

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE MIND.

THOSE massive piles, defying time's decay,
 Immovable amidst the rolling sands,
 Are monuments time cannot sweep away;
 Proclaiming with mute voices through all lands
 The force of that celestial spark—the mind,
 Enkindled at the source of light divine;
 For in these mighty pyramids we find
 A record, lasting to the world's decline,
 Of mind's o'er mastering sway which time cannot
 [confine.

It is the same sublime, immortal power
 That wrought its grand conceptions with rude stone
 Into those matchless Gothic shrines that tower
 Like mountains towards the everlasting throne,
 As if they fain would pierce the azure dome,
 And raise the conquering cross beyond the skies;
 Meet emblems of the soul that knows no home
 Save in that realm towards which these steeples rise,
 Disdaining earth and all its fleeting vanities.

The mind has searched creation's vast expanse
 And weighed the bulk of those revolving spheres
 That whirl through space. By wisdom to enhance
 Her faculties divine, she seeks, and fears
 No pains that can increase her precious store
 Of truth and beauty; striving e'en to read
 The mysteries profound, by heavenly lore
 Of life and death; unshaken in the creed
 That makes her born of God and not of earthly seed.

With eyes that scan the farthest bounds of space,
 She caught a glimpse of heavenly splendors rare,
 And on the living canvas did she trace
 Those forms of beauty eloquently fair.
 From out the throbbing heart of genius spring
 Those grand creations of the human mind—
 The mighty epics which great poets sing,
 Whose voices stir the hearts of all mankind,
 And thrill the soul with hopes that not e'en death
 [can bind.

But grander still the triumphs of that queen,
 When standing for the sacred cause of truth,
 She braves the hate and the envenomed spleen
 Of raging multitudes; the rending tooth
 Of famished lions waiting to devour ;
 The cruel pangs of gnawing hunger dire,
 And all the torments known to human power;
 Alone she stands, unflamed with heavenly fire
 To make God's truth prevail or for it to expire.
 W. J. B.



GENESIS AND EVOLUTION OF THE DIVINE COMEDY.

It is very delightful to gaze upon the finished production of some great artist, to stand wrapt in admiration before a master piece. After thus wondering at the entrancing beauty that holds us captive we naturally turn in equal wonderment to the marvelous power of the artist who produced the work, and we are seized with a desire to know how, by what mysterious processes he came to achieve something so perfect. Fain would we crave admittance into his studio, nay even into the sanctuary of his very soul, and see how he conceives his ideals, see how he began to reproduce these perfect types upon canvas, in marble, or on the written page, see how he proceeds in his patient labor and how he brings it to its triumphant close.

To thus be allowed to view the genesis and evolution of great works may have the effect of robbing us of the pleasures of admiration, for we admire splendid effects, the causes of which we ignore ; but on the other hand, if admiration ceases something is gained, and that something is very valuable since it is a knowledge of causes. All knowledge perfects and enriches the mind and makes it capable of yet higher action. If we would learn to think rightly and write well, we must study the secrets of those who have thought and written well.

We have already heard eloquently proclaimed the high excellence of the "Divine Comedy," and recently also we have been made acquainted with many interesting personal features of the man Dante. Now it has seemed to me perhaps a hazardous task, but certainly not an uninteresting exercise, to trace the origin and follow the development of the Divine Comedy.

This is a subject which, so far as I know, has not often been treated. This will draw us into considerations of the matter which enters into the composition of this poem and also of the form in which it was conceived and executed.

But the chief object which will occupy us will be the assignment of the causes why the poem took the form of a vision. Remotely we may say that the "Divine Comedy" grew out of Dante's vast learning and out of his peculiar temperament, his keen sensibility, his exalted sense of justice, his hatred of iniquity, his tender pity and his intense love and admiration of beauty, wisdom and goodness. As to the matter which he has put in this deathless song we may say briefly that it is as follows:

First, there is Dante himself representing humanity in its various relations to self, to mankind and God; humanity in its ceaseless struggling, now vanquished by evil, now won over by good. Then comes Beatrice, not only chief character of his wonderful poem, but the perfect type of loveliness, inspired teacher of Divine science, and exemplar of all virtues. The other persons he introduces into his "Divine Comedy" are Lucia, type of Divine assistance; the Madonna, type of Divine Mercy; Matilda, type of loyalty to the church; the Apostles, the builders of Christ's Church; the clergy, Popes, Bishops and Priests, laity, rulers and subjects, Jews, Pagans, and Christians, philosophers, theologians, scientists, poets, rich and poor, the learned and ignorant, in a word the universal world of men; besides these the angels are there, the saints, and God, the entire invisible world.

Now in what situation will he place all these persons in the grand drama his poem unfolds? To arrange and give order to so copious a matter was indeed a work truly worthy of a master

mind, a work truly Dantesque. Note how admirably, how well and pleasingly he reduces this abundant material to the form of one grand striking and sublime poem. He gives it the form of a vision in which he sees evil struggling against good, that is demons and bad men at war against God, his angels and his saints; and the good men militating against vice and through the assistance of the divinely established Church, succeeding in freeing themselves from all taints of evil and in healing the wounds inflicted upon them by the world, the flesh and the devil. Again he beholds the triumph of the good, the victory of the virtuous crowned in celestial courts 'mid the hosannas of angels. As the poet deals with rational beings, Beatrice will be throughout the entire poem the main inspiration, because intelligent beings are to be averted from evil and directed to good by the knowledge of truth and the examples of virtue.

Beatrice is precisely a teacher of divine wisdom and a type of all the virtues. In her are reflected the unspeakable beauty of Divine truth and the winsome fairness of virtue and of goodness. So far we have seen what materials the poet would handle and that he chose to give his poem the form of a vision; it still remains for us to see how he conceived such an all embracing plan for his work.

The primary object he had in view in writing his poem was to immortalize Beatrice and to say of her what was never said of any woman. How did he come to have such a wish? Why did he desire thus to exalt Beatrice? The answer takes us back to Dante's childhood. At the age of nine he met and became enamored of Beatrice, who was also but a child in her ninth year. He adored and loved her. As a youth his affections increased. She grew in grace, in virtue and in goodness, and his love and admiration of her grew apace. Already then he celebrated her various and most uncommon perfections and her unspeakable loveliness in short poems that are full of grace and ardent enthusiasm.

But when this living Beatrice, this model of womanly goodness and beauty, was taken from his mortal gaze by the ruthless

hand of death, he did not hesitate to cannonize her in a short ode, and so enwrapt was he with the thought of her glory, of which he had a vision, that he conceived the idea of celebrating her in a more worthy song.

Thus was the plan of the "Divine Comedy" conceived. He would make her teacher of divine science, and as such she would make him see the abode of those who have ignored and disrespected the teachings of God. She would make him see purgatory, the state of those who are believers, who sin but repent, and who through repentance are absolved from sin and made fit to ascend to the starry spheres. She would make him see the triumph of the faithful believers and doers of the word of God and would win for him a vision of the beauty of the Godhead. Surely this had been said of no other woman.

E. F. '03.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE SHAKESPEAREAN-BACONIAN CONTROVERSY.

THERE are some of the world's geniuses whose power of intellect and strength of mind we are unable perfectly to measure, and for whom we cannot adequately express our praise and admiration. In their immortal productions is displayed an intimate knowledge of many of the branches of human learning, whilst the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the trials and miseries of the human race find a perfect embodiment therein. They have unveiled human nature and have penetrated the secrets and mysteries of the human heart. They stand out in history with colossal grandeur and magnificence, and will ever be admired as long as the human heart is capable of appreciating what is dignified, elevated and noble. By virtue of the powers of their prodigious intellects they have established undying remembrance in the memory of men; they have placed upon their worthy brows the imperishable wreath of immortality.

One of the brightest luminaries in this intellectual galaxy, one which ever shines with the attractive splendor of the noon-day sun, is William Shakespeare, "the bright particular star" of English literature, the supreme dramatic poet of the world. This great bard and profound genius has given to mankind the most sublime and impressive dramas ever written. His immortal poems display a universality of genius and a versatility of mind which are astonishing. But his proudest prerogative, the greatest monument to his fame, was his ability to construct real, life-like human characters. He was as perfectly competent and successful when handling human nature as is the skillful sculptor when chiselling the crude block of marble into a perfect representation of the human form. The human heart was his element, the great book which he knew thoroughly, and which he could invariably read and interpret correctly.

But notwithstanding the fact that mankind for nearly three hundred years has admired and extolled the extraordinary genius, and the perfect dramatic productions of William Shakespeare,

there are some who hold that a man circumstanced as he was, with little education, or scholastic training, could not have been the author of the great dramas generally, but falsely, ascribed to him. And since Francis Bacon was the most accomplished man of the time, they say he only could have written the plays usually believed to have been written by Shakespeare. The controversy is an old one, and both sides of the subject have been considered and exhausted time and again before now. But an article in a recent daily paper stating that the critics and literateurs in England were again seriously debating the question, has led me to the belief that a discussion of the genuineness of the plays of Shakespeare would not be wholly unwarranted.

We have absolutely no knowledge of anything in the past save that derived from extrinsic sources. This is a fact which the Baconians cannot deny. We cannot know that a certain great battle was fought, that might dynasties have arisen and fallen; that empires have flourished and decayed, unless we accept the statements of historians, or the testimonies of contemporary writers. But since the writing of a book is a past event we are unable to ascertain who was its author unless we accept extrinsic evidence which is the only means by which we may learn the truth. It now remains to be seen whether there exists external evidence pointing to the fact that Shakespeare was the author of the dramas; in what does this evidence consist, and what inferences are to be drawn therefrom.

It is and must be admitted on all hands that the best and most reliable means we have of establishing the authenticity of a work are the testimony of contemporary writers and a uniform tradition; consequently if we succeed in proving that these two greatest criterions of the genuineness of a book make manifest that Shakespeare wrote the plays, if we have not gained our point, at least we have done much towards doing so. The most famous and most important testimony is that of Ben Jonson, a brother dramatist and life-long friend of Shakespeare. It is to be found in his eloquent and touching eulogy on the Bard of Avon,

after the death of the latter. Its opening lines, which admirably set forth his poetic but especially dramatic genius, read as follows :

“ Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !
My Shakespeare rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie.”

A few verses below occur those famous words in which Jonson compares Shakespeare to the supreme dramatists of ancient times, and considers him superior to them :

“And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee I will not seek
For names : but call forth thundering Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us ” * * * * *
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time !

Lamenting his loss and eagerly desirous that he should still live and continue to wield his wonderful pen, Shakespeare's friend proceeds :

“ Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That did so take Eliza and our James.”

It is immediately evident that the dramatist to whom Ben Johnson had reference in this testimony could possibly have been none other than Shakespeare, for he not only makes known to us the rank and greatness of the man as a dramatic poet, but also states the place of his birth, and the scant knowledge of Latin and Greek which he had acquired. Now, it is an historical fact that Bacon was born in London, and hence the appellation “Swan of Avon” can in no way be applied to him. Moreover it is an equally well authenticated fact that Bacon was a thorough and complete master of Latin and Greek, and consequently it can by no means be said of him, “Thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,” which assertion was justly applicable to Shakespeare alone. Thus we see that this reference of Ben Johnson to Shakespeare is most conclusive and demonstrative, and we dare say that a pro-Baconian who claims exemption from a demented mind or dishonest practises will not deny its force.

Second only to the testimony of Ben Johnson, and perhaps more practical and explicit, is that of Francis Meres, an author and critic who lived during the time of Shakespeare. This writer not only makes Shakespeare the king of English dramatists, but also mentions many of his best comedies and tragedies. "As Plautus and Seneca," says he "are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy witness his 'Gentlemen of Verona,' his 'Errors,' his 'Love's Labor Lost,' his 'All's Well that Ends Well,' his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and his 'Merchant of Venice'; for tragedy, his 'Richard the Third,' 'Henry the Fourth,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.'" This allusion to Shakespeare and his plays need not be commented upon, for it is most conclusive and express, and after having read it once all just readers will surely pronounce it most clear as well as most valuable from the standpoint of extrinsic evidence.

The evidence furnished by Ben Johnson and Francis Meres is of sufficient strength and weight to establish the authorship of the plays, were there no other to be found. But however there is another reference to Shakespeare, of a decidedly different nature than that of the two testimonies cited above, and I dare say of equal, if not of greater importance; Robert Greene is the one to whom I have reference. Greene was a bitter enemy of Shakespeare, because he believed the great dramatist had plagiarized some of the plots of his plays. His sentiments on this subject are voiced in severe and sharp language, in his "Groat's Worth of Wit." Having criticised Marlowe and Lodge, he turns to Shakespeare, and with all bitterness and pointed sarcasm remarks: "For there is an upstart crow beautiful with *our* feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes Fac Totum, is, in his own conceit, the only '*Shakescene*' in a country."

It is evident that the one against whom Greene utters this strong invective was his enemy and an object of his wrath. Now

are we to suppose that Greene would have concealed the name of Bacon, were he the author of the plays? Certainly not. He would have brought to light the real identity of the man, who, could he justly claim the authorship of the dramas, had deceived the court and mankind at large, and who, if we may believe Greene, had been guilty of plagiarism. This he does not do, but denounces Shakespeare, whom he knew was the real author of the plays, for stealing and claiming as original some of his plots. Moreover this reference of Greene to Shakespeare is, as it were, corroborated by Chettle, a friend of the former, who apologized for the insulting and severe words addressed to Shakespeare in the *Groat's Worth of Wit*. In making a resume of the contemporary testimony we see that Ben Johnson, Francis Meres, Robert Greene and Henry Chettle, friends and foes, critics favorable and unfavorable, alike make manifest the fact that Shakespeare and not Bacon, has written the dramas. We could adduce other such evidence, but from what has been given it must be obvious that the testimony of writers who lived during the Elizabethan period go to establish the genuineness of the dramas rightly ascribed to Shakespeare. We must now pass on and consider whether a uniform tradition does the same.

From the time of Shakespeare to the present day the vast majority of mankind have invariably regarded him as the real author of the plays. They have been unable to bestow praise too liberally upon him. They have read and re-read his marvellous productions with ever new interest and delight, and have never failed to derive something noble and true from them. They have flocked to the theatres to behold his grandly moral and inspiring dramas enacted. Yet they have never entertained the slightest semblance of a doubt that Shakespeare is the one who gave to the world those brilliant productions of dramatic genius. Even in our day when the controversy rages with renewed vigor, the great bulk of mankind who have any pretensions to literary knowledge firmly believe that Shakespeare, and not Bacon, was the author of the dramas.

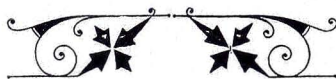
Descending from an uninterrupted tradition existing among the literary men of all European nations, to a particular and more

weighty one, that of critics and professional literateurs, we first meet with the belief of John Dryden, the "Father of English criticism." In his essay on Dramatic Poetry he pays a splendid tribute to the dramatic genius and ability of Shakespeare, and eloquently eulogizes the man. Throughout this work it is not only evident that the controversy was unheard of in those days, but also that Dryden did not have the slightest suspicion that there could have possibly been another claimant of the dramas besides Shakespeare. Moreover are we not right in saying that Dryden, whose mind was singularly critical and observant, would have been much more likely to discover and consider the question than an American woman who eventually became an inmate of an insane asylum? We will but mention here in passing, the opinion of Alexander Pope, valuable though it is, and say that his convictions in this regard are the very same and equally as strong as Dryden's, as may be seen from his masterly preface to his edition of Shakespeare. Coming down through the years, the next great literateur we find upholding the Shakespearean authorship of the plays is the famous Dr. Johnson. In the exquisite preface to his edition of Shakespeare he powerfully advocates and firmly believes that the Bard of Avon has sung the immortal songs that have been objects of mankind's admiration for centuries. Nor was the renowned critic aware of the fact that at some time in the far off distant future an American woman would arise, denounce his views, and proclaim Bacon, not Shakespeare, the author of the dramas. Johnson was a critic in literary matters in the most complete sense of the term. We have said elsewhere that Dryden's mind was critical and observant; such also was Johnson's, but in a greater degree. He had the greatest love for controversy and literary research. It was his greatest delight to consider and establish the truth of literary questions of any kind, but in his admirable preface to his edition of Shakespeare, it is evident that this controversy was wholly unknown to him. And are we not justified in saying that his powerful mind would have brought to light and discussed the Baconian theory, were it not merely the idle creation of an over-heated imagination? Johnson had not the faintest suspicion that the plays could possibly be ascribed to any

one except Shakespeare. The next perhaps to Johnson's in importance is the belief of Coleridge, perhaps the deepest student of Shakespeare that has ever lived. His opinion is to be found in his famous lectures on Shakespeare. In these lectures Coleridge considers every phase of the dramas and every circumstance connected with them. His first task then would be to make clear who wrote the dramas of which he had made so profound and exhaustive a study. If the author were Bacon he would have informed his readers so that they might not be further deceived. But this he does not do. He always proceeds on the well-founded assumption, or rather should I say fact, that Shakespeare is the one who wrote the plays. Coleridge, like Dryden and Johnson, would have been far more likely to make known the controversy and carefully consider it, than a diseased mind of these later days. We might go on and recall and develop the opinions of Hallam, Hazlett, Schlegel, and numerous other remarkable literateurs, but I must end somewhere. I believe that from what has been said it is evident that there exists a uniform tradition confirming the Shakespearean authorship of the plays.

In this paper it has been my purpose to present clearly the extrinsic arguments which prove that Shakespeare is the author of the dramas generally ascribed to him ; to show that contemporary evidence and a uniform tradition, the two necessary and greatest criterions of the authenticity of any work, make manifest that he has written the plays. There are weighty and valuable intrinsic considerations which do the same, but as I have already exhausted the space at my disposal I will reserve the discussion of them for a future issue.

W. J. MAHER, '04.



COLLEGE VERSE.

MOTHER.

WHEN bowed beneath my cross of toil,
And sad at heart with endless care;
I conjure up the buried past,
A mother's love made bright and fair;

I think of days which long have fled,
When oft' upon my mother's breast,
Though all the world were dark and drear,
I laid my head and found sweet rest.

Oft' times when disappointment chanced
To interrupt my childish bliss,
Unto my mother's arms I ran,
And sorrow fled at her sweet kiss.

Her touch alone could ease all pain,
Her words were of angelic power,
Her love was like a rich perfume
That filled with sweetness childhood's hour.

And when the lapse of time had traced
The lines of manhood on my brow,
I clung to her with greater love,
My comfort then, my solace now.

But years have fled; a hallowed mound,
On which my tears in anguish fell,
Marks where in silence now she sleeps
Far more to me than tongue can tell.

And though life's crown of thorns I feel,
And hope itself would fain depart,
Yet from on high I know she comes
To soothe and ease my aching heart.

And when alone at eve I sit
And round me fall the shades of night,
Her spirit seems to watch with me,
And for a space the world seems bright.

J. M. KANGLEY.

PHILOSOPHY.

HOW swiftly glide the fleeting hours
From early morn to close of day,
When wisdom's handmaid strews fair flowers
Along the student's toilsome way !

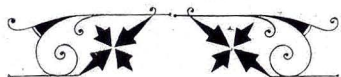
With flaming torch she guides his steps
From out the gloom of error's way,
And saves him from those stagnant depths,
Where all is ruin and decay.

Whilst toiling up the steep ascent,
Where knowledge has her blest abode,
Her powerful hand is kindly lent
To smooth the roughness of the road.

She leads him through the world of thought,
And shows him all the treasures there;
More precious, worthier to be sought
Than gold or gems or jewels rare.

She leads him to the spring of truth,
Which flows from the eternal source,
And from this fountain even youth
May wisdom draw for life's hard course.

W. J. CLEARY, '03.



THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

INTOLERANCE under one form or another has furnished the enemies of the Church with one of their readiest, most easily handled, and most telling themes when they wish to depreciate her and to render her odious and hateful. But no accusation is more frequently urged against her, or affords such an inexhaustible theme of invective, as the alleged intolerance and cruelty of the Spanish Inquisition.

We everywhere see it depicted in the blackest colors and represented as the offspring of papal absolutism and ecclesiastical tyranny; as an institution committing the foulest crimes in the sacred name of religion, and condemning men and women to the dungeon and to death whose only crime was the exercise of the God-given right of thinking, and of speaking in accordance with their convictions. Its grim engines of torture and death are made to loom up from the dim centuries to terrify and affright us. The Popes and other ecclesiastics are represented as performing their holy functions with hands stained with the blood of their innocent victims. In a word we see the Spanish Inquisition presented to the gaze of twentieth century civilization as the most heartless, the foulest, the most abominable institution that human malice and bigotry could possibly suggest or create.

This so-called bloody tribunal and all its excessive severities are laid at the door of the Catholic Church, and her calumniators would fain have us believe that the Pope and clergy of those remote times were but a troop of executioners whose only delight consisted in tormenting and desolating the human race.

Before we condemn any people or institution for any crime with which they are charged justice demands that we hear both sides of the question and consider well the manners, customs and other circumstances of the age in which they existed.

Surely an institution which has endured the storms of twenty centuries, witnessed the greatest kingdoms and monarchies grow and decay, receives the love and admiration of millions, numbers among her children some of the greatest geniuses that ever lived in philosophy, science and literature, does not plead guilty to these heinous charges. Let us see.

The Spanish Inquisition forms no part of the creed teaching or obligatory discipline of the Catholic Church, hence any errors or any great crimes which the Spanish Inquisition may have committed cannot be charged to the Catholic Church, for the Spanish Inquisition is not the Catholic Church. It is true that the chief members of the Spanish Inquisition were Church dignitaries, but they were always under the authority of the king, without whose consent and approval their decrees could be neither executed nor even published. Therefore this institution besides being local and temporal was more civil than ecclesiastical in its nature.

Granting that some of the inquisitors, even those of the ecclesiastical order, were guilty of many great abuses, will any one condemn the institution and the Church because of the abuses and the unjustifiable conduct of some of its members? If so then we must condemn all institutions for there are abuses existing in all institutions, society for instance. Who will deny that there are many great and flagrant abuses existing in society; but will any one condemn or recommend the abolition of society because of the shortcomings of some of its individual members?

The peculiar circumstances connected with the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition are well known, but it may be worthy of remark that its establishment was solicited, not by the Pope, but by Queen Isabella, that queen who always was and is still held in the highest esteem and

admiration, not only by all Spaniards but by all lovers of ideal womanhood. Isabella, far from opposing the will of the people in the founding of this tribunal, only realized the national wish. The institution was principally established against a certain class of Jews who were then very powerful owing to their riches and their alliances with the most influential families in the state. The danger to which the Spanish monarchy was exposed was very great, for it was not yet firmly established and it was greatly to be feared that the Jews would league with the Moors against the Spaniards. The relative position of the three people rendered this alliance imminent, and it was consequently necessary to be intolerant to a certain extent and to impose some restraints upon a power which threatened not only the liberty but even the very existence of the state. It is a universally admitted principal that in times of public danger stringent measures, which would be little short of barbarous in eras of peace and tranquility, may be not only justifiable but even necessary notwithstanding the whimpering of mawkish sentimentality. The system of repression in Spain, known as the Inquisition, was engendered by the instinct of self preservation, for the dangers which threatened the Spanish monarchy were not imaginary but real. In order to form an idea of the turn affairs might have taken had not some precautionary measures been adopted, it is sufficient to recall the insurrection of the Moors in later times. Even then, when Spain was at the height of her power, it was quelled with difficulty; had it occurred a century or a half century earlier, it might have proved disastrous. The necessity of restraining this turbulent, dangerous and traitorous element, which was anxiously seeking a favorable opportunity to reëstablish the Moorish power, must be apparent to the most superficial observer.

With this end in view, the Spanish Inquisition was established as the best means of securing the tranquility and of meeting the difficulty in which Spain found herself. We may not agree with the Spanish authorities as to the means used, but at least we must admit that the principle on which they acted is most just and universally admitted and acted upon by all civilized nations.

But to defend the inquisition forms no part of my purpose except in-so-far as justice and truth seem to demand. I wish rather to consider the attitude of the church towards this far famed institution. Persons convicted by the inquisition often escaped its sentence by appealing to Rome. The number of cases summoned to Rome from Spain is almost countless during the existence of the inquisition, and no one who appealed to Rome failed to ameliorate his condition. The history of the Inquisition at this time is full of contests between kings and popes, and we always find on the part of the popes a desire to restrain the inquisition and keep it within the bounds of justice and humanity.

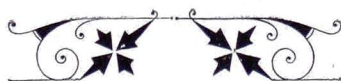
Such has been the spirit of Rome at all times. The spirit of Rome is best manifested by the institutions of Rome. During the entire existence of the Roman Inquisition it was never known to pass sentence of death on anyone, but on the contrary exercised such indulgence, mildness and moderation as to astonish the very infidels themselves. Throughout all Europe we find instruments of torture, scaffolds and engines of execution prepared to punish offences against the established religion; but Rome is free from all this—Rome, which has been represented as a monster of intolerance and cruelty.

We do not admit that the Spanish Inquisition was as bloody and inexorably severe in its punishment as has been represented. It never inflicted capital punishment on any

persons for mere thoughts and opinions or even open and atrocious crimes, nor was it ever authorized to pass sentence of death on any person. This power rested wholly within the civil authority. The province of the Inquisition consisted in pronouncing the individual arraigned guilty on the most conclusive evidence of crimes declared capital by the law of Spain. There the power of the inquisition stopped, and instead of inflicting the heaviest penalties it rather displayed a degree of indulgence and clemency. If the accused person manifested any signs of repentance, he was at once screened from capital punishment and condemned to mere trifling penances, but if notwithstanding the conclusive evidence of his guilt he remained obstinate and defiant, he was delivered over to the civil power and even in such cases the inquisitors always recommended him to the mercy of the judges.

It is certain that many exaggerations and slanderous reports have been scattered with regard to the forms of punishment which the Spanish Inquisition is said to have adopted. It is true that it punished a few obstinate individuals with a certain degree of rigor but in doing so it prevented the perpetration of many great crimes and saved the monarchy of Spain from the awful disturbances and civil wars which desolated several of the European countries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and which caused the flow of so much blood.

JAMES SULLIVAN, '03.



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EDITORIAL.

THE semi-annual examination is a thing of the past. This, the most searching test of the year, has tried us all. Many has it found wanting; others there are who have escaped this ignominy, and without attaining any decided preëminence, have given at least some little satisfaction. A few only have come in victory from the battle, and are deservedly crowned with honor.

Let us for a few moments consider these various classes of students. Here is a student who has failed completely in the stern ordeal. Most lamentable is his plight. Before his professors and fellow students he stands disgraced. His degradation is a cause of untold grief to his parents, who have suffered so many hardships, endured so many privations, to afford him an education. His is a sin of the basest ingratitude, which did he but realize, he would undoubtedly mend his ways. But unhappily he heeds not his dishonor, cares not for the just contempt of all who have witnessed his shameful display of ignorance. What, now, has been the cause of his failure? In one case it is dissipation, the loss of precious time in reading magazines, newspapers, novels, and other trash. In another it is illicit indulgence in smoking, or some other vile habit. And here is the result: a mental, and very frequently a physical wreck. But what has the future in store for such as these. Of this dissipation shall come weakness of will, incapability of intellectual concentration. Every lofty aim, every soul-inspiring ideal will be lost sight of, and idleness,

mother of every vice, will lead her soulless votaries along the paths of sin, and in the end will overwhelm them in the depths of blackest crime. A picture, terrible indeed, but awful in its reality. Do you, who read, belong to this class? And will you deliberately persevere in this course of shame and of ultimate ruin? Nay, do not so. Your duty to God, to your neighbor and to yourself forbids it. As an incentive to amendment, consider a moment him who has distinguished himself in the trial. He is not harassed by remorse for time wasted, for energy dissipated, but he enjoys the peaceful happiness consequent upon duty well performed. But you will say that he has talent, that he finds the work of the classroom a pleasure; it is easy for him to be the first in his various studies. But after all you are not inferior to him, in that the ability which he has so nobly displayed is dormant within you, awaiting the generous impulse of acknowledged duty to quicken and improve it. Think not that you cannot do as well as he. He also would be in your sad condition did he not love duty and hate idleness with all its attendant evils. This is the cause of his success. Conscientiously has he performed his daily duties; each lesson has been well prepared. He has devoted to recreation only that time which health requires, and has employed very much in useful study. What a contrast between him and the shirk. And what will be his future? This same contrast will be even more marked. Continuing as he has advanced, his every act will be attended with honor. He will be a leader of men, not a characterless dupe or idealess puppet. Of attaining all this you are capable. It will be difficult at first, but persevere, and in the end you will possess that happy composure which ever follows from duty done. And you, whose labors have been crowned with success, beware, lest like Hannibal you give way to inaction after the victory and thereby miss the final goal.

Be assured that you will never regret one hour spent in honest study, and that you will experience therein an ever increasing ease and delight.

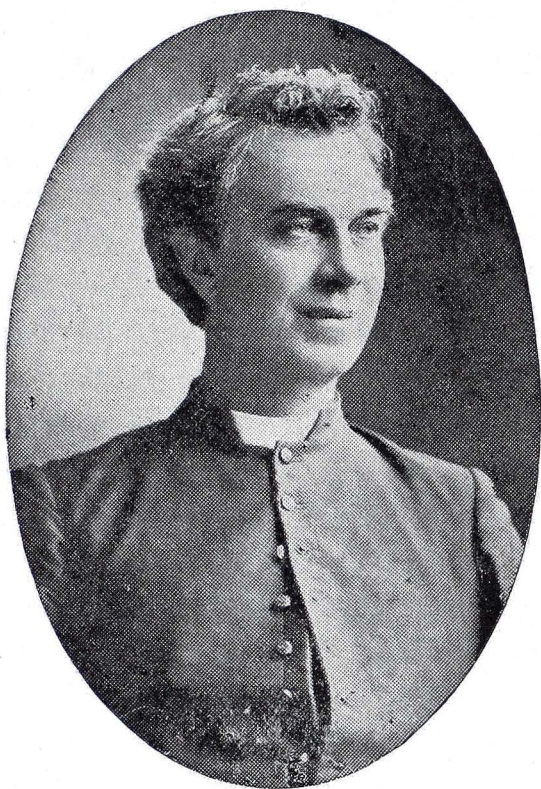
And as to those who constitute the middle class, "the lukewarm," neither energetic nor apathetic in regard to progress, but

merely indifferent, they are in danger. From their position it is easy to retrograde and difficult to advance. Shame alone hinders them from sinking, whereas sloth restrains them from rising to a more honorable condition. There is more assured hope that he who has utterly failed should revert his course than that these should advance ever so little.



We clip the following notice from the *Chicago Tribune*:

PRIEST WHO WRITES PLAYS.



“PRIEST and playwright is the odd combination of professions for which the Rev. Father M. J. Marsile is rapidly becoming famous. As the only priest of the Roman Catholic Church in this country with a highly developed and practical knowledge of stagecraft, his position is unique.

The Rev. Father Marsile is at present the President of St. Viateur's College, in Bourbonnais Grove, Ill. While he holds supreme sway in this institution over several hundred

active and energetic boys who consume the major portion of his time, nevertheless Father Marsile has found a few hours in which to turn to the making of plays and to a deep and thorough study of all the dramatic literature in the world's history.

Father Marsile is a literary student in every sense of the word, and has gained his inspiration and first impulse to write in the dramatic form from careful study of the dramatic classics of

both the French and English schools. Shakespeare especially has been his preceptor. The dramatic classics written in the dead languages have equally had an influence upon his imagination. And since this priest is nothing if not artistic, his receptive brain is bound to be productive under such circumstances.

Three clever dramas have already come from his pen. They are, "If I Were a King," "The Young Crusaders," and "The Young Martyrs," all of which have been produced by ambitious dramatic organizations in various institutions in the State. As the titles of these dramas indicate, they are romances of the highest order, full of action, lofty sentiment, and commanding influences. They are all more or less historical, and have a literary value which has lent them added worth as vehicles for study and dramatic presentation by students.

Father Marsile has just completed a tragedy in French verse, called "Lewis; or, The End of New France." It is built in five acts, and probably will see the light of the professional stage. It is about to be published in book form, and is expected to take a high rank in contemporary dramatic literature. A romantic historical operetta called "St. Patrick" is also the work of Father Marsile, with the assistance of Father Kelly of St. Viateur's College, who wrote the score. Father Kelly is director of music in the institution, and the operetta, which had its first trial there, will be brought to Chicago and have a production at the Illinois Theatre on the afternoon of March 17. This performance is given for the benefit of the gymnasiums of the college, and will be repeated the same evening in the beautiful new hall of St. Xavier's Academy, at the invitation of the sisters. The operetta will be presented entirely by the young men students of St. Viateur's, and nearly 125 persons will take part. There is to be a chorus of 100 trained voices, with special scenery and costumes, prepared for the Chicago production.

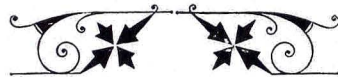
For some years Father Marsile has made it his aim to instill in the minds of his boys a deep and thorough understanding and a love for Shakespeare which will follow them through life. It has been customary to present a Shakespearean play each season at

the college, and noteworthy student productions of "Richard II," "Richard III," "Henry VIII" and "Hamlet" have been made.

Fathers Nawn and Quille, at present assistant pastors at St. Mary's Church, have taken leading parts in these plays, and have shown marked dramatic talent as actors.

Father Marsile is of French birth, and received his training in Rome and Paris. He has been a priest for twenty-five years. He is also a poet, and two volumes of French verse are the production of his ready pen.

Bourbonnais Grove, where Father Marsile writes, is a quaint little historical French settlement three miles from the city of Kankakee. It is still wild and woody in its virgin beauty, where the touch of nature has not been assailed by the encroachment of civilization. It is in the seclusion of this retreat that Father Marsile finds his most telling and inspired thoughts."



VIATORIANA.

Pie.

Shoot it.

Who got the button?

You must be a German.

Jack, I got it faded.

I must first make it.

He got the O'hemmonia.

What do you think of your uncle?

"Catiline was born of a noble stock."

Mr. Dooley, the Irish philosopher, alias Alex B.

I think I could secure a job at Lyon & Healy's.

We are requested to keep the study hall clean. Why not throw out mud.

"I saw your name in the death column last summer, Steve." Steve—"Ah, that was only a stiff."

"Pete is a democrat but he ought to be a prohibitionist."

"I don't see how you make that out." "Why, because he believes in putting down liquor."

The semi-annual exams. brought many curious things to light. Here is a specimen: "What is a simple sentence?" Stu.—"A simple sentence is one that does not mean very much." "And a complex sentence?" "Is one that does not mean what you say." "A compound sentence?" "Is one that means a great deal." "That must be a kind of sentence you very seldom use."

"Do you know," said Vivo, "I can play billiards much better this year than ever before?" "I suppose you practice more than you did." "On the contrary," said Vivo, "I do not play so often." "How do you explain your improvement then?" "O, I study rhetoric this year." "What

has that to do with your billiard playing?" "Why you see I understand English better." Et jam Vivit.

Murder will out and so will genius. We promised our readers another treat from Pete's gifted pen and it affords us great pleasure to redeem this promise at such an early date.

The foot ball team were daisies, the football team were gay,
But when the game was over they felt the other way.
They saw each constillation—the stars, the moon, the sun;
They were a sorry aggregation when the football game was done.

The occupant of room four has just completed his philosophical encyclopedia which may be purchased by members of the philosophy class at a very reasonable price. This work has received the most flattering notices from eminent critics, especially for its originality, depth and cogency of reasoning. It presents all the perplexing philosophical questions in a clear and simple manner which renders it a work of incalculable value to students of philosophy. It also contains a splendid treatise on the art of extemporaneous speaking from the gifted pen of the same author. This recent addition makes the work indispensable for those who wish to master that branch of oratory. All students would do well to provide themselves with a copy of this remarkable work. At least so the author thinks.

J. F. C. '02.

