, along with a few from the Academy, made their First Communion at the half past seven o'clock mass in Church. The little girls, 27 in number, all clad in white presented the appearance of a small body of Angels, while the small boys, 23 in number, properly dressed wearing white gloves and rosettes on their left arm, edified all present by their modest demeanor and pious conduct.

— Something will be said in another issue of a spring-chicken picnic for the staff.

— Dr. G. J. Rivaad returning from the Annual convention of the American Medical Association held in Chicago, paid us a flying visit a few days ago.

— Revs. Alex McGavick, J. Barry, E. Therien and Chas. Mugan are to receive Holy Priesthood at the Holy Name Cathedral Saturday, June the 11th.— We will await the first blessing of the young priests and we wish them once more every blessing in return.

— Saturday before Pentecost Muster Robbie Adams of Chicago received Solemn Baptism. Rev. M. A. Dooling officiated assisted by Rev. Chas. Peborde D. D.

— On Pentecost Sunday at the Solemn Mass we beheld the unique and edifying spectacle of a first communion. Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V., celebrant, gave a touching and practically happy instruction addressing himself specially to the young communicants whom, being twelve in number, he compared to the happy and wonderful Apostles.... At the much expected moment, the young gentlemen, neatly dressed wearing white gloves, and rosettes on their right arms, approached within the Sanctuary where they reverently knelt at the foot of the altar and there received from the hand of Rev. F. Marsile their First Holy Communion. That they be ever as happy and as guiltless as they were that day is the best wish we form for them. Following are the names of the happy class—all of the minim's department except G. Healy, who is now a junior: A. McNamara, H. Lingle, C. Quinlan, E. McDonald, G. Healy, T. O'Connor, J. Kehoe, A. Letourneau, A. Bradley, R. Adams, E. Smith, S. Lawler. Two Misses Healy, sisters of George were present at the reception.

— Mr. Chas. H. Ball received the warmly expressed thanks of the First Communion class for having so kindly heard their Catechism recitation for some weeks previous to their reception. We were all gratified at finding among such young boys this gratitude and good breeding.

— Chas. Ball's moustache is the attraction in the Senior gang.

— The senior played a game of base-ball with the Juniors on the 1st of June and they were defeated by a score of 14 to 12.

— Parker has given up all hopes of conquering the French.

— The Seniors will soon wear knee pants.

— The Juniors are oh so lonesome since Billy left them.

— He only said: "I learned them how to cheer!"

— Only 14 more days, says Griffin.

— Boys, don't rush into vacation; prudence requires that you should take it easy.

— "Jim, beware, you may die again."

— Wilstach having resigned, Lamb is now our poet—laureate.

— "To whom does that glove belong, Pend?"

— Sam has given up all hopes of becoming a poet. Quite sad, Sam, we sympathize with you.

— A violin solo was rendered the other night with great success by the Knownothings.

— At the late ball game we had the pleasure to make the acquaintance of Mr. J. W. Roney, successor to Mr. McClean as Editor of the *Kankakee Times*. Mr. Roney is an affable gentleman and we hope to see him often.

— Mr. McClean, former Editor of the *Kankakee Times* is now employed on the *Chicago News*. We congratulate genial Mac. on his ascension.

— Rev. M. J. Marsile is to preach the sermon for the laying of the corner stone of the French Church in Chicago, in the beginning of July.

— In Physical Geography—Prof: "What makes the ocean salty, you know *that* sure enough?"—Pupil: "Cod fish?"

— Rev. Bro. Cregan, C. S. V., late from Vourles, France, is a genial and an able instructor. He is most welcome to our quiet grove, and we hope he will feel happy in this far off mission. May he long remain among us.

— Can you call a cloud a tank full of water up in the air?... Consult Shelly.

HOLY NAME SCHOOL

Chicago, Ill.

Tuesday June 1st. 1897.

Dear Editor—It was quite regaling to see our young Zouaves in their gay and elegantly loose uniforms as they filed out from the Holy Name School grounds Decoration Day to join the Polish Cadets and Drum corps on the Corner of Sedgwick Street and Chicago Avenue. The Holy Name Zouaves are drilled by Captain Boyd of the Chicago Zouaves and number in all 150. Their costume is as striking as it is fanciful and picturesque. They wear loose red trousers, white leggings fastened with small brass buttons, a blue jacket trimmed with gold, and white cap with blue trimmings. The officers' Jackets are especially brilliant as of course they ought to be.

Thus attired and in perfect attitude and order the Zouaves marched through the city to the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul railway station where they, together with other companies, took the train at 9.30 for Calvary Cemetery.

When on board the flying steam one could scarcely have judged that we were bent upon the demolition of some enemy's stronghold or preparing to scatter roses over the graves of our heroes, so various were their

movements, and so shifting their conversations: they did not, however, lose the gravity becoming the solemnity of the occasion they were called upon to grace.

Getting off the train they formed into columns of four, marched into the cemetery where each captain with his company proceeded to decorate the soldiers' graves. This, of course, they did with faultless grace and without the confusion so usual among recruits yet so new. Later on in the day they charmed the several hundreds of admiring spectators by their exhibition drill.

At 3.30 they joined the U. S. Grant Post No. 28, Jefferson Post No. 445, G. H. Thomas Post No. 5. with several other military bodies in the grand parade through the city. They in every way comported themselves in true soldier-like fashion and are a credit to themselves, their school and especially to those who drill and instruct them.

The Holy Name Zouaves are a very young, an almost infant organization, and they show what can be achieved by competent and painstaking instructors backed by an earnestness characteristic of riper years. There is every reason to expect that the tyro soldiers—our own little Zouavelets, will nobly follow the footsteps of their glorious elders, the Chicago Zouaves, who at the moment are gloriously carrying off the militia pennant. We can only wish them all, young and old, more power.

D.

IN MEMORIAM.

We were called to the church on Friday morning May 27th. to assist at the last sad rites which were to be performed over our late lamented Bro. Gareau. His death was a most sudden one. A young man of some twenty seven years, in perfect health, there appeared stretched out before him apparently long life. He had been a postulant novice for about eight months and would soon have pronounced his sacred vows. On Wednesday, May the 25th., he and the eight other novices started for the river for a swim. Little did they think as they sauntered along by the graveyard that in less than three days one of their number would be laid cold and stiff under the fresh sod, or as they plunged into the refreshing water, that one was to be taken out a corpse. But so Divine Providence had willed it. They had been swimming for sometime when they heard Bro. Gareau in the middle of the river, for he was a good swimmer, crying "Save Me." Bro. Kühn started towards him but too late, he had gone down for the last time. Word was immediately sent to college and some of the better divers dived for him. As his body

had drifted some yards in the current, it was not without some difficulty that he was at last brought to the surface,—dead. He was brought back to the novitiate and preparations began for his funeral, Friday morning. His devoted director, the master of novices, Rev. A. Mainville, C. S. V., sang the solemn requiem mass assisted by Rev. Dr. Peborde, Deacon, Rev. Mr. Mugan, Subdeacon, and Mr. Dore Master of Ceremonies. The choir chanted beautifully the solemn prayers for the repose of his soul. The church was draped in black and the coffin rested on a slightly elevated platform at the foot of the sanctuary steps. Six of the community acted as pall bearers: Bros. Ryan, Dionne, Beclair, Lucier, McCormick and Gignac. Our sincere sympathies are with his beloved brother, and many mourning confrères in religion who have lost in him one of genial disposition and of bright promise. *Requiescat in pace.*

SPORTIVE.

After a great deal of dispatching and letter writing the St. Ignatius nine, or I would say five of the nine, arrived here Thursday, June 2nd. The remaining four lost the train and the consequence was that we were obliged to loan them four of the Seniors in order to play the game. But it will be noticed that of the five runs made, two were scored by the borrowed players and of the nine hits four were made by our boys also; they accepted all chances and with but one exception played a perfect fielding game. At about two o'clock Umpire Burns called game with Shamrocks in the field. Hanrahan led off with a sharp grounder but was retired, Lesage to O'Neil, Walsh was given first by an overthrow of Cusack and before the ball was recovered he was planted on the third bag. Whelan followed with a neat single sending in Walsh who scored the first run for the visitors. Whelan reached second base on a poor throw of Sullivan, stole third and scored on Baggot's grounder to O'Neil. Quinlan the last man at the bat was retired on strikes. For the Shamrocks Dore led off with a single was advanced a base by Cusack reaching first on balls, was sent to third by Whelan giving Roach his base, and Cusack filled second; with three men on bases Sullivan made a good base hit sending in Dore and Cusack and advancing Roach to third. Bennett was retired on a beautiful catch of Baker's of a difficult fly. Cleary reached first on an error of Quinlan's on which Roach scored. O'Neil was retired Crowe to Hanrahan, but in the meantime Cleary got to second. Legris was given his base on balls, Lesage knocked a grounder to Baggot which he fumbled allowing Cleary to score. Dore finished the inning by retiring on strikes.

In the second inning Crowe knocked a long fly which

was captured by Dore. Frazer was disposed of, Cusack to O'Neil; Baker, Lesage to O'Neil. For the Shamrocks Cusack got in a single, reached second on a passed ball. Roach fouled out. Bennett knocked a grounder to Crowe which he fumbled, Cusack scoring on the hit. Cleary struck out.

In the third inning Deering and Walsh struck out; Hanrahan retired Cleary to O'Neil. For the home team O'Neil knocked a long fly to Walsh which was taken in fine style. Legris and Lesage both popped flys to Hanrahan.

For the visitors in the fourth inning Whelan was retired on a neat catch by Sullivan of a foul fly. Baggot reached first on a beautiful single. Quinlan hit a sharp grounder to O'Neil which he allowed to go through him sending Baggot to second. Crowe fouled out to O'Neil. Frazer knocked a long fly to centre field which Legris muffed, and Baggot and Quinlan scored. Baker retired on a high fly which was captured by Dore after a long run. The Shamrocks in the fourth inning started in with two strike-outs, Dore and Cusack. Roach found Crowe for a single, reached second on a passed ball and scored on Sullivan's hit. Bennett reached first on balls but was left, Cleary fouling out to Whelan.

In the fifth inning Deering was thrown out Bennett to O'Neil; Hanrahan made a nice single but was caught while attempting to steal second; Walsh failed to hit the ball. For the Shamrocks O'Neil fell a victim to Crowe's curves: Legris reached first on balls; Lesage sent an easy one to Hanrahan and was out: Dore fanned the air four times. In the sixth inning Whelan was given first by O'Neil, reached second on a passed ball but was caught napping, Lesage, Cleary and Bennett assisting in the play. Baggot was disposed of by O'Neil and Quinlan sent a pop fly to Bennett. For the home team Cusack was given a life by Baggot's error; Roach sent a line ball to Deering which he missed, Cusack going to third; Roach was put out while attempting to steal second. Sullivan was hit with the ball and went to first, but remained there Bennett flying out to Hanrahan and Cleary was out on a beautiful running catch of a foul by Whelan.

In the seventh inning Crowe batted out a single but was caught napping between first and second. Frazer was quickly disposed of O'Neil to Lesage. The home team were as quickly retired O'Neil sending a fly which Baggot got under. Legris reached first but was caught while attempting to steal second. Lesage sent for the third time during the game a pop fly to Hanrahan.

The score was now eight to four and the visitors started in the eighth inning fully determined to die game. Deering led off with a single; Hanrahan sent a long fly to Legris which he should have caught but failing to do so Hanrahan stayed at first, Deering going to second. Walsh now sent a hot liner to right field for

one base. The bases were now full and a good hit would make things lively. Whelan stepped up to the plate and landed the ball just behind second base sending in Deering and leaving the bases still occupied. Baggot fled out to O'Neil. Quinlan knocked a hot one to Cusack who threw to the plate cutting off Hanrahan's run, and the bases were still full. It all depended on Crowe but for the only time during the game he could hit nothing but the wind. The Shamrocks here spurted a little also. Dore drove the ball to centre field for one base. Cusack sent a hit to right-field, Dore taking third on the hit and scoring on Quinlan's muff of a thrown ball. Sullivan retired Crowe to Hanrahan. Bennett got in a single, sending Cusack across the plate. Cleary sent a grounder to Quinlan who threw to Hanrahan retired Cleary at first.

In the last inning Frazer sent a long fly to Dore who muffed it. Baker here hit a sharp one to Lesage who threw out Frazer at second and Cleary quickly threw to first in time to stop Baker thus making a very brilliant double play. Hanrahan closed the game by flying out to Bennett. Following is the score:

SHAMROCKS.

	A. B.	R.	1 B.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Dore l.f.	5	2	2	0	2	0	1
Cusack s.s.	5	4	3	0	0	2	0
Roach r.f.	5	2	2	0	0	0	0
Sullivan c.	5	1	2	0	8	2	1
Bennett 3.b.	5	0	3	0	3	1	0
Cleary 2.b.	5	1	0	0	3	3	0
O'Neil 1.b.	4	0	0	0	11	2	3
Legris c.f.	4	0	2	0	0	0	2
Lesage p.	4	0	0	0	1	11	0
Total.	42	10	14	0	27	21	7

ST. IGNATIUS.

	A. B.	R.	1 B.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Hanrahan 1 b	5	0	1	0	10	0	0
Walsh c.f.	4	1	1	0	1	0	0
Whelan p. c.	4	1	2	1	9	2	1
Baggot 2 b.	4	1	1	0	3	0	2
Quinlan 3 b.	4	1	0	0	0	1	2
Crowe c. p.	4	0	1	0	0	7	1
Frazer s. s.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0
Baker l. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Deering r. f.	4	1	2	0	0	1	1
TOTAL.	37	5	9	1	24	11	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Shamrocks	5	1	0	1	0	1	0	2	* — 10
St. Ignatius	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0 — 5

Runs earned—Shamrocks 3. Left on bases—Shamrocks 15; St. Ignatius 9. Double play—Lesage—Cleary and O'Neil. Struck out by Lesage 6—by Crowe 5. Time of game 2 hours 10 min. Umpire, Tom Burns. Scorer Chas. Ball.

On Decoration Day the Juniors and ex-Juniors, that is those who have lately been promoted to the Seniors, played a game of ball on the Juniors' ground. Although the crowd and umpire were entirely in favor of the Juniors, their opponents in the seventh inning won the game by terrific batting. The following is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Seniors	0	1	3	1	0	2	17	1	0	— 25
Juniors	3	5	1	2	3	2	4	1	3	— 24

F. Cleary Umpire.

W. Lehman scorer.

DIAMOND TIPS.

The maiden effort of the Shamrocks was a good one. Eden who pitched last year for Kankakee has signed with the Indianapolis League Nine.

We failed to notice in the last game the stalwart form of our old first baseman Mr. McGavick. His score generally stood in Base Ball—all chances accepted and no errors—we wish him the same success in his new field of labor.

Patrick Sullivan, captain and catcher of the Shamrocks, did some fine work in yesterday's game. He seems to be perfectly at home behind the bat, and a ball need not try to slip past him if he cares to take it in. (Kankakee Daily Times.)

Hilaire Lesage, whose left arm is badly hurt, did good batting yesterday, and had the sympathy of the spectators. They universally wished him success when he took up the bat.

The St. Ignatius' Club were delighted with the reception they were accorded and expressed themselves highly pleased with the College and its surroundings. After the game they visited the Academy of Notre Dame. Before leaving for home they promised us a game in the near future; if so, a good game can be looked for.

EXCHANGES.

Many of our late arrivals give the various programmes of the colleges, which they represent, some few are already bowing a graceful *vale*. To those who are retiring, thus early, we extend our best wishes for an enjoyable summer, we are sorry you are leaving so soon but hope to see you doubly recuperated next fall. We will say our good-bye in our Commencement number, June 23rd. which will contain as usual the various ora-

tions of the day and a detailed account of the entire exercises.

Johnson and Macaulay are the subject of a very clever comparison in No. 17 of the *Niagara Index*. "A Description" is a neat piece of composition and reflects great credit on the writer. He thus prettily speaks of the little flowers, "How beautiful above all are the fresh flowers! What a charm they give to the season! How modestly they droop their heads at eve, as if to be fanned by the passing breeze and refreshed by the falling dews!"

"A Plea for cranks" in the *St. Paul High School World*, for May, is a decidedly relishable essay and ranks far beyond anything in the current or any other number we have seen for some time. The typographical make-up of this little monthly is very tasty, on the whole, outside of the *Boston Stylus*, we think it the neatest. The Exchanges are always dished up in a palatable manner, the editorials on the contrary drop a trifle below *par*.

We were not a little surprised lately to receive a welcome visit from the *Bathany Collegian*, which has not put in an appearance since the early part of this term. "Preparation of a speech" is a very practical article, "Ursula" we were not tempted to read as we were not acquainted with the six preceeding chapters, but we read with genuine pleasure "The New South." This is a picture, of the South after the war and its wonderful progress, the patriotism of the writer waxes warm at time and he gives us in addition to bare facts some graceful and harmonious periods.

Our old friend from Georgetown College, The *Journal*, is on hand again. The essay on "Adonais" is good but "Is he a great Poet" is better. What we like most about this paper is the exchange column. It certainly reflects great credit on the compiler, who evidently knew what he was saying in the following: It is the Duty of an exchange editor to point out the defects in his exchange as well as to show the beauties they contain. His object in criticising should be the improvement of the paper criticized. Great then should be his satisfaction when he sees his criticisms have not been in vain.

We have received the following exchanges which we have found on the whole very entertaining: *Boston Stylus*, *Hamilton College Monthly*, *Cumberland Student*, *Rambler*, *North western College Chronicle*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Investigator*, *Kalamazoo College Index*, *Sunbeam*, *University Monthly*, *Blackburnian*, *Torch*, *South Carolina Collegian*, *Academian*, *St. Xavier's Collegian*, *Musical Courier*, *Supplement*, *Musical Review*, *Peddie Institute Chronicle*, *Audubon Magazine*, *The Citizen*, *Illini*, *Kunkel's Musical Review*, *Le Couvent*, *Le Français*, *The Adelpian*, *Little Crusader*, *The Crescent*, *Ave Maria*, etc. etc.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The month of June is especially consecrated to honor the Sacred heart of Jesus.

Hence every night brings us around the altar of God to hear a few words of devotion in honor of that Heart which has loved men so much.

The Catholics of Germany lately celebrated the "diamond" jubilee of the ordination of Bishop Baudry, auxiliary of the Archbishop of Cologne. Sixty years of priesthood is indeed a wonder.

St. Francis Seminary, lately established in Mich., was a favorite institution of Bishop Borgess. He gave to it his magnificent library of 7,000 rare and valuable volumes. He has resigned his see.

The numerous admirers of the Nun of Kenmare will be rejoiced to hear that she is fast recovering from the cruel sickness which has held her suffering for the past year. She is now at the Home of Peace, Jersey City, N.J.

Cardinal Gibbons arrived home on June 6, having set sail from Europe on Sunday, May 29. The distinguished Prelate comes back more glorious than ever in the estimation of his devoted children of the United States.

Italy has lost a great journalist in the recent death of Rev. Giacomo Margotti of the *Unita Cattolica*, of Turin. Born in 1823, and a graduate of the University of Geneva in 1845, this distinguished man devoted his lifetime to fight the revolution under all its forms.

The Catholic Young Men's National Union held its thirteenth annual Convention in New York and 260 delegates were present, representing 74 parish societies from the dioceses of Albany, Boston, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Providence, Charleston, Cleveland, Trenton, Newark, Ogdensburg, Buffalo, Scranton, Chicago, Milwaukee and New York.

In a recent Convention of the Catholic Young Men of France, Comte Albert De Mun pronounced an allocution worthy of the great Catholic that he is. His eloquent words burn with zeal and devotion to the Church, and his hope in the future blessings that this Holy Mother will confer on all peoples is truly admirable.

A few of the master-pieces of Gustave Doré's paintings are now exposed at Atwood's Clothing Store, corner of Clark and Madison, to the admiration of all lovers of that most beautiful art. "Christ leaving the Prætorium", "Christ's Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," and "The Martyrs of the Coliseum," all indicate the touch and the inspiration of a master and of a Catholic.

The great Convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters, of the State of Illinois, recently terminated, shows a wonderful increase in the membership of that

social body. The Foresters now number 4,000. In the last sixteen months \$32,000 were given out to the heirs of the 32 members who died in that space of time. What good does not this effect!

Ordinations took place to-day, June 4th, in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, Archbishop Feehan officiating. From the college the following gentlemen received Orders: Mr. Hogan Priesthood; Messrs McGavick, Barry, Mugan, and Therien, Deaconship; Messrs Finn, Granger, and O'Brien, Minor Orders; Mr. Cusack, Tonsure. On next Saturday, June 11, the following gentlemen will receive priesthood, Messrs McGavick, Barry, Mugan, and Therien.

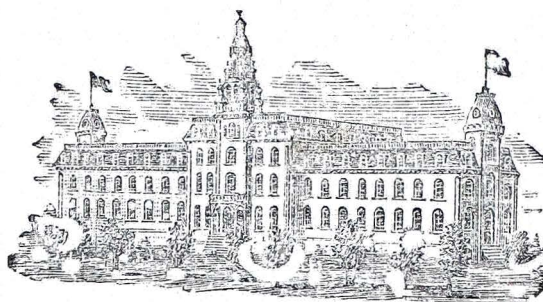
It is consoling to notice such a report as that of the association of the Adoration Nocturne, "*Night Adoration*," of Montreal, Canada. This little society, modeled after the example of many of the kind in Belgium and France, consists of 160 men who take their turn to come and adore the Blessed Sacrament in the huge church of Notre Dame, Montreal, while the rest of the city is buried in sleep, forgetful of God. The women take to themselves the *day adoration*, so that the Blessed Sacrament is never alone from year to year.

Bishop Keane intends to visit the University of Strasburg, Alsace, on his way home. It appears that he will not separate himself from his flock before the University of Washington is so completed as to require his continued labor. He will visit many more institutions in Europe so as to become familiar with their regulations, and also to take note of the buildings, etc.

It appears that Dr. McGlynn has been notified from Rome that if he does not appear there before a certain space of time has elapsed, he will incur the penalty of excommunication by *name*, which excludes a person from the Church in such a manner that no one can have any relation with her without incurring censure. Let us hope that this poor man may yet awake to a sense of his position and danger.

Florence during Lent was the scene of a wonder she had never witnessed since the days of the great Dominican preacher, Savonarola. During all that holy season, Padre Agostine de Montefelto held the pulpit and preached thirty-two sermons to a multitude of 7,000 regularly assembled to catch the words of consolation and encouragement that flowed from his burning heart. He preached for the laborers especially, and all his endeavors were to show them the dignity of their state of life as working men. During the last sermon, such was the enthusiasm of the hearers that they unconsciously broke out into an applause. The priest quelled them; but no sooner had he ended his sermon than three salves of applause shook the building to its foundations.

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