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THE VIATORIAN.

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NO. 1

MY LOVE.

You ask me how I spent my time—
 In roaming, or at home
 With jolly fellows, drinking wine,
 Or was I all alone;
 Or through vacation's summer hours,
 While Sol shone bright above,
 I strolled 'mid shady woodland flowers,
 And whispered words of love.

Well, listen then, and I will tell.
 By woman's lovely art,
 A victim to her charms I fell
 And gave away my heart.
 For warm love I could not defy;
 The beauty of her brow,
 The glances of her clear, blue eyes
 Were heavenly, I vow.
 And she loves me with all her heart;
 No greater love could burn,
 For when September bid us part
 She wept at my return
 To college, and so far from home.
 She has no other lover;
 When I'm not there she's all alone,
 My own, kind, darling mother.
 Yes, mother is my sweetheart, boys,
 And dearer far to me
 Than all the friends and wine and joys
 Could ever, ever be.
 A father's love is true and sure,
 A sister's, or a brother's,
 But for love heavenly and pure,
 Depend upon your mother's.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LUGANO, CANTON OF TESSIN, }
 Switzerland, Aug. 26, 1895. }

DEAR VIATORIAN:—I fled from Rome
 the first of this month literally driven

out by the murderous heat and fleas.
 I think I left the eternal city behind
 with as much alacrity as I had has-
 tened to it, with anxiety, scarcely a
 year ago. During the latter part of
 June, when the great heat begins,
 one could notice even the healthiest
 students turning thin and pale in a
 few days; even I felt myself rapidly
 growing less every day! It was time
 for us to go. I regretted to leave
 Father Charlesbois and Brother Du-
 fort, whom I had begun to pilot
 through the city; but they insisted
 upon my starting out immediately
 with a party of students bound for
 the cooler haunts of Switzerland. In
 a few moments I gathered my house-
 hold goods into a small satchel and
 was on the train with my fellow stu-
 dents.

We traveled leisurely, though, stop-
 ping a few days to visit the most in-
 teresting cities on the route. Our
 first stop of only a few hours was at
 Orvieto to see the wonderful cathed-
 ral of dark blue and white marble—
 an imposing Gothic structure whose
 facade is covered with bas-reliefs and
 mosaics of exquisite workmanship;
 the interior is solemn and severe.
 These great aisles rising and rising
 till well nigh the throne of grace
 where they united as two sisters em-
 bracing in prayer, are always a soul-

elevating sight. How different this from the Boudoir style of most of the Roman churches! It is one of those marvels of the middle ages that we read about and which, when we stand before them in mute admiration, speak eloquently of the living faith and vast intelligence of ages which have been so much maligned. Happy little Orvieto to possess such treasures! * * Before leaving the town we tasted the sweetest wine that Italy produces. We traveled on to Sienna, which we reached by a long and winding ascent of the train; it is situated upon an eminence and commands a fine view of the surrounding well cultivated country. Sienna is scrupulously clean, is well lighted and drained; its people are genial and well dressed, and aristocratic in their habits. At the evening walks on the principal street the young men and the old go together, and the young ladies together, generally accompanied by parents. The Siennese have a musical and smooth voice, and are famous for the sweetness of their dialect. Early in the morning we stood before the splendid cathedral, the glory of Sienna, and another of the daughters of Catholic ages. A grand, gothic pile! The facade is a delicate and rich lace-work of different kinds of finely sculptured marbles. The interior is not so bare as is that of Orvieto. It is tastefully decorated with frescoes and some imposing monuments.

The rich, Mosaic floor, protected by a wooden covering, is uncommonly precious. According to the original plan of the Siennese (still evident in a

great unfinished wall to the right) the cathedral of Sienna was to be the greatest nave in the world. A pestilence prevented the execution of this plan. The actual cathedral was to be a transept of the immense temple. What vast designs those people had! We visited the house of St. Catherine—kitchen, dining room, small parlors, and sleeping apartments, are converted into as many oratories. We saw the stone which the saint used as a pillow in her small cell; saw, also, her books and several relics.

We next journeyed to Florence, the opulent, the splendid. We found the weather very hot there, because the city is in a low plain at the foot of the Apennines, so we concluded to visit only its principal monuments and to flee to where the sun would not broil us alive. In the cool of the evening we took a walk to the Piazza del Duomo, to see the pride of Florence, its great cathedral, the result of the Florentines efforts to surpass anything that the power and genius of man could achieve. It was commenced in 1298 by architect Lapo, and was but recently finished. Its wonderful dome, or cupola, was constructed by Brunelleschi, the bold predecessor of Michael Angelo. Of this cupola, M. Angelo said: "It is hard to do as well, and impossible to do better." The entire outside walls are of polished white and black marble. Upon the facade may be seen the work of the best artists of five centuries. Inside are to be seen the tombs of Giotto and Brunelleschi and other great artists, churchmen, and states-

men. The campanilla, or belfry, is a square tower detached from the church; it is five stories high, and of the most perfect style of gothic architecture. The bronze doors of the baptistry, immediately in front of the cathedral, are masterpieces worthy of long study.

We walked by the old palaces where the governors of Florence used to transact business. It was from these places that they saw Savanorolo burned at the stake on the square just in front. There is also here an open air gallery of heroic statues—some of which are fine, and others not at all.

We of course visited "Santa Croce's sacred precincts," where Dante is not buried. A beautiful bronze statue raised in 1865 in front of this, the Florentines' Pantheon, bears witness to the tardy justice which his own people meted out to the exiled poet. There is also a monument to his memory inside the church, immediately beside the tomb of M. Angelo, and that of Machiavelli. The other most remarkable monuments are those of Alfieri, Cherubini, and Galileo, and those of exiled members of the Bonaparte and Stewart families. We intended to visit the rich chapel of the Medicis, but it was so cold and damp that we did not dare enter.

We said our masses in the Dominican church of Santa Maria Novella, called Michael Angelo's bride. Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Foley, of Detroit, said mass there the same morning. We had the pleasure of meeting them. What next claimed

our attention was the museum, or rather the stolen cloister of St. Mark's, all dressed as the chaste brush of Fra-Angelico left it.

We visited the gallery of the interior court, the cells and refectory all are decorated with frescoes (well preserved) representing scenes of holy scripture and of religious life. What piety and simplicity, sympathy, candor, and purity in all the works of the immortal monk! What a very special style! It needs no trade-mark, for it bears its own distinction from the perhaps more lauded but certainly less laudable works of other artists. The fine expression of sympathy in the figures of the crucifixion group is certainly unexcelled. The modesty and reserve of the Virgin in his annunciation are also very striking. We saw Savanorolo's cell and books; also a bust and monument recently erected in the convent by the Florentines. The scores of old but finely illuminated volumes of the library are luminous proofs of how the *lazy* monks employed the spare moments of their apostolic lives. We next directed our steps toward the Pitti Palace, the residence of the rascally Prince of Naples. Its galleries are immensities of Venuses, Cupids, and Graces in whose company are Madonnas, Christs, and Saints. The most naked and profane paintings and statutes are side by side with the most modest and religious. There is no piece, however, in all this great collection for which some special merit is not claimed. I stood a long time before the original of Raphael's popular "Madonna of the Chair," copies

of which they sell in every shape and at every street corner in Rome. I'm no connoisseur in matters of art and always feel an especial weakness when in the presence of a masterpiece. Possibly owing to my lack of perception, this Madonna seemed to me to be chiefly a posing beauty and the infant a well feed child. There's something in her side long look which seems to say, "Look at me" and not "Look at him," and the child snugly nestling in her bosom seems conscious only of his comfort. It is in other respects a perfect picture of woman and child. We passed through magnificent halls covered with masterpieces of different schools and times. Going thence we "did" the palace of the Uffisi, crossing the Arno over a bridge which is at the same time a portrait gallery, and we saw more paintings and ancient statuary till we were not a little *blasé*. We unanimously concluded to have our American dinner and a short siesta, for it was past 12, and very far from the freezing point. At 5 p. m. we took a survey and drove up the beautiful drives and square and monument of M. Angelo overlooking the entire city. It was a delightful and profitable excursion. Thinking that we had seen the special features of Florence we prepared to leave it, I for Venice and my three companions for Genoa, The Simplon au Paris.

After a long, hot, and very dusty ride through the first large, green, and fertile plain that greeted my eyes in Italy I was gladdened by a glorious and refreshing sight: Venice! The en-

chanted, the unique, the floating city appeared in the distance like a nymph bathing and glassing herself in the blue waters of the Adriatic. I was soon out of the smoky cars and into a gondola gliding quietly, dreamily, delightfully down the Grand Canal, passing by the famous Rialto the house where Byron lived and made love, the private residences of many of the great Doges, the "only," St. Marks, the ancient Palace of the Doges, the Bridge of Sighs and the prison, with the prospect of the Lido in the distance.

The entire history of Venice is written along this canal, and it looks more (even on the surface) like the concretion of a poet's dream than a chapter of real history of men. It is really spoiling a subject like this to speak of it in prose—but, you know, I can't write poetry. There is much in Venice that recalls the east, such as the Byzantine style of many of its churches, especially of St. Mark's and Santa Maria Della Salute. The oriental magnificence of the palaces, the splendor of decoration, and the trophies brought from the east by the Venetians, such as the bodies of St. George and of St. Theodore. St. Mark's basilica, with her five glistening cupolas and her shining mosaics and much traveled horses, her great tower, her large and unique piazza bounded on all sides by triumphal arches and rich palaces—all this simply beggars description. When at evening electricity kindles into a blaze the brilliant glass ornaments of these palaces and music's siren voice in-

vites, it is no wonder that all Venice gathers there. The place is always thronged at night. During the day the pigeons are its sole occupants.

A visit to Venice is not complete without a ride to the Lido and a bath in the salty Adriatic. After the two fellow-priests (from the Canadian College) whom I expected had arrived, I went with them to the Lido and we all committed ourselves to the very playful waters. It was my first dip in the brine of the sea, and I enjoyed it very much. The park is pretty, but is not to be compared with our American parks. I've seen nothing that approached Lincoln Park.

The next morning we said our masses in St. Mark's, and after coffee we returned to examine the mosaics, with which the entire interior is covered. The richness or cost of this decoration is almost beyond calculation. It is very effective—the walls almost speak. We next visited the Ducal palace, or ancient palace of the Doges, the Pozzi Prisons, and the Bridge of Sighs. We saw the cell in which the old Doge, M. Falieri, was kept till the hour of his execution, which took place on the Piazza San Marco. These dark and awful pozzi (or wells) are in the center of the ground floor and basement of the palace. Hardly a ray of light reaches them. They are cold, damp, and forbidding. No other ornaments relieved the monotony of the bare stone walls, except the instruments of torture which were carried away to France by Napoleon. There was a place of torture and of execution in the narrow

corridor, and from this place were traced small canals with holes through the cold pavement, through which the blood of the condemned flowed into the canal. The bodies of prisoners were also cast into the grand canal for burial. The Piombe or leaden prisons were really attics or small rooms under the leaden roof of the palace. There Silvio Pellico was kept, but all traces of his sojourn there are now effaced.

The council halls are all decorated with sacred and profane pictures, symbolizing the virtues of those who legislated, judged, and governed in Venice. The paintings are mostly by Tintoretto, P. Veronese, and Titian and the two Palmos. The giant staircase, the great council hall, the archives, the balloting hall, St. Mark's library, the archæological museums, the hall of secret denunciation with the lion's mouth in which letters were placed, the hall of the three chiefs, the hall of the ten, the hall of the four doors, the senate hall, and the chapel of the Doges are the principal attractions of the palace, and cannot fail to deeply interest the student of history. The sojourn in Venice at this time was delightful and we enjoyed very much riding in the gondolas and steam launches, visiting the many interesting monuments, palaces, churches, and business establishments of the city.

We visited the glass works, for which Venice is famous, the knitting and embroidery establishments, bronze works, and the wood carving and mosaic studios. Every time we

stopped our gondola was caught by a professional-with-a-hook, who very graciously offered to help us alight, and waited for our return with beaming countenance and an extended palm. It is not easy to free yourself from the officiousness of these licensed penny-catchers. Although their hooks are small, they hold on with the tenacity of a bulldog's grip and will hardly let go until some mollified member of the party produces an extra soldi. Then they are all bows, and wish you a pleasant trip as they gently push you out and watch you noiselessly glide along until you fall into the hook of another one of the legion on the other side of the canal. Once we resisted, and oh! what all did not that one threaten us with! The gondoliers and their attachés are interesting types.

It was with regret that we left all this fairy world behind and started for Padua to visit the shrine of St. Anthony. Padua has two fine churches, of Byzantine appearance; they are both filled with splendid sarcophagi of saints and great men. The tomb of St. Anthony is, of course, the center of attraction. It is very rich, and is constantly surrounded by pilgrims and faithful Paduans. We all three said mass at the shrine. A pretty sight in Padua is its large, circular public place, well shaded, surrounded by a tiny ribbon of water, and statues of citizens who distinguished themselves in the university. People, big and little, repair to this rendezvous in the evening, where swings, and large hand organs, and cooling drinks and

ices furnish the amusement. The University of Padua is still the most catholic in spirit of all the lay schools of Italy.

We left Padua for Milan, and almost enjoyed the cool ride through that long and fine stretch of land, with its cozy, thatch-covered cottages and its apparently well-to-do and contented peasantry.

We saw no one there working in the fields on Sunday, as we unfortunately do see them always in all parts of southern Italy and France. According as we came up north, the greater ease and comfort of those who labor and the less abject appearance of the more unfortunate are easily noticeable. Lombardy's fertile plains reminded me of our own well cultivated and rich Illinois prairies.

We arrived in Milan with a surfeit of sight seeing, and had admiration left only for such wonders as could arrest the attention of people fatigued with a week's wandering and wondering. Soon we stood gazing at Milan's matchless cathedral, scarcely able to utter anything more than many "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" We stood fixed to the spot, and again, unmindful of tired feet and legs, we walked around it and through it many times. The facade and tower are still unfinished.

We did not think of comparing this cathedral to the incomparable St. Peter's! We had seen Orvieto, Sienne, Florence, and Venice, and now Milan's eighth wonder of the world threw them all in the background, with only St. Peter's to excel all. This cathedral baffles all description. It is sim-

ply an immense pile of marble lace-work and statuary surpassing even what a poet's imagination might fancy of aerial beauty and splendor. And all this is really no dream, but it is true. It was designed by the minds and put together by the loving hands of the Catholics of the ages of faith. Great builders of great cathedrals! How strangely some one has said of them that "they builded better than they knew!" We said mass at the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, and saw his body still preserved and dressed in rich vestments, Part of the nose has disappeared. The case in which the saint's body is kept is crystal and silver finely wrought. A gold crown of the finest workmanship and inlaid with jewels hangs over the head of the sleeping bishop. The windows (colored glass) of the cathedral are admirable. We of course paid a visit to the tomb and the church of the great St. Ambrose, and saw the spot where St. Augustine was baptized, and also that where emperor Theodosius was forbidden to enter.

We next went to see the library and the art gallery of the Brera Palace (a confiscated Jesuit college.) The paintings are almost exclusively of a religious character, and are the work of such artists as Du Guerchin, Van Dyck, Rosa, and Veronese. We saw the "Espousals of the Virgin," painted by Raphael at 21 years of age. It is, of course, a masterpiece, in which the following traits are remarkable: Sweetness and modesty of the virgin; expression of admiration and affection (almost of envy) of the attendant

maids (beautifully diversified faces); St. Joseph's reserve—he scarcely judges himself worthy to put the wedding ring upon the finger of one so pure and holy; the band of rejected suitors breaking their wands. An interesting group, the youngest one especially. We did not see the now half obliterated "Last Supper" of Leonardo DaVinci. Our courage was well nigh exhausted and our curiosity very much blunted.

We left Milan for Switzerland to rest from travel, sightseeing and study for awhile. It was only a few hours' ride and we were past the borders of Italy and off to the mountains of Tessin. The cars are more comfortable here. People seem more independent and the air is cooler. It is good, honest republican atmosphere, and we are happy to breathe something like our own American air. We leave behind our Italian paper money and big soldi and bid good bye to fleas. The scenery is not yet Alpine, but it is very picturesque and refreshing. The mountains! the mountains! We ran through several of them climbed over others, and went round and jumped over their leaping torrents and crossed the little lakes in which they glass themselves. It was a delightful ride, so cool, and such an ever varying panorama—mountains and valleys, precipices and torrents, peaceful villages nestled in the side of the mountains, and hamlets strewn along the narrow rim of small lakes. These mountains are mostly covered with grass and small trees, and white cottages, like lost snowflakes, are scattered here

and there over them from the bottom to the very top.

The end of our journey through this romantic country was Lugano, a quiet town of some eight thousand inhabitants. It sits upon the shore of a placid lake of the same name. All around this lake are high, green mountains, which seem to have run hither to lave their feet in the cool waters of the lake, and, as once the fair Narcissus, admire their graceful forms in its glassy surface. The lake is alive with small skiffs and diminutive steamboats, and the town is full of hotels, tenanted by tourists, many of whom are Americans. Don Carlo, pretender to the crown of Spain, spends the summer here. It would be hard to find a more restful scene upon which to rest one's eyes, weary with examining the so vaunted works of man. Here we have nature's own beautiful face, such as God made it, for man's contemplation and elevation. A lake in which the outside of heaven is reflected, and mountains which seem to offer us an easy ascent to where the bright realms of glory would break forth upon the view and eternally gladden our souls.

I am glad to have come here and to rest here. I can sit for hours on the veranda of our hotel and simply look at the mountains, all studded with quaint villages and cottages, some of which, perched upon the highest summits, look more like eagles' nests than human habitations. But we are not satisfied with gazing. The other day we climbed the San Salvatore, the highest of the mountains about here.

The ascent, which on foot is eight miles, or about three hours, runs up through the tortuous and rocky bed of a dried up mountain stream, shaded, though, most of the way. There is a very dangerous pass (walled in now), which overhangs the lake several hundred feet below us. Some years ago a young husband on his honeymoon fell over into the lake, leaving his disconsolate young wife a widow on her wedding day. This accident has been the subject of a very pretty poem by an Italian poet, and also the occasion of the building of this wall. After three hours, successive hours of climbing and halting, we finally reached the top, where there is a chapel, a restaurant, and a wine cave. After some much needed refreshment, we paid a visit to the chapel, and then we looked out upon the world below us and around us. A glorious and unique sight, well worth the pains of climbing! Immediately below us was the abrupt and precipitous mountain side, plunging into the lake, which there is nearly a thousand feet deep, and nothing between us and sure death except a small iron railing and cool heads. In the valley below sits pretty Lugano. All around us rise innumerable mountain heads, standing erect and motionless, like the great, petrified waves of a once heaving sea of untamed elements. Over the heads of the lower mountains we see Lake Maggiore's silvery sheet. In the distance glisten the eternal snows of the great Alps, like downfallen angels' wings. A fairy place indeed, for angels' play is this! Needless to say

that we returned with more than a student's appetite.

We spent a day out on a fishing excursion. It was not a success, for after trolling all day we gathered in only two nibbles! But our visit to the cascade, and dinner to the music of its splashing waters, was a pleasant intermission. Returning we saw an epitaph written on the perpendicular mountain wall immediately above the smooth but deep waters of the lake; it is that of a man who fell in twelve years ago and was never found. The depth is almost unfathomable there. We have taken baths in the lake, but more frequently we go to a small and cool stream at a half hour's walk from here. People are Catholics, mostly, still we are told, most of the men are Freemasons of the European stripe. In fact, when they meet a priest, they cast upon him a sidelong and searching look as if they met a social problem. There is a great scarcity of priests here (unlike Italy); there are forty-five vacant posts in the canton of Tessin alone.

Women do all the heavy work here; they wash clothes in the streams, in the lake, and in the public troughs distributed through the city; they hoe the fields and make hay and carry all sorts of heavy burdens to and from market. The men do most of the lounging. Compared with the ordinary women of the very respectable working classes of Switzerland, of Italy, and many parts of France (and of Europe generally) our American women of the same condition of life are simply queens; and still they want

to vote! It would be better for them to leave the ballot aside and study a little political and domestic economy and learn at least how to spend the money which they do not earn.

Some days ago we celebrated the feast of the "Madonna delle Galline," or the Madonna of the hens! It was the local feast of the village of Mas-sagno. Neighboring villages came *en masse*. It was a characteristic, good old country feast.

When I leave here in a few days I'll go to Lyons for the chapter, and after that to Lourdes and Rodez. If you are not too tired after reading this, make a bow for me to those I know, and believe me

Fraternally,
E. L. RIVARD, C.S.V.

SEPTEMBER 20TH.

On this day, twenty-five years ago, one of the greatest wrongs of history was perpetrated. Without the least provocation, an Italian army entered Rome by the Porta Pia and took from the Vicar of Christ the last remnants of a power centuries old.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of that memorable event will call for rejoicings on the part of the enemies of the Papacy; but the children of the church will protest against the spoliation as they did when it first took place.

They will affirm that the power of the popes is most legitimate because it originated from the force of circumstances, from the very nature of fitness of things. Constantine the

Great, after his conversion, virtually if not explicitly, ceded Rome to the Sovereign Pontiff, by his leaving the antique city of the Cæsars and founding another capital on the shores of the Bosphorus. It was clear to him that the city of Romulus was not able to contain the majesty of the empire of the Supreme Pontificate. Nor was the consent of the people to such a change refused, though then the expression of their will did not take the form of the short-lived modern constitution. The Popes gave a great deal of their time to public affairs. Fr. Gregory says: "The Romans looked to them (the Popes) as their natural rulers, when forsaken by the Greek emperors and threatened on all sides by the cruel hordes of the North."*

Thus when Pepin and Charlemagne fought the Lombards, they did not give Rome to Popes Stephen and Leo, they simply *restored*, as Louis and Pepin said, what had been stolen from the popes by the barbarian invaders, and extended the pontifical patrimony by the right of legitimate conquest.

The long continuance of the pope's political power subject to so few changes, is the best proof that the people took kindly to their rulers and were satisfied with them.

The creation of Italian unity was not the work of the *nation*, but of a few unscrupulous leaders, pushed on by Freemasonry and helped by traitors. Thus Naples and Rome fell under the sway of new masters. The popular will did not effect this resolution;

*See Baronius, Pagi, Miratori, Orsi, etc.

it was merely brute force marshaled by secret societies.

What grievance could the Romans have against their rulers? Was it because they were priests? France and Spain saw their greatest glory under Richelieu and Ximenes.

When liberalism like a pestilence overspread all Europe did not Pius IX. give constitutional liberties to his subjects? How were his kind advances answered? His prime minister, a layman, the fearless Rossi, was murdered, and his lifeless body dragged through the streets by a bloodthirsty mob. Are such aspirations just? Any government, worthy of the name, must repress similar political tendencies. Had Dom Pedro crushed out the first attempts of so-called republicans, Brazil, as well as all the South American republics would not be today such an easy prey to periodic revolutions or permanent anarchy.

The popes have been the benefactors of Italy and prevented her becoming German or French. They made the Eternal City the center of letters and fine arts, the capital of the Christian world. Rome without them would be what Athens is: a city of rare ruins, the capital of an insignificant people.

The popes christianized Europe, kept alive the fire of human knowledge in ages of barbarism, remained the only force against material might, and became the universal arbiters, in national strifes, by the unanimous consent of kings and people. The enemies of the church admit the value of the services rendered by the popes and even now advocate papal arbitra

tion as the most effective for the settlement of international disputes.

The nations of old, out of gratitude to the head of the church and in acknowledgment of the sacredness of his office, and knowing, too, the need of perfect freedom for the exercise of his spiritual functions, made possible his political independence by the grant of the territory he once owned. Commenting on this, Napoleon said: "It is the work of ages, and was wisely done." The American nation, the freest on earth, is not to be accused of tyranny, because it appropriated to itself the District of Columbia; nor ought the two hundred million subjects of the Catholic church be thought inconsistent who ask a free capital for him who is the oracle of their faith and also the ruler of the greatest empire on earth.

Moreover the kingship of the pope does not divest the citizens of their rights. They have always had a share in the administration of public affairs and filled some of the highest positions. Because a cardinal presided over the state department, its affairs were not in a condition worse than public affairs are in Chicago or New York, for instance. What has Italy gained by the change? She has become a second rate power and the humble slave of Germany today, and tomorrow of some other nation. She is crushed by militarism and her ambitious aspirations vanish like dreams.

What has Rome gained by a change of rulers? "Her benevolent institutions have been destroyed, her banks robbed, her sacred shrines and monu-

ments desecrated by vandals," wrote Ouida, and posterity will affirm her judgment. The only compensation is the addition of a few modern structures remarkable only for their box-like regularity.

The word of Christ: "*Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo*," does not refer to the establishment of His kingdom, but to its origin, which is divine, not human; not of this world, but of heaven. As the priest, though consecrated to the service of the altar, needs means for his material wants, so the Supreme Pontiff requires perfect freedom for the performance of duties as head of the church. What protection can he find in a government undermined by socialism and on the verge of bankruptcy? Should the freedom of Peter's successor rest on the word of a nation already crumbling to decay? Could Leo XIII safely appear in the streets of a city where even the remains of his predecessor were not respected?

Till they obtained complete independence, the popes were obliged to take refuge in the catacombs or suffer the encroachments of kings and emperors, and unless they recover some territorial possessions, they will sooner or later be subjected to the same treatment.

The Italian kingdom could not have been formed on the same principles as the American commonwealth without destroying the autonomy of the then existing principalities. But a city other than Rome could have been chosen for the capital city. Florence was more central; its monuments made it as beautiful, and its memories are

as endearing. But this would not satisfy the revolutionists; patriotism was a pass-word; the main purpose was the extinction of Catholicity, and they felt bound to strike its head.

Rome was taken in defiance of the most solemn promises; religious orders were dispersed and their property confiscated; acts of public worship were forbidden; impious and obscene literature spread broadcast; congresses of Masons and free-thinkers were held where was placed the chair of truth; the pope of Satan, the pontiff of Lucifer, allowed to carry on his orgies at the very door of the Vatican.

Mindful of such a state of affairs the faithful cannot remain silent, they sympathize with the illustrious prisoner, who suffers for the honor, and the right of the church; they protest against usurpation in the hope, to quote Lamartine, that their protestations will be the triumph of the future.

M. J. M.

AN EVENING SCENE.

The sights of a great city are as many and as various as the number of its bustling people. All that makes up the panorama of life—joy, sorrow, sentiment, and passion, is displayed within its limits in a thousand phases.

On a beautiful July evening which saw the close of a sultry day, I recall a ride taken from the center of a great western city, northward to its limits. *En route* there were the usual crowds and the many incidents inseparable from their presence. But I was struck mostly by a little incident, or rather

picture, that from its many and contrasting parts would hardly fail to arrest attention, and had in itself ample matter for the most vivid imagination. We sped swiftly by a cemetery thickly dotted with white and solemn mementoes of the silent dead within its bosom. Thick foliage prevented one from gazing far within the precincts of that city of the dead, and the thickening shades of night added a still greater obstacle. The moon was just appearing over the tree tops and was spreading its soft mellow rays over trees and shrubs and marble tombstones. What a sad, solemn contrast to the life and hurry and bustle we had just left behind.

Onward we flew by the weird, lonely habitations of those who had once been active participants in scenes like to those about us. Soon we came to the limits of the cemetery and of a sudden the scene changes. Immediately opposite was a park, where hundreds were gathered to listen to sweet music and sip cooling drinks. Here all was merriment. Heedless of the lesson pointed out by the silent spot beyond, all participated in the joys of the hour unmindful of the great, solemn, inevitable hour that would bring a transition from present activity and pleasure to the silence and decay of the grave.

Strains of joyous, soul-filling music float around the happy living, and the chirping insects alone make music for the dead. A narrow street parts the park from the graveyard, and standing here one can gaze on either scene. Crowds enter the pleasure ground,

which was brilliantly lighted. Sounds of classical music anon interspersed with popular frivolities float out on the calm night air.

One gazes through the thick shrubbery of this field of death to see the white marble around which the shadows cast by the tree-tops move and seem to give life to the cold, silent sign-boards of human mortality. Here life and death come face to face. Joy is indeed unconfined. Life bubbling up in active hearts seems to ignore its terrible enemy, even where he gives great proofs of his supremacy. Now we catch fragments of a song sung by skillful, soulful singers. The night wears on. Weary, toil-worn workers from the seething, boiling heat of the city, wherein another day of death-dealing labor has passed, have come to the cooling, care-dispelling haunts of music's bowers, must seek again the city's center, where home is, and where they will tempt Morpheus before the duties of another day forces its demands. They pass out, board a car, and are hurried onward, past the resting place of the dead. They heed it not, or if they do, it is to steal one quick look and then turn shudderingly away. And it makes one think that the city has a thousand pains, a few short-lived joys; a short, burning, feverish, consuming day, followed by a long, dark, dreary, blank night. M.

NOTORIETY.

The craze after notoriety prompts men to do queer things. For it they

jump off bridges, take long fasts, go globe-trotting, and preach reform. The latter group includes a great many men, and women too, who in a small sphere might be very useful, but who become ridiculous when they start out "to set the country right." Of course they are "talked about," and written up, not always in a complimentary way, but they must be noticed, and if abused they pose as martyrs. (?)

Reformation is needed at all times, and more or less in every locality. But the reformer ought to have decided qualifications for his vocation, and all bitterness and prejudice should be wanting in his speech. Men are very liable to err, and charity's mantle should shield them while there is a possibility of making them better. When charity is missing, reforming savors too much of persecution and fanaticism. Pulpit reformers who stir up bitterness and religious enmities, parents who neglect their homes and families in the name of reform, are among the blindest fanatics, and, deprived of the notoriety they purchase at so great a cost, would find oblivion in a day. They do find it eventually, but not till they do considerable harm.

Reformation must be brought about at the price of long waiting and patient endurance. It must begin in the individual reformer, and be imparted to the neighbor chiefly by great kindness and good example. All of which is lovingly submitted to *local* reformers (?) who have no high bridges in the neighborhood (more's the pity) from which they might plunge into speedy notoriety.

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EDITORIAL.

The College opened with a large number and the prospects for the coming year are quite flattering. The course of theology is again opened with nine students; the philosophical class is larger than last year. It numbers twenty-three.

In another column will be found a lengthy, but very interesting letter from Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., in which he details his travels and the routes he took, together with many charming descriptions of the places he visited. It will prove excellent reading.

The face of nature is a panorama of change—ever moving it delights in progressiveness even if the charms of spring must give way to winters dark and dreary condition. But in the intellectual life there is no winter, all is development, one beauty succeeds another, and he who delights in the

things of the mind lives in a perpetual paradise. As of old our first parents changed paradise for a world of sadness, darkness, and disappointment, so the man who despises mental perfections, cuts himself away from the only true natural happiness and in return gets nothing.

Again we find ourselves face to face with labor and duty. All labor ought to be the prompting of duty. Activity is the most natural and consistent condition for man. As day succeeds night and melts the gloom of darkness into refreshing light, so ought we feel the change from rest, as one from a less to a far more desirable condition.

We are never really impressed with the excellence of mental superiority till we have spent some time in the company of a truly intellectual man. An hour spent with one of these great minds is elevating and soul-inspiring. There is a great charm in reading a good book, but the delight of listening to "a man of books" is one of the few genuine pleasures we get here below.

To have a share of the knowledge we admire so much in others, it is necessary to use well the time at our disposal. Not only that short space allotted to a college course, but all our time, all our days, and great portions of every day should be given to

the company of great book makers, that army of poets, historians, and philosophers, who have done more to elevate and enlighten man than all the great military bands of the world.

Few, very few, are denied all chances of self-improvement. Some have extraordinary opportunities. College men are among these. Were we to consider the dangers one avoids by a good use of time, this alone would be a sufficient inducement to study, as indeed it would be an ample reward for his effort; but added to this there is the joy one feels at knowing, and again the superiority he has over his less gifted fellow men. He is the strength of the weak, the pride of his countrymen, a glory to the human race.

PERSONAL.

—Very Rev. P. Beaudoin, C.S.V., R.D., is the acting provincial in the absence of Father Fournier.

—Very Rev. C. Fournier, C.S.V., who spent the summer in France, is to sail for America Sept. 27.

—Rev. Fr. Kenney, of Ravenswood, visited his brother at the college, whom he found happy and doing well.

—Messrs. A. J. Burns, M. Shea, and M. Fortin, all former students of this institution, and residents of Kankakee, have returned to St. Mary's, Baltimore, where they will continue their studies the coming year.

—Rev. J. Laberge, D.D., Rev. G. M. Legris, of the faculty, assisted at confirmation ceremony at St. Mary's, Ill., Sept. 13.

—Mrs. Parish and daughter Carrie, and Miss M. Canavan, of Momence, visited their relatives at the college during the month.

—Rev. F. O'Reilly, of Peoria, Ill., called at the college during vacation. We hope he will soon fulfill the promise made of calling again.

—Rev. George H. Tragesser, of Baltimore, accompanied by Rev. J. F. Lockney, Chebanse, Ill., paid the college a visit during vacation.

—Messrs. Cardona and O'Conner, of Chicago, were among the callers of the month. Mr. O'Conner came to place his brother Miles at the college.

—Rev. Fr. Foucher, C.S.V., secretary to Provincial of the Obedience of Canada, spent several weeks in Chicago during the summer. He favored us with a short visit.

—Mr. Edward Harley, '95, who took the honors of the philosophy class last year, is now pursuing his studies at St. John's Seminary, Brooklyn, N. Y. We wish him every success.

—Messrs. Rowan and White, of the firm of Works Bros., Chicago, spent two days at the college measuring the students for new uniforms. They took a large order this year, as a change in style of uniform necessitated a new suit for every member of the battalion.

—It will be a surprise, and a delight, too, to the student of 86-87, to hear that Mr. Timothy Lyons has re-entered college and will pursue the classical course with a view to priesthood. All who know Mr. Lyons will agree with us in saying that he does honor to this high calling.

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., and Bro. Senecal, C.S.V., visited during vacation many of the celebrated places of France and Italy. They will also see Lourdes and spend some time in Spain. Bro. Senecal's health is improving slowly. Father Rivard will continue his studies in Rome the coming year.

—We read this item in a Cherokee, Iowa, paper with pleasure: "Several important changes have been made in the road department of the Illinois Central at this place, and the Cherokee division now has the youngest assistant roadmaster in the employ of the Illinois Central company, and perhaps in the United States. Joe Sullivan, the eldest son of Roadmaster Sullivan, of the Cherokee division, is the lucky one. Joe, who is scarcely 21 years of age, has been his father's office clerk for several years. He is a thorough railroad man, and it is safe to say that the company will never have occasion to regret his appointment to this important position."

MILITARY.

Our new colonel, F. E. O'Reilly entered upon his duties as commander of the college battalion on the 17th inst.

His ability as a commander and instructor is well known to the cadets of St. Viateur's and the greatest hopes are entertained for the success of the military department for the present year.

The uniform of the cadets has been changed from light gray to dark blue and officers will be denoted in rank by straps, instead of stripes on the cap as was formerly done.

The Ford Exhibition Squad has been reorganized. Many of the old members were found at their posts and the vacancies were filled by newly appointed officers of the battalion. Many new and beautiful movements have been added by Col. O'Reilly to the fancy ones of last year. The boys are working hard as they propose to uphold the excellent reputation earned by their predecessors. The members of the squad have decided to wear the blue uniform with a blue cap.

The vacancies occasioned by the resignations and promotions of last year's officers, necessitated a competitive drill among the privates of the battalion for promotions, which drill was held September 11. Ex-Colonels Chas. O'Reilly and T. M. Pelletier and Ex-Captain J. T. Hayden acted as judges. The result showed that the drill was well and closely contested.

The officers of the battalion for the coming year will be as follows:

S. V. C. STAFF.

Colonel, F. E. O'Reilly; major, J. Murphy; adjutant, E. Legris; aide-camp, J. O'Dwyer; sergeant major, Jos. Kearney.

Co. A.

Captain, C. J. Quille; 1st lieutenant, E. Bouchard; 2d lieutenant, T. Cahill; 1st sergeant, T. Vandeventer; 2d sergeant, D. Denault.

Co. B.

Captain, James Mortimer; 1st lieutenant, J. J. Marx; 2d lieutenant, Geo. Bailey; 1st sergeant, D. Hayden; 2d sergeant, J. Ruel.

Co. C.

Captain, P. Hansl; 1st lieutenant, M. Berry; 2d lieutenant, A. Changelon; 1st sergeant, W. Griffin; 2d sergeant, J. Legris.

 ATHLETICS.

The Shamrocks have organized for the season of '95 and '96. All the players of last year's team returned, with the exception of Doody and Ruel, whose places will be taken by Kearney and Kromenacker. The boys are practicing daily in order to enter in creditable competition with the many strong nines now flourishing in the surrounding counties.

Friday, Sept. 13, a picked nine, including several of the Shamrocks, played a match game at the Kankakee fair grounds, with the Manteno club, and were defeated 15 to 3. Inability as regards team work, and unfair umpiring, were the causes of their defeat. Sept. 29 we play Manteno on our grounds, and as our boys, smarting under the remembrance of the defeat of Sept. 13, will exert themselves to retrieve their lost glory, we expect

to be able to chronicle a glorious victory. The Kankakee club, known as the "Indians," under the management of S. Alpiner, had our grounds leased during the summer months, and played many exciting games, the last one being on Sept. 8, against a team from Nappanee, Ind. For this game the "Indians" were reinforced by the catcher of the Shamrocks and several players from Chicago. Over five hundred people, including the students, saw the visitors "taken into camp to the tune of 12 to 6."

A grand stand, with a seating capacity of four hundred and fifty, has been erected on the west side of the ball grounds, and gives a metropolitan look to our campus. The stand fills a long felt void in our grounds, and as a consequence spectators may now comfortably view our exhibitions and not be interfering with the players by crowding too close onto the diamond, as heretofore.

A half-mile bicycle track, extending around the campus, has been completed, and now several of the students may be seen taking a daily spin on their "iron steeds." Many of the students have written home for bicycles, and it is the intention of the prefect of discipline, when a sufficient number have received their machines, to form a club, and on recreation days take a trip through the surrounding country.

 SPORTING

Sunday, September 29, the much talked of Manteno-Shamrock game

was played on our grounds. The Mantenos, accompanied as usual by their "fans," expected that with Towner in the box everything was over except the shouting, but, oh how different they felt when Captain Towner, followed by his yearlings, left the grounds to escape a defeat that was inevitable. The Mantenos, with the exception of one or two players, are very hard to please. They kick at every imaginary opportunity. The management of the Shamrocks, being aware by experience of this failing of Manteno's supposed invincibles (?), and hoping to counteract it, gave them their pick of an umpire, so that there would be no trouble on that score.

Lawyer Donovan, of Kankakee, was their choice, and for only two innings did he suit their peculiar fancies. In the first half of the third he made a decision at home-plate to which they would not agree, and then like over-petted boys they cried, "If you do not give us our way we won't play." Then the team, headed by their captain, displayed their babyishness by leaving the grounds because the umpire would not change the decision and make it favorable to them. After a brief delay we, with our characteristic generosity, permitted the umpire to reverse his decision, the Mantenos in the meantime having gone to the dressing-room, from which after sundry promises of having everything their own way, they were finally enticed back to the field and their slaughter. From the third until the eighth inning the pleasure of the game was marred by their continual kicking. In

the last half of the eighth, with the score a tie, a man on second, and two outs, Captain Towner took exception to a decision and left the grounds with his sympathetic friends offering him and his colts words of condolence and and swearing dire vengeance on the Shamrocks, who are responsible for the breaking of the charm with which Manteno wins so many games. Of course after that the umpire gave us the game, which we would have won had it been finished, as our heaviest batters were on hand and the Mantenos were going to pieces. The visitors opened the game at the bat and made two earned runs, whereupon the enthusiasm of their admirers was unbounded. Our boys now took their turn, and before they were retired five pairs of black stockings crossed the plate in rapid succession. Manteno made two more in the second, while we were blanked. In the third, on a combination of hits, wild throws, and general poor playing, Manteno made six runs, bringing their stock away above par with their friends on the bleachers.

We were again blanked in the third and fourth. Still we served the same dish to Manteno in the fourth and fifth, while we in our half of the fifth made three scores.

In the sixth, Manteno made two more runs on hits, while we drew another blank.

After this inning Manteno never saw second base, as Marcotte twisted and curved the ball about the legs and necks of those darling yearlings until they really believed

they had spent an afternoon in a "Keeley institute." In the seventh inning our boys made one run, making the score 12 to 9 against us.

In our half of the eighth Legris, the first batter, took first on an error by Girard, Sammon made a hit, and Kearney took his base on four balls, filling the bags. O'Rielly now set the crowd wild by a two-bagger, scoring Legris and Sammon, Kearney taking third on the hit. Ruel struck out and Hogan knocked a fly, which Girard caught and threw to second to double O'Rielly, who was playing off the base. Kearney in the excitement scoring. The umpire, and all the spectators, whose judgments were not biased in any way, were unanimous in declaring O'Reilly safe.

The Mantenos left the grounds while the air resounded with cheers and yells for the Shamrocks.

The features of the game were Hogan's, Corcoran's, Ruel's and Kearney's fielding, and Ruel's and O'Rielly's batting.

The following is the score by innings:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Manteno..... | 2 | 2 | 6 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | —12 |
| Shamrocks..... | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 3 | —12 |

Batteries—Manteno. Towner and Breen; Shamrocks, Marcotte and Sammon.

VIATORIANA.

- Walnuts!
- The grand stand.
- Bring my sock back.
- The weather cock is looking for a freeze.

- I have none to spare.
- Give us a toast, Ford.
- Peddle your feet this way.
- Come on, Johnny, let's go.
- Give me my hat and I'll go.
- Parse that sentence, please.
- I'll never go with you again.
- Hasn't he a pugnacious face?
- That's a fine patch of squash.
- Whose dog was that I heard?
- I feel my nerve rising already.
- "Non possum dicere Latinam."
- I've had seven years' practice.
- It's rather a common complaint.
- How he got it out I don't know.
- I was in Kankakee this morning.
- I saw various visions this morning.
- It was an unlucky day for the trio.
- Are you fellows going to make cider too?
- That's the way we done it in Streator.
- I saw a dead whale swimming in the ocean.
- Try that cigar on the dog before you use it.
- New York, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Iowa, Texas, and Montana have their representatives here this year.
- Master Charles Portland was called home recently on account of the death of his father. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted family.

—Every time I take a bite I get a mouthful.

—“It looks like it might be something else.”

—And now you would think we had no July or August.

—Close the transom, someone will think we have a fire.

—I'd tell you to take a fall only it is so late in the season.

—The grand stand erected on the ball ground during vacation will be no less a comfort than a most effectual way of keeping back a crowd.

—The young ladies of the convent were treated to a trolley party Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 24. The occasion was the feast day of the Rev. Mother Superior. The convent is to be congratulated on its flourishing condition, there being a larger number of pupils than for some years.

The “Thespians” have under way “Leah the Forsaken,” by Augustine Daly, which they have in mind to present St. Viateur's Day. All the “stars” of last year have returned and with some very promising additions to the players' club, we can promise an entertainment far above the ordinary. Besides the principal play there will be given an operetta, “Pocohontas,” brought right down to date. This will serve for a curtain raiser, and will help to put the weary and dyspeptic in a condition to enjoy life, at least for a few hours. The play will take place the evening of Oct. 20, and St. Viateur's will be celebrated Oct. 21. We extend a cor-

dial welcome to the parents and friends of the students.

Since THE VIATORIAN's last appearance our former neighbor, Rev. A. Evers, has been transferred from Kankakee to Chicago, where he takes charge of St. Boniface parish, the largest German congregation in the city. Before his departure Father Evers was tendered a reception and presented with many valuable gifts, among them a splendid chalice, by his former parishoners. Father Evers was beloved by all his people, and the sorrow at his parting was genuine. He has the best wishes of all in his new field of labor.

Several members of the faculty attended the blessing of a new bell for St. Mary's Church, St. Mary's, Ill., the last week of September. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. M. J. Byrnes, of Danville, Ill., who also preached a very eloquent sermon on the same occasion. There has been a steady and very marked improvement in St. Mary's since Rev. Fr. Langlois, C.S.V., took charge. Besides changes effected in the church he has built a fine house, and the present year witnessed the completion of a new school and its opening. The school is in charge of Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary, several of whom are in charge of the different departments in the college. That the people of St. Mary's appreciate the good work of their zealous pastor goes without saying. Pastor and people alike deserve great praise for their work.

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