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TO A PRESSED FLOWER.

Dear faded flower, the sight of thee
Brings memories so rare
Of pleasant groves and shady trees
And one I've strolled with there,
Whose gentle words and heavenly smile
Bespoke a gentle birth,
And made my life with hers the while
Seem e'en a heaven on earth.

But, faded flower, the fates have crossed
Our path; now she is dead !
The treasure rare for me is lost,
Joy all too quickly fled.
And like thy senseless petals gray,
By silent volumes pressed,
My life waits to be put away
In eternity's great breast.

—J. H. N.

STARVED ROCK.

(Continued from May Number.)

THE LAST OF THE ILLINOIS—THE FINAL TRAGEDY.

Most historians believe that the famous tragedy which gave Starved Rock its name was a result of the wars of the conspiracy of Pontiac, chief of the Ottawa tribe. It is not our purpose to dwell on the history of this great conspiracy, as the student will find it related by Parkman in a style as charming and interesting as a romance. It is sufficient for us to state here that in 1769 Pontiac went to St. Louis to visit an old friend who was a trader at this post, and while there was murdered by Kineboo, chief of the Illinois, who was bribed to commit the crime.

This murder set the whole country aflame, and was the cause of a general uprising among the different tribes. "The news spread like lightning through the country," says Parkman. "The Indians assembled in great numbers, attacked and destroyed all the Peorias, except thirty families, and all the authorities agree that the murder brought on successive wars, and the almost total extermination of the Illinois. Could Pontiac's shade have revisited the scene of his murder, his savage spirit would have exulted in vengeance which overwhelmed the abettors of the crime.

Whole tribes were rooted out to expiate it. Chiefs and sachems, whose veins had thrilled with his eloquence; young warriors, whose aspiring hearts had caught the inspiration of his greatness, mustered to revenge his fate; and from the north and east, their

united bands descended on the villages of the Illinois. Tradition has but faintly preserved the memory of the event, yet enough remains to tell us that over the grave of Pontiac more blood was poured out in atonement than flowed from the veins of the slaughtered heroes on the corpse of Patroclus; and the remnant of the Illinois who survived the carnage remained forever after sunk in utter insignificance."

The great tribe of the Illinois had been so reduced in number, that they now found sufficient space on the top of Starved Rock, whither they had gone as a last refuge. Here the few remaining warriors repelled the attacks of the thousands of bloodthirsty Indians below. As the walls of the Rock are perpendicular, ten men could easily resist the attacks of ten thousand. The enemies below, seeing how futile it was to attempt to take the fort on the Rock by storm, determined to besiege it on every side.

The enemies placed themselves in canoes under the shelving rock and cut the thongs of the besieged whenever they lowered their vessels to draw water from the river below. Many of the women and children, reduced by starvation to mere skeletons, threw themselves over the ledge of the rock, only to be killed by the clubs of the warriors below, or to drown in the river. But the warriors above fought as long as they were able to stand. No quarter was given, nor was it asked. Desperation gave new strength to their weakening limbs. Twelve days sufficed for the twelve hundred souls

on the top of this rock to die of famine and thirst; still all were not destroyed. *Eleven* escaped through the lines in darkness and confusion, and taking the canoes of the enemy, hurried down the stream. They knew that their deadly enemies would soon follow them. It was a race for life. They were without provisions, but to stop meant death, and those who ran for life won the race and reached their friends many miles down the stream. They had scarcely landed when the shouts of their pursuers were heard on the river. These soon landed and fiercely demanded their victims, fully determined to take the last drop of blood from the veins of their hated enemies. This was refused, and they left the place vowing vengeance, but they were unable to execute it.

Our warriors, now being free, crossed the river to the southern part of what we now call Illinois and made their future home with other tribes. But they never after claimed their name, and from this time ceased to be of the present and were only remembered as a part of the past. And so perished the Illinois, at one time the most powerful tribe of aborigines, but their name is perpetuated in the name of our state, and public sentiment has traveled to the scene of their heroic struggle and has written clear and large on the walls of this great fort, "Starved Rock."

As Thermopylae will forever stand as a monument for the bravery of the Spartans, so, too, will this moss-grown and ivy-clad battle tower, covered with the dust of its victims, mark for-

ever the spot where once occurred one of the greatest contributions to human sacrifice ever recorded in history.

Under the hollow sky,
Stretched on the prairie lone,
Center of glory, I,
Bleeding, disdain to groan,
But like a battle-cry
Peal forth my thunder moan.
Baim-wah-wah!

Hark to those spirit notes!
Ye high heroes divine,
Hymned from your god-like throats
That song of praise is mine!
Mine, whose grave pennon floats
O'er the foeman's line.
Baim-wah-wah!

—*Death Song of Algonquins.*

After the departure of the many tribes of Indians who inhabited this part of our country, the white man came and settled.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.—*Whittier.*

From the shore of the river the cultivated meadow now stretches to the north where once stood Kaskaskia, and its soil is enriched with the dust of victors and vanquished.

The age of the "plowshare and pruning hook" has dawned upon the place, and now the great meadows are occupied by many farms, but the beauty and handiwork of nature, as seen on the rock and in its surroundings, never has or will be disturbed. Today this battle ground of old is transformed into a park and picnic ground, and is known as the most beautiful summer resort of the west. The Indian cabins and wigwams have been replaced by

a modern hotel, with several furnished cottages for private families. These are supplied with water, gas, electric lights, and, in short, all of the modern improvements, which would have been impossible to the rock's earliest master—Louis the magnificent. Near the hotel is the club house and dancing parlors, surrounded by an artificial lake. The summit of the rock is also a scene of gayety, and the sound of music and merry laughter now fill the air where once there echoed the war-whoop of savages.

Today the visitor from the summit of the rock may still see those cliffs, glens, and canyons along the Illinois river, and which make the locality the most interesting and most sublime sight to be seen in the Mississippi valley. To the east and across a deep chasm from the rock is Lover's Leap, which marks the deed of an Indian maiden, who, disappointed in love, jumped from the cliff into the river below. To the south is a high knoll called Devil's Nose, where the Indians imagined a storm to be the sneezing of the prince of darkness. Farther away, but still within walking distance, are the famous Bailey's Falls and Deer Park Glen, and many beautiful spots on the Big Vermilion river. These places, too, have been beautified of late years, driveways and paths have been cut through the forest, rope bridges suspended across the ravines, and the owners offer the guests every facility for examining these noted places.

Our modern Starved Rock visitors come arrayed in bicycle suits, and in

fact all the habiliments of a picnic, and the register of the past few years contains the names of thousands of visitors from nearly every state of the Union. As we contemplate the beauty of this famous summer resort, as we meditate upon its history and link the present with the past, we cannot help realizing the debt of gratitude which we owe to those men who, after years of toil and research, have given us the authentic facts connected with its history—to such writers as Dr. Francis Parkman, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, and Mrs. Mary H. Catherwood, who, both in history and romance, have created a period of instruction and amusement for the present generation.

He told the red man's story; far and wide
He searched the unwritten records of his
race. —*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

This rock is only one of the many monumental gems adorning the zone of Catholicity which encircles the whole of North America. America owes to the church and her apostles an enduring memory, for in them she beholds the pioneers who have ever guided her to the possession of her richest heritage.

For thee, my country! many are the gifts
God gives to thee,
And glorious is thine aspect, from sunset to
the sea,
And many a cross is in thy midst, and many
an altar fair;
And many a place where men may lay the
burden that they bear.

—*Thomas D'Arcy McGee.*

W. J. B.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF THACKERAY.

After carefully reading the novels and essays of Thackeray one cannot help preceiving that there is one great purpose underlying all his writings: corrections of abuses and of wrong conceptions of life. "Open at random," says Taine, "his three great works—*Vanity Fair*, *The Newcomes*, *Pendennis*, every scene sets in relief a moral truth. The author desires that at every page we should form a judgment on vice and virtue. He has blamed or approved beforehand and the dialogues and portraits are to him only means by which he adds our approbation to his approbation and our blame to his blame. He is giving us a lesson, and beneath the sentiments he describes, as beneath the events which he relates, we continually discover rules for our conduct." But all this is done with so much art that it is only after we have learned the lesson that we become aware of the author's intention. He does not, like Dickens, seek to excite our passions, but by his masterly delineation of character and calm reflection he appeals to our judgment.

A brief analysis of a few of his leading characters will make this moralizing propensity of Thackeray more evident. Major Pendennis had formerly, to use the author's expression, "exercised the profession of an apothecary and surgeon" but his "secret ambition had always been to be a gentleman." Finally he inherits a considerable sum of money and mar-

ries the daughter of an impoverished family who are distantly related to some lord. He buys a small estate, tries to blot out the remembrance of his former occupation, and assumes all the airs and importance of a landed proprietor. He is always fawning upon nobles and swallows with the utmost complacency the snubs he so often receives. The moral of each of these details is so evident that it cannot escape the most superficial reader. It is as if the author had said: "My dear reader, from the follies and humiliations of the Major, learn a lesson. Be true to yourself, respect your manhood, do not make yourself mean, miserable, and ridiculous by aping the airs and pretensions of a fellow called a nobleman who is in fact not one whit better than yourself."

This indirect manner of introducing moral considerations does not satisfy the purpose of Thackeray. He frequently interrupts his narrative to make some striking reflections on the incidents he has been relating. He has often been severely criticized for this, and perhaps viewed from the standpoint of art it is a defect; but for my part I find nothing in his novels so delightful as these familiar chats. They are like the pleasant talks of a dear friend who kindly and wisely warns us against certain follies and sins into which we are in danger of falling.

How vividly he pictures the baseness of avarice in the character of Mrs. Bute Crawley. All the words of the character are chosen and weighted so as to make the vice odious. Miss Crawley, a rich old lady falls ill. Mrs.

Bute Crawley, her relative, hastens to save the dear invalid or rather the inheritance. She labors with all her ingenuity to prevent Rawdon Crawley a stupid reckless guardsman, a drunkard, and a duelest, but for all that the old lady's favorite nephew, from inheriting her money. Of course, she easily persuades herself that she hates Rawdon only from a virtuous motive, because he is a vicious, worthless character. To be sure it is only natural she expects a liberal share of the old woman's money, but the fact that Rawdon is a dangerous rival has nothing to do with her feelings toward him.

At length the apothecary, Mr. Clump, is sent for. He suggests various remedies, but Mrs. Bute will not listen to him. "I am sure, my dear Mr. Clump," she says, no efforts of mine have been wanting to restore our dear invalid, whom the ingratitude of her nephew has laid on the bed of sickness. I never shrink from personal discomfort; I never refuse to sacrifice myself. I would lay down my life for my duty or for any member of my husband's family."

The apothecary declared that "a change, gaiety and fresh air are necessary for the patient." Mrs. Bute is for an instant thrown off her guard and as the author remarks "lets the cat of selfishness out of the bag of secrecy." She will not hear of any such thing. "The sight of her horrible nephew casually in the park where I am told the wretch drives with the brazen partner of his crimes, would cause her such a shock that we

should have to bring her back to bed again. She must not go out, Mr. Clump. She shall not go out as long as I remain to watch over her. And as for my health, what matters it? I give it cheerfully, sir. I sacrifice it at the altar of my duty."

Thackeray could not possibly make the avarice and hypocrisy of Mrs. Bute and all legacy hunters more odious. It fills the reader with hatred and disgust. But Thackeray is not satisfied with this, he wants to correct these vices in his reader and he invites him to look at home, to examine himself and see if he is entirely spotless. He at the same time subjects him to a searching inquiry which will be pretty sure to make him blush.

Thus you may analyze any of the characters he has created and you will find that each and every one inculcates some great moral truth. His great aim being instruction and correction. Whoever goes to him merely to be amused will certainly be disappointed. Even his novels require careful reading and concentration. This is perhaps the reason he has never gained the wide popularity of Dickens or Scott. The vast majority of novel readers want to be amused rather than instructed and the author who most fully satisfies this desire is sure to be the most popular.

The truth of this assertion may be easily confirmed by glancing at the writings of some of our most successful humorists. Without a semblance of genuine humor or literary merit, merely by their buffoneries, rude jokes, and sickly puns, they have gained an

extensive popularity, and acquired substantial fortunes.

Thackeray is unquestionably a master of style and his writings possess elements of immortality which will keep his name alive when many authors who are now more popular will have been entirely forgotten. His novels are not so brilliant or fascinating as those of Dickens, but more beneficial and enduring.

The two are thus briefly contrasted by a judicious critic: "Dickens is more ardent, more expansive, wholly given up to rapture, an impassioned painter of crude and dazzling pictures, a lyric prose writer, omnipotent in laughter and tear, plunged into fantastic invention, painful sensibility, vehement buffoonery; and by the boldness of his style, the excess of his emotions, the grotesque familiarity of his caricatures, he has displayed all the forces and weaknesses of an artist, all the audacities, all the successes and all the oddities of the imagination."

"Thackeray is more contained, better informed and stronger, a lover of moral dissertation, counselor of the public, a sort of lay preacher, less bent on defending the poor, more bent on correcting his readers, has brought to the aid of satire a sustained common sense, a great knowledge of the human heart, consummate cleverness, a treasure of meditated hatred of vice, which he has persecuted with all the weapons of reflection." B.

Have the courage to provide an entertainment for your friends within your means, not beyond them.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

There appeared on the shores of New England at the beginning of this century a writer of rare powers, destined to overturn old methods and to leave a deep impress of a rugged, but superior ability, that man was Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Emerson was a born poet, and his love of idealty showed itself in every line he wrote. One finds rhythm in nearly all his prose, though he may also find much crudeness in his verse.

Emerson was a great admirer and a close friend of Carlyle, and the "Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence" gives us a close view into the private life of the "Sage of Concord."

The theory of Emerson on poetry was that poetry and philosophy should not be separated. Of a didactic inclination this was natural, and all his verse and prose have dogmatic tendencies; the message it contains is set forth in a way that compel acceptance or resistance forthwith. Nature was the god of Emerson, and with all his beautiful sayings regarding God, Heaven, the future life, etc., material beauty or at best such beauty as was purely of the mind was all he cared for.

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain."

is beautiful in sentiment and setting, but does not rise above this life, "is of the earth earthly." Dogmatic to a degree he hated all forms of religious dogma, as hampering to the mind and as therefore hurtful to the soul's ex-

pansion. This is Emersonian doctrine.

He had said: "Man thus far, has made all religions, and will yet make new and higher faiths." He had begun life as an exponent of one of these man-made faiths—Unitarianism, and had abandoned this profession as distasteful. Why? Because no doubt he was too consistent and thoughtful not to see its utter inability to meet the requirements of man's longings and needs, and he went where protestantism leads; to the vagaries of nature, art, culture, etc., but away from God.

But in life Emerson was the kindest most amiable of men. Earnest thoughtful, a seeker of knowledge, he conversed with all he met, met all he could and was a source of pleasure to all his friends as he was easily the leader of all his associates. He was in a word superior to his faith and was indeed all that any man could be, and a great deal more than most men are, without a definite code of belief and with merely the natural for a guide.

Emerson acquired distinction as a lecturer, prose writer, and poet. His terse and forcible prose is the very essence of condensation. Every line is full of thought—a jewel highly polished, which one may consider by itself as possessing intrinsic beauty, not buoyed up by proximity to other gems, nor as getting a beauty from its adaptation to structural completeness. We may pick out at pleasure so many beautiful epigrams filled with a sage benevolence and marked with the stamp of worldly wisdom. A student of nature he had all her originality of procedure and attained beauty with-

out attention to the principles others think so necessary.

His poetry is full of that self-consciousness that marked his other works—that is if one can be self-conscious and poetical at the same time. Still, Emerson is poetical and occasional flashes betray the beauty of a tender soul alive to humanity's needs. Thus his own lines describes himself:

"He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the age of God again;
His action won such reverence sweet
As hid all measure of the feat."

Among the choicest of his poems are "The Snow Storm," "The Humble Bee," "The Rhodora and Concord Hymn." The latter was sung at the dedication of the battle monument, April 19, 1836, and of itself would give the poet a claim to the highest of poetic talent.

In 1847 Emerson lectured in the principal cities of the Union and the subjects of his lectures were published under the title of "Representative Men." These were "The Uses of Great Men;" "Plato, or the Philosopher;" "Swedenborg, or the Mystic;" "Montaigne, or the Skeptic;" "Shakespeare, or the Poet;" "Napoleon, or the Man of the World;" and "Goethe, or the Writer." Incidentally the subjects of these lectures show the trend of Emerson's thoughts and go far toward showing the influences that helped to mold him.

In his "Heroes and Hero Worship," Carlyle had chosen Mahomet, Dante, Luther, Burns and Cromwell. It would no doubt afford one much pleasure to ponder on the reasons that

may have led each to make the choice he did of his representative men.

Like every New Englander, Emerson received his due measure of praise. Few indeed of the number that have grown to distinction got any degree of the laudations accorded the "Sage of Concord." But for the most part these were well merited. Emerson was essentially an intellectual man, one whose work drew him close to men, but whose philosophy made him powerless to uplift humanity.

Emerson died at Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882, just one month after Longfellow. Strange as it may seem, men scarcely thought of Emerson, so intent were they on the loss they sustained by Longfellow's death. Any reflection on the works of the two distinguished men will show us how much greater was the hold of Longfellow upon the people than that of his more philosophic but less tender and sympathetic brother poet. Longfellow spoke from a heart alive to humanity's needs, aware of all its throbbings. He was essentially the poet of the people, if not of the scholar—and who shall say that his was not the real mission of the poet. Always tender and sympathetic he was rarely dull; with no interest as to how far poetry and philosophy should be joined, he invariably reached the heart and won captive his readers of all classes. Not so the "Sage," who, though always stately, ever ready with a lesson, appealed chiefly to the learned and but accidentally to the ones in humbler walks of life.

The scholar will always admire Emerson. Longfellow will be approved by all classes. Both left their lessons; Longfellow's the better. Emerson's may live, Longfellow's shall not die.—M.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONEY.
(FATHER PROUT.)

"Who loveth humor and hath yet to see
Lover and Prout and Maclise?"

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

This charming poet was born in the city of Cork, on the banks of the beautiful River Lee. He commenced his college career at a very early age, and completed his course with high honors.

After his ordination he was appointed curate to Father Prout, an old priest who resided a short distance from the city. While performing his sacred duties in the quiet country, Father Mahoney was a contributor to the journals of Cork under the name of the good old pastor, Father Prout, at whose bewilderment the curate chuckled with roguish glee. He also contributed to London magazines, where his articles met a very favorable reception. He felt that the monotony of a curate's life was prejudicial to his thirst for letters, so he abandoned his priestly duties and launched his bark upon the sea of literature.

London was the desired field, and there his genius met with a recognition it justly merited. Later he found that the polished French capital was a more fitting retreat, than foggy London, so he repaired thither, being then in his fortieth year.

"Father Prout" ranks amongst the first of Erin's bards. He was a genius and a scholar, so that his poems are models of English verse, and shall live as long as the tongue of Shakespeare. "The Bells of Shandon" and "The Groves of Blarney" are of world-wide fame.

How smoothly these magic lines flow; what lofty and soul-inspiring thoughts they convey to the human heart:

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells."

Such sentiments as are herein expressed cannot but reach the hearts of of the community at large and bring them back to the sweet days of childhood, resting beneath the shades of the old home as the "curfew tolled the knell of parting day."

From the delicate strains of "Shandon's Bells" our poet could swell into the animated and the heroic. Of this we have a proof in his dashing poem "The Song of the Cossack:

"Come, arouse thee up, my gallant horse,
and bear thy rider on!
The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow,
of the dweller on the Don.
Pillage and death have spread their wings,
'tis the hour to hie thee forth,
And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the
trumpets of the north.
Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy
saddle-tree,
But earth affords the wealth of lords for
thy master and for thee.

Then, fiercely neigh, my charger gray!—
thy chest is proud and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of
France, and the pride of her heroes
trample!"

Exquisite are the lines "Michael Angelo's Farewell to Sculpture":

"I feel that I am growing old—
My lamp of clay! thy flame, behold!
'Gins to burn low; and I've unrolled
My life's eventful volume.

The pride of art, the sculptured thought,
Vain idols that my hand hath wrought—
To place my trust in such were naught
But sheer insanity.

What can the pencil's power achieve?
What can the chisel's triumph give?
A name perhaps on earth may live,
And travel to posterity."

His "Lines Addressed to the Tiber" are, indeed, beautiful. He gives true expression to the feelings of the ardent young student who, reading the classics, is led into the belief that "Good old Father Tiber" is a flood of bright waters rolling through an Eden toward the sea; but our poet pictures him just as he is, and, indeed, we think, with talent unsurpassed:

"Tiber, my early dream,
My boyhood's vision of thy classic stream,
Had taught my mind to think
That over sands of gold
Thy limpid waters rolled
And ever verdant laurels grew upon thy
brink.
But still, thy proudest boast,
Tiber! and what brings honor to thee most,
Is, that thy waters roll
Fast by the eternal home
Of Glory's daughter, Rome,
And that thy billows bathe the sacred
capitol."

His translation of "Horace's Odes" into English verse is a work of supe-

rior merit; and in this we do not hesitate to place him at the right hand of Dryden, who has woven into such classic song the "Works of Virgil." We quote his transposition of Ode xxi, "Ad Pubem Romanam":

"Worship Diana, young daughters of Italy!
Youth, sing Apollo! both children of Jove.
Honor Latona, their mother, who mightily
Triumphed of old in the Thunderer's love.

Maids! sing the huntress whose haunts are
the highlands,

Who treads in a buskin of silvery sheen,
Each forest - crowned summit through
Greece and her highlands

From dark Enymanthus to Cragus the
green."

We must not imagine that because
"Father Prout" gave up his curacy
in his native land that he became a

castaway. No, his sacred character he never sullied by worldly dissipations, and his soul was ever aflame with the sublime and the beautiful creations of a poet of the first order.

In his sixty-third year he died in Paris, where he had spent many years as a chaplain in one of its convents, and after giving to the literary world contributions that shall be numbered amongst the classics of the immortals of our literature.

The remains of "Father Prout" were conveyed from Paris to his native land and interred with ceremony under the shadow of Shandon steeple, of whose chimes he had sung in imperishable song.
A. H. W.

JUNE.

To the Students of 1896-97:

How like a dream has gone the month of May!
Whence came the tuneful birds, the blossoms rare,
Whose sweetness filled with music all the day,
While raptured minds rose high at scenes so fair?

Those joyous days had left us all too soon
If into roses blossoms did not turn,
As simple sketch is May; but balmy June,
The perfect work, immortal artists learn.

And June we offer to the Heart divine!
Behold what love He gives to sinful man!
Nor longer can despairing one's repine,
Included now within Redemption's plan.

And we who heart and home so long have shared
Must part, mayhap on earth to meet no more:
Each goes his way, his pains and cares to bear;
We know not what the future hath in store.

June is youth, and age is like December.
May our age be that of years and not of crime.
O Sacred Heart! thy love may we remember,
Nor let us tainted be with vice's slime!

—M.

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EDITORIAL.

The exercises of the twenty-ninth annual commencement will take place at the College Hall, Wednesday, June 16. The Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago, will preside.

We hereby, under due authorization, extend a cordial welcome to parents of students and to all our friends to be present at the closing exercises, promising them, besides a hearty welcome, a good entertainment.

Sang the poet, in the ecstasy of his contemplation: "What is so rare as a day in June?" It is almost a source of regret that we who have spent so many months together shall be denied the privilege of enjoying so few of the "rare" June days in each other's company. However anxious we may be for the end, there is always something solemn in the parting—though to few a cause of lasting sorrow.

One of the painful experiences of life, perhaps of all, the most bitter, is separation. Parting from loved ones, giving up the scenes and companions

we have learned to love, and facing the new ordeal of finding other friends and other homes is an experience that touches the tender chords of man's heart, and for a time, at least, softens the rougher elements of his nature. But, though trying it is a common experience, and from the breaking of friendship's ties spring the noblest sentiments that have filled the golden pages of literature. It is only in grief that man's actions become sublime; the scourge of sorrow has prompted nobler emotions than all the pleasures that wealth can give. The VIATORIAN extends its best wishes to the Faculty and student body for a pleasant vacation.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

That honesty is the best policy is an axiom which few would venture to dispute. But they who are honest for policy's sake alone cannot be called honest in the true sense of the word, no more than those who go to church on Sunday and at other times because it is fashionable to do so, and give large sums of money toward the building of churches and the support of religion for the sake of acquiring popularity and the esteem of their fellow-men—or it may be to obtain custom and patronage in business—can be considered religious men.

Jews have been known sometimes to build Catholic churches in districts where there were none already, in order to induce Catholics to settle there, and doubtless the money expended on the building of the church

returned to them, after a certain period, with compound interest. This was religious policy, but it was not religion.

There are a great many people who are fair and honest in their dealings with their fellows because, if they were found out in crooked and dishonest transactions, they would be disgraced in the eyes of the world and ruined in their business. But it is probable that, if they were sure that they could be dishonest and cheat with impunity and without the fear of being discovered, they would not hesitate to do so; and this not unfrequently happens. In their public transactions they will be above reproach, while privately they are cheating and swindling; this is honesty as a policy. The man who is truly honest is always so, whether it be in public or in private, because he acts on principle. He has a conscience, which tells him that ill-gotten goods must be restored; that one day duplicity shall be unveiled and the hope of the hypocrite shall perish; that the cheat and the swindler is mean and contemptible; and that the honest man is the noblest work of God.

With all due regard for this famous saying, we do not think it a very safe principle, since it does not establish honesty on the solid basis it should rest, if it is to withstand the hard shocks it must meet. Honesty for virtue's sake, but not for *policy*.

—A. O'S.

Never shirk duty for pleasure. Do your duty and pleasure will result.

ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST.

The annual contest for the elocution medals took place in the college hall Friday evening, May 29th, before a very appreciative audience, composed of the faculty, students and townspeople of Kankakee.

The number of contestants was unusually large, and as each aspirant, laudably incited by the hope of winning the beautiful prize, put forth extraordinary efforts, the exhibition was ranked as the most interesting and closely contested one of recent years.

Eleven minims competed for the McShane medal, while three juniors and eight seniors contested for the Hagan medal. The individual efforts of the young speakers deserve special mention, but lack of space forbids any lengthy comments. The minims acquitted themselves very creditably, and were loudly applauded for their brilliant recitations. Their work showed fine elocutionary abilities, and with a little training some at least will become very proficient in the Delsartean art.

The juniors and seniors did exceptionally well, their interpretations would do credit to veterans of the art, while their natural expression, correct intonation, and graceful gestures, bespoke careful study and diligent practice.

The success attained by the young elocutionists reflects great credit on Mr. Nawn, professor of elocution in the senior department, Mr. Quille in the juniors, and Mr. Dermody in the minims. These gentlemen have la-

bored unceasingly to perfect their pupils in this great art, and have been adequately compensated by the splendid efforts of their pupils.

The judges were Rev. J. Laberge, D.D., and Mr. T. Donovan, the brilliant young city attorney of Kankakee. Their decisions will be made known on commencement day, June 16th.

At the conclusion of the programme Rev. Father Marsile, in a few well chosen words, introduced Mr. Donovan, and during his brief talk all were captivated by his eloquence. He congratulated the contestants on the abilities they had shown, acknowledging that it would be a difficult matter for him to choose the winner. He also urged them to take advantage of the many golden opportunities offered to them, so that they would be fitted to fill creditably any position in the arena of professional life. He advised close and practical study of oratory, saying that no power can so sway or enthuse a multitude. He also cited many examples of great assemblies being carried away by the power of eloquence.

Several times during his speech, and at the conclusion, Mr. Donovan was warmly applauded by the audience.

The following took part in the programme.

MINIMS.

Master Thos. Conley, "The Virgin Mary's Knight;" Master Hector Cyr, "The Loss of the Hornet;" Master Richard Gahan, "Another Cain;" Master Louis Hurd, "The Inquiry;" Master Willie Krueger, "The Match-

Boy;" Master Joseph Legris, "Cause He Didn't Think;" Master Paul Legris, "Our Lord's Caress;" Master Daniel Maher, "The Hun's Defeat;" Master George Methe, "One of the Little Ones;" Master Edward O'Connor, "Nobody's Child;" Master Patrick O'Connor, "Erin's Flag."

JUNIORS.

Master John Denault, "The Dandy Fifth;" Master F. Milholland, "Mona Water;" Master R. Munford, "The Polish Boy."

SENIORS.

Mr. Thos. Cahill, "Sara;" Mr. W. J. Corcoran, "Loris Ipinoff's Story;" Mr. W. J. Hunt, "Asleep at the Switch;" Mr. A. Lecuyer, "Quarrel Scene between Brutus and Cassius;" Mr. A. McNulty, "Nettman;" Mr. Walter Rooney, "The Strike at the Forge;" Mr. James St. Cerny, "Las Cassas Persuading From Battle;" Mr. Grattan Whittle, "Bess."

THE MAGAZINES.

In *Donahoe's* for May, James Clarkson concludes a very interesting article on Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon I. We doubt, however, if the light with which he surrounds that great character would be so agreeable to the eyes of Dr. Reuben Parsons, who seems to hold, with many reliable historians and others, that the Cardinal, after Napoleon, is the one to be most blamed for the so-called divorce of the Corsican adventurer. Among other interesting articles, one on the "Irish Cottage

Industries" is finely illustrated and is worthy of much notice.

The *Century* was so full of fine articles that we were loath to leave it aside. "Bicycling Through the Dolomites" makes us long for the trip, and our excitement is high while "Campaigning with Grant," and our deepest interest awakened in living again the "Days of Jeanne d'Arc;" and through all runs the fragrance of a beautiful little poem by Alice Brown, named "A Benedictine Garden."

McClure's Magazine is certainly a delight for lovers of fiction, and the May number is particularly so. "St. Ives," by Robert Louis Stevenson, is growing more and more interesting, as do all the stories that have come from the pen of that brilliant English writer. Kipling's story, "Captains Courageous," ends in this number, and Carl Schurz gives a masterly paper on "Grover Cleveland's Second Administration."

Chauncey M. Depew takes time to give us a nicely-written article in *Munsey's* on the "United States Supreme Court," and Hall Caine continues telling his dismal story, "The Christian." We fail to see how any one is going to be benefitted in any way by reading such wierd and dismal tales.

The Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, C.S.P., devotes a lengthy article to a study of "Puritan New England" in the May number of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*. "Social Life in Colonial Days," History of the Persecutions, xi," and "The Essays of Mrs. Mey-

nell," are among the other noteworthy papers. In the "Teacher's Council" we find "Christian vs. Pagan Education," and "The 'Know-All' and 'Seek-All' Teacher." The Reading Circle Union is especially good this month. It contains the plans in full for both the Madison and the Plattsburg Summer Schools.

PERSONAL.

—Cards from Francis Moran, '89, announce that he graduated as a dentist last month. In a letter to Fr. Marsile, Dr. Moran tells of his start in business in Cleveland, O. We wish the young doctor great success.

—William G. Caran, '90, was one of the large class of graduates of Rush Medical College this year. Dr. Caran intends to practice his profession in Chicago, where he will no doubt meet with the success his merits call for.

—We were delighted with a visit from our ex-colonel, Francis A. Moody '93. Frank is one of the stalwarts, a young man of excellent habits, successful in business and all that is implied in the word gentleman. He is always a welcome guest here.

—Mr. Thomas Legris '95, celebrated his twenty-first birthday May 22, on which occasion his many friends at the college took the liberty of giving him a surprise party. They were well entertained and felt that they had added another link to the chain of friendship. *Ad multos annos.*

—Two members of our faculty assisted at the retreat of the Young Ladies' Sodality, in Holy Name Cathedral parish in Chicago, the past month. Dr. Laberge opened the retreat Sunday, May 23, speaking on the "Necessity of a Retreat." Dr. Rivard preached on Wednesday, May 26, on "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin." Both had large audiences, which they entertained as these accomplished scholars know how.

—Mr. Andrew M. Lyons '96, Arcola, Ill., was one of the guests of the month. Andrew looks very well and is succeeding admirably in a position of trust in the Arcola, Ill., State Bank. We congratulate that institution on having so faithful a servant as Mr. Lyons.

—The following item will be of interest to many of the old students who remember Mr. Paul Wilstach '89, and who will no doubt be pleased to learn of his recent success: "The management of the Columbia Theater beg to announce the opening of the summer season of light comedy May 17, with the first production on any stage of Mr. Paul Wilstach's three-act comedy, "A First Offense," by the following ladies and gentlemen of the stock company: Mr. Al. Lipman, Mr. Henry Bergman, Mr. James O'Barrows, Mr. Alfred Hickman, Mr. William Jefferson, Mr. Geoffry Stein, Mr. Frank Beamish, Miss Katherine Grey, Miss Grace May Lamkin and Miss Pearl Evelynne.

—We were delighted to hear that Mr. Edward Harley '95, now at St.

John's Seminary, Brooklyn, N.Y., is to receive minor orders June 12. We congratulate our worthy friend and hope that his health will not fail during the remainder of his course.

BASE BALL.

Joliet Standards, 5.

St. Viateurs' College, 7.

Sunday, May 9th, the base ball season opened very auspiciously here. The weather was ideal, the crowd large, the game exciting, and the result a victory for our boys over the strongest team in Will county, by a score of 7 to 5. The visitors were the Joliet Standards (the champion indoor base ball team of Illinois,) and were with a few exceptions the same team that defeated us two years ago.

The Shamrocks were, as the Kankakee city papers expressed it, "in their best form and played a stronger individual, and more scientific game than any team representing St. Viateurs for many years." Legris showed up exceedingly well, and allowed the Stone City lads only seven singles. He kept their drives well scattered, only two coming in the same inning. He made eleven shatter the atmosphere around home plate. Had it not been for a few unfortunate wild throws by Sammon, the Jolietts would have returned home with nine goose eggs.

The other features of the game were the second base playing and batting of Smith, of the college team, the shortstop work of Corcoran, and the first base playing of Kearney.

The game in detail:

The Standards were retired in order in the first; in the second hits by Tebeau and McPartlind, and a wild throw to third let two men cross the plate. In the third a hit by E. Lennon, two sacrifices and a passed ball added another to their string. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh were productive of no runs for the Joliet. A hit, and a wild throw let in another in the eighth. In the ninth two hits and a sacrifice scored their last run.

The Shamrocks made two in the first on Smith's home run, Sammon's two bagger and two sacrifices. In the second two bagger's by Denault and Legris scored another run. In the third and fourth the college boys went out in order. In the fifth singles by Corcoran and Kearney, two baggers by Smith and Legris, and two sacrifices added four to our score. These proved to be the last, as our boys were retired in order in the sixth, seventh, and eighth. Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
St. Viateurs—	2	1	0	0	4	0	0	0	x	—7
Standards -	—0	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	—5

Batteries: Joliet—Sime and A. Lennon. Shamrocks — Legris and Sammon.

Illinois Cycling Club, 11.

St. Viateurs, 3.

May 16th the Illinois Cycling Club, of Chicago, met our team on the college campus and defeated them by a score of 11 to 3.

The game was well played throughout and demonstrated that our team is as fast in their fielding as any of

the semi-professional clubs in the state, but it also showed lack of teamwork and batting qualities. In several instances with men on bases when a sacrifice would have scored a runner, hard hits were tried for, and resulted as usual, in flies to the outfield.

The visitors had "the mighty Murphy" on the slab, and his scientific pitching won the day. He was very effective with men on bases, frequently striking out two batters when hits meant runs. Ten of the Shamrocks succumbed to his deceptive curves. His support was of the professional order.

O'Dwyer twirled for the Shamrocks and in all but the fifth inning kept the heavy hitting Cyclers guessing. The features of the game were the pitching of Murphy, the third base playing of Todd for the Cyclers, and Martin's batting for the Shamrocks. An account of the slaughter: The Cyclers were retired in one-two-three order in the first and second. In the third hits by Donovan and Todd scored one run. The fourth was a repetition of the third, hits by Ebert and Ortman sending a runner in. Then came the awful fifth. The merry plunk, plunk, of the ball as it collided with the Chicago boy's bats caused sorrow in the camp of the college rooters, and brought forth shouts of applause from our Kankakee friends (?) When three men were finally retired the score board showed one inning productive of nine runs. O'Dwyer then settled down and not a man reached second base during the next four innings. Our run getting is told in a few words.

In the first, singles by Corcoran, Smith and Martin sent one runner across the plate. Although the Shamrocks had men on bases in every inning they were not able to score again until the sixth, when Smith's two bagger and Martin's single scored our second run. In the seventh O'Dwyer made a single and was sacrificed home. This ended our run getting, although many chances for scores were had in the eighth and ninth, had the Shamrocks bunched their hits.

The Illinois Cycling Club have a team which has beaten every amateur team in Chicago and the surrounding towns, and although we were defeated, we are consoled by the fact that a good team did the work. Our manager is trying to arrange another game with them, and we expect, if not a victory, at least a closer score, and a better game on our part.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Ill. Cy'g Cl'b—	0	0	1	1	9	0	0	0	0	—11
St. Viateurs—	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	— 3

Batteries: Ill. Cycling Club—Murphy and Donovan. St. Viateurs—O'Dwyer and Sammon.

Wilmington Unions, 8.

St. Viateurs, 14.

Thursday, May 20th, the Shamrocks went to Wilmington, Ills., to cross bats with the city team, and were victorious by a score of 14 to 8. The features of the game were O'Dwyer's pitching, he striking out ten of Wilmington's heavy hitters; Corcoran's work at short, Rainey's second base playing, and the batting of Denault.

Darcey, pitcher for the Shamrocks

of "88," was in the box for the Wilmingtons, but the hot reception he received caused him to retire in the sixth inning. Keeley, who succeeded him, fared but little better from the college boys. The batteries were: St. Viateurs—O'Dwyer and Sammon. Wilmington—Darcey, B. Keeley, and J. Keeley. Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wilmington—	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	3	1	— 8
St. Viateurs—	2	1	1	0	1	0	4	3	2	—14

All-Chicago, 6.

St. Viateurs, 7.

May 23d the All-Chicago team was defeated by the Shamrocks in a closely contested game, by a score of 7 to 6.

The Chicago *Chronicle* in speaking of the All-Chicagos said: "It is the strongest team ever organized on the North Side." The players are all ex-members of the "Whitings," the champions of the Chicago City league in 1893 and 1894. They played a very fast fielding game, but were unable to solve the shoots of "Cyclone" Legris. Twelve of them struck out, and only four hits were allowed to their sluggers. Had it not been for Legris' wildness (he gave nine men bases on balls), the All-Chicagos' score would be represented by a cipher. Hollison for the visitors was hit hard, and only good support kept the score from running into the double numbers.

The features of the game were E. Legris' third-base playing, Denault's batting and L. Legris' pitching.

A large crowd of Kankakee people were on hand to see us defeated, but were agreeably surprised at the work of our team, and for once were forced

to lay aside their prejudice and acknowledge the Shamrocks winners in a well played, hard fought and clean game.

IN DETAIL.

The first two men for the All-Chicagos disturbed the air in front of Sammon, and returned to their bench, the third went out on a fly; no runs.

In the second, three bases on balls, a hit, and a sacrifice, scored three runs for the All-Chicagos. The third and fourth saw no man of the visitors reach first base. In the fifth, hits by Nichols and Horland, two bases on balls and an error added three more to Chicago's score. After that they were unable to score, although in the ninth they gave the college boys a scare, and two errors gave Daly Hollis places on the first and second bag with no out, and the strong batters following, affairs looked dark. Longtin hit a grounder to third and Daly was out. Smith placed one in the same spot and Hollis was retired. Then Legris lost control of the ball and gave the next two men bases, filling the sacks. Adams, the hard-hitting catcher, was next up, and had received two strikes when a quick throw to third caught Longtin and retired the side amid the great cheering of the college boys.

For the Shamrocks, Martin and Sammon got singles in the first but were unable to score. In the second hits by Denault and Kearney, a base on balls by Ed. Legris, and two sacrifices, scored three runs. The third, fourth, fifth and sixth were blank for the collegians. In the seventh, L. Legris made a hit and was sacrificed home. In their part of the eighth, with the score 6 to 4 in favor of the All-Chicagos, the Shamrocks bunched their hits beautifully, and tied the score.

A single by Denault and two-baggers by Ed and L. Legris in quick succession furnished the means to do

the trick. In the ninth, with the score a tie, the excitement was intense. Corcoran, the first man up, smashed out a single. Martin followed with a hit to left. Sammon popped a little fly to short and was out. Rainey then hit a liner to Mehole on third, and as it was too hot to handle it sped towards the left field fence. Before it could be returned Corcoran had slid across the plate with the winning run and the suspense was over. Then the students became enthusiastic and made the air resound with joyous songs and college yells. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
All-Chicago	—0	3	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	—6
St. Viateurs	—0	3	0	0	0	0	1	2	1	—7

Batteries — All-Chicago, Hollison and Adams; St. Viateurs, Legris and Sammon.

VIATORIANA.

- Chollie.
- Rooters.
- Suckers.
- Jolly-ets.
- Dirty Dick.
- Nit! Nit! Nit!
- Bob and Haley.
- “I'm ze reporter.”
- Louis the mascot.
- After the game was over.
- “O! Joe here's your mule.”
- How sad that Junior's wink.
- Say, now, don't I know you?
- “Isn't his brother a tricky guy.”
- Down on your knees you serpent!
- We used to go to school together.
- We would like some milk, Mister.
- I have made arrangements there.

—They called me rubber-neck, and—
—I want milk. Wait till I load my gun.

—I'm a detective on the 3d police force.

—I slept before that terrible broke-down.

—The game in Wilmington was an umpire.

—“Say, miss, didn't I go to school with you?”

—One small man + 14 eggs=indigestion.

—That farmer was a regular advertisement.

—Wasn't there a great Change-along the road?

—Say, is it an acre between the fence posts?

—Jackson saw his lost brother under a tree.

—What's the score? 8 to 4. Is it that much?

—Gentlemen, I'll get 100 in grammar, I am.

—The wind blew the axle away and the horses ran.

—I noticed that prairie chicken walked like a bird.

—During the rain everybody wanted shelter at the (mas) cot.

—You are all requested to stop at Richie for refreshments.

—Why is it that all the girls in Kankakee are talking of R?

—Those fellows are crazy. I'll be hanged if I look like a cholly.

—I tell you its downright nonsense, this thing of asking for milk.

—Do you know what? They gave us their umbrellas when it was raining.

—If the cows are *lying* down it wont rain, they said it wouldn't anyhow.

—Talk about your eyes, why a man said he saw beautiful shamrocks grow in the dust.

—The days are not counted this year—well there are hardly any left—see, home.

—Our esteemed contemporary and schoolmate, Mr. Krowschiowitz, is now reporter for the *Bradley Leader*.


—There is no excuse for it, it should, it *must* be done, the “big man” should lay low—the umpire.

—Vignette has at last awakened to the fact that sleeping is a poor way of having fun, especially when he goes to Wilmington.

—The examinations for the medals to be given at the end of the scholastic year are now over and smiles of joy and feelings of contentment can be easily noticed on the faces and perceived in the general appearance of those who have worked with a wil.

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