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EDITORIAL.

The Mivart Scientific Association is one of the growing societies of the College. Its mission is the study of the different sciences, particularly botany, mineralogy, geology. The young men, under the able management of Mr. A. F. Didier, have made remarkable progress in the short time they have been working. Meetings are held once a week, at which, besides the regular business, many excellent papers are read by members, and practical demonstrations given in the branches which constitute the field of the society's labor. One of the improvements begun this year is the start made toward a scientific library. This is a step in the right direction; a good beginning has been made, and it is certain that the energy and talent

which have done so much good is capable to complete the task so willingly assumed.

We wish the society and its members the success they so richly deserve.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

The Rev. Dr. D. McMahon, of St. Thomas' Church, West Farms, N. Y., who delivered an eloquent commencement address here two years ago, lately wrote to a friend: "I have received a few numbers of your college journal and am delighted at the proficiency they show of your scholars' ability.

"One of the hardest things that, as Catholics, we have had to contend with is the confidence of being able to write out our convictions. Your journal will rear up a number who will thus beat down shame-faced bashfulness and show those without that we are not begging for existence.

"I am interested in the history of St. Viateur's, as I was naturally well acquainted with its founders."

We thank the reverend gentleman for his kind words and the substantial aid he sent us to further our publication.

—*Editors.*

EULOGY OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

It is with the greatest delight that I attempt to say something in praise of a man who is so deserving of it as John Boyle O'Reilly, whose untimely death has brought sorrow to all who knew his true worth. Mr. O'Reilly was born in Drogheda, Ireland, in 1854. In his youth he gave evidences of a promising future, and at the age of twenty joined the Fenians, an organization whose object was to make Ireland a free nation. Some censure him for joining this band, but was he to blame for so doing? Who would censure Adams, Franklin or Washington for being instrumental in making America free? Why, then, blame O'Reilly? The difference between them is: one succeeded, the other failed; but this does not alter the case.

Mr. O'Reilly was sentenced to be hanged for being a Fenian, but the sentence was afterwards commuted to an imprisonment for life. He was then sent to Australia, where he was compelled to associate with the vilest class of criminals; but this did not change his character. He worked on a boat for three years, and won the respect of all by his noble character and winning manner. After he had worked on the boat three years, the captain, who was his staunch friend, formed a plan for his escape. In the boat was a small garret under the cabin; the captain told O'Reilly to go into this garret, and at the same

time to throw an old grind-stone, which was near by, and his hat into the ocean. While O'Reilly was doing this the captain directed the attention of the watch to other things. When the watch heard the noise the grind-stone had made in the water, and when he saw O'Reilly's hat, he declared that he was drowned. The next day, when the ship reached the shore, the watch told the governor what had happened. The governor then examined the crew, and all declared that the criminal had perished. The boat then went on another trip, during which she met a ship bound for the United States. O'Reilly was taken on board and came to Boston. During his prison life he was characterized by the same actions which he afterwards manifested in daily life. He, however, needed a broader field to develop his character than either the prison or his native land could afford. America presented such a field. Here he at once became the leader of his race, the champion of justice and the enemy of oppression. In 1872 Mr. O'Reilly became editor of the *Boston Pilot*, a paper which he made the organ of truth, justice and religion. His motto was, "Never do anything as a journalist which you would not do as a gentleman." How he adhered to this rule that paper attests. O'Reilly's first aim was to elevate the condition of the Irish race in America, and to this he devoted much of his time and energy. Although he loved his countrymen in

particular, he loved humanity in general. The poor, the oppressed, the down-trodden, these received his sympathy, no matter whether they were the Celt in his cottage, the Indian on the plain or the negro in his hut. He knew not race, color or denomination. His heart was large enough for all humanity.

Another thing which characterized O'Reilly and distinguished him from most men was his charitable disposition. He gave large sums for the poor and the church; he was ever a true friend to poor priests and missionaries. A book has been found since his death upon which entries like the following were made: Certain college, \$50; poor person, \$5; deaf mute, \$5, etc. The book was intended for no other eye than his, so we may judge of the vast amount of work he did in this line, and how secretly it was accomplished. Gen. Butler says of him: "He had one fault which was a very uncomfortable one to him, and that was he could not hear a tale of woe or misfortune that he did not set himself about rectifying or relieving it."

In politics Mr. O'Reilly was a Democrat, but not a blind partisan. He fearlessly assailed the party whenever it did injustice, and especially if done to an exile of Erin. His judgment on political problems was not remarkable, but on right and wrong he was infallible. Mr. O'Reilly's love of country was ardent; he loved Ireland from the inmost depths of his heart, as he

proved by the suffering which he underwent for her emancipation. But he also loved America; he was fond of Democratic principles and doctrine. His patriotism is well defined by Bishop Healy, who says: "He loved Ireland as his mother, and America as a man loves a blooming and happy spouse." He thought he would live to see Ireland free, but no! he has joined the immortal band of those who have sacrificed so much for justice. In religion he was a devout Catholic; he approached the sacrament frequently and attended to all his religious duties with the utmost care. Many, in his position, look on religion as a secondary affair, and are too proud to submit to the laws of the church; not so with O'Reilly. It has been noticed that as years passed by he became even more pious and devout.

As to Mr. O'Reilly's place in literature, it is not yet decided, but it will be very high. He was at once a poet, orator, journalist. His works are regarded as second to none in America, and it was noted, as time passed by, he improved wonderfully. Had his life been spared twenty years more, and had he been able to free himself from his other works, he would unquestionably have been one of the best literary men of his generation. The poet's works are what might be expected from such a noble man, in the interest of the weak and helpless. In person, O'Reilly was commanding, and very handsome. He

was well developed, as he was fond of manly sports. He had a winning manner, which made him hosts of friends; he was extremely polite, and was known in Boston as the first gentleman in America.

On the night of August 11, 1890, the Angel of Death summoned one of God's noble men to his eternal reward. It must have made the Angel rejoice to present the "Eternal Father" with one so virtuous as John Boyle O'Reilly. But we mourn the loss of one so dear to mankind. The death of O'Reilly has caused more sorrow to more people than that of any other private citizen who died during this century—America, Ireland, the world mourn his death. By his death one of the brightest lights of the world is forever extinguished. When shall we see his like again? Time alone can tell. In his death, Erin has lost a loving son, America a true lover and the world a Christian gentleman. Father Telling, a life-long friend of O'Reilly, says: "His life was a beautiful flower, blossomed to the full, with a fragrance that permeated the whole atmosphere and was wafted across the seas to his native land." Such was the life, such is the character of this noble man. His name will ever occupy a prominent place in history, and as ages pass by his fair fame will increase, his memory will be honored, not alone by a splendid monument, but by a countless number of generations. As Catholics, we should be proud of such a man;

and while we may never attain his eminence, we should ever imitate his life, and at least endeavor to follow his standard.

—A. J. B.

VANITY FAIR.

"A novel without a hero!" This is the modest recommendation Thackeray gives one of his best, one of *the* best novels of the century.

But how write a novel without a hero? Oh, Thackeray has his heroes and heroines, too, but he wished, no doubt, to reach, in his own incisive way, that class of readers who live with the heroes of fiction; follow them with a devotion that would, if rightly directed, accomplish wonders. Such sentimentalists sigh and worry for fictitious heroes, and are blind to the actual heroism of every-day life.

Perhaps he had in view the sensational novelist who caters to the above-mentioned class. Be this as it may, he has his heroes: real persons, who will live in literature, because they are true types of man, as are those who live in history and song.

What a group of distinguished persons Thackeray draws around him in his *Vanity Fair*—how he shows up their follies and faults—how he slashes at existing evils—moralizes on the vanities with which he is surrounded—how these characters he paints grow in one's mind, till from complete strangers they become intimate friends!

There is "our dear Amelia," the

author's favorite, ours too. She loves George Osborne, a handsome, dashing officer in the English army. How natural that a simple, confiding creature should fall a victim to the charms of such a hero! Isn't that what captivates a woman's heart—military glory—glory of any kind, in the hero she adores? And Amelia was a woman—tender, loving creature, her whole life is one fond dream of the idol to whom she offered her soul in all its simplicity—and the offering, how blind, but we are told that love is blind; what a proof? Do you think Amelia is stupid? But how is she to know? She judges every one by her simple, artless self. Her own hero, her George, how can he be aught else than the paragon of perfection she sees mirrored in her own pure soul? Here is the extremity of blind infatuation, and loving her as we do, we cannot but be angry at her devotion to one so unworthy of her love. Why did she not notice the more than brotherly affection of the manly Dobbin? We lose our patience when we see the cool indifference with which she receives him—and he so truly in love with her. How can we help blaming Amelia when we compare the unselfish and noble Major Dobbin with the fickle, deceptive Osborne? But she was sufficiently punished in losing, as she did, so large a share of Dobbin's love, for there must be a limit to man's endurance, and who could bear more than Dobbin did? What a hero he was—and in a novel pro-

fessing to have none! The soul of honor, in whom all the noblest qualities of man were blended, who could forget his own happiness to minister to others: Noble, generous, self-sacrificing—what more do you expect in a hero? How poorly rewarded, too, for his life of devotion. It was even his generosity that made him accept Amelia, who had once been worthy of him, but now—we dislike to say it—but scarcely worthy. Amelia's love had too long squandered itself on an unworthy object to be able to fill the void in Dobbin's big heart.

Then comes "Becky" Sharpe, who gives the novel a heroine, if it has no hero. What a schemer—what a genius, too! A poor, obscure girl, the daughter of a ballet dancer, she forces her way into royal circles—poor, without a penny to sustain her, she makes the wealthiest bow before her. What victories, her's is a complete triumph, till—but such a life must have such an ending. We could forgive her much if she had loved her own child, but she does not allow us this chance—heartless, worldly woman! But she did not leave the scenes of her joys and sorrows until she had rectified one mistake—that of showing to Amelia, her early friend, the worthless idol she had so long adored—thus setting two lives in harmonious poise, but at the eleventh hour, when love's flames were smoldering and golden locks had turned silvery. However, we credit that one good turn to Becky,

that she destroyed one false idol and brought Amelia to a shrine worthy of her simple love. Let this good work efface, in as much as it may, the long score of dark deeds that stands to Becky's account.

Let us see the others, too. There is Col. Crawley, who marries Becky; what a loss, that he did not have a better example in his wife. He is not a scrupulous man—far from it; he is not particular how he wins his money, but Becky gets the proceeds, just the same; and then he loves his boy; in this he is manly, and for this we like him. How much he endures from her, until forbearance ceases to be a virtue and he leaves her, who is a disgrace even to a gambler.

Miss Crawley, the invalid, is not a woman who reflects credit on her sex, if indeed she is not a very unnatural character. And don't you think every one who reads *Vanity Fair* will hate a fortune-hunting woman, after he reads of Mrs. "Bute" Crawley and the scoring she gets?

Old Osborne, the selfish, purse-proud man, toadying to nobility, who casts away the friend that made him—what a picture of the grasping man whose all consists in his wealth, and who has not the good taste to enjoy it properly.

Poor old Sedley diving into wild-cat schemes, squandering the little there is left after the wreck of his fortune; and big burly "Joe," whose chief pleasure was to eat and talk of himself; old maids; canting hypo-

crites of both sexes—these go to make up a group on whose creation any author might be willing to rest his fame. These characters are powerfully drawn, but they are real—they are pen-pictures of people we know, and for that reason we follow them with love, pity or hatred.

But now the question arises, Do we really hate the unworthy characters, at least some of them? Which of us really hated Becky Sharpe? Should the novelist make us hate the wicked? He ought to make us hate wickedness—that is all we are allowed in reality. You did not like all Becky's doings. Was she not amply punished? An outcast from society, scorned by all, hating herself.

To dwell thus among the friends and acquaintances one meets in Thackeray's works is both pleasurable and profitable. It could not be otherwise. We could not meet so many real characters, described in so pleasing a style, and listen to so many dissertations on a hundred subjects, without profit. The best lesson is the one we learn of the common novel, whose work is to spill blood, twist nature out of shape and poison the minds of those who read them. How the cheap, trashy novels fall in our estimation! We would not be found reading them, and indeed we could not enjoy them after once reading "*Vanity Fair*," "*Pendennis*" or the "*Newcomes*." Read Thackeray; live in the world into which he leads you. You will

feel at home, because you will meet people who are natural. We do not mean to say all our time should be given to even good novels, but a limited use of the right kind is good—and no one can have reason to regret the hours spent with Thackeray or his class of writers.

—M.

MODERN EXPLOSIVES.

Read before the Mivart Scientific Association.

The next war will be marked by terrific and fearful slaughter. So murderous have war weapons become, and so fertile has the inventive power of man grown in producing means of killing his fellows that the rebellion of '60-'65, and the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 will seem mild in comparison with it. Machine, cannon, dynamite guns and magazine rifles now do in the space of a minute what formerly required hours; while steam, electricity, chemistry, and all the agents which man has called to his aid will be utilized in the work of destruction.

This is indeed so; taken at its best, war is a terrible thing, and bloodshed and death are its necessary attendants. Therefore, all means which will bring the enemy to terms in the shortest possible time, are justified in war. Americans are called a peace-loving people, and are laughed at for their small army and navy, and their comparatively antiquated weapons. How strange, then, that not only

the first, but the most perfect of modern weapons are their creation! The Gatling gun, the Gardner, the Lowell, the Hotchkiss, the dynamite guns, and the best of magazine rifles are their inventions. The Maxim gun which can deliver about seven hundred bullets per minute, being manned by one man protected by a screen, is another American invention.

Before going too far on the subject of firearms, let us take a rapid glance at man in the earlier ages, his mode of warfare and his weapons. The earliest accounts we possess of a regular army relate to the Egyptians, under their great king Sesostris, who, in the space of nine years conquered what was then the world. His forces consisted of six hundred thousand foot-soldiers, twenty-four thousand horsemen, and twenty-seven thousand chariots. Besides his land forces he had two fleets, composed of four hundred vessels each. We find that the foot-soldiers were divided into heavy armed and light armed. The former each carried a large shield made of bull's-hide, a long pike and a kind of battle-axe, resembling a hatchet. They were also heavily mailed. The light-armed troops carried bows and arrows, slings, darts and javelins. The horsemen or cavalry, as they are now called, were of one class and were armed with the battle-axe or club. The chariots may be said to have been the artillery of that time. Each had two riders, one whose duty was

solely to guide the horses, and the other to fight. The latter was armed as the heavy footmen were, and carried in addition a bow and arrow. A few centuries later the Persians improved upon the chariot by affixing a long and wide scythe to each side, so that when a chariot was driven through the enemy's ranks, it mowed down wide and bloody swaths of men. It is not necessary to comment upon the arms and manners of each nation and century, for the above description will answer. In those times, war consisted in the brutal killing of men. The light armed soldier had to approach within a few yards of the enemy, to make his arrows, darts and slings have any effect, while the heavy armed man had to come up close to his adversary. Fighting was for life, for a man had to kill in order to save himself. And such was the mode of warfare when the introduction of gunpowder caused so great a revolution in the nature of warfare and military science. It has been generally understood that gunpowder was invented by the celebrated monk, Roger Bacon in 1216, also by a German monk Berthold Schwartz in 1320, but some scientists claim that it was the property of the Chinese as early as 700 B. C, and that it was brought to Europe by monks who had penetrated into Asia to preach the faith. It is hard to fix the exact date of the first use of firearms in Europe, but we know that the first guns made were called

hand-cannons. These early guns were used to discharge darts or lead balls of not over three pounds weight. Afterwards they were made larger, and threw heavy stones, and were called bombards. The hand cannon soon gave way to the hand gun, which in time was superseded by the arquebuse. The hand cannon was first used in England in 1375, and the arquebuse a century later. About the year 1530, a modification of the arquebuse was invented, called the musket, being the best of all small firearms. It took its name from the strongest of the small birds of prey, the sparrow-hawk or musket. All firearms were discharged by means of igniting a coil of yarn or small rope, which was held in the hands, but this soon gave way to the match-lock. Early in the sixteenth century it gave way to the whallock, and this about 1600 to the flint-lock. The next advance was not made until the present century, when the invention of detonating powder brought about the percussion lock; then came breech-loaders, and now we find the breech-loading gun to have developed into a magazine, or repeating gun. A late invention has made a gun which shoots a small cartridge, in which the bullet, being steel, is heavier and has a greater range and penetration than the old lead bullet. The explosives used, namely: dynamite melinite and nitro-glycerine have great force, and are smokeless when fired. But great as the improvements have

been in small arms, they have been far more wonderful in cannon. After the bombard was invented, it was made larger, and larger, until, towards the fourteenth century, we find it throwing stone balls, weighing two hundred pounds. The heavy guns were at first laid on the ground, later on two pieces of timber, then there bring a necessity of moving them around, they were mounted on wheels. During the reign of Louis XVI, of France, guns of a lighter construction were introduced which were more movable, and shortly iron balls were first cast. Cannons were made of bronze in one casting, and from that time to this, there has been a steady advance in the size, accuracy and power of heavy ordnance. To enable you to understand the great power of the explosives used with the latest improved guns, I will give you the results of a test of one of these. Near Utica, N. Y., where a trial was made with a 9 in. English Blakesley rifled gun, 35 pounds of powder being used. The shell, weighing three hundred and fifty pounds contained nineteen pounds of the best dynamite. This shell blew to powder the great rock which it hit, and could have blown the largest ship afloat entirely out of water. In speaking of some of these powerful explosives, we know their names, their effects, but very little else.

Let us learn their composition and how they are produced. Powder is composed of two combustible in-

gredients, charcoal and sulphur, and a third, niter, which furnishes oxygen to support the combustion. In the manufacture of this explosive agent, the materials are first reduced to a very fine powder and then intimately mixed together. Afterwards, by great pressure the mass is compressed into a firm, hard cake, which is subsequently broken up into grains of different sizes, adapted to various uses. Prismatic powder, that is cakes perforated with holes so that the surface of combustion will increase as the projectile is moving in the bore, has been adopted for heavy rifled guns in Russia and Germany. Gunpowder, for the important functions of war, has not been supplanted by the quick and violent explosives of later invention. On the contrary, it has been found necessary even to decrease the *quickness* of gunpowder in order to obtain satisfactory results. Nitro-glycerine is formed by the action of a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acids upon glycerine. It is of the greatest importance that in its manufacture, the nitro-glycerine should be freed of acids, otherwise it will decompose if kept, and during this process may be dangerous to handle. Dynamite No. 1 is formed by the intimate mixture of an infusorial earth, kieselguhr, with nitro-glycerine; the proportion by weight being twenty-five per cent of this earth, to seventy-five per cent of nitro-glycerine. Many other inert earths and substances have been used to form

dynamite, but their absorptive capacities do not equal that of the kieselguhr. Various other mixtures, such as melinite, duoline, dynamite and others, which are well known in commerce, are made with nitro-glycerine and therefore need not be described. Gun-cotton is prepared from cotton fiber, treated with a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acids. The action of the nitric acid upon the fiber makes a substitution product, gun-cotton. The fibrous gun-cotton is afterwards very finely divided by machinery, and reduced to a pulpy state in water. It is then compressed, under pressures of four to six tons upon the square inch, into discs or other forms, and may be kept indefinitely in a wet state, saturated with water, without danger of explosion from accidental causes. This product has the strength, but not quite the quickness of explosion that belongs to pure gun-cotton. Tomite, as manufactured at San Francisco is a mixture of gun-cotton and nitrate of baryta, and forms a useful blasting powder.

Explosive gelatine is formed from nitro-glycerine and soluble gun-cotton, about ninety per cent, by weight of the former, and ten of the latter, with the addition of a small percentage of camphor to render it insensible to shocks, concussion and the causes of accidental explosion. It may be preserved intact for an indefinite time under water, in this respect differing from dynamite, which rapidly loses its nitro-glycer-

ine when so exposed. It never gives off nitro-glycerine under extreme pressure. It is unaffected by violent shocks and vibrations, and even by explosions close to it. Americanite is another late American invention. The principal ingredient is nitro-glycerine, the others are secret. It is insensible to shock and when lit burns out like a candle. As a result of these inventions it is clear that war between nations can last but a short time, or perhaps through fear of total annihilation, nations will prefer arbitration to war. Man in endeavoring to invent and perfect means by which he can the more easily destroy his fellow man, has conferred also the means by which the grandest improvements can easily be achieved. The rapid and strong explosives are very useful in hasty operations for the destruction of palisades, barriers and other military obstructions. They serve likewise to remove walls, houses and other covers used by an enemy; to destroy bridges with celerity, particularly iron-trussed railway viaducts; and in various ways not necessary to mention, are useful in attack and defense. In industrial uses, they have perforated mountain ranges to open rapid communications between nations, have removed rocks and other hard obstructions from the channels of rivers, and destroyed submarine wrecks. They have been applied to break up the sub-soil to depths of from six to ten feet, to aid the growth of trees. They have broken up ice dams in-

terfering with navigation and producing inundations. They are effective in removing stumps from fields and from the channels of rivers. The gigantic operations of blasting, which have opened lines of communication by land and by water would probably never have been undertaken, but for the discovery of the quick explosives. What then, may we not expect some future generation will do, if our modern geniuses have been able to accomplish so much with the use of our modern explosives?

—*John B. Surprenant.*

MGR. JANSSEN, THE HISTORIAN.

Translated from the January *Courrier* of Canada.

Mgr. Janssen was born April 10, 1829, and died Dec. 24, 1891. His parents were laborers, and recognizing the talent of the child sent him early to Louvain to study French, philosophy, and especially history, for which he had a marked taste.

His studies being finished he established himself at Francfort-on-the-Mein, in 1854, where he met the historian John F. Boehmar, the illustrious author of "The Documents relating to the History of the Carolingians," and formed a friendship which contributed to develop the talent of the young priest.

Boehmar, the protestant, is quoted as saying: "If ever the epoch of the reformation is studied to its depths by the Catholics, they will have before them a picture very different from that which the ad-

versaries of the Church have traced." This speech made a lively impression upon Janssen. The seed fell upon fruitful soil. He devoted himself to the work: twenty years he spent in indefatigable researches and incessant labor.

During the intervening time he was ordained. He published several works on various subjects, and among them his "History of the German People during the Middle Ages," a veritable masterpiece. This was so well received that it is now at its thirty-sixth edition, a thing before unheard of in the annals of the book-sellers of German religious history.

One might say that Mgr. Janssen has rewritten the history of the reformation. He has destroyed one and all of the airy legends invented by non-Catholic historians and publishers for the furtherance of their cause. He has refuted all the alleged historic facts of Luther. He has unveiled the pretended reformers, Luther, Zwinglius, Melancton, Bucer, the bigamist Philip of Hesse, Ulric of Wurtenburg, etc. Just as they painted themselves in their writings, he has laid open their detestable manners, their rapines, their monstrous proceedings. He has reduced to naught that pretended history of the reformation, and verified the following expression of Joseph DeMaistre: "It is but one conspiracy against truth." Such is the man; such has been his work.

Mgr. Janssen, although quite robust, never enjoyed perfect health. His continued intellectual works

had affected his physical strength.

Speaking of his masterpiece, the *Volksblatt* says: "It was an event of great import. We will never forget the strange feeling of sudden emancipation then experienced.

"We German Catholics, upon the strength of innumerable assertions by protestants, were led to the belief that the reformation had been a necessary evil, begotten in a century of total abasement and ignorance, of moral and intellectual darkness whose depths we dare not fathom. Not even a star lent its tiny beam to illumine that dark period. And now how changed is everything! The abuses were found true, evident, undeniable; but at the same time we perceive the efforts of the Church to effect a remedy; to bring about the needed reform she recognized as her immediate duty.

"Her sighs are evidence that she feels keenly the ills of her human side. Yet, in spite of the distressful times, she has about her a galaxy of personages eminent in science, virtue and piety, illustrious savants, fervent religions, spotless Christians, even after the fatal scissions and in the midst of the most telling desertions, she remains serene and constant in the struggle—giving proof of the divine force that is ever her handmaid.

"We would not in presence of this half-closed tomb recall the tempest raised by this book among our adversaries; but we would say in all firmness, now, that the most violent attacks of his enemies never

drew from Janssen a harsh word or a bitter reply. His response was always full of the dignity and moderation which mark the priest.

"Now the pen has dropped from his weary hand; his lucid and penetrating spirit has returned where investigation is unnecessary; his soul panting after the living water of truth now drinks at their very fountainhead. The great scholar now rests from the superhuman labor which prematurely spent his forces. His task is done; his end attained.

"It is true the seventh and last volume of his work has not yet appeared, but it is prepared in such a way that M. Pastor, a professor of the university of Inspruck, his friend and co-laborer, who was entrusted with the publication of the book, will soon give us the genuine work of the master.

"Our sorrow is great, but it is legitimate. It should only remind us of the gratitude we owe to that illustrious athlete of our faith. Let us be piously mindful of this loyal defender of truth. He has rendered the Church a testimony of such high value that henceforth our adversaries will find in him their most terrible opponent."

—F. Moody.

COLUMBIAN EVENING.

As announced in our last issue, Rev. J. P. Dore lectured in College Hall Wednesday evening, Jan. 27. He chose for his subject "The World's Fair," and treated it in an able and scholarly manner.

After a short selection by the orchestra, Rev. E. L. Rivard arose and introduced as the lecturer of the evening Rev. J. P. Dore, of the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago.

The appearance of the speaker upon the stage was the signal for an outburst of applause from his old friends and admirers, a number of whom were in the audience. Gracefully acknowledging the compliment, he entered into his speech with a spirit that at once attracted the attention of the audience and held it throughout the entire lecture.

Father Dore drew his own picture of Columbus, the Christian sailor, discoverer and apostle, and showed how eminently he deserves to be kept in honored memory, especially by Americans. He said the World's Fair would be a great object lesson for the nations. He did not forget to acknowledge the good taste of the American people in their choice of Chicago as the site of the World's Columbian Exposition. Chicago, said the reverend speaker, is the greatest city in the United States, Illinois is the greatest State in the Union, and the United States the greatest country in the world. The orator was frequently interrupted by warm applause.

The Rev. Father remarked that each student had individually a task to fulfill before the world, and that was to exert all his energy and display all his talent in making a creditable representation of his alma mater at the Fair. As a former

student of this institution he desired St. Viateur's to be second to none, and knew she could compete with the best. This appeal was received with particular enthusiasm.

After the lecture, the orchestra played a selection, after which Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., arose and in his usual happy way thanked the Rev. Father for his eloquent and patriotic address. —*Sincarf.*

REV. DR. DILLON'S LECTURE.

A most enjoyable and thoroughly instructive evening did we spend on the 16th inst. in listening to the eloquent lecture on Cardinal Newman. Dr. Dillon in a masterly way unveiled to us the many-sided Cardinal. The more we listened the more we admired. It is claimed to be somewhat difficult to please in every particular a college audience, but Dr. Dillon in his lecture of over one hour never once failed to hold the close attention of his hearers, and often was greeted with hearty, appreciative applause. Cardinal Newman has become a daily topic. The lecture was a grand success. We sincerely thank Rev. Dr. Dillon and hope to have the pleasure of hearing him again.

BOOKS.

"General Metaphysics," by Rickaby (Benziger Bros.), has for some time been in the hands of our philosophers, who praise the work highly. It is the metaphysical part of the Stonyhurst Manuals of Catholic Philosophy. Much of the work

consists in comparative study of various schools of metaphysics, chiefly the late Empiricists and Scholastics. After treating of the transcendental aspects of being, the One, the True, and the Good, the writer devotes a chapter to the elucidation of the much vexed question: Substance and Accident. The common-sense explanation given robs that puzzle of much of its accredited abstruseness. The rest of the work deals with the Accidents, Casualty, Time, Space, Relation. There is perhaps no part of philosophy that so soon demonstrates the limitations of the human mind as does metaphysics. In concluding the chapter on Substance, the author wisely observes: "That mind is very poorly educated which cannot put up with unexplained residue at the end of an inquiry which at least has explained part of what was being investigated; nor would a mystery be a mystery if it were intelligible throughout. There is, then, no need for going over to agnosticism because we cannot hunt some notions down to their deepest recesses; just as there is no need to throw away the microscope because it, too, has its limits."

A quaint and original little book is the "*Voyage autour de ma Chambre*," by X. DeMaistre (MacMillan & Co., N. Y.) It is intended as a reader for French students, and contains helpful notes and explanations. The boys who read it have a feast before them, and will learn that one

is no more a prisoner in his room than is a mouse in a garret.

Two volumes of "Geological Survey," by Powell, were lately received from Washington. The works are excellently done and will be of much value to the Physical Geography and Geology classes. These books with their accurate scientific data and splendid illustrations are a credit not only to Mr. Powell but to the United States.

We acknowledge receipt of Prof. Ladd's "Outlines of Physiological Psychology" from Chas. Scribners & Son, N. Y. The volume before us, though it contains 500 pages, is still a compendium, an abridgement of a more complete work by the same writer. It explains, by the help of many fine illustrations, the physiological process gone through in the producing of sensation and unfolds the connection between sensation and thought. There is more Physiology in the book than Psychology. It rather deals with what the schoolmen call *organologia*, or Inferior Psychology, as contradistinguished from Superior Psychology, which is, properly speaking, Psychology. It is admirable so far as it goes and pretends not to go farther than that which is phenomenal, ignoring the *noumenon*, or, perhaps better, the *nature* that puts these phenomena. The sense in which the important words of "soul" and "mind" are taken is not always clear. The writer proves in

his own way the unity of the mind and allows the spirituality of the soul, in establishing which he refutes the arguments of the materialists. While we would recommend the book to the students of that special part of metaphysics, we would at the same time advise them to read cautiously such passages as this: "Newton or Kant, as mind is far more unlike the infant than the latter is unlike one of the lower animals. There is much more which is companionable and mutually intelligible between a man and his dog than between a man and his newly-born babe."

Students desirous of becoming ready public speakers will find *multum in parvo* in "Reading and Speaking" by Brainard Gardner Smith (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston). The book contains a number of judicious selections from the best speakers. Mr. E. E. Smith, 88 Wabash avenue, Chicago, is special agent for this valuable elocutionary hand-book.

"Poems and Yarns," by J. W. Riley and W. Nye, offers good reading for the thoughtful and seriously inclined.

Other books received: *Locke's Conduct of the Understanding*; *Tom Playfair*; *The Philosophy of Kant*, by Warton; *History of Philosophy*, by Dr. Albert Stockl; *Aristotle and the Christian Church*, by Brother Azarias.

EXCHANGES.

Among the new exchanges of this month we find the *Alma Mater*, which is sent forth from St. Meinrad college. Besides some pointed editorials, we may mention a philosophical article on "Speech," and a pleasing poem, "The Unseen Battlefield," as especially noticeable. We do not know the past of the *Alma Mater*, but if it be in the future as full of sense as the copy before us, its success is assured. Willingly we exchange.

The Normal Monitor is one of the best college journals we receive from the South. It discusses questions of the hour in a manner which would reflect honor upon any institution. The *Monitor* has commanded admiration in the past, and has our best wishes for the future.

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We notice another new exchange, *The Annals*, hailing from Watertown, N. Y. This is essentially a Catholic magazine, whose pages are graced by the writings of the foremost in the church. We commend *The Annals* to our readers and welcome it as an exchange.

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The *Chronicle* of this month contains some interesting reading. Its columns are filled principally with fiction, all the stories—notably "Yellowstone Kit"—are well worded and pleasing. There is, however, a lack of solid matter. Our opinion holds that an essay, on a

more thoughtful subject than the January number contains, would not lessen the reader's interest. The arguments for college colors, which one of the editorials sets forth, might produce good effects in other colleges besides the Hartford high-school.

The search through our exchanges for the *College Message* has been in vain. The absence of another sheet might pass unnoticed, but we never forget to read what our fearless but esteemed contemporary from Cape Girardeau says.

In the January number of the *Adelphian* is found, under the title "Friendship," an interesting comparison of Emerson's and Bacon's essays on the same subject. Several refreshing stories fill important space in the *Adelphian*. The Christmas number arrived late. We hardly think that the holiday dress was much of an improvement on its regular monthly appearance.

The December number of the *Rambler*, from Tilton, N. H., is on our desk. The *Rambler* is tardy in making its appearance, and lacks the literary merit which is essential to a college paper. We hope it will be more punctual, and fitly represent the talent of New England.

The February issue of *St. James' Alumni Journal* is at hand, filled with choice reading matter. "Ser-

mons in Stones" and "Tears" are well-written articles, and show that the young ladies of St. James' are by no means deficient in literature. We wish the *Journal* unbounded prosperity.

Among our many excellent exchanges is the *Buchtelite*. The last issue contains a strong argument against secret societies in colleges. The writer shows the evils arising therefrom in eloquent language. We are with you, neighbor, and congratulate you upon your deserved success.

We always welcome the *Peddi Chronicle* to our sanctum. This is one of the best local college papers we know of. The December number contains valuable literary work. The *Chronicle* ably represents the institution from which it hails.

Among the few of our exchanges that always produce sound reading matter is the *Blackburnian*. The last issue contains a pointed editorial on "Conversation as a Lost Art." The editor shows the extreme light nature of conversation, even among students of letters, and its disastrous results.

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The *Annals*, of West Seneca, N. Y., is with us for the first time. It is devoted to the "Blessed Virgin," and is full of choice Catholic literature. We gladly exchange with the *Annals*, and hope it may find its way into every Catholic home.

SOCIETY NOTES.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

During the last month the following subjects were well and exhaustively treated. Mr. Concannon read a paper on University Extension. Mr. Concannon promises to make a success as a lecturer. It was suggested at this meeting that we introduce extemporaneous speaking. The Rev. Moderator was called upon for an impromptu speech, and was given as his subject "The Catholic Exhibit at the World's Fair." He spoke at length upon the subject saying that Catholic students were called on to respond by doing their utmost to place Catholic educational institutions in the first rank with public or protestant institutions and thereby show clearly that the church is the mother of letters. D. E. Walsh read an essay on the Catholic Truth Society. He showed how much good that society has done since its organization and rejoiced that his native state, Minnesota, was its prime mover, with that brilliant light, Archbishop Ireland, in the lead. Dan'l Sullivan in a criticism of King Lear treated the subject in a masterly manner. An impromptu speech, on Physical Culture, by J. McNulty was one of the interesting features of the meeting. Debate. Resolved—"That the negroes have been more ill-used than the Indians by the whites of the United States." Thos. Riely held forth for the negro; in his argument he brought out many strong points,

which probably won the debate for him. J. Hayden, treated his side of the question in a lengthy and beautiful essay. Although a new member, he is one of the best debaters in the society. All members regret very much the late absence of our worthy President, Mr. Durkin, and Vice Pres. Mr. Concannon. The society tendered them a vote of thanks for their efficient service during the last session. The society then proceeded to elect new officers to fill the vacancies. The candidates for the presidency were Messrs. Sullivan and McCarty; the votes tied for several ballots, so the election of president was laid on the table, and the election of vice pres. taken up, which resulted in Geo. C. McCann being elected.

The debate followed. Resolved—"That the Poughkeepsie plan of education should be adopted. A. J. Burns for the affirmative and Thos. Kelly for the negative. Mr. Burns spoke part of his debate extemporaneously, and did very well throughout his argument. Mr. Kelly gave very good reasons why he thought the plan would be a failure if adopted in the United States. Mr. Kelly commands the attention of his audience from the time he takes the floor until he ceases speaking. A review of the splendid college novel of "Tom Playfair," by B. O'Connor was one of the interesting features of the last programme. "Columbus and Destiny" was the title of a very neatly written essay by W. B. McCarty. M. Fortin gave some very good

reasons why the Louisiana Lottery should be suppressed. Committee on colors, after conference with other societies of the college, reported on the shades, etc., that have been agreed upon. It is probable that college colors will become one of the institutions of St. Viateur's.

—H. M. S.

SOCIETE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.

The last few meetings of the French Lycee have been marked by characteristic animation. The relative merits of the pen, the press, eloquence as civilizing agents, were eloquently upheld as against those of the sword, of government, etc. M. Max Fortier, during his address, was frequently interrupted by his aggressive opponent, M. Joe Lamarre, who wanted proofs and offered objections. Using the sword of logic, M. Fortier cut through all these difficulties; not without a few wounds did he come out of the engagement. Another seance is to be had for the decisive settlement of the dispute.

At a recent meeting M. T. Pelletier was elected vice-president and M. J. Rouleau, secretary. M. P. Burronnette remains president. The society is under the censorship of Rev. A. Defoy, professor of French criticism class.

DONATIONS

To Mivart Scientific Association and Museum.

Reports of U. S. Geological Dept.
10 vols.

Reports of Smithsonian Institute,
6 vols.

Rev. G. M. Legris—Swiss Cross.

Rev. P. Beaudoin, C. S. V.—The Naturalist.

Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., \$5.

Hon. T. H. Henekin, Galveston, Tex., valuable collection of corals.

Contributors to M. S. Assn. Library and Museum are enrolled in the Book of Benefactors and are entitled to all benefits and privileges granted to same, according to Art. 15, Sec. 1 of Constitution.

Recent donations to the Roy Memorial Chapel: Rev. M. A. Dooling, \$25; Rev. M. A. Quirk, \$25; Mr. Alex. Granger, \$25.

PERSONALS.

—The Commercial graduates of '89 will remember Rev. D. J. McMalion, D. D., most pleasantly. The golden thoughts he gave them, the high ideal of a Catholic graduate which he erected for them, will live as long as memory survives. The Rev. Father is Superior of the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests, with headquarters at West Farms, N. Y. We return our cordial thanks for a very substantial donation to our JOURNAL.

—We noticed with pleasure the presence of Rev. J. Lerasseur, D. D., of Irwin, Ill. During the ethnology and philosophy examinations the Rev. Dr. assisted the professors of the two classes.

—Rev. P. A. Sullivan, of St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, in company

with Mr. P. J. Halton, visited us during the past few days. The Hancock team put up a game of indoor ball with a junior organization, which was much enjoyed. Before leaving, a match game of billiards between Father Sullivan and Bro. Cregan was had, but there was something the matter with our prefect's cue; anyhow, our Rev. visitor took all the games.

—Mr. Thos. J. Normoyle, of '90, is now enjoying a lucrative position in one of Chicago's large business houses.

—News has been received from Chicago that Edw. Caron, 89, formerly of Bourbonnais, is seriously ill. His sister spent the past week at his bedside. It is hoped that he will soon get well.

—William Caron, '91, is now employed in Seigel, Cooper & Co.'s large establishment in Chicago. Success to you, Will.

—Francis Fitzgerald is at present attending Bloomington College, Ind.

VIATORIANA.

—Gone!

—My money.

—Much weather.

—I think so neither.

—Good roller-skating.

—That's not manly.

—"I can't help being popular."

—Who shall be the next president?

—Say, Mac, how did you like that pipe?

—"Why don't you eat dates?" Do you take me for an A-rab?"

—Boston and McN. haven't got through their explanations yet.

—Among the late arrivals are Messrs. J. Gordon, Nagle and the Francis brothers.

—"Got any mint *lozengers*?" "No, you'll have to take your cigarettes straight this time."

—Maurice R. may be a gentle, easy-going junior, but when he goes on the warpath watch your scalp.

—Accounts of Prof. Egan's lecture, as well as of Fr. McGrath's, will appear in the March JOURNAL.

—The McCarthy Seniors don't play ball as they used to—they dropped two games lately to the Ryan Seniors.

—Said a man that knows: "There is no danger of the gold being stolen from your teeth; your breath will protect it."

—Native (to the wild, untamed bronco of the West Side). "Why don't you wash your face?" West Side B.—"Oh, I washed it yesterday."

—Mr. Williams, our music teacher, is doing good work with the choir. The singing is good at all services, and in a short time nothing but first-class pieces will be sung.

—If there are any in-door base-ball nines within a day's walk of this place, they can be done up brown, and no questions asked. See the captain about it.

—There are several lectures to come this month, all men of note. The visit of these gentlemen ought to be fruitful of much good to the students. We hope it will.

—The in-door base ball club played a game with the Kankakees Feb. 18, winning easily; score 27 to 8. The boys found no trouble in beating the nine opposing them and tending to the balcony at the same time. Both were well played.

—Friday, Feb. 12, being Lincoln's birthday, which has been made a legal holiday in this state, was celebrated by the students. Many of the larger ones took advantage of the *conge'* to visit the splendid collection of pictures lately donated to the insane asylum at Kankakee. There is a beautiful collection of seventy-one pictures by the greatest of modern portrait painters, Mr. Healy, of Paris, France.

DISTINGUISHED IN CLASSICAL COURSE AT THE SEMI-AN- NUAL EXAMINATION.

Civil Government—M. Babin, J. Laplante, B. O'Connor, M. O'Connor.

Natural Philosophy—A. Burns, M. Fortin, D. Sullivan, J. B. Surprenant.

Latin—A. Burns, M. Fortin, J. Laplante, T. Kelly, G. Rouleau, P. Quin, D. Sullivan, J. B. Surprenant.

Rhetoric—A. Burns, J. Hayden, D. Walsh, W. B. McCarthy, D. Sullivan, P. Quin, M. Fortin, F. Moody.

English Composition—A. Burns, M. Fortin, T. Kelly, P. Quin, G. Rouleau, D. Sullivan, J. Surprenant, D. Walsh.

History—A. Burns, G. Barry, F. Ensirs, J. Lamarre, J. Lynch, T. Kelly, J. Manley, J. O'Dwire, H. M. Shea, J. Surprenant, D. Walsh.

Greek—J. Laplante, T. Legris, H. Ruel, G. Rouleau, D. Sullivan, T. Pelletier.

Christian Doctrine—A. Burns, M. Fortin, G. Barry, J. Lynch, D. Sullivan, D. Walsh, T. Pelletier, M. O'Connor, B. O'Connor.

Mathematics—J. Laplante, J. Lynch, G. Barry, J. Manley, P. Quin, D. Sullivan, N. McCarthy, M. O'Connor, B. O'Connor.

Penmanship—J. Manley, F. O'Reilly, M. O'Connor, B. O'Connor, J. B. Surprenant.

Music—T. Legris, J. Lamarre, T. Kurtz, M. O'Connor, J. Holton.

Logic—W. McCarthy, G. McCan, F. Moody.

German—L. Eberlie, E. Huber.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Civil Government—R. Cromwell, E. Huber, J. Gordon, J. Paquet, E. O'Connor, T. McQuillan.

Penmanship—G. Connor, A. Lacharite, A. Michel, T. Riley, S. Gareau, E. Huber, J. Coady, C. Castonguay.

Bookkeeping—C. Ducey, L. Goreau, J. Gordon, A. Lacharite.

Commercial Law—C. Ducey, G. Connor, L. Gareau, J. Gordon, A. Lacharite, J. Paquet, J. Stapleton.

Arithmetic—A. Gagnon, J. Gordon, M. Hennebery, D. Murphy, G. Rousseau.

History—J. Conavan, G. Connor, R. Cromwell, D. Murphy, Jas. Fohhill.

Christian Doctrine—M. O'Reilly, E. O'Connor.

English Grammar and Composition—J. Gordon, M. Hennebery, A. Cyrier, Sr., M. O'Reilly, J. Stapleton.

Telegraphy—J. Coady, F. Huber, E. Knornchild.

Typewriting—J. Coady, J. Gordon, E. Huber.

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—Washington's birthday was celebrated with the usual patriotism. The weather was not pleasant, but the entertainment was. Good music, both vocal and instrumental, speeches and recitations, and espec-

ially a good dinner, don't give the weather much chance. Lack of space only prevents us from publishing the excellent program, in which our orators and musicians covered themselves with glory.



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