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AUTUMN.

The violet and the pansy fair
Lie dead upon the sod,
The wild flowers in the massy dells
No longer bend and nod.

Just where the rippling brook once flowed,
When summer rains were nigh;
Great heaps of withered leaves now strewn
In nook and corner lie.

The earth no longer wears the cloak
Of velvet green it wore;
The robin and the thrush have flown,
Their song we hear no more.

Along the creek the wild geese fly
With low and cackling sound;
The squirrel now leaves its home to find
The nuts upon the ground.

The cattle seek some sheltering fold,
And shun the chilly blast;
Behind some neighboring stack they herd,
As cold North winds blow past.

Through leafless trees the wild wind moans,
Through out the night and day;
It shrieks aloud in caverns deep
That with the echoes play.

It sweeps around the chimney tops,
And sighs without the door;
It crosses mountain hill and plain
With loud and sullen roar.

And thus the wild November winds,
They shriek aloud and blow
Until the cold and dreary earth
Is coated o'er with snow.

J. M. KANGLEY.

THE CRUSADES.

DELIVERED IN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

THERE is nothing which appeals so powerfully to the noblest feelings of the human heart or so completely captivates the human mind as examples of sublime heroism, grand sacrifices and the persevering and unselfish pursuit of lofty ideals.

The history of this world of ours teems with the story of mighty struggles wherein we behold innumerable examples of great sacrifice and heroic valor, but no war recorded in its annals, unites in itself so many elements of grandeur, sublimity and justice, nor was any so far-reaching in its consequences as the Crusades.

There does not exist in all history an event so colossal and yet embodying in itself such sublimity and grandeur of purpose as this great enterprise. Here we find men whose hearts were zealous and bold for the religion of Jesus Christ. Men, as St. Bernard says, "gentler than lambs, bolder than lions"; men who refused to wear a crown of gold where the Saviour of the world wore a crown of thorns. Here we find men conscious of the utter emptiness of things mundane; men actuated by no miserable considerations of self interest, not seeking an abode in the most delicious gardens of the earth; not seeking to enrich themselves with the exhaustless treasures of the Orient; not seeking to acquire earthly powers and honors, but inspired only with a religious idea; the desire of rescuing from the desecrating hand of the Mussulman, the tomb of Him who bowed in agony beneath Gethsemane's olives; the tomb of Him who expired on Calvary's summit for the salvation of the human race.

Grand and sublime though this motive be, it was not all. Their cry, "God wills it," bursts forth from the lips of thousands and resounds throughout all Christendom, controlling every interest, arousing every passion. Europe heard the cry of her enslaved children who were calling to her from the far east to come and free them from the bondage of the Saracen. She arose in the power of her might and majesty, marched across the burning sands of the desert, and the world beholds the sublime

spectacle of the Crusaders upon the plains of Asia, in the fields of Palastine around the sepulchre of the Redeemer, smiting their oppressors.

Such were the Crusaders, the most heroic, the most brilliant expedition of all ancient and modern history. We behold in them a multitude of warriors, knights and princes, animated by the loftiest and noblest motives that ever sustained a grand movement. We see them cheerfully leave their country, their homes, their estates, their dignities, and expose themselves to the perils and dangers of a long and distant march, undergoing the icy blast of the winter's wind and the burning rays of the summer sun, and still continually fighting the enemies of religion and civilization. We see them through all the various vicissitudes of the Crusades, surmounting every obstacle, conquering their implacable foes, and at last bringing their enterprise to a fortunate conclusion, and for what purpose? For the sake of religion, for the sake of the human race.

Yet in the face of all these trials and difficulties, these noble motives, these glorious achievements, the question has been asked whether the Crusades were either just or beneficial wars. Both questions have been answered in the negative. The Crusades, they say, were but the outbreak of fanaticism, an unprovoked aggression upon a harmless race. Their result was the ruin of the Western nations and a long train of appalling evils. History has since entered upon a truer system of examination. The truth as now held by every unbiassed thinker is that the Crusades were both just and useful wars.

The Crusades were just because Christian society had been attacked. All Europe stood aghast at the profanations, the sacrileges, the daily recital of the enormities, which the Arabs and Turks committed, and the cruelties which they inflicted on the unoffending Christians. There is an instinct which God has implanted in the heart of man, the instinct of self preservation. Who will dare restrict its meaning to individuals? Yes, this was a war waged for self preservation and in defence of moral order, and as such was entirely just.

Again the Saracens were a constant menace to Europe. Mahommetanism had marched on from victory to victory like a

devastating torrent, and threatened to involve all Europe in its deafening uproar. The Saracens threw themselves like beasts of prey upon other nations and now stood at the very gates of Christendom. Were the Europeans to remain supinely at home with folded arms, waiting until the Saracens should devastate their lands, burn their homes, violate their wives and daughters, sack and desecrate their temples, and hurry them by thousands into slavery?

No! Europe could not permit the Moorish invasion to be repeated. Eastern barbarism and Christian civilization were brought face to face. History is fraught with struggles of three hundred years with all their glories, all their triumphs, and at last the Crusades turned the scales in favor of Christian civilization and preserved to the human race its wealth, its happiness, and the grand results achieved by the civilizing agencies of centuries. The Crusades were but the reaction of the Catholicity of the West, against the multiplied, ceaseless assaults of Islamism, and those who enrolled under the red folds of its cross were the defenders, the champions of civilization, for they won its triumphs on the battle fields of Asia. Here is certainly an ample justification of the Crusades. It was the struggle of civilization against barbarism; it was chivalry arrayed against fanaticism; it was Christianity on trial for her life against the destructive and corroding doctrines of Mahommedanism. In a word the hopes of the human race were placed in the balance and hung upon the chivalry, prowess, loyalty and valor of the Crusaders.

But it is only when we contemplate the momentous results of the Crusades that the full measure of their grandeur, importance and great utility becomes fully apparent.

They improved agriculture, for at this time new and valuable plants were imported from the East into the West, which succeeded so well in the new soil that many important branches of trade were formed, such as the manufacture of silk in 1209.

The necessity of transporting the crusading armies to Egypt and Palastine naturally improved the art of navigation, for it was during the Seventh Crusade that the mariner's compass was invented, that instrument which has impelled men to sail undismayed over untried seas to discover unknown worlds.

Furthermore the daily communications of the Crusaders with Greece and Syria was one of the most powerful incentives to

the revival of the arts and sciences in Europe. They it was who drank from the Grecian fountains of knowledge, carrying back to Europe such thirst for learning that we see the principal universities of Europe established in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, during or immediately after the Crusades; those universities, from whose classic walls issued forth men into the world bearing the torch of truth and light, men who shine as the brightest stars in the intellectual firmament. The immense movement to which the Crusades gave rise put a stop to the feudal system, the tyranny of rulers. That warrior spirit in the hearts of the European nations, which nothing could tame, neither the Church nor the Truce of God, which was but a weak pallative, found vent in these holy wars where the blood of heroes was poured out upon a soil watered with the blood of Jesus Christ. The Crusaders turned their irresistible arms against enemies who were themselves usurpers, and who had for five hundred years persecuted a people justly considered by the Europeans as their brothers. This system united all the Catholic nations by the principles of a faith much more effectively than the more recent coalition which constitutes in Europe the balance of power. But above all the Crusades saved Europe and all the fair provinces from the destructive barbarism of the Saracens.

Contrast the conditions of those countries where Mohomedanism has prevailed with the condition of modern Europe. Those Eastern countries were once wealthy, highly civilized and cultured, for they once possessed men whose minds were the homes of wisdom and whose souls reflected the light of God's countenance and the vastness of his infinity. Their very deserts were once peopled with men who gave to the world the grandest examples of virtue and sanctity it has ever seen. The burning solitude of those eastern deserts show us men rudely clad, eating the herbs of the earth, speaking only to intone a hymn of praise to the Creator of the universe, yet giants in intellect and saints in sanctity. For them the world is as naught, the relations of friendship, the sweetest and dearest ties, are all broken by a spirit of perfection which surpasses all earthly considerations. These distant lands once resounded with the voice of a Jerome, a Chrysostom, an Augustine, a Basil; men who dispelled the dense night of ignorance with the

light of their heavenly intelligences and left to generations yet unborn the grandest examples of wisdom, sanctity and self sacrifice that it can ever hope to behold. But the fierce Saracens swept over these portions of Asia like a hurricane and left them as bare and destitute of these children of the desert as the wild wind swept desert of Tartary itself. Such would Europe have been had the Crusades failed.

Such were the motives, such were the results of the Crusades, and the heart that does not thrill at their lofty import is naught but dust. But to whom does the immortal rising owe its existence? To that venerable old institution which has witnessed the tide of centuries roll away and is still in the springtime of life; to that grand and eternal institution whose gilded domes and spires tower today in majestic splendor throughout the length and breadth of every land; to that divine institution which has endured the persecutions of a thousand years and which has been assailed with every weapon that the mind of man could invent and the hand of man wield, but still its candles burn, its organs peal, its bells chime; the Catholic Church, the faithful mother of grand and noble enterprises. How fair and beautiful she appears to the eyes of man! Macaulay, despite his prejudice and unfairness, was forced to pay her this grand tribute—"There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameloparas and tigers bounded in the Flavianian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church

is still sending forth missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attela. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Pope Horn. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions, and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Yes, the Crusades were the off-spring of Catholicity which always converts its ideas into institutions, for as her holy monks and missionaries went forth with the lamp of learning to the fierce barbarians of the north, so also did her loyal sons set on fire the hearts of thousands of her best and holiest children, with the zeal and ardor necessary for the great undertaking of redeeming the sepulchre of their God, preserving Europe and the human race.

To the Catholic Church then we owe a debt of gratitude for having nurtured and fostered this grand design, for search where we may the history of this world over and over, scan mighty Rome's triumphs even when seated on her seven hills extending her sway over the world, peruse the golden page of Greece, adorned though it be with her brilliant constellation of geniuses, and we will not find a single event so grand, so sublime in purpose, so productive of lasting benefits to humanity and to the world as the Crusades.

JAMES F. SULLIVAN, '03.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

DELIVERED IN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

AMONGST the remarkable cities of the world, whose names fill a brilliant page in the history of the human race, none is so imposing, none so famous by reason of the world embracing events which have occurred there, and the great men who hallowed its very dust; none is of greater interest or more worthy of study than Jerusalem, the city of God's chosen people; the city of heaven, illumined prophets, of world conquering apostles, of wise men and great kings—the Holy City. It could boast of men whose equals the world has never since beheld; of men whose eyes had viewed the face of the living God; whose ears were familiar with the voice of the Eternal, and who received from above messages of truth and power which have exercised untold influence upon the destinies of all nations and peoples; an influence which will endure with the ages and continue on into the eternal years. It could point with pride to a David, the prophet, king, whose inspired songs, more durable than the granite mountains, have come down to us across the waste of thirty centuries; to a Solomon, the greatest sage that ever lived; to an Isaias, whose lips were purified by a living coal that he might worthily announce the future Messiah; to a Jeremias, whose soul moving threnodies, even from the merely natural standpoint, are amongst the sublimest productions ever penned; to the apostles, who revolutionized the world by the power of truth, but above all to the immortal King of Ages, the Prince of Peace, the Angel of the Great Council, the Christ, the Son of the living God.

But I am not concerned with the glory and renown of this thrice famous city, which was the scene of the most remarkable events in history; whose streets were continually thronged with pilgrims from every clime, drawn to the holy sanctuary of God; where prophets had preached the messages of God to his chosen people; where our Lord had performed wonderful miracles, and by his presence dispelled the darkness of error with the light of His truth and sanctity; where the apostles had first spread the doctrines of the true Messiah, and where the most appalling tragedy of the

world occurred, the crucifixion of Christ. Thus with the terrible drama of Calvary opened the first page in the story of the fall of Jerusalem, one of the most striking, marvelous and awful events in the annals of history.

With the fall of Jerusalem I am at present concerned. What has rendered this event so eminently striking? Why is it emblazoned upon the chronicles of time in lurid characters of flame? It was not only remarkable from the standpoint of human destiny but the eternal scroll of heaven had recorded its fall, and in this mandate not all the power of earth could alter the slightest circumstance. The ancient sages, the divinely inspired prophets of earth as well as Divinity itself, Jesus Christ, had foretold the dispersion of the Jews, the fall of their kingdom and the utter destruction of their noblest city. These prophetic warnings were proclaimed to the Jews in happier days, when the consummation was as yet buried in the obscurity of future centuries. In the Holy Scriptures that wonderful link which binds humanity to the fountain-head of the race, concerning the fall of Jerusalem as portrayed by St. Matthew, we read: "There shall not be left a stone upon a stone that shall not be thrown down." And the inspired prophet, Daniel, voicing the words which proceeded from the wisdom of God, proclaimed: "And a people with their leader that shall come shall destroy the city and sanctuary, and the end thereof shall be waste, and after the end of the war the appointed desolation. And there shall be in the temple the abomination of desolation; and the desolation shall continue even to the consummation and to the end." These words of terrible warning, announcing woe and destruction to an ungrateful people, stand out on the pages of history as giant spectres, whose very breath chills the heart; whose terrible ghostly voice, re-echoing from the distant ages, awe the mind and proclaim in tones more awful than the thunder's roar, the inevitable workings of retributive justice. Here in this favored land dwelt a people whom God had chosen as his dearest friends, but a people who despised his counsels, rejected his messengers, aye scorned His only Son as the basest and lowest of men, denied Him even the respect due to a man, and finally committed the most terrific crime possible to human malice—deicide. "And a people with their leader that shall come, shall destroy the

city and the sanctuary." To the pagan Romans was given the mission of executing Divine Justice. Titus and his legions were unknowingly intrusted with the ministry of destruction. He hurled his resistless forces against the defences of the city and the conquering Romans drove headlong before them the serried columns of the Jews, the faded remnant of a once glorious nation. Yet far the greater glory of his achievements and as a monument to his prowess, Titus resolved to spare the temple, that temple which awed even the pagan Romans and drew forth their adoration. But the Almighty had spoken and in spite of the edict of a Cæsar, some impulsive hand had fired the holy place, the pride of every Hebrew heart, leaving it but a mass of shapeless ruin, rising blackened and cheerless upon its ravished hills. Thus was fulfilled all the words of the prophets: "And the end thereof shall be waste and desolation"; and thus was this scornful race scattered to the mercy of a cruel world, outcasts from God and men. How striking an example of the infinite power and majesty of an all wise Creator, and what a warning to humanity of his justice and wrath!

Of nearly equal importance was the marvelous nature of the fall of this powerful city. Many circumstances attending its ruin, seemingly impossible, yet bearing the truthful impress of history, admirably evidence the stern markings of inexorable justice in the dispersion of Jewish people.

As a final admonition to this heedless race, God inspired a lowly native of Jerusalem with a certain foresight of the events which were to transpire. The country was in the midst of prosperity and happiness. On every hand nature had opened her storehouse and lavished bountiful gifts. Security and happiness reigned supreme. Suddenly the Jews were awe stricken by the actions of a certain Jesus, who went about the city proclaiming in stentorian accents: "A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds, a voice against Jerusalem and the holy house—a voice against the whole people." Little wonder that they thought him insane, and though they tortured and punished him again and again, yet they could not make him change that appalling cry. These afflictions but strengthened his ardor, as louder and louder in swelling cadence the awful words burst from his bleeding lips: "Woe, Woe to Jerusalem." The lapse of time, the

strain and labor of years, but added to the fire of his prophecy. Month after month, year after year, his voice resounded about the city even unto the accomplishment of the ruination, when, standing upon the walls of the burning city, he cried out: "Woe, Woe to the city again, and to the people and to the holy house! Woe, Woe to myself also." His task ended, his duty fulfilled, he fell, expiring with the terrible prophecy still trembling upon his lips.

Various other omens of marvellous aspect occurred during this time. In the darkest hours of night a brilliant light would encircle the temple, reflecting in the fearful faces which beheld its livid walls. Chariots and soldiers appeared in the clouds, advancing and retreating in majestic array. The temple shook to its very foundations, whilst within a voice thundered in resounding accents: "Let us remove hence." The huge brass gates of their own accord opened, as if to receive the enemy now hastening towards the city's walls. All these mystical portents were clearly portrayed to the confused sight of the unfaithful Jews. Well they knew of the net which was slowly enfolding their once glorious power. Vividly did they perceive the omnipotent cause. Yet with an absence of such instinct as renders even the ensnared brute most powerful and destructive, they gathered the meshes closer and closer, hopelessly and wilfully entangling themselves by factious and internal disorders. How glorious does the mercy of God extend, even to the hardened sinner! The warnings given to these Jewish ingrates surpass any which the annals of men have recounted, and from their divine origin we must adjudge the fall of Jerusalem, one of the most marvellous events which the chronicles of human history contain.

Aside from the striking and marvellous manifestations of divine power witnessed in the overthrow of Jerusalem are the sufferings and privations of the inhabitants, which are perhaps without parallel amongst the bloodiest wars of history and whose mere recital reveals their awful character. But little was this infatuated people concerned with the lessons of history! What cared they for the threats of the heavenly Messiah! Had they not cried even in the shadow of Golgotha: "His blood be upon us and upon our children." Ah! Little did they dream that this shattered form, now dying upon the disgraceful cross, would rise in His might and

crush them; little thought they that his dying words would re-echo as the thunders of a hundred heavens in their ungrateful souls, even unto the judgment day! Little thought they that the luxury and indolence of prosperous times were to bear fruit in the horror of starvation! Even when the Roman cohorts had enchained them hopelessly within the city's walls, little did they dream that ere the lapse of a few short weeks, they would have offered untold wealth for the very crumbs which now dropped unheeded from the overloaded board! Perhaps not even the cruelest Roman harbored a thought of such untold misery as was already beginning to frown upon the pride of the Israelites. How soon, alas, was this awful calamity to be consummated! With no avenue of escape in sight, the desperate Hebrew hosts sallied forth from the city's gates but to be hurled back in utter repulse and confusion, the gleaming shields of the Romans reflecting in their very eyes, the darkening shades of that famine now hopelessly imminent. The smell of the Roman mess fires descended as the breath of a thousand hells to inflame their parched mouths, to cause their throbbing heads to reel, their minds to revel in insane maledictions. Frantic men and women ran hither and thither throughout the streets and byways in quest of a morsel to stay the pangs of the gnawing monster. The aged and infirm dropped fainting in the highways, never to rise again. Great multitudes of decaying corpses filled the houses and lined the streets while living skeletons crept about grovelling in the depths of despair. Few could think of burying their dead lest they fall helpless and dying in the trenches they had prepared. The soldiers went from house to house murdering and butchering their very friends in hope of procuring the least morsel of food. Even their leathern shields and wisps of straw or hay were eagerly consumed. At length the very flood gates of hell seemed open! The city was burning, the scorching flames burst forth in defiance and rage at the powers of heaven. The hill itself whereon the last home of the Jews was rapidly being swept away, seemed hot as a living coal, whilst the lurid glare reflected in sickening gleams from the mass of the slain and the starved, heaped upon the ground so thick that the earth was entirely veiled from human sight.

The Roman legions sick with the stench of blood, sated to disgust with the horror of slaughter, these very men to whom the sights of the bloody arena were but commonplace, turned in aversion from this living hell of destruction, from the most awful sight which humanity ever beheld. Thus the once powerful kingdom of the Hebrews, the race upon which God had bestowed a plenitude of favors and graces, the chosen of earth, the race of the prophets, the sages, all the glorious of earth ; the race whose king had been divinity itself, the sublimest and truest majesty which earth e'er beheld, had perished. As the ungrateful are worthy of perishing, abandoned, cursed and scattered to the four winds of heaven. Forever to roam about the beautiful hills and valleys, to wander in the deserts and amid the forests, within the city's turmoil and the village's retirement, yet never again to gaze, as only those who love their native soil can gaze, upon a country within the broad expanse of earth which they could call their own. Never to experience the gladdening impulses of the patriot heart, accursed and forsaken by God and men, thus fell with Jerusalem the once glorious race of Israel.

The annals of human events are replete with wars of mighty import, involving the fate of world wide kingdoms of almost universal denomination, yet the fall of this mighty city was even more wonderful, the consequences more amazing, than any event of which human annals have record. For men only humble the fleeting vanities of power which may burst forth anew in the redoubled fire of majesty and destruction ; but the works of God are constant ; they endure throughout the ages, ever dispelling the petty efforts and oppositions of mankind. Thus from the awful sufferings and final dispersion of the Hebrews does the Almighty convey a terrible lesson to the unfaithful of earth, to the skeptics and false theorists, to the arrogant and proud who revel in the momentary blaze of assumption but to be utterly lost in the light of truth and justice which emanates from the eternal throne. The abiding place of faith, the tribe of Israel which for long centuries was the treasure house of God's holy teachings, desecrated at length by the abominations of perfidy and crime, had crumbled in the awful tempest of avenging justice, yet the very agents of God's demanded retribution, the very pagans who

had razed this once glorious treasure house to the depths of ignominy and oblivion were to elevate another, more resplendent and magnificent, to the respect and veneration of a universal era, the era of a world-wide Christianity, as a fitting monument of that eternal justice which withered the faded flower of Israel that a new law might blossom forth in all the grandeur of truth and sanctity.

W. CLEARY, '03.



MY BOOKS.

How oft a pleasant eve I spent
Beside the old grate-fire aglow,
Whilst through the hoary mountain pines
The wintry blast did fiercely blow.

I sit surrounded by my friends,
Who smile on me from dusty nooks,
Who give me comfort and sweet joy
As only they can do—my books.

I travel o'er the world's expanse,
On land above, beneath the sea,
And with these friends explore the place
Where spirits damned are want to be.

In Science' hall and Art's great home
I view with awe the vision fair;
That filled the peace with light and love
And fain my soul would linger there.

And thus delight doth fill my mind,
Though nature wear her sternest looks;
When seated near the glowing hearth
I hold communion with my books.

K. M. J.



HORACE.

IN the midst of all the splendor and luxury of imperial Rome, there lived, anointed of the Muses, and favored by the gods, a bard, who made it his chief delight to sing the praises of Rome's victorious heroes, and good-naturedly to laugh at the many foibles of his wayward countrymen. Often might he be seen wending his way through some grove or villa in company with Virgil or Varius or some other of his numerous friends, or leisurely ascending the Capitoline Hill with Malceras or Agrippa, or even Augustus himself; or again, and, indeed, most frequently, one might behold him at one of those splendid banquets which he revelled no less in describing than in partaking of. You have, no doubt, already surmised his name. I mean Horace. Born at Venusium, on the 8th of December in the year 65 B. C., at an early age he was taken by his father to Rome to receive the best education which the capital could afford. Here it was that his poetical talents drew to him the attention both of Virgil and of Varius, through them he was admitted to the friendship of all the great men of letters then in Rome, as also to an intimate acquaintance with Maecenas and Augustus, at that time the especial patrons of art and literature.

To what now, may I ask, was it due, that one, who was but the son of an humble freedman, who had embraced in the civil war, the cause of Brutus, and had, in consequence, lost all that he possessed, could make such rapid progress among the accomplished and the great. Certainly not to his social qualities alone, his agreeable manners or convivial wit. Nothing but his well known poetical powers could have so rapidly endeared him to his brother poets, or could have enabled him to win thus easily the favour of those who would naturally be hostile to him because of his attitude towards them in the late civil strife. And not only did he thus gain friends and admirers while he lived, but ever since, of all the ancient poets there is none more generally read than Horace whom "all men admire in proportion to their capacity for appreciating him."

I will now make it my aim to show what claims Horace has to our attentions as a Satiric, a Lyric, and Didactic poet.

In the only species of poetry which the Romans can be said to have created for themselves, in satire, Horace is by far the most spirited writer. The satire of Horace, serious, and yet gay, grave, but still light, admitted the more solemn and important questions of philosophy, of manners, and of religion; but in an easy and unaffected tone. Most gracefully it introduced the follies, the affectations and even the vices of the times; but there was nothing stern, or savage, or malignant in its manner.

How well he depicts the anxiety and fearfulness of the miser, lest his hidden gold should be found or stolen :

“What joy or pleasure has the miser found
In burying hoarded riches in the ground,
The while with agonizing fear his mind
Is racked, that thief or chance his stores may find.”

Again alluding to the folly of those who observe no middle course in anything, but are ever going to extremes, he says :

“How foolish they, who, while each vice they shun,
To opposite extremes of virtue run.”

In all his satires Horace is exhibited as a man of a singularly contented and happy nature. Moderate and reasonable in all his desires, deprecating alike riches and poverty, loving and praising the “golden mean,” and under all circumstances striving to preserve a calm and even mind, he was eminently fitted both to enliven and enjoy, and adorn society; while his genuine good humor, his delicate wit, varied knowledge, skillful tact, and perfect sense of propriety, exhibited not only throughout his satires, but likewise through all his works, made him everywhere a most welcome guest and the most delightful of companions.

As a lyric poet Horace holds the very first place among Roman bards. More than any one of them, it is he that stirs our sympathies and commands our admiration. As compared with the highest lyric poetry, the odes of Horace are, indeed, in some respects deficient; but as occasional pieces inspired by friendship, by moral sentiment, or by patriotic feeling, they are perfect; their ease, their clearness, their elegance and harmony compensate as far as possible for the want of the nobler characteristics of lofty imagination, vehemence, sublimity and passion.

How teem his odes with those fine, free outbursts of genuine feeling! How he stirs our sympathies! How artfully he awakens

all the gentler emotions, excites tender pity, arouses enthusiasm or compels us to admiration, as he recalls the heroic splendors of olden times, and tells us of heroes who were "prodigal of their great souls."

That he was a faithful and constant friend is evinced by such odes as those to Varus, Septimius, Valgius, and most of all the ode to Virgil, which all declare how he shared alike in the joys and the sorrows of those to whom he was attached, and how faithfully he exercised the true offices of friendship in lightening their adversity, and rendering their prosperity yet brighter.

The claims of Horace to originality as a lyric poet have been much discussed, and his odes have been characterized as imitations, even as mere translations of the Grecian lyric poets. But very many of his best odes are so thoroughly Roman in their character, that far from being formed from Greek models, they are distinctively his own. Whence, for instance, but from the souls of a Roman poet could have emanated the sublime martial ode to Antonius, or the peaceful lay called forth from his lyre by the closing of the temple of Janus? Who but a Roman poet could have drawn the fine picture of the disinterested patriotism of Regulus, or produced the noble ode in which Juno in the council of the gods, admits Romulus to divine honors, and pronounces the lofty destinies of his people. Truly none but Horace, who of all the ancient poets that have come down to us, possessed the greatest share of heroic grandeur.

Let us say, in passing, that while we find much to admire in these odes of Horace, it must not be supposed that there is in them nothing reprehensible. Especially from the standpoint of Christian Ideals are these lyrical compositions open to exception and condemnation. Horace being a pagan and an epicurean, could not easily avoid lapses into the common faults of those who are not guided by the highest respect for the standards of Christian morality. Hence, of his odes, many are offensive from the moral view-point.

But it is as a didactic poet, that Horace shows his greatest powers, and establishes his claim to the respect and admiration of ages; it is in his epistles, and especially in that one termed the "Art of Poetry," that we find his sterling good sense, his vigorous

understanding, his deep insight into the human heart, his keen observation and familiar knowledge of the character and ways of men ; it is there that we find the wise, comprehensive, and genial mind, which could readily seize, and interpret in easy and graceful verse, the characteristic incidents of his eventful age, the features of Roman life and manners, and the great truths of human wisdom and experience. But these writings possess even a greater and a wider value, — a value for all men and all times. This consists in the practical wisdom which pervades them, “the cheerful philosophy of human life, gained by a long and thoughtful observation and experience of the world.” It is here that we discover the secret of Horace’s power over so many minds ; it is not his style, with its rare union of elegance and vigour, it is not his terseness and felicity of expression, — but it is the wise thoughts, the just sentiments, and genuine truths, universally applicable to the every-day lives of men, which are the staple of his works ; it is these which have made him the favorite companion, not only of classic scholars, but of statesmen, philosophers, and men of the world ; the most known, the best remembered, and the most frequently quoted of all the writers of antiquity. And as there is no ancient poet more read than Horace, so of all the poems of Horace there is none that better deserves to be read and pondered over with care than his “Art of Poetry.” It is certain that with little apparent effort, and less trouble, except, perhaps, the careful correction of particular expressions, Horace has here given us an immortal treatise. In it we are obliged to admire the facility with which the poet manipulates what, in the hands of a lesser artist, would have been mere clumsy rules of rhetoric and taste. It is not an easy task to throw the vesture of elegance over the bare and unattractive rules and principles which are to guide writers in poetic and oratorical composition. Admirably has Horace done this. His little treatise is replete with “winged words.” Many lines and phrases, illustrating his “*callida junctura*” or remarkable as the adequate and almost inevitable expression of enduring thought, ever linger in our memory. Who does not know those proverbial catchwords, such as “*purpureus pannus*,” or “*jus et norma loquendi*,” or again “*decies repetita placebit*” and many others, embracing in their conciseness the wisdom of volumes.

Now why has this "Art of Poetry" elicited such universal admiration, been deemed worthy of everlasting fame? Because it marks an epoch in the history of the development of letters. It formulates those grand laws according to which all great poetic works must be built; it traces out the path which all writers must follow if they would excel. It shows what the poet must do and what he must avoid to attain perfection in his art. It likewise establishes canons of taste and of judgment according to which the reader should appreciate the work of poets. In all this Horace has been so clear, so judicious, and withal so thorough, that what others have added to his precepts appears almost insignificant.

These principles of composition apply not only to dramatic and epic poetry, for which they were primarily intended, but likewise to nearly all classes of prose composition. Do you wish to write a discourse? At the very outset, you must, at the risk of failure, put in practice the advice of Horace in your introduction, be not boastful, make no large promises as that one:

"Whose epic mountains never fail in mice."

Again, would you arouse the passions, would you draw tears from the eyes of your audience? Horace tells you:

"Who claims my tears must first display his own,
Then shall I catch his pangs and share his moan."

It is unnecessary to dwell longer upon the literary merits of a writer whose fame has long been permanently established, and who is almost without rival in his several species of writing. The versality of the genuises of Horace is attested by the various departments of poetry which he cultivated, in all of which he was eminent, in some original and unequalled. The fame of Horace has far exceeded the measure of his own proud prophecy. It has outlived those solemn processions to the Capitol of Pontiffs and vestal virgins, it has outlived the entire religion of Rome, and ancient Rome itself, and after the lapse of ages, it still flourishes in all its early freshness. Nor shall the blight of time nor the "flight of ages" tarnish one bright leaf of his immortal crown.

F. S. CLARK, '03.

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EDITORIAL.

IT is undoubtedly a very desirable thing to possess a large, comprehensive, versatile mind, well stored with useful knowledge and able to seize the complex problems of life, but it is an incomparably higher good to possess a strong, manly character—that force which enables a young man to stand erect in the dignity of noble manhood, though the furious storms of a hundred temptations rage around him.

There is, perhaps, nothing which young men admire more or to which they profess more ardent attachment than independence, liberty. But we venture to assert that few things are more uncommon among this same class of young men than real, genuine independence of character. The number of students who dare be themselves and act up to their conceptions of what is right and honorable under trying circumstances, is by no means large. Many, perhaps the majority, permit themselves to be led, not by the most worthy and noble, but by the ignoble, the base, the unmanly, the vulgar element. In many instances they do violence not only to their conscience but even to their natural sense of equity and fair dealing. Yet they dare not bid defiance to the cowardly demands of such despicable leaders. In this there is not of course, even a shadow of independence, but rather abject, contemptible servility. No man can lay claim to independence of character who has not the moral courage to be true to the promptings of his nobler nature. Liberty does not consist in the absence of all restraint, but only of undue restraint, whereas slavery essentially consists precisely in this undue restraint. Such young men are veritable slaves, all the more

base, cowardly and detestable, because they deliberately submit themselves to a restraint altogether unwarranted and wholly degrading. Liberty, freedom, independence, on such lips is a mockery and a sham.



THE EXCELLENCE AND HELPFULNESS OF BOOKS.

WHEN we think of the many facilities which are, in these days of enlightenment, placed at the disposal of students for the culture of their intellect, it seems strange that we should find so large a number of our young men who are, practically speaking, illiterate.

Now, to what must we attribute this deplorable fact? Is it to the inability on the part of the instructors, or is it due to a scarcity of literature? Very little reasoning is required in order to arrive at the conclusion that the blame cannot be attributed to either of these causes.

The real cause of this state of affairs is a coldness, an indifference to books on the part of the student. If we turn our eyes to those of both mental and moral superiority, we will soon find that their choicest companions are books. This one consideration is sufficient to answer why books ought to be an interesting subject for every student; why the student should enter the library which throws open its doors to receive him, where he will find a world of pleasure and of good, where he will find language that speaks to his heart, to his mind, yes, to his inmost soul; language that will bear away care and sorrow, arouse his fancy and fire his imagination.

By reading these books his mind is borne to every memorable spot on the globe; he beholds the rise and fall of nations, he hears the songs of poets and the stories of men and women who have devoted their talents, yes, and what is more, their very lives to every good cause—men and women who have made history, founded religions, framed laws, created art and sciences, taught philosophy, and withstood tyrants.

Books are kingdoms, they are empires, they are whole worlds; they bear the mind back to the time when the feminine hand

reached forth to pluck the forbidden fruit; they lead it forward to the time when care and sorrow will be no more; they relate whatever hope or despair, faith or doubt, love or hate, has touched a human heart. They are for all time and for every place. What swift winged messengers of truth and beauty—messengers for every nation and for every land.

Where do we find the best thoughts of the greatest writers and thinkers—thoughts that have made the home happier, the country more beautiful, the world better? The answer is not far to seek on the pages of silent though immortal books. In them words have been arranged with such skill that a description often gives the mind more lively ideas than the sight of the things themselves. The reader finds a scene drawn in stronger colors and painted more to the life in his imagination, by the help of words, than by an actual survey of the scene which they describe.

In this case nature seems to be out done by the poet. True, he takes the landscape after her, but gives it more vigorous touches, heightens its beauty and so enlivens the whole poem that the images which flow from the objects themselves appear weak and faint in comparison to those that come from the expressions.

We may, without much difficulty assign a reason for this. In the survey of an object we have only so much of it painted on our imagination, as comes in at the eye, but in the description the poet gives us as free a view of it as he pleases, and discovers to us several parts, that either we did not see, or that lay out of our sight when first we beheld it. As we look on any object, our idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three simple ideas; but when the poet represents it, he may either give us a more complex idea of it, or only raise in us such ideas as are most apt to affect the imagination.

Do you desire to live in the past; or to forecast the future or to fill the present with beautiful thoughts and images? Do you desire a knowledge of law, of medicine, or of theology? Do you desire to listen to men who have fathomed the depths of philosophy, or to men who have fired the human heart by their eloquence? If so, walk over the threshold of the spacious library and mention the name of one of those illustrious men and you will see with what promptitude he will appear with the glad words:

"Friend, I am at your service." Would you speak with historians? You have them all from Herodotus to Bancroft. Would you hear the sweetest poets sing? They are all here with their soft lyres, from David to Longfellow. Would you listen to voices whose eloquence has moved nations! Ask Demosthenes, ask Cicero, Burke, Bossuet, or Webster, to speak to you and they will repeat their speeches!

Would you know how to cure the maladies of the body? All the physicians are here from Esculapius to Pasteur. Would you listen to the greatest religious teachers? You will find all here from Moses to St. Thomas. What a wonderful place is a library! What a mysterious haunt of great spirits!

Speaking of books Bishop Spalding says: "If we seek knowledge, they will impart it; if counsel, they will give it; if we want consolation, we shall find it in them; if recreation and beguilement, in them also. They are athrill with life, and the best of them being alive now some thousand years inspire us with thoughts of immortality; and since though old they are still young, they have the power even when age bears us down, to rouse within us the fresh hope and courage of youth.

"I would not barter my books and reading," says Fenelon, "for kingdoms and empires."

"My early and invincible reading," says Gibbon, "I would not exchange for the treasures of India."

Although true friends are noble companions, good books are far nobler; they are inspirers of noble loves and deeds; they are the fountain heads of sentiments which have animated every good and holy purpose that has ever been accomplished; they are companions in solitude, companions that never give way to idle gossip, but always utter words of wisdom when they are most needed, words like voices from eternity to soothe, to control, to elevate.

All this is the mission of good books, the influence of bad and indifferent books is equally great in impelling the mind to evil. For like their authors, they are corrupt or spiritless.

And, since the limited time at our disposal, will not permit us to read even all good books, let us confine ourselves to the reading only of the very best books, books that will inspire and illuminate that we may learn to imbibe their life and spirit.

P. V. E., '03.

Egan

EXCHANGES.

Wishing them every success for the coming year, we extend to all our literary friends a cordial greeting.

PROGRESS IN EDUCATION.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

(Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.)

THE Ave Maria has rendered a service to both teachers and students by placing within their reach this masterly oration of Bishop Spalding. The eloquent Bishop of Peoria, has thought more deeply, has written and spoken more extensively on the great subject of education than any other man in America. There is a comprehensiveness, a grasp, a vigour, an intensity and earnestness in his treatment of this important theme which produces a powerful influence upon even the most casual reader. Yet, we venture to say that in none of his utterances has he gone more deeply into the subject or developed with such clearness, power of argument and wealth of illustration the great fundamental principles which underly right education than in this oration delivered before the National Education Association.

We have selected several passages for quotation but find it difficult to manage them. There is such a compact unity in the whole discourse that single passages seem to lose half their force when detached from the context. We venture, however, to quote the following :

"It is to Christianity, not to science, that we are indebted for our faith in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mankind; in the immortal and God-like nature of the soul; in the paramount worth of character; in the duty of universal benevolence, having as its implication equalities of laws and opportunities for all, in the progress which is marked by an ever-increasing domination of the spirit over matter and the gradual spreading of heaven over earth."

We hope to see this magnificent oration in the hands of every student. It is, in our opinion, the best Bishop Spalding has yet spoken on the subject, admirable though his previous writings are, and this is equivalent to saying that it is the most excellent treatment of the subject in recent years. It is got up in neat form and at such a paltry price as to be easily within the reach of all.



Among our many old acquaintances, we are pleased to meet, and to welcome to our sanctum several new yet nevertheless promising visitors. The S. V. C. Index, in its first issue, gives very decided promise of success, and truly "compares favorably with the best." A paper on "*Philosophy and the Physical Sciences*," exhibits remarkable force and conviction, coupled with an almost perfect mastery of English style. For proving the superiority of philosophy over the physical sciences, the reasoning, for clearness and penetration is admirable. The arguments, always cogent and rhetorically expressed, of which, the author makes use, when united with his eloquent diction, make his more enjoyable than any essay we have seen for some time. Another article on the "*Development of the Physical Sciences*," is not, in our opinion as ably written as the preceding. Its very conciseness and the rapidity with which the subject is treated, show a lack of care and thoroughness. While some unity is observed, there is evident a want of strength and energy, two very necessary qualities of a good composition. The editorial, exchange and other departments of the journal, are ably conducted, and this first number of the Index gives most satisfactory assurance of the success of future issues.

In the midsummer number of the Notre Dame Scholastic we find several essays and poems of merit. "*The Pagan Bards of the Gael*" treats in an interesting manner of the poets and poetry of ancient Ireland. After a few appropriate remarks relative to the late revival of Gaelic literature, the author speaks particularly of the golden age of Pagan Celtic poetry. Although somewhat cursory in treatment and marred by one or two technical errors, it is a very pleasing and instructive essay. Another paper

on "*Man's Future*" speaks in a somewhat sanguine strain of the probable outcome of our civilization. The author answers well the pessimistic theories of those who contend, that having reached the limits of science and of human endeavour, we must slowly, unfeelingly, inevitably relapse into primeval barbarism. His arguments are strong, though his treatment of the subject is somewhat diffuse and erratic. An editorial on the value of education merits great praise. In it are answered once for all the senseless objections to higher education made by men who are, no doubt, too supinely indolent, or of a capacity too narrow, to apply themselves to the task of earnest study. We would that all might read this plea for true education and for consequent mental breadth and nobility. The writer clearly shows that all true felicity is intellectual, and that a good education is far more desirable than unlimited wealth. "*A Summer Storm*" is the title of a small poem in blank verse, which evidences strong and poetic imagination.

In the "*Inheritance of the Twentieth Century*" in the Holy Ghost College Bulletin, the author institutes an apt comparison, or rather contrast, between the advanced enlightenment of this age and the attainments of the centuries preceding. He rightly holds that we, although vastly superior to the ancients in science, methods or facilities, must bow before our predecessors in the matter of true genius, labor, and intellect, and that we, unlike them, have cultivated a coldly scientific and commercial spirit to the exclusion of deep learning and the fine arts. Although suited to the subject, the style is weakened by a certain prolixity and inaccuracy. Another essay on "*The Commercial Spirit and Tendencies of the Twentieth Century*" is much more inaccurate in expression, and incorrect in grammar, as "*we all of us have witnessed,*" "*reached to*" and other solecisms evince. From the following we can gather nothing "and yet it has been for her (our country) a wonderful century, *in its figure*, that in every line of life and activity, *express* the vast extent of her progress." We trust these errors are merely typographical, for in other respects, the essay is well prepared, pleading necessity in defense of our national tendency toward commercialism. "*The Young Man of the Twentieth Century*" shows of what great importance it is to the welfare of a country, that its young men be educated, not in

mind only, but also in heart, that they be not superficially learned but thoroughly educated, for upon its youth the nation relies at every period, and in every crisis. To produce such men, the author justly declares, we have need of a system of education "not characterized by moral deformities, and an almost heathenish code of ethics, only too prevalent in our days," but a system which perfects both mind and heart and will, and which inculcates the highest morality with a perfect faith in God. The "*Valedictory*," delivered by Mr. P. A. Gillespie, is a touching adieu to Alma Mater, very delicate in expression and sentiment.

"*Catholic Forefathers' Day*," in the Georgetown College Journal, is a fair specimen of panegyric oratory. The claims of Maryland to our admiration and gratitude, as being the first among the colonies to recognize the glorious indefeasible rights of conscience, are well supported. The author maintains, with reason, that the admirable principles of our government are greatly indebted to the precedent of Maryland for their existence and practical application. The "*Foundations of Psychology*" treats in a general way of the history and scope of that important study. The style is notably terse and exact, being thus well adapted to the brevity of the piece. Another very ably written article is on "*Evolution, The Creed of Science*." The writer attacks with the weapon of ridicule the senseless theories and unproven tenets of evolution. It is an excellent piece of sarcasm, thorough in its treatment and telling in its effect.

F. S. CLARK, '03.



VIATORIANA.

Quid sit?

Shorty Long.

How old are you?

A flourishing institution.

I had a good job and I lost it, just because I made those Goo-Goo eyes.

V—Why is the new gymnasium like the sea, when the juniors are in it?

S—You have me there.

V—Because it is full of lobsters.

A certain young philosopher, with a far-away look in his eyes, was asked where he had been. He replied: "I was ambidexterously occupied in abluting my pedal extremities."

It seems that Rockefeller is not the only man who is as great as Shakespeare. Steve is ready to maintain against all gainsayers that his friend C— has Shakespeare discounted, as far as wit is concerned.

An admiring crowd had gathered around V— to listen to a few of his marvellous stories. "Do you know," said V—, "that you can see further from McVicker's theatre than from any other point in America?" "My, it must be a high building!" said the man from Indiana. "No, it is not a remarkably high building, but in it you can see 'Way Down East.'" V— belongs to the track team and that explains why he still lives.

The young philosopher had just finished what he calls the syllogism. He treated his friends to the following specimen of his "dialectical" (not ours) skill: "A dollar is better than nothing; but nothing is better than heaven; ergo, a dollar is better than heaven."

"Your unsufferable consequentiality is extremely nauseating to the refined susceptibilities of a cultured gentleman."

We urge the students to read the advertisements appearing in THE VIATORIAN, and to give their patronage to those gentlemen who have shown themselves to be our real friends. You will thus be acting in accordance with your own best interests, and, at the same time, rendering us a service. You will consult your own interest because our advertisers are the representative business men of Kankakee in their respective departments and you can always be sure of getting the full worth of your money. It will be advantageous to us because our friends will be convinced that it pays to advertise in THE VIATORIAN. Besides, these same gentlemen have always been most ready to give us every encouragement in their power.

