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## PILATE'S LAMENT.

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In my distempered mind, no more shall peace abide!  
Forever in my ears that hated cry doth ring,  
E'er since I heard it in accursed Jerusalem:  
"Away with Christ! Him Crucify! He calls himself a King."

Before me, ever stands that silent, Godlike man,  
'Gainst whom a most unrighteous judgment, I decreed;  
His sad, calm face, so full of awful majesty,  
Haunts e'en my sleep, and fills my soul with horror for the deed.

Ah! Could I but recall that sentence, so unjust,  
Not all Rome's power could make me utter it again;  
I thought my hands to wash, clean from his guiltless blood;  
But mine shall be a name of scorn among all noble men.

O witness! Ye avenging fates, how loath I was,  
The deed of shame to do and how I fain would save;  
But no! With justice on my side and mighty Rome,  
I yielded to th' ignoble mob, as though I were its slave.

How could my coward lips condemn that stainless man?  
Forced by his innocence, I thrice proclaimed him just;  
And yet for that base multitude, with fury blind,  
With rage and passion mad, I did betray my sacred trust.

O ye great gods of Rome! Let vengeance on me fall;  
I hate the light of day and fear the shades of night,  
Not long can guilt like mine escape your kindled wrath,  
Nor hide from the avenging stroke of your resistless might.

*W. J. B.*

## THE IMAGERY OF THE PURGATORIO.

In speaking of the imagination, we must not forget that this faculty, to be exercised properly, must be under the sway of reason. The more docile it is to the voice of its sovereign, the more accustomed to act in the sphere allotted to it by nature; the greater will be its development. Allow it but once to out-step its limits; place the scepter of reason in its grasp, and in its usurped dignity, let it rule the mind, the result will be confusion, madness, chaos. Experience furnishes but too many sad proofs of this statement. How often is it not the case that men with abnormally developed imaginations are woefully lacking in reason? It also happens that the reverse is often true: the man who, in the secrecy of his closet, rivets his mind on the abstruse questions of Philosophy, or measures his conclusions with the exactness which is required by the rules of mathematics, seldom or never allows himself to be transported to those enchanted shores which are the creation of a fertile imagination. Now in the first of these states, the mind exercises its powers to no purpose, since the imagination without reason is worse than useless; whilst in the second, it is greatly limited by allowing a faculty, intended for a great, although secondary purpose, to remain dormant. For the true beauty, grandeur and dignity, therefore, of the soul, it is necessary not only, that reason be fully developed, but also, that the imagination and the other faculties be unfolded in harmony with it. The expression of such a soul is poetry—no other is worthy of the name. When we speak, therefore, of the poet's imagination we do not treat of imagination gone mad. He alone is worthy of the dignified title of poet, who, like the brave knight, applies whip and spurs to his mettlesome charger, makes him dash swiftly over the plains, clear the barriers, and lets him prance and rear and indulge in a thousand other freaks, but yet holding the reins in his firm grasp, remains master of his steed. Nowhere do we find a more striking illustration of the two great characteristics of the poet—a fiery, vivid imagination and a deep, penetrating mind—than in the Divine Comedy. In it there is scarcely a line which does not bear the stamp of Dante's mighty genius. In the depths of his own great soul, he peers intensely into the inward nature of things, conceives noble thoughts, and, with a power which poets alone are capable of, gives expression to his sublime ideas. Dante's powerful imagination, which enables him, especially in the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso" to clothe the abstract questions of Scholastic Philosophy in the garb of poetry, shows itself, perhaps, to more advantage in depicting the sad, awful and gloomy scenes of the "Inferno." Following the flaming

torch of his great intellect, we were led through subterranean passages into the abysmal depths of this pit of misery and despair. But the exhaustless well spring of Dante's fertile genius, which is poured forth so lavishly in giving a wierd, dismal aspect to this nether world, flows more gently through the "Purgatorio," spreading verdure over the rock-ribbed sides of this majestic mount of purification. Like a skillful painter who is past master of his art, Dante reserves his brighter and more delicate hues for this, his higher song.

The "Purgatorio," as a whole, is well adapted to arouse the imagination. What could be more suitable to excite the fancy than the very idea of a mountain in mid-ocean? The poet's fancy here proceeds to exercise its creative fiat. It clothes this mountain in forests of primeval splendor, and in gardens, rich in flowers of every hue and fragrance. Its sunsets are most glorious. Nothing is grander than its sun-illuminated head, rising high above the silvery clouds that flit across the blue vault of heaven. As we wander along the poet's fancy makes us hear the sweet music of the waves mingling their soft notes with the faint whisperings of leaves shaken by the perfume-laden breezes that sweep gently down the mountain side. Now and again, through the glades, fancy gives us a glimpse of purling rills, which in their meanderings murmur songs of love to the modestly blushing flowers that peep out from their mossy banks. A little before dawn, the poet leads us to this fairy land of wonders and delight. The description which he gives of the magical effects of twilight upon these fair scenes, shows at once the delicate touch and pliancy of his supple imagination.

"Sweet hue of eastern sapphire, that was spread  
O'er the serene aspect of the pure air,  
High up as the first circle to mine eyes  
Unwonted joy renew'd, soon as I 'scaped  
Forth from the atmosphere of deadly gloom,  
That had mine eyes and bosom fill'd with grief.  
The radiant planet that to love invites,  
Made all the Orient laugh and veil'd beneath  
The Pices' light, that in his escort came."

How sweetly pleasing is the effect of this gentle stroke of the poet's brush! It smooths and tempers the mind, preparing it for higher flights. Thus does the wizard fancy of the poet build for us a bridge of star beams and chords of sweet music. O'er this magic bridge we pass from the dark, sepulchral caves of the "Inferno," howling with its shrieks of agony and despair, into a region where the sweet voice of hope chants hymns of joy and gives expression to a free, ardent desire of purification.

While we linger, musing, quaffing large draughts from the fount of poetic inspiration, on the shores of the mystic lake that encircles the mountain, the sun glides gently upward, spreading its quivering rays over the calmly rippled surface of the lake. In an instant, life, motion, and every species of beauty spring up everywhere around us. We are softly awakened from our reverie and as we glance across the silvery waves we descry what seems to be "a light so swiftly coming through the sea, no winged course might equal its career." What can this vision be? Here the poet gives wings to our imagination and bids it fly over the deep, in which lie mirrored the azure heavens. We would fain approach this light but the splendor dazzles us. It is one of God's ministering spirits who ferries the souls that triumph over death, across the gulf that separates time from eternity. To do justice to our poet we cannot pass by, with a mere allusion to one of the most beautiful descriptions of "Purgatorio"—a description which brings out in bold relief the noblest qualities of a poetic imagination. As with all great works of art, so it is with this excellent piece of literature. To judge of its merits, the critic must have a mind capable of grasping the finest subtleties, of perceiving the unified effects of the various tints of coloring, and of appreciating the skillful touches of the poet, which give finish, expression and life to his masterful word pictures. In proportion as our minds are more or less imbued with the higher ideals of art, will be the effect of our communings with the soul of genius. Let us, then, in reading this extract from one of the first cantos of the "Purgatorio," try to see and feel as poets are wont to see and feel.

"My preceptor silent yet  
 Stood, while the brightness that we first discern'd,  
 Open'd the form of wings; then when he knew  
 The pilot, cried aloud, 'Down, down, bend low  
 Thy knees, behold God's angel: fold thy hands:  
 Now shalt thou see true ministers indeed.  
 Lo! how all human means he sets at naught;  
 So that nor oar he needs, nor other sail  
 Except his wings, between such distant shores.  
 Lo! how straight up to heaven he holds them rear'd,  
 Winnowing the air with those eternal plumes,  
 That not like mortal hairs fall off or change."

"As more and more towards us came, more bright  
 Appear'd the bird of God, nor could the eye  
 Endure his splendor near: I mine bent down.  
 He drove ashore in a small bark so swift  
 And light, that in its course no wave it drank,  
 The heavenly steersman at the prow was seen,  
 Visibly written Blessed in his books."

Ponder long and deeply on the last line, "Visibly written Blessed in his looks." In it the poet conjures up before the mind by one stroke of fancy's magic wand a spirit whose subtle form, though it evades the grasp of the senses, has now for us a habitation and a name. Judiciously, has this one line been pointed out, by an able interpreter of Dante, as the most beautiful line of the entire Divine Comedy.

As we advance with the poet through the wild, rough region that forms the purlieus of Purgatory, we are made to see ever new wonders, new creations of fancy. This frail-winged creature flits about, now lighting for a moment on the bare summit of some lofty crag, and again taking wing; it flies over hill and dale, charmed with the beauty which lies strewn beneath it. Scattered throughout this place we meet groups of spirits who deferred their repentance till the last moment. In punishment for this negligence, they are prevented for a long time from beginning that purification for which they lament and sigh. Frequently we are rapt in ecstasy on meeting one of the angelic guardians of this region. In his swift flight we follow the poet higher and higher till we reach the gate of Purgatory. Before crossing the threshold we are bid remember that we are being led to dizzy heights.

"Reader! thou markest how my theme doth rise;  
Nor wonder therefore, if more artfully  
I prop the structure."

Having once entered the portals we become unconscious of all save the wonderful panorama that is presented to our view. Long processions of souls pass before us. Hymns of joy and praise commemorating noted instances of virtue, greet our ears! Now and again an unwonted splendor strikes upon our eyes as we catch a glimpse of the guardian angels bearing their "flame illumined swords, green as the tender leaves but newly born." Mounting from ledge to ledge in which the different stains are purified, we always find something new to feast the mind and delight the fancy. In one we gaze with rapturous admiration on the beautiful works of sculpture which the poet's fertile imagination carves on the marble walls and floor. In another our interest is aroused by the mode of punishment inflicted on its denizens. Thus the poet presents his scenes with a rich variety of coloring.

Another gem is deposited in this well filled treasury of imagery, the "Purgatorio," by the visions which the poet relates as having appeared to him, when exhausted by his travels he sinks upon the wayside to indulge in a few short hours of repose. These dreams are so artfully narrated that they seize upon all the powers of the soul and hold us spell-bound. Although presented to us as dreams, these

visions are not the wild ravings of a distempered brain. On the contrary there is hidden beneath their wording a deep allegorical sense, which shows the complete mastery which the Italian bard exercised over his bold, fiery, and ever active imagination.

Many a life-giving inspiration of the great poets, painters and sculptors of later days can be traced to these beautiful visions. Michael Angelo has chiseled in marble the two allegorical personages of the following poetic dream:

"A lady young and beautiful, I dreamed,  
Was passing o'er a lea; and as she came  
Methought, I saw her ever and anon  
Bending to cull the flowers; and thus she sang:  
Know ye whoever of my name would ask,  
That I am Leah: for my brow to weave  
A garland these fair hands unwearied ply.  
To please me at the mirror, here,  
I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she  
Before her glass abides the livelong day,  
Her radiant eyes beholding charm'd no less  
Than I with this delightful task. Her joy  
In contemplation, as in labor mine.' "

In this allegory, Leah typifies the active life; Rachel, the contemplative; the former in order to merit the happiness of seeing God face to face, performs good works and the latter takes delight "in admiring in her mirror, that is, in the Supreme Being, the light, or knowledge, that He vouchsafes her.

We cannot but admire the skill with which the poet describes the vanishing of these pictures from the fancy. The delicacy, the art, and the literary excellence of these descriptions are worthy of more than a passing thought. They show at a glance the keenness, the accuracy, and the refinement of the poet's imaginative powers. In one of these he describes how his dream vanished before the radiance of an angel, that came to marshal him on his upward way. In this we find a striking and unusual metaphor used to mark the transition of the mind from the unconscious to the conscious state. For the sake of this figure, as also to afford a dainty morsel to the literary taste of our readers, we give the lines in full, even at the risk of showing too many specimens from this exhaustless mine of literary gems.

"Even as a sleep breaks off, if suddenly  
New radiance strikes upon the closed lids,  
The broken slumber quivering ere it dies;  
Thus, from before me sunk that imagery,  
Vanishing, soon as on my face there struck  
The light, outshining far our earthly beam."

It would seem that, when we reach the summit of this mystic

mountain, the delights with which the poet ravishes our souls, would be exhausted. But no! our princely guide has kept in store a liberal reward for our patient climbing. Here the poet opens to the imagination the golden gates of the garden of Paradise and bids it roam through the "celestial forest" whence our first parents were expelled. Here our souls, attuned by the master-touch of genius, vibrate with the keenest sentiments of inexpressible delight; the purest kinds of pleasure strike, with gentle touch, the finest threads of the heart and ring from them a melody whose effect to be appreciated must be experienced. The pleasant air of this elysian realm, laden with delicious odors, strokes the temples and makes the soul susceptible of the softest influences. The crystal fountains, whose sprays leap up to catch the golden sunbeams, charm the eye. The merry notes of the "feathered quiristers"

"With full joy

Welcomed those hours of prime, and warbled shrill

Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays kept tenor."

As, with musing step, we follow the poet through the beauties which are poured around with liberal profusion, we are brought to a halt on the flowery banks of a clear stream. Here we rest the foot but with wondering eyes

"Pass onward, o'er the streamlet to survey

The tender May-bloom, flush'd through many a hue

In prodigal variety."

In this terrestrial paradise, Dante, also, brings before our view the procession of the Church Triumphant. This scene alone is sufficient to establish Dante's unrivalled superiority as a descriptive poet.

To appreciate this unequalled pageant,—so rich in the variety of its personages, in the splendor of its coloring, and in the depth of its symbolism,—we should carefully read the closing cantos of the "Purgatorio."

The vast efforts of Dante's colossal genius, in rearing this stupendous pile, to embody the noble conceptions of his soul, exhaust not his powers. They merely prepare us for higher flights into the empyrean dome of that world-wide structure which this wonderful architect has reared upon foundations sunk deep into the very bowels of the earth. Within its walls is embraced all that there is of man. From the few extracts given, beautiful though they are, we get but a faint idea of the wealth of imagery exhibited in the "Purgatorio." To form a just estimate of the work, from the standpoint of the imagination, we should open its pages and there we will find presented to our view a garden in which all the flowers of fancy bloom.

*J. P. O'Mahoney, '01.*

## KNOWLEDGE.

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Sweet consoling breath of life,  
Harbinger of joy and peace,  
Comfort 'mid the endless strife  
Where error's cohorts never cease.  
Worthy legacy divine,  
Reflecting sacred truths sublime.

'Mid youth's sweet hours and gladsome days,  
Thy beauty gleamed like vision fair  
Whereat but wondering might I gaze,  
Thou seemed so vague and fraught with care;  
Yet in my life like magic spell  
Thou entered, evermore to dwell.

Each hour, O knowledge! thou hast filled  
With some new hope, some higher love!  
Into man's spirit thou'st instilled  
A foretaste of the life above.  
Thy boundless depths are opened free,  
To each man's skill and mastery.

The fleeting years but serve to make  
Thy beauty of more glorious mien,  
The strifes of men may empires shake,  
Yet thou liv'st on, mighty, serene.  
The pomp of earth fades soon away,  
But thou remain'st, proud legacy.

*W. J. Cleary, '03*

## MARCUS BRUTUS.

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(AN UNFAVORABLE VIEW.)

There are few characters in Shakespeare more difficult to understand than Brutus. At first sight he appears to be actuated by the purest, the most patriotic and the loftiest principles, but upon closer and more careful examination, we find, under that fair-seeming exterior, a soul, prodigal indeed in grand promises and brave words, and loud protestations of attachment to honor, but poor in noble deeds and false to principle. I know, in making these charges, I run counter to the generally received opinion concerning Brutus, but it is my purpose to present the man as he appeared to me, without any reference to what others think of him. There are, however, a few critics of name who take an unfavorable view of the much lauded Brutus. I may mention in passing Hudson, Gervinus and Brownson.

The first charge I bring against Brutus is ingratitude. There are few traits of character more admirable and honorable than gratitude; a generous appreciation of benefits received. Hence someone has said: "Gratitude is the mark of a noble soul." On the other hand, ingratitude is one of the most despicable vices. Even when a man refuses to render a service to his benefactor, which he could easily render, he is condemned by the unanimous voice of mankind; but when he does positive injury to a benefactor to whom he owes all that he has and is, then he is universally execrated. To this latter class, I said, Brutus belongs. Undoubtedly he owed much to Caesar, even his very life. Caesar loved him with the tender regard of a father, and had bestowed extraordinary favors upon him. Brutus repaid him for all these kindnesses with a dagger. But his admirers contend, he was justified in acting thus by the welfare of his country which he perceived was endangered by Caesar.

The question can be determined only by a careful examination of the motives which prompted the act. We must have very grave reasons indeed to justify Brutus in killing Caesar who was not only his benefactor, but the greatest man in his country and its supreme ruler. If, upon examination the reasons, by which Brutus justified his conduct, turn out to be insufficient, then we must brand him as a vile, cowardly assassin, whose crime is all the more hideous because it was committed against a man, bound to him by the strongest ties of gratitude.

Cassius draws Brutus into the conspiracy by violent invectives against Caesar, in which he dwells entirely upon physical infirmities.

Even though all his charges were true, there is nothing in them discreditable to Caesar, nothing which proves that he is not a great and good ruler and nothing of course that could possibly justify such an extreme measure as a conspiracy to kill. Caesar cannot swim as well as Cassius; his feeble body is shaken by disease; when consumed by a raging fever he cries for water, therefore he is not fit to rule over Romans. This is in substance the reasoning by which Cassius seeks to convince Brutus that Caesar must die. From such feeble premises he draws the following wise conclusion—

“Ye gods it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world  
And bear the palm alone.”

This is the first step in the process of conviction. Caesar is not worthy to be a ruler. This once established, the further conclusion, that there are other men in Rome far better qualified for the office of supreme magistrate, is easy and natural. Cassius does not seem to entertain a doubt as to the soundness of his first conclusion and is perfectly confident that he has carried Brutus with him thus far. He next proceeds to prove, in his characteristic way, that on the lowest ground, Brutus is Caesar's equal.

“Brutus and Caesar:  
What should be in that ‘Caesar!’  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name.  
Sound them; it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with ‘em,  
‘Brutus’ will start a spirit as soon as ‘Caesar.’ ”

Here again we have the same trifling. No effort is made to prove that Caesar has been guilty of a grave offense. He is charged with no injustice, no acts of tyranny, no arbitrary exercise of power. This in itself is sufficient to prove that he had been guilty of none: We cannot believe that Cassius, who thinks it worth while to dwell upon such trifles, would have passed over in complete silence evident acts of gross injustice and tyranny. What man of common sense and ordinary virtue,—I do not say of the heroic temper of which Brutus makes profession—could feel himself justified in conspiring to take the life of his fellow man for such flimsy reasons and still less in plunging his country into a civil war. Yet this is precisely what the noble, wise, calm Brutus does. Thus easily is he led into the commission of the worst crime, for shortly after the first conference Cassius confidently asserts: “Three parts of him is ours already” and subsequent events show clearly that he was right. Is this a man to be held up as a model of unblemished honor, of unfaltering

devotion to duty? Brutus palms himself off as a man of moral greatness; he talks bravely about looking indifferently upon death and honor if they ever come into conflict, and yet he assassinates his best friend for reasons which a common cutthroat might have despised. Cassius makes no pretension of exalted virtue or of always acting from high and pure motives; he frankly hates Caesar because he has nothing to hope from him; he is of the opinion that if Caesar were out of the way his own chances of occupying a foremost place in the Roman Commonwealth would be most excellent; yet even he is surprised at the ease with which Brutus has been won over to the conspiracy. "If I were Brutus, now, and he were Cassius, he would not thus humor me." From beginning to end, Cassius works upon his vanity. First skillfully intimating that he is a greater man than Caesar and finally throwing "in at his window writings, all tending to the great opinion, that Rome holds of his name." His complete success shows conclusively how well he had estimated the character of Brutus.

But, perhaps, Brutus has other and weightier reasons for his conduct. The arguments of Cassius and the letters thrown in at his window may not have been the cause of his joining the conspiracy, but only the occasion. I think we may fairly conclude from the words of Brutus that the thought of killing Caesar had not entered his mind until Cassius suggested the design to him. If he had any such thought he would have understood at once what Cassius was aiming at and what he wished to lead him to do. Yet, to all appearances, at least, he was surprised and startled at the boldness and strangeness of the suggestions of Cassius.

"Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?"

Surely this is not the language of a man to whom the idea suggested has long been familiar. Here is an open confession that he had never entertained a thought against Caesar's life. But that was before Cassius had worked upon his vanity. Before the conference ended he is heart and soul with Cassius.

"What you have said  
I will consider; what you have to say  
I will with patience hear, and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things."

He was, then, lead into the conspiracy by the empty declamation of Cassius. We have already seen that Cassius proves nothing against Caesar except that he had certain physical infirmities, in fact, does not even attempt to prove him guilty of crime. If a man who assassinates

the first magistrate of a nation and plunges his country into a civil war for such paltry motives be not contemptible and execrable, then I know not to whom these terms may apply. A man who pretends to justify the killing of a fellow man on such grounds is either a hypocrite or a lunatic.

Although the charges which Cassius alleges against Caesar are trivial, utterly unworthy the attention of a man of ordinary sense and honor, and wholly insufficient to justify the action of the conspirators, yet they are tangible and real. The reasons which Brutus assigns for undertaking the desperate enterprise, have not even this poor quality. In making out a case against Caesar he throws facts and common sense to the wind and relies wholly upon imagination. He condemns Caesar not for anything he has done, but for what it is *possible* for him to do. His reasoning is as follows:—a man who possesses supreme power, may do much evil; but in all likelihood Caesar will soon attain to supreme power. We hardly know what conclusion legitimately follows from these premises, but Brutus draws the astonishing conclusion that to prevent these imaginary evils—“It must be by his death.” He is obliged to make too damaging admissions—“For my part I know no personal cause to spurn at him, but for the general.” As far as his own personal experience goes, Caesar is above reproach. The second admission is most remarkable—“To speak truth of Caesar, I have not known when his affections swayed more than his reason.” There is not one man in every million to whom even his most ardent admirers could bear such testimony. The number of men that never suffer themselves to be swayed by feelings or passions, contrary to the dictates of reason, is small indeed. Against these admitted facts, Brutus balances mere possibilities and decides the case against Caesar. Is this just? Is this honest? Is this honorable? Is this the man who has been held up to our admiration as the type of noble manhood? I know not how to properly characterize such villiany. Here is the whole ground of his complaint against Caesar.

“He would be crowned;  
 How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him!—that;  
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
 That at his will he may do danger with.  
 The abuse of greatness is, when it desjoins  
 Remorse from power; and to speak truth of Caesar,  
 I have not known when his affections sway'd  
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,  
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;  
 But when he once attains the upmost round,  
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 By which he did ascend. So Caesar *may*,  
 Then lest he *may* prevent."

I make this long quotation because in my opinion, it is the most conclusive proof of Brutus' guilt that could possibly be offered. It would be impossible to offer a weaker defense than this. Brutus has already admitted that he knows no personal cause for condemning Caesar, I do not say to death, but even for his censuring his conduct. When he comes to enumerate the public causes, he finds that he must draw on his imagination for what "Caesar *may* do." Because a man has the *power* to do evil, does it necessarily follow that he *will* do the evil? The mere supposition is ridiculous. We must keep in mind that the question Brutus is debating is the death of Caesar. In fact, he begins by condemning him and then assigns the reasons quoted above. Surely this is justice run mad. I do not believe that even a savage, sitting in judgment on a member of his tribe, would feel justified in condemning him to capital punishment because it had been proved that he might, at some time or other, commit some grave crime. At least, I am certain that no principle of justice, recognized outside the domain of savagery or the code of desperadoes, would warrant such a conviction.

Since then Brutus has nothing better to offer in justification of his conduct than the mere possibility of future wrong doing, and since he did not hesitate to imbrue his hands in the blood of his greatest benefactor for such insignificant causes, we must brand him as a desperate criminal, devoid of all sense of justice and honor and guilty of the blackest ingratitude; as a downright hypocrite who has fair words and large promises on his lips; but whose heart is dead to every noble impulse. There is ample evidence in the play of his hypocrisy, incompetency and disregard of principle, but as I have already exhausted the space at my disposal, I will reserve the discussion of these points to a future issue.

D.



## CAIUS CASSIUS.

No doubt there are many things in the great tragedy, Julius Caesar, which are well calculated to arouse the interest of the thoughtful reader, but it seems to me that nothing is more striking than the wonderful qualities of mind with which Shakespeare endows most of the principal characters of this play.

Notwithstanding the numerous comments which have been made on this play it is still a debated question among the modern scholars of Shakespeare as to just what was Shakespeare's motive in presenting Caesar and Brutus in the light in which we find them in this "tragical, dramatic history." There is no doubt, however, that Shakespeare wishes to represent in Cassius a man gifted with great power of eloquence, a keen and accurate judgment and a thorough knowledge of human nature, without, however, any high moral qualities.

If "eloquence is the expression of strong emotion in a manner adapted to excite corresponding emotions in others," then is Cassius one of the greatest masters of eloquence to be found in Shakespeare.

As we follow Cassius through the play we are struck by the manner in which he overcomes all obstacles and bends everything to his purpose. By his eloquence he turns the most noted and prominent men of Rome against Caesar and wins them over to his own cause. Even Brutus is carried away by the passion and vehemence of his resistless eloquence.

What Roman could listen unmoved to the following outburst of wrath and withering scorn:

"Aye, thou art sham'd!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When, went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than one man?  
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man,  
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king."

This stern and calm old Roman, after he has had not more than two interviews with Cassius, concerning the death of Caesar, is so convinced that Caesar must die in order to preserve the state that even had Cassius withdrawn from the conspiracy Caesar would have met his fate.

In his first interview with Brutus, when he acquaints him with his plans, he uses arguments that are in themselves weak. He dwells mainly on the physical weakness of Caesar,

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tiber, chafing with her shores,  
 Caesar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in  
 And bade him follow; so indeed he did,  
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy;  
 Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink"! I,  
 As Aeneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
 Did I the tired Caesar, and this man  
 Is now become a God, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature and must bend his body,  
 If Caesar but carelessly but nod on him.

But this is well calculated to excite the contempt of a Roman who values nothing so highly as physical courage and endurance and especially of a proud stoic like Brutus, who regards that man only as great who can bear the ills of life with heroic and unflinching fortitude. By his burning invectives, his intense earnestness and passionate appeals to honor, he enkindles a kindred flame in the breast of Brutus and makes him a more eager advocate of the death of Caesar than himself.

Judging eloquence by the standard that the greater the obstacle overcome the greater the eloquence, I think we can easily maintain that Cassius was even more eloquent than Mark Antony, and a comparison of what they achieved by means of their eloquence will amply demonstrate this.

Mark Antony, by well chosen sentences and a skillful play upon the passions of the excitable mob completely turns it against Brutus who just a few moments previous had been proclaimed Caesar by the same mob. But Cassius, in winning Brutus over to his cause, was compelled to encounter much greater difficulties than Mark Antony did to bring Brutus into disfavor with the mob. A few well-chosen phrases or a skillful play upon the passions was not sufficient in this instance. Cassius was dealing with a man, that, unlike a common mob, never acts from impulse but whose actions were always subject to his reason. Notwithstanding all this Cassius "works him to his

will," and so it is throughout the whole play. It seems as if nothing were too difficult for Cassius to achieve by his eloquence.

There is no doubt that Cassius greatly surpassed Brutus in accuracy of judgment. To show this, we have but to follow these two personages through the play. It was Cassius who originated the conspiracy against Caesar. By his insight into the future he saw that the Roman republic and Caesar could not long coexist, so he deemed it better for Caesar to perish than the state; another proof of Cassius' good judgment in his opposing Brutus. When the latter was about to grant Mark Antony permission to pronounce the funeral oration over the dead body of Caesar, Cassius could easily discern that Mark Antony had a purpose in view in being friendly with the conspirators, and asking for permission to address the mob, and how perfectly after events confirmed his judgment.

Again another instance that denotes the superiority of Cassius' judgment over that of Brutus is offered us by the conversation that took place between these two men on the eve of the battle of Philippi. Cassius tells Brutus that he thinks it more prudent to wait for the enemy in their present position rather than advance to meet them, because, by their march to Philippi their soldiers will be wearied and they must sacrifice their position of defense. But Brutus, on the other hand, thinks it worth while to risk all this in order to increase their number by winning over to their cause the few inhabitants that intervened between their present position and Philippi. But this unfortunate mistake on the part of Brutus cost both Cassius and Brutus their lives and ruined the success of the conspiracy. Their marching forward to meet the enemy was just what Mark Antony desired and as Mark Antony said himself, if Brutus had listened to Cassius the issue of the day might have been entirely different.

Shakespeare endowed Cassius with a more thorough knowledge of human nature than any other character in the tragedy. No mask or coloring could escape the close scrutiny of Cassius, and by that indescribable power he could get at the very motives from which all men with whom he came in contact acted. Caesar himself is forced to admit this power.

"He reads much;  
He is a great observer and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men."

When a man like Caesar makes such a statement concerning a man whom he disliked, not to say feared, it speaks volumes and can be readily taken for granted. Cassius even surpassed Caesar in regards to knowledge of men. We find that during Caesar's life he was often de-

ceived in men, as in the case of Brutus for instance. But it was not so with Cassius. In all his many different relations and dealings with men he discerned the motives from which they acted almost as readily as if they were written upon their brows.

After this brief analysis it becomes evident that Shakespeare's aim was to present Cassius as a man who could achieve the most difficult things by means of his eloquence; one whose judgment in affairs both personal and political was almost infallible and consequently as one who readily discerned the motives of human conduct. True this great man did not always employ these noble qualities of mind in pursuit of virtue and honor but take him all in all he is a character worthy of our admiration.

*George A. Bergeron. '03*



## THE VIATORIAN.

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### EDITORIAL.

The Thespians are preparing the great Shakesperian drama, "Julius Caesar," for St. Patrick's Day. If we may judge the future by the past, we hazard nothing in predicting that it will be rendered in a creditable manner. Unstinted praise is due this energetic society and its zealous director, Father Marsile for their excellent presentation on the college stage of splendid dramas. When speaking on such a subject we cannot forget him who lately went out from our midst, Rev. J H Nawn. During his long college course, from the classics to theology, he was "the bright, particular star" of the Thespians. We know comparisons are odious and therefore we will refrain from making any. We hope his mantle has fallen upon some of the younger generation and that the rendition of "Julius Caesar" will add a new laurel to the many already gained by the Thespians.

\* \* \* \*

There is nothing to which the average student is more opposed than to strict discipline. It may, however, be questioned whether this opposition is well founded or not. Discipline is the restraint of inclinations, when these inclinations run counter to duty. If we examine all the rules and regulations of well ordered homes and colleges we will find that they are always prohibitions against what is either bad in itself or, on account of circumstances, is injurious and dangerous. Now no one is foolish enough to pretend that he has the right to do whatever he pleases under all circumstances. Neither will anyone dare say that an injustice is done him whenever he is restrained from infringing on the rights of others. Yet there are many students who find fault with college discipline precisely because it does these things. It is doubtful whether a single requirement of this discipline can be violated without either positive injury or danger to the student so acting. Discipline is absolutely necessary wherever organized society exists and the young man who cannot submit himself to its requirements shows that he has the instincts of the savage who makes his own will and pleasure the rule of his conduct and not right reason. Discipline, at times, stern, rigid and uncompromising, is as necessary for

morals as it is for a sound intellect. No man ever became morally strong, able to stand upright in his native dignity amidst the violent gusts of passion and the alluring forms of temptation, who did not previously develop that splendid quality, which is the crowning glory of high manhood—strength of character—by a system of discipline, firm and unyielding as justice itself. It is your namby-pamby, milk and water young man who is loudest in his outcry against discipline. "We are not children; we know how to take care of ourselves; we don't want to be tied, as it were, to mamma's apron strings all our lives." You only think you are not a child and a very small one at that. When did you ever have the back-bone to say no, when you were asked by a chum to do what was not right? When did you ever have the courage of soul to close the mouth of that companion, who, you knew full well, was outraging decency and manhood and insulting you to your face by assuming that you were as dead to every manly and honorable impulse as himself? When did you ever speak a brave word in your life that called for personal sacrifice? Oh! yes, you can use mouth-filling oaths and swagger and you are fool enough to believe that you are then acting the part of a man; but when did you ever do a really noble act? For this, discipline is required and you hate the very name. Discipline is not only necessary at college, but it must be rigidly enforced throughout life. It is only the very foolish or the very depraved who scorn discipline. In fact, Christianity itself is in part, at least, a form of discipline.

\* \* \* \*

Our prospects for a good baseball team are bright indeed. The best men of last year are still with us and there are three or four new men who are no novices at the game and who will certainly give a good account of themselves before the season is very old. Our manager tried to arrange dates with some of the big universities but in this he was not entirely successful. We have the conceit to believe that we could put up a game of base ball that would make the best of them work for a victory. However we will try conclusions with teams certainly as strong. The Chicago Unions, the Whiting Grays and a few other semi-professional teams will give our ball tossers a chance to try their metal. The manager is arranging a schedule that will surprise and delight the fans. It will include some of the strongest teams in the state outside of the leagues. So brush up, gentlemen, and prepare yourselves to solve some of the hardest propositions ever proposed to your serious consideration. Nothing but hard and constant practice will enable you to make a good record against such opponents.

EXCHANGES.

*The Gregorian* makes its bow to the world of college journalism and takes a respectable place among College Journals. It has caused quite a stir among the Journals, as the many notices it received testify. Some exmen, it is true, shrug their shoulders and shake their heads in doubt as to whether it will continue as it has begun, but all acknowledge its present excellence. The author of "America, Past and Future," though an '03 man, treats his subject with an eloquence that would be creditable to a graduate. The article contains many lofty sentiments expressed in eloquent language. Poetic sentiment, common sense and earnestness are some of its chief features. The article on "Farewells" shows great depth of feeling and excellent descriptive powers. "Alfred Tennyson" is a well worded discription of the life, works and character of the subject.

The Classical Club Edition of the "Optimist" is surely a grand success. With a bound the Optimist goes to the front rank of High School Journals. The last number is principally taken up with articles relating to Roman History and the Study of Latin. There is not an article that does not possess distinctive worth. We were particularly interested by "The value of Latin in the mastery of other languages," and "What does it (study of Latin) profit," two well written articles, and the ingenious poem "Psalm of Latin." This is the best number that the Optimist has put out and is certainly by far the best High school Journal we have seen. We think it is a good idea to have the Journal published by different classes, as this arouses ambition and friendly rivalry and produces good results, as this fine number of the Optimist proves.

The January number of the Transylvanian contains two especially praiseworthy articles, "Our Victory at Manila" is the most *poetic* poem we have yet seen in our Exchanges. The author tells the story of the battle in smoothly running verse replete with warmth of feeling. The points are well chosen and blended together with great poetic art into one harmonious whole. The other article to which we referred is "The Influence of Art." The title made us doubt the writer's ability to treat it but we had read but a few lines ere this doubt was dispelled and by the time we finished the essay we had formed a very favorable opinion of the author's literary abilities.

One of the greatest pests of our times is the enormous amount of depraved literature annually issued. The best means of counteracting this evil is by placing good literature in the hands of the people. This is the aim of religious magazines. A good repre-

sentative of these is the *Dominicana* whose monthly visits to our sanctum are highly appreciated. In the variety of contents any reader may find something to suit him for in its pages are treated history, fiction, poetry, art and literary criticism, religious subjects, etc., all from the pens of able writers. Such a periodical should be in every Christian household.

In a previous issue of the *Viatorian*, we took exception to the following assertion made by a writer in *Spice*.—"The church long repressed freedom of thought." The Exchange editor attempts to answer our criticism of the above assertion, but he very scrupulously refrains from taking the slightest notice of the arguments on which the criticism was based. We have neither the space nor the inclination to take up the irrelevant statements contained in *Spice's* criticisms. Whatever he says to the point is contained in his remarks on Galileo. "Galileo, for example, was caused hypocritically to recant his scientifically true statement that the earth moves." "This is a case where the mind was interfered with in judgment and in thought the Reviewer to the contrary notwithstanding." He does not seem to entertain even a suspicion that this calumny has been refuted time and again. The reply of Dr. Brownson, to this oft repeated accusation, applies so perfectly to the present case that we will venture to quote it here. "Surely you will not pretend to deny that Galileo was imprisoned in the dungeons of the inquisition for teaching that the earth turns on its axis, and moves round the sun—that his doctrine was pronounced by the church of Rome to be heresy, and that he himself was forced to retract it—that the venerable old philosopher, rising from the posture in which he had made his abjuration, stamped his foot upon the ground and exclaimed: 'Nevertheless it *does* move.' The story so well told, has been so often repeated and has proved so serviceable to numerous pretenders, wishing to palm off their stupid dreams for some new discovery in the science of man or nature, that, we own, it seems almost a pity to spoil it by contradicting it! yet it is false, totally false from beginning to end, with not one word of truth in it. We make this assertion on indubitable authority," Brownson then presents his proofs. If the editors of *Spice* should have any inclination to examine these proofs, they will find them in Vol. VI, Brownson's Works; "Literary Policy of the Church of Rome." We cannot present these proofs here, nor is it necessary since the ex-man of *Spice* has not deemed it necessary to give a word of proof for his assertion. We suppose he is familiar with the principle, "Quod grates asseritur gratis negatur." Do not imagine, dear *Spice*, that you have only to make a bold assertion and your adversary will at once lay down his arms.

A. Girard, '03.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. Wahl, Lafayette, Ind., visited his nephew recently.

Mrs. Cuddy, of Chicago, visited her son Douglas, of the minim department.

Miss McCarthy, of Chicago, visited friends at the college a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Callahan, of Chicago, visited her son Frank of the minim department.

Mrs. Kelly, of Chicago, spent a day with her son Thomas of the senior department.

Rev. Fr. Granger, of Kankakee, Ill., was a guest of the faculty one day last month.

Mrs. M. Cyr, of Chicago, visited her nephew, Hector, of the junior department, on a recent holiday.

Rev. F. X. Labonte, of Besancon, Ind., made a short but pleasant visit to his *Alma Mater* recently.

Rev. D. O'Dwyer, Chebanse, Ill., paid a pleasant visit to his friends at the college the latter part of the month.

Mr. D. Carmody, of the senior department, spent a very enjoyable afternoon with his brother, not long since.

Mr. F. Millholand, a graduate of the Commercial class of '98, spent a few days at the college renewing old acquaintances.

Masters Schanze, Holmes, Lister, Horan, of the minim department, recently spent an enjoyable day; each, in the company of his father.

Masters Edmund and Alexander Burke spent a few very pleasant hours with their father a short time ago. On the same day their namesake William enjoyed a like pleasure.

Rev. W. Kearney, of St. Charles' church, Chicago, was one of our welcome guests last month. He spent a pleasant day with his brother Joseph of the theological department.

The Rev. Father Cannon, of Gibson City, Ill., made a pleasant visit to the college last month. He found his brother, Joseph, well, and earnestly pursuing his studies in philosophy.

The Rev. Father Cox, of St. Jarleth's church, Chicago, delivered an able lecture on Temperance at Chebanse a few weeks ago. Before returning to Chicago Fr. Cox called at the college to see his nephew James.

Mr. C. McKenna, Joliet, Ill., recently visited his son William, who has been ill of late. He decided to take his boy home for a short rest. We hope that William, who is a very promising youth, will soon be back among his companions.

Rev. Bro. Lynch was suddenly called to the bedside of his mother about two weeks ago. Her life was despaired of by her attendant physicians, but, we are pleased to state, she is now entirely out of danger. No doubt the prayers of the juniors for the mother of their prefect, were heard.

Rev. J. Raith, recently ordained by Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanly, of Fargo, N. D., visited the college soon after his elevation to the priesthood. He said mass in the college chapel and gave his blessing to the students and faculty. As a student at St. Viateur's, Father Raith has given promise of a successful career in his high calling. He has the good wishes of his many friends here.

Rev. Bro. Reams, C. S. V., of the Holy Name school, Chicago, who had a severe attack of pneumonia, is, we are glad to state, convalescent.

Rev. Bro. Boudreau was hastily summoned to the deathbed of his mother on February 15, but before his arrival, his beloved parent had gone to receive the reward of a good mother, an affectionate wife and a pious Christian. The lofty Christian sentiments which this model mother instilled into the hearts of her children will calm their grief and enable them to be resigned to the decrees of Providence. We extend our sympathies to Bro. Boudreau and the other members of his family.

In the recent demise of Mr. G. Caron, of St. George, Ill., the family sustained a great loss. Mr. Caron ever faithfully discharged the duties of parent. He took care to give the members of his family a good Christian education. We extend our sympathies to his two sons, Adolph and Eugene, our class-mates, and also to the other members of his family. May he rest in peace.

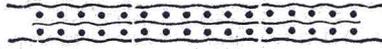
Master R. Daley, of the minims, had a pleasant visit from his mother one day last month.

Mr. Birren, of Chicago, visited his two sons of the minim department.

Rev. J. H. Nawn, of St. Mary's church, Chicago, spent a few days at the college recently. We were all delighted to see Father Nawn in our midst once more. While here he sang Solemn High Mass in the college chapel.

Rev. A. Poulin, Iron Mountain, Mich., and Rev. P. S. Dagnault, Tomahawk, Wis., were welcome guests of the college during the first days of March. Both reverend gentlemen are just returning from a pleasant tour through Cuba, Mexico and some of the Southern states.

The membership of St. John the Baptist's society tender their heartfelt sympathies to their fellow members, Messrs. Boudreau, Eugene and Adolph Caron, on the irreparable loss they have sustained—the former in the death of his mother and the latter in the death of their father.



VIATORIANA.

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“I'd rather have your luck than a license to steal.”

The wind howled dismally through the chimney tops and the frost painted all sorts of fantastic figures on the window panes in that sublime, ethereal region called the poop. In that high altitude of course none but lofty thoughts are possible. Doc was seated in Armand's newly constructed tonsorial parlor, buried in profound thought. His massive forehead was furrowed well nigh to the bone by the intensity with which he had concentrated his mind on the all absorbing theme of epic poetry. Visions of mighty battles in which his hero was always victorious, passed in rapid succession before his mind's eye. He would write something that would not only amaze the professor of rhetoric but also emblazon his name on the scroll of fame. This same tonsorial parlor in which he was now sitting, would become a temple of genius, pointed out to admiring visitors as the glorious dwelling where the last great epic was written. By way of parentheses, I would say that Doc was never known to hand in a composition on time. At last Doc determined to collect his glorious thoughts and hand them down to the latest posterity. But alas! the misfortune of it all! He found them frozen stiff and stark. It was impossible to get them on paper. We do not know what the professor of rhetoric said to him but we infer from Doc's dejected countenance that their interview was not exactly what might be called pleasant. “Prof.”—said Doc, “is the hardest hearted man I ever knew. I don't believe there is a single fiber of sympathy in his whole make-up.” We have noticed, moreover, that Doc is a very busy man on Conge afternoons. He seems to have acquired a decided taste for copying Greek poetry. Whether this is altogether voluntary or owing partially to the recommendation of a certain professor of rhetoric, we cannot positively affirm. It seems certain, however, that Doc has given up the intention of writing epic poetry and will henceforth devote his attention to the composition of certain required essays.

We wonder why the gentleman, who was “going to accompany the Doc,” changed his mind so suddenly not to mention his costume?

There is no end of misery in this world. A certain student is now doing a thousand lines because of his brotherly love. Incredible! Did you say? Well that is the explanation he gives and surely he ought to know. According to his own testimony he is a bright, industrious student, but owing to a series of misfortunes he is unable to give satisfactory recitations. He has three little brothers at home afflicted with la grippe and the greatness of his solicitude for them so over-

comes him that he is unable to let the light of his great intellect shine before the world.

The hand-ball alley is in excellent condition and not a particle of dust is stirring in its immediate vicinity. We have received frequent challenges from the other side of the house, but so far, not one of the gentlemen, representing that department, is to be found on a conge day. Talk about your industrious students. These gentlemen seem to be always preparing for examination. They are perfectly confident they can defeat our hand-ball experts but their examinations will not permit them to devote an afternoon to a practical demonstration of the controverted question. Whenever you feel disposed to submit the point to argument, gentlemen, please inform us; you will always find us prepared to debate the point to a finish.

Good resolutions were the order of the day at the beginning of Lent and a certain serious-minded young man from St. Joe's corridor, entered into a solemn agreement with a third corridor man not to smoke before Easter under pain of forfeiture. All went well for a time and the fumes of the fragrant weed no longer floated lazily through the serene atmosphere of St. Joe's corridor. One evening, however, during the quiet hours of study, the peace of St. Joe's corridor was disturbed by cries of fire. Large volumes of smoke fairly burst through the key hole and transom of one of the rooms. The fire brigade hastily assembled and hurried to the scene of the conflagration. When they battered down the door they were almost stifled by the dense clouds of smoke that poured out. They finally discovered that the smoke was caused by Mr. R. and a red hot pipe. Mr. R— hastened to explain that he had not been smoking but "was only blowing through the stem of his pipe." He said he had been making some experiments which he hoped would establish a new case of spontaneous combustion. He told them not to be surprised in future if occasional whiffs of smoke should issue from his room. His efforts in behalf of science would sometimes be indicated in that way. We were not aware Mr. R— was such an ardent devotee of scientific studies. He was asked to show how such clouds of smoke could be produced by his new process but he refused on the ground that he could not do so without revealing certain secrets which he was not yet prepared to make public.

"Please do not send me an X because I will eat too many pies and will be obliged to get out of the infirmary."

Dick would like to know why handball alleys are made over a foot high. He declares he never put a ball higher than that in all his career in the business.

The Rev. Bro. Leduc has organized a society among the commer-

cial students, known as the St. Viateur's Banking Association. The aim of the organization is to supplement the theoretic bookkeeping of the classroom by practical exercises in general office work as performed in Counting Houses embracing Banking, Wholesale, Exchange, Commission, Brokerage, Real Estate, Retail, Importing and Jobbing. The enthusiasm with which the members have entered into the work of the Association warrants us in saying that the commercial course will turn out young men thoroughly equipped for any business pursuit. The work is so arranged that each member is responsible for some department, thus developing habits of self-reliance and accuracy. Regular meetings are held three times a week for instruction and practice. All this is in addition to regular class routine. It will be seen that the commercial course is thereby greatly strengthened. At the first regular meeting of the association the following officers were elected:

President—Geo. Cartan.

Vice President—Wm. Burke.

Cashier—Eugene Lamarre.

Manager—Edward O'Connor,

Receiving Teller—Louis Hurd.

Paying Teller—Wm. Brewer.

General Bookkeeper—Hector Cyr.

Individual Bookkeeper—Ray. Cartan.

Discount Clerk—Jas. Cunningham.

*A. J. C.*

