

IN VAIN.

I have tasted the nectar of human applause,
I have heard the sweet music of fame,
But my soul feels a craving, an indwelling flame
That will give her no rest or repose.

The fair treasures of fortune I hold in my grasp,
All the goods hoarded riches can buy,
And with these can I not all life's evils defy,
Though around me they fall thick and fast.

Ah! In vain have I trusted to wealth's boasted power,
Now I stand on the brink of the grave ;
All the gold ever minted is powerless to save
Or to drive the dark spectres away.



DANTE'S "LUCIFER" AND MILTON'S "SATAN."

NO one who has read Dante's "Inferno" and Milton's "Paradise Lost" can have failed to notice the marked contrast which exists between the Lucifer of the one and the Satan of the other. The Lucifer of the "Inferno" is a monster, so repulsive that we are forced to turn away our eyes from it in loathing and disgust; a being in which we see nothing but ugliness and terror—a being, as the poet would express it, "that to be hated needs but to be seen." The Satan of the "Paradise Lost" is a great warrior, who, though cast from Heaven for his sin of pride, still retains some of his original beauty; he is clothed in the richest garments and is the embodiment of heroic valor—a being as some one has well said, "that do what you will, demands a human sympathy." Now to what must we attribute this contrast? Certainly there is nothing in the being itself, nor in the diverse names used by the poets to designate it, that can warrant such a vast dissimilarity, for whether that being be called Lucifer, or Satan, or Prince of Darkness, it always remains true that it is the same essential being—the arch-enemy of God and man—the devil. Perhaps if we turn to the poets themselves we will find a solution to our question. Dante and Milton lived in different ages, in different countries, and they differed in religious faith. Dante lived in the thirteenth century, Milton in the seventeenth; Dante was a Florentine, Milton an Englishman; Dante was a Roman Catholic, Milton a Puritan. But again, these might be considered as only accidental differences, and can hardly account for the heroic Satan and the despicable Lucifer.

We shall probably find the cause of this contrast in the diverse ends which the poets proposed to themselves when writing their respective poems. Dante, in writing his "Inferno," aimed not so much at teaching the world a great lesson in the art of writing poetry as in teaching it a grand moral lesson. His object was not to make men write better, but to live better. He sought to inspire his reader with a salutary fear of, and hatred for the Evil One, and it is for this reason that he paints Lucifer in his true colors—the most ferocious and ugly of the fallen angels. It is for this reason too that he does not allow us to look upon the accursed emperor of the realm of woe until he has led us through the many-chambered hall of tortures; until he has shown us the countless souls that are here enduring eternal pains—the work of that fiendish seducer; until he has brought us over the bleak Cocytus in whose icy embrace we behold a multitude of shades fixed immovable. Until we have descended with Dante to the lowest pit of hell's dread abyss, he does not show us the creature once eminent in beauty, but here what a sight! Here it is that we are forced to exclaim *corruptio optimi pessima*. Here we see a being who once occupied the highest place of all the angels in heaven, now imbedded in the lowest depths of hell; a being who before his impious rebellion was the most beautiful of all the angels, now the ugliest of all the devils; a spirit who before his sin of pride enjoyed the most absolute freedom, now writhing in his own shackles; a creature who once raised its voice against the Creator, now silent forever.

Listen to the poet's own description of Lucifer :

" That emperor, who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice
Stood forth ; O what a sight !
How passing strange it seem'd, when I did spy
Upon his head three faces, one in front
Of hue vermilion, the other two with this
Midway each shoulder join'd and at the crest ;
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd ; the left
To look on such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings No plumes had they
But were in texture like a bat ; and these
He flapp'd i' th' air, that from him issued still
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept : the tears
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd,
Bruised as with ponderous engine ; so that three
Were in this guise tormented."

And would you know how this dread abode was formed
in which we see Lucifer held a captive ?

" On this part he fell down
From heaven ; and th' earth, here prominent before,
Through fear of him, did veil her with the sea
And to our hemisphere retired."

These few lines would suffice to express the unspeakable deformity of Lucifer had Dante said nothing more.

Let us now cast a glance at the Miltonic Satan in "Paradise Lost." Here indeed we will find the scenery changed, but the change need not astonish us. The aim of Milton, unlike that of Dante, was to give the world a great epic poem ; a tide of gorgeous eloquence regardless of any moral tonic. Hence it is that the Lucifer which we have just seen becomes a skilled commander at the head of an innumerable army of the fallen angels ; no longer is he held a captive in the frozen Cocytus ; no longer is it his

business to gnaw and bruise sinners in his triad of murky mouths; no longer are his own sufferings so intense that they cause tears mixed with bloody foam to trickle down and besmear his monstrous face; no longer, in a word, is he the same contemptible devil as that which we have seen in the "Inferno." We see him first awaking from his stupor, which was caused probably by his rapid transit from heaven; he finds himself and his horrid crew the occupants of a wild waste

"As far removed from God and light of heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole."

Yet he has enough courage left to keep him from giving up the field for lost; enough Puritan pride to wage war against the throne of heaven, "where power and will are one." Hear his address to the rebel hosts that lay vanquished around him:

"O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty;
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these could ever know repulse?
. . . who can yet believe though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
. War, then, war
Open or understood must be resolved."

Nor are his words of incitement without producing their effect, for immediately

". Out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far around illuminated hell; highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven."

But Satan has not yet a temple in which to hold a solemn council on this great war question, and open-air assemblies are no longer in keeping with his royal dignity. Mammon, therefore—one of the spirits whom we beheld “with face to feet arched like a bow” in Dante’s Cocytus—leads a brigade of spirits, armed with spades and pickaxes, to a neighbouring hill wherein they open a spacious hall, and here we are to get a glimpse of a cosy corner in Milton’s hell:

“ . . . Out of the earth a fabric hue
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave ; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven :
The roof was fretted with gold.”

Nor is this infernal, though stately pile, bereft of light,
for

“ From the arched roof
Pendent by subtile magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naptha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from the sky.”

What a contrast between this magnificence and the storm-swept Cocytus ! And how differently they are formed ! The earth yields its best treasures for the erection of the one ; it flees away and veils itself with water in abhorrence of the other. In Cocytus Lucifer stands imprisoned by the jaggy ice ; in this palace Satan, surrounded by peers, sits on a throne.

“ Which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
Showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold.”

Milton's Satan, as I have already said, is the embodiment of heroic valor. Hear him express his willingness to undertake the perilous task of liberating all the fallen angels from their prison :

" . . . I should ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial sovereignty, adorned
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting . . . Go, therefore mighty powers
. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad,
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek
Deliverance for us all."

He is a skilled commander. See him with his mighty standard upreared and his imperial ensign unfurled as he stands in the midst of his united forces ;

" He thro' the armed files
"Darts his experienced eyes
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visage and stature
Their number last he sums."

He has not lost his heavenly beauty. See him as he enquires from Uriel in the orb of the sun, about the new creation, and man whom God has placed there :

" Now a stripling youth he appears
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffused
Under his coronet his flowing hair,
In curls on either cheek, play'd ; wings he wore
Of many a colored plume, sprinkled with gold."

What a change ! Here, in *Paradise Lost*, we see a devil decked in colours that would grace an angel of heaven—a smiling youth adorned with flowing hair, and "wings of many a colour'd plume." There, in the *Inferno*, we see none

of this splendour, none of this tinsel and glitter. No, there we see the Evil One painted in the vilest and most repulsive colors; there we see him deprived of every vestige of beauty; deprived of liberty of movement, liberty of speech, and all hope of ever regaining a single moment's happiness. There he may flap his leathern wings, indeed, but never soar. Here he may spread his variegated plumage and wing his flight to the very orb of the sun. There he is held an agonizing captive in the gloomy Cocytus, bruising and lacerating his victims. Here he parades like a drill-sergeant through the gilded halls of Pandemonium; now reviewing his rebel troops, now inspiring them with courage and the hope of regaining their native country.

The grandeur of Milton's Satan is unquestionably one of the most objectionable features of the "Paradise Lost." Surely the poet could have expended his imaginative powers in a higher and holier cause than in putting frills and curls and gilded wings on the grizzly monster which he found in Dante's Cocytus. But here again we must revert to the fact that Milton's aim in writing his "Paradise Lost" was not to make his readers hate evil and its parent, but to bequeath to them a grand epic wherein they might read the description of a great celestial battle, a battle between two mighty intellectual powers; God and his angels on the one side; Satan and his demons on the other. To realize this aim the poet found it necessary to paint Satan as he did—a gigantic warrior marshalling his hellish legions against their heavenly enemy. This undeniable fact remains, however;

although Milton's Satan is an immeasurably greater production of poetical imagination than is Dante's Lucifer, yet the dingy denizen, the unkemp and ugly Emperor of the "Inferno," is an incomparably superior creation if we look upon it from a moral standpoint, and we must not forget that it is from such a standpoint that Dante would have us view his "Lucifer."

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THE CHARACTER OF DANTE.

BY the term character, taken in its widest sense, we mean an assemblage of those marks which distinguish one man from thousands, and the thousands from one another ; but by the term noble character we mean that desirable treasure which all men love from the very impulse of their nature ; that treasure which far surpasses all the riches of the earth ; that treasure in comparison to which precious stones are vile, silver is clay, and purified gold, grains of sand.

But here it becomes interesting and necessary for our purpose to enquire into character as we commonly use the term. Since a man's external actions are but the reflection of his mental disposition, character is evidently to be sought in the mind, and especially in the two principal faculties of the mind—the intellect and the will. Now, character is not in the intellect precisely, because the intellect is concerned with the investigation or the contemplation of truth. It must then be chiefly in the will, the source of action, the rational appetite. Men are good or bad according as their will follows the dictates of right reason or otherwise. Character, then, means that which distinguishes a man with reference to his action or conduct. But since action or conduct consists in habits acquired through repeated acts, it is the will that makes the man—that distinguishes him from his fellows. Hence, we say that a man's character is what he is.

What wonder then if one shows some diffidence in speaking of the qualities of a man whose name is synonomous with this precious treasure ; a man in whom some of the noblest traits of human nature are carried to so high a degree of development that his fame, like a star that has passed from our region of the firmament, still leaves a trail of light in the heavens ; a christian in whom we find a fullness of hope and charity ; a citizen who was

at once the victim of oppression and a champion of justice and liberty. Such in general was Dante, the great Florentine poet and patriot.

Dante Allegheri was born about the year 1265 and died 1321. Since the references of history in regard to this distinguished man are few and meagre, the principal if not the only means therefore left us for forming an acquaintance with him—for beholding him as he was in life—are his writings; for, as the morning air is fired by the splendor of a summer's sunrise, so too the writings of Dante are lit up by thoughts that breathe the sentiments of a truly great and noble character. Through every page of these we will see his many admirable qualities reflected as so many resplendent beams from a mirror held before the noonday sun. In studying his works we may easily trace the development of his character, for in these we see him as the man, the scholar, the christian and the citizen. If, for example, we take the first part of his "New Life," we will see that as a child he was of solitary disposition and that he evinced a marked inclination to study. Here, too, he describes his first meeting, in his ninth year, with Beatrice, a modest, gentle, dignified child about his own age, and who from that moment became the one object of his love, a love pure as the dewdrop that glistens on the petal of a rose at early morning; a love that scorned the false lustre of every licentious thought; a love proper to the age of chivalry in which he lived; a love which in the progress of years became spiritualized, and of which Beatrice was the ideal. His young heart so overflowed with this love for Beatrice that he sought all opportunities of seeing her. We see him modestly and timidly standing on the street through which she is to pass, or reverently kneeling in the Church in which she is accustomed to pray. If occasionally she speak to him we see him turn away to brood in solitude over his happiness.

On flows the course of his life, pouring itself out in fervent effusions of love and admiration to Beatrice. Although she married another man, yet Dante ceased not from afar to admire her virtues and to praise her loveliness. After her death he canonized her and promised to celebrate her in a song whose sound should carry her name and fame to the end of all time. The Divine Comedy attests how well this devoted lover has redeemed his pledge, for in this great song he says of her what has never been said of any other woman. Such is Dante as a lover, and now we come to consider him as a husband and a father. Commentators tell us that after the death of Beatrice, which was, no doubt, to him a subject of inexpressible grief, he was induced by the solicitations of his friends to marry Gemma Donati, in order to console himself for the loss of her who had been to him all in all. That Dante was a faithful husband there is no room for doubt, and that he was a tender lover of his children is evident from his many and earnest entreaties to be permitted to return to them after he had been sent into exile. We can infer from the dreadful punishment which in hell he inflicted upon the pernicious Paolo and the unfaithful Francesca that Dante appreciated conjugal fidelity, and that he was himself a faithful husband; we can read in the pitiful tale of Ugolino and his four children in the tower of famine, that Dante was a tender father and that his children loved him.

But what shall we say of Dante as a scholar! This is another of the great distinctive marks by which we are enabled to single him out from the millions. He was grave, serious and deep, and so ardent was his desire for knowledge that neither the troublesome times in which he lived nor exile itself were able to prevent him from seeking it. It is related by early writers that he studied at Bologna and Padua, as well as in his native city. So great, indeed, had his eagerness for mental improvement grown,

that it led him as far as Paris and even Oxford. We know from his works, and especially from his immortal poem, that he was a man of very keen intellect and marvelous imagination; a man who delighted to revel in the problems of Scholastic Philosophy; a man who possessed wide and deep information on all great questions of his day. In this great song we find embraced as in an encyclopedia the politics, science, classical learning, philosophy and theology of his time. Let any student of literary accomplishment turn at random to a canto anywhere in the *Purgatorio* and examine the characteristics of the page before him, and I shall be surprised if he do not exclaim: "The whole range of literature hardly supplies a parallel phenomenon to this." I shall be surprised, too, if he is not forced to acknowledge that almost every sentence of it contains enough of the solid gold of poetry to be beaten out by a modern literary manufacturer into an acceptable poem.

Thus far we have merely considered Dante's character as a man and a scholar; we have said nothing of his beliefs, in other words of his faith; we have not considered the character of Dante the Christian, and have, therefore, omitted the most important quality of the man. This is the sacred fountain from whence issues all the virtues that make his name immortal. Dante was a Christian in the highest sense of the word; he was a man of firm belief, for in matters of faith his reason always submitted itself to the word of God, and what he could not comprehend he would believe because it was written. Hear his profession of faith to St. Peter, in the 24th canto of the *Paradiso*:

"I in one God believe;
One sole eternal God-head of whose love
All heaven is moved. Himself unmoved the while.
Nor demonstration physical alone,
Or more intelligential and obtruse,
Persuades me to this faith; but from that truth

It cometh to me rather, which is shed
 Through Moses ; the rapt Prophets ; and the Psalms ;
 The Gospel ; and what ye yourselves did write,
 When ye were gifted of the Holy Ghost.
 In three eternal persons I believe ;
 Essence three-fold and one ; mysterious league
 Of union absolute, which many a time
 The word of gospel-lore upon my mind
 Imprints ; and from this germ, this firstling spark,
 The lively flame dilates ; and, like heaven's star,
 Doth glitter in me."

Dante was an ardent lover of the Church and an uncompromising hater of the abuses of Ecclesiastical power by church-men; he unmercifully lashes those who practice simony, nepotism, and all who are swayed by wrongly directed ambition. On the other hand he holds in high esteem all great and good men. St. Francis and St. Dominic he presents to the whole world as the two ideal types of right human conduct. So full of love for God and all his saints, and so zealous was he for God's greater honor and glory that he detested all pretenders who preached a religion of their own, not for conscience sake, but for the sake of gaining notoriety, or for the sake of belonging to a certain faction. Listen to him as he speaks of these :

" The aim of all is how to shine : e'en those
 Whose office is to preach the gospel let the gospel sleep,
 And pass their own inventions off instead.
 One tells how at Christ's suffering the wan moon
 Bent back her steps, and shadowed o'er the sun
 With intervenient disk, as she withdrew.
 Another, how the light shrouded itself
 Within its tabernacle, and left dark
 The Spaniard, and the Indian, with the Jew.
 Such fables Florence in her pulpit hears,
 Bandied about more frequent than the names
 Of Bindi and of Tapi in her streets.
 The sheep, meanwhile, poor witless ones, return
 From pasture, fed with wind ; and what avails
 For their excuse, they do not see their harm ?
 Christ said not to his first conventicle,

'Go forth and preach impostures to the world,'
But gave them truth to build on ; and the sound
Was mighty on their lips."

As we are forced to admire the character of Dante as a Christian, confirmed in the true religion and a fearless defender of that religion, so too we are forced to admire his character as a citizen. He was an ardent lover of his native country and a bitter enemy of her crimes ; he identified himself with her politics and was willing to give and take his share of hard blows when necessary. We find him taking a prominent part in the battle of Campaldeno in which the Guelphs of Florence defeated the Ghibelines. That he loved Florence is evident from the fact that he rebukes and admonishes her citizens for their sins, just as would a father his wayward children. He knew full well that nations like individuals prosper or decay according as they approach nearer to or withdraw farther from the standard of morality. So great indeed was his love for Florence that even in exile he did not cease to care for her welfare. We see him write a letter full of reproach to the Florentines for their conduct, and another to Henry VII of Germany, urging him to hurry on the work of the regeneration of Italy which so long had been neglected by her rulers. The soul of this man flames with righteous indignation at the sight of baseness and corruption.

"Ah, Slavish Italy ! thou inn of grief !
Vessel without pilot in loud storm !
Lady no longer of fair provinces,
But brothel-house impure ! this gentle spirit,
Even from the sound of his dear land
Was prompt to greet a fellow citizen
With such glad cheer : while now thy living ones
In thee abide not without war ; and one
Malicious gnaws another ; ay, of those
Whom the same wall and the same moat contains
Seek, wretched one ! around thy sea-coast wide ;
Then homeward to thy bosom turn ; and mark,
If any of thine sweet peace enjoy.
What boots it, that thy reins Justinian's hand

Refitted, if thy saddle be unprest?
 Naught doth he now but aggravate thy shame.
 Ah people! thou obedient still should'st live,
 And in the saddle let thy Cæsar sit,
 If we'll thou marked'st that which God commands."

How terrible a blow must not his exile have been to Dante, that whole-souled citizen, driven from his home and family, from his native city which he had always loved with a passionate devotion; his goods confiscated and he himself forced to become a wanderer and a beggar on the face of the earth? Yet in the midst of all these trials and sorrows we find the same manly character. We find him scorning the unprincipled and scheming exiles who were ready and willing to return to Florence under the most humiliating and debasing conditions. Hear the words of this wanderer, when he had learned some of the conditions under which he would be permitted to return: "What, can I not look upon the face of the sun and stars anywhere? Can I not meditate anywhere under the heavens upon the most sweet truths unless I first render myself inglorious, nay, ignominious to the people and state of Florence? No, if Florence can be entered by no other path, then never will I enter Florence."

O proud exile, great christian, true citizen and wonderful scholar in whom we find this treasure of character—strong intellect, the sweep of whose glance compasses the heavens above and the shades beneath, searching into hidden mysteries and portraying them to men; whose mighty will turned to lofty ideals and persevered in their pursuit unto the end—from whose lips have fallen so many words of wisdom and truth; words that show the workings of an elevated mind and a generous heart; words which portray the sentiments of a grand and noble character—receive a tribute of respect and love from us, thy humble admirers; allow us to place upon thy sorrow-plowed brow the laurel-wreathes of our sincere admiration, and to be the heralds of thy fame and glory to our own and succeeding ages.

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MOLIERE AND SHAKESPEARE.

IN a previous essay I endeavored to show that Molière is a greater comedian than Shakespeare, for the following reasons: he has written a greater number of real comedies; he has created more humorous characters, one of whom (Scapin) is at least equal to Falstaff—Shakespeare's greatest humorous creation—whilst he has produced four or five others with whom Shakespeare has nothing to compare. But above all, because, in order to be witty, Molière never descends to vulgarity, licentiousness or immorality. When he is most humorous he is seldom vulgar and never licentious, whilst Shakespeare can rarely be either witty or humorous even in his tragedies without descending to a gross vulgarity that is at once offensive to good morals and refined taste. This last point is so important that I think taken alone it is sufficient to establish the superiority of Molière, for assuredly that comedian has a higher claim to our esteem and admiration who can draw freely from the best sources of humor without transgressing the bounds of decency and decorum, than the one who scarcely seems to know any source of humor except the low, vulgar or licentious—whose language would never be tolerated in respectable society.

A comparative study of the two dramatists will make this clear. I will select especially three characters from Molière and compare the situation in which we find them with similar scenes in Shakespeare. The three whom I select to represent Molière are De Pourceaugnac, Jourdain and Argan. Any one of these can be well compared with Scapin or Falstaff for humor. They are essentially humorous men whose very appearance on the stage is sufficient to excite laughter, yet they are entirely different. One is a foolish lover, another is a retired merchant, and the last is an imaginary invalid. Molière has made of each a master-piece of

humor. It would be difficult to assign a solid reason for preferring one to another, but this I may say without any fear—any one of them would have been sufficient to immortalize the name of Molière as a creator of humorous character. Of course all I can do is to give a faint idea of these men; in order to see how humorous they really are, it will be necessary to read the comedies. Here it may be remarked that Molière is one of those very few dramatists that are as interesting when read as when seen on the stage.

From the first moment Pourceaugnac appears on the stage until he leaves it, the humor is irresistible and the spectator or reader finds himself entering heartily into the good natured fun. In this comedy Molière reveals a power that Shakespeare has not: that of sustaining his humor throughout his whole play. This is a thing that Shakespeare has never done. At times he is sad, or worse than this he is vulgar and immoral. When a man must burn the heart and defile the mind in order to be humorous or witty, it is far better that he should always confine himself to the tragic. It is a fact that cannot escape the attention of any intelligent reader, that when Shakespeare tries to be humorous he is perhaps always vulgar or immoral, a thing which is so true that even in his great tragedies when he tries to be witty he is open to this charge. Why even in Hamlet, his masterpiece, when he tried to be witty, in that conversation between Hamlet and Ophelia in the third act, he becomes vulgar and immoral. It is the same thing in Othello in a conversation between Iago, Desdemona and Emilia, etc, yet all this is supposed to be Shakespearean wit! But when Molière is most humorous and witty, when he makes us laugh the most, he is never immoral and seldom vulgar. Nothing more humorous than De Pourceaugnac can be conceived, yet he is always a moral man—a moral fool if you will—but in my opinion a

moral fool is superior to a clever rascal. Pourceaugnac is harmless and his conversation only makes us laugh, but Shakespeare's smart rascals are dangerous, and their conversations are such that no polite society will tolerate them even on the stage and still less in real life.

There are many humorous scenes and comical situations in this comedy of Molière's. One of these is when a young man makes Pourceaugnac believe that he is an old friend of his and of his family, while in fact he then met him for the first time. Be a man ever so phlegmatic he cannot fail to be moved to laughter by this scene. Now if we compare this with that scene in Shakespeare, where Portia and Nerissa try to make their husbands confess that they have given their rings to other women, we shall see the superiority of Molière over Shakespeare. In order to produce this humorous (?) scene Shakespeare has marred these two characters. Up to this time they were both admirable, but in order to tickle the vulgarity, or worse, of some of his audience, Shakespeare makes these two ladies speak a language as unbecoming as it is offensive. It seems strange to me that Shakespeare could never produce a character like De Pourceaugnac, a man that would make us laugh not by his unblemishing lewdness but by his simplicity. What the cause of it may be I know not, but I do not believe if Shakespeare had been able to amuse his audience without being vulgar or immoral, that he would have had recourse to such extremes.

No less humorous is Jourdain, "the would be noble," but he moves in an entirely different sphere. He was a rich merchant that came to live in the city as a gentleman of leisure. Although he is quite advanced in years, yet he takes lessons in music, dancing, military exercise and philosophy. One day all these different professors happen to meet at the old man's house

and each one begins to praise his art and to dispraise those of the others till finally it ends by a free for all fight. This is one of the most humorous scenes that Molière has created and we can find none in Shakespeare to equal it. It becomes grander and Molière rises higher in our estimation when we compare it with that scene of Shakespeare in which a fight occurs between Falstaff and Pistol and those two dishonest and immoral creatures, whose very names cause disgust. Molière in this scene is moral and refined; Shakespeare is immoral, licentious and vulgar; the personages that figure in the scene of Molière are men of refinement; it is a professor of dance, of music, of military exercise, of philosophy; those who figure in the scene of Shakespeare are dishonest and immoral; it is a drunken, brutal and licentious Falstaff; it is that scoundrel Pistol; it is that gossiping woman "Mistress Quickly," and it is that disgrace and reproach of her kind, "Doll Tearsheet." Now every one will enjoy this scene in Molière whether it be enacted on the stage or in reality. But no company of actors would dare to present this other scene from Shakespeare without making many important changes. In fact there are not three of Shakespeare's plays which can be brought on the stage precisely as he wrote them, whilst nearly all Molière's comedies can be acted without the alteration of a single word.

There is in this comedy another very humorous scene. It is when a young man, who is in love with Jourdain's daughter, disguises himself as a Turkish noble and confers on the old man the title of "Mamamamouchi," with all the magnificence and grandeur that are wont to attend such a ceremony. The height of the ludicrous is reached when the old man goes through this mock ceremony with all the dignity of a king, while those who are taking part must make supreme efforts to preserve a becoming gravity. We can conceive nothing more humorous, not even that

famous scene in Henry IV, where Falstaff reveals himself to be a splendid liar—a liar that passes all bounds of common sense and probability. Of course in this scene again Shakespeare is not always moral and refined while Molière is.

This scene of Shakespeare takes place in a tavern; that of Molière in a respectable house. Again in this comedy Molière sustains his humor throughout the whole play. There cannot be found one scene in which there is not something humorous or witty, and yet he is always moral and refined. How much he differs from Shakespeare, who can hardly sustain his humor or wit through one act without sinking into vulgarity. In this drama, Molière teaches a very practical lesson: he shows how ridiculous a man becomes when he tries to force himself into a station of life for which he is wholly unsuited both by nature and education.

Molière has created another character that is certainly as humorous as any we have yet seen: Argan in "Le Malade Imaginaire," a man who really believes he is sick while he eats three square meals a day and sleeps soundly through the whole night. But before going any further it may be well to remark here that Molière in this comedy, as in many others, attacks the physicians.

That he was justified in his day in doing this there is no doubt. There were, at that time in Paris, many physicians who were not up to their profession and it is these ignorant doctors that he ridicules. Molière has in this comedy also sustained his humor and still kept up to the same high level of morality and refinement. If we compare a scene of this comedy with a similar scene in Shakespeare we will see again that Molière is at least equal to the English bard in wit and humor without any of his grossness. Because Argan was always sick—at least he thought he was—he wanted to marry his daughter to a doctor, who was somewhat thick-headed, as all of Molière's doctors are. As the young lady

was in love with another young man she did not care for the doctor, yet she dared not disobey the command of her father. The servant girl Toinette comes to her help. This Toinette is one of Molière's most witty characters and one of the most moral and refined. What is Beatrice in comparison with this poor girl, even though only a servant! It seems to me that when compared with the gross and vulgar Beatrice she appears as a queen. There is something grand and noble in Toinette. Everybody loves her. She has a great, sympathetic heart, and above all she is pure and unselfish. As for Beatrice, she appears to me as selfish and cold, and though she may not be immoral in her actions, yet she is in her conversation. A very humorous and witty scene occurs when Toinette opposes Argan in his very presence and gravely forbids his daughter to meet the doctor whom he wishes her to accept as her husband. The old man becomes so enraged to see that his servant girl opposes him that he can no longer control himself. When Toinette sees that he is becoming really dangerous, she kindly reminds him that he has forgotten his dangerous malady, then he falls into a chair completely exhausted. How admirable is this scene when compared with that continual battle of coarse, vulgar and sometimes licentious wit between Benedict and Beatrice. Now which of these is most amusing? There is no doubt that everybody from the child to the man bowed down under years, will enjoy this scene of Molière, but who will enjoy this scene of Shakespeare? Why even Taine, who is by no means a scrupulous man, turns away from it in disgust. If a man like Taine finds it unendurably vulgar, we may be sure it is not fit for civilized ears. There are other comical scenes in this drama, especially when Argan has a quarrel with his doctor, and when Toinette dresses herself as a physician and pays the old man a visit. All these are very

humorous and witty, yet they are always moral and refined. But Shakespeare has nothing that in any way could compare with these, and as this is intended to be a comparative study I will be obliged to pass them in silence. Now Molière has created two other humorous characters that are wrought in his best vein and with whom Shakespeare has none to compare. But as this essay threatens to become tedious I will only mention their names. They are: Sganarelle in "*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*," and Sganarelle in "*Le Mariage Farci*." Of course these two Sganarelle are not the same person. It is a name that Molière uses in many of his dramas to designate different characters.

Believing that I have given sufficient reasons to sustain the assertions that I made in beginning this study, namely that Molière is a far greater comedian than Shakespeare, I will now conclude this comparative study by making a few general remarks on Shakespeare and Molière. Shakespeare is a more universal genius than Molière. The English tragedian is the dramatist of the world, the French comedian is the dramatist of one class of people—the middle or common people. If Shakespeare represents all classes of people, while Molière represents but one class, it is but natural that he should excel him in the representation of this one class. Shakespeare's heroes and heroines, in his great tragedies, are usually taken from the nobles; those of Molière from the common people. They are both great moral teachers. Shakespeare teaches grander and sublimer lessons in his tragedies, but Molière teaches more practical lessons. Shakespeare preaches against great crimes that are uncommon among us; Molière against vices and weakness that are very common around us today as well as in his time. It is for these reasons that I believe that if the works of Molière were translated into as many languages and spread all over the world as those of Shakespeare are, that he would become the most popular dramatist that the world has ever seen, because he is by excellence the dramatist of the people.

P. B. DUFAULT, '03.

THE VIATORIAN.

Published monthly by the students.

Edited by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill. All correspondence must be addressed: THE VIATORIAN, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Subscription price, one dollar per year, payable in advance.

Entered at the Bourbonnais P. O. as second class matter.

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EDITORIAL—"A GENTLEMAN."

NO matter how brilliant a man's intellectual endowments may be, or how varied and profound his fund of acquired knowledge, he can never win the love or esteem of good men if he has not those qualities of heart and character which distinguish the gentleman. There are men upon whom nature seems to have lavished mental treasures with prodigal generosity, and yet they are amongst the most brutal and least lovable of men. I fancy few men could really love Swift. They might treat him with great civility and even take great pains to conciliate his good will, but this treatment was pretty sure to be the offspring of fear rather than of love. Gifted though he was with a penetration and a comprehension of mind such as few men possess, he was yet but little better than a savage by reason of his satanic pride and his heartless disregard of the sufferings he inflicted upon others.

Great talent, or even genius, does not, then, constitute the gentleman. These are only powers, and power may be a fearfully destructive as well as a highly useful and beneficent thing.

What is it that entitles a man to be called a gentleman? We have just seen that it is not talent and still less is it wealth, or the knowledge of the latest style of dress, or acquaintance with all the niceties of etiquette, or a perfect familiarity with the conventional formalities of what is termed polite society. These things are only the outward trappings of manhood, and are as easily within the reach of the scoundrel as of the true gentleman.

A gentleman can be known only by his actions, by his relations with his fellow men, consequently the rule, which perfectly regulates these relations, will also be the standard by which we can best distinguish the gentleman. Now the most perfect, the most extensive and all-embracing rule of conduct ever taught for the guidance of men is the golden rule—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." He is a gentleman whose conduct is in conformity with this rule of action, and in so far as one fails to realize this simple, yet sublime precept, in his relations with his fellow men, in so far does he fall below the ideal type of the gentleman.

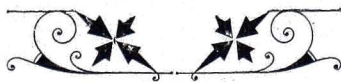
Here is a rule which the illiterate can understand and apply as easily and as perfectly as the cultured. When therefore we wish to know how a gentleman would act under given circumstances, we have only to ask ourselves how we would wish to be treated by those with whom we are dealing in the present case. When we find a man who never inflicts needless pain, who is as considerate of the feelings of others as he is of his own, who makes the golden rule the standard of conduct, we have found a perfect gentleman.

The number of students whose conduct towards their fellow-students and professors will abide this test is by no means large. How brutal, how savage, how utterly unworthy the character of a gentleman the detestable custom of hazing appears when measured by this lofty standard of conduct! There are large numbers of students who believe they are giving infallible signs of cleverness when they make some weaker-minded classmate the butt of their practical jokes. If it is mean, base and cowardly to insult and bully the maimed or the blind, it is no less so to torture those who are so feeble-minded or intellectually blind that they cannot defend themselves. The more important the organ is of which a man is deprived, the greater is the sympathy and compassion he deserves, and the more brutal it becomes to maltreat him. Consequently he is even less of a gentleman who inflicts suffering on those who are mentally weak than he who tyrannizes over the physically maimed.

Whoever finds pleasure in the pain of others is no gentleman, no matter how faultlessly he may dress, or how large his pocket-book. He has the instincts of a savage or worse, because the savage delights in the suffering of those only who have injured him or who he regards as his enemies. And yet how often do we hear students boasting of the mean, contemptible tricks by which they annoy and pain professors—students too who regard themselves as the very glass in which man-hood is mirrored.

These thoughtless or malicious boobies sometimes cause a sensitive spirit an anguish of mind, compared to which

physical pain would be a relief. Take the case of the Cambridge ruffians who so embittered the life of the poet Gray that, as he himself said, "I would rather starve than remain longer at Cambridge." No doubt these students considered themselves gentlemen and probably some of them were the presumptive heirs to large estates and honorable titles. These so-called titled gentlemen thought it a good joke to frighten Gray from his sick-bed by a false alarm of fire and to let him down from the third story by a rope. It was probably the brutality, heartlessness and meanness of his fellow-students that drove Shelly to infidelity and to a fierce hatred of the institutions of society in general and those of England in particular. These are not without their imitators in our day. They never measure their conduct by that noble standard of manhood—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."



EXCHANGES.

“THE Dial” is one of the few among our exchanges whose perusal affords genuine pleasure. Its excellent features can be very profitably imitated by many college journals generally considered, and sometimes considering themselves, as excellent and irreproachable models of college journalism. Though not so bulky as many of its contemporaries, in point of literary excellence it is by no means the least. In the April number there is an excellent essay on “Evolution and Assumption.” We congratulate the author not only on his thorough treatment of the subject, but also, what is more difficult, on the lucidity with which he expresses his ideas, thus enabling the reader to thoroughly enjoy what would be otherwise a dry and uninteresting treatise. He succeeds well in refuting the untenable theories and unstable arguments of the evolutionists, and evinces throughout a thorough knowledge of the matter treated. We might remark in passing that the denunciation of the essay in college journalism by some few ex-men, meets here with an excellent rebuttal. Their assertion that the reading of the college essay occasions a serious loss of time and a tax on one’s patience, can be true only of essays which treat of subjects from a wrong point of view, or in a feeble manner, whereas the essay founded upon truth is ever worthy of serious attention; and when, as in this instance, the beauty of truth is enhanced by the charm of an elegant style, then is the essay a source of mental profit and pleasure rather than of “intellectual dissipation.” The two short stories appearing in this number are praiseworthy

from the fact that, instead of dealing in the sickening, insipid sentimentality displayed by the generality of college fiction, they treat of subjects interesting at least to students. Of the verse, we consider "The Martyr" best, because of its nervous expression of beautiful thoughts. Its happy effect is, however, much marred by the first and the last lines, which are very weak and of a character entirely unbefitting the main piece. "Menoetes on the Rock" is an apt imitation of Longfellow's style. The editorials are well written, and the exchange column is in very efficient hands.

"The Holy Cross Purple" for April abounds with essays, stories and poems of no mean worth. The first story, "A Legend of the Cheyenne," unlike its comrades, is a very commonplace attempt at spinning a yarn. The others are more graphically told, but in the end their perusal affords no benefit to the reader either in the line of acquiring useful knowledge or of drawing some moral, and we hold that unless a story fulfils these ends it is not worth writing or reading. Yet some of our respectable contemporaries entertain a different opinion, and even go so far as to assert that the short story should hold the most prominent place in the college journal. Such a principle is positively unsound. Theoretically, of course it were difficult to prove the superiority of the well written essay over the perfect story, since both are good in their proper sphere, the one addressing itself to the intellect, the other to the heart. The primary purpose of the essay is to instruct, of the story to amuse and to entertain; and when both fulfill these ends

properly, when the one inculcates truth, the other sound morality, then the superiority of the one over the other depends on the supremacy of the heart or of the intellect over each other. Now experience demonstrates very satisfactorily, that, while the essays of college journalists cannot indeed, as a rule, be compared with the productions of the masters, yet in them we may find, not infrequently presented in a carefully wrought style, much that is instructive, whereas, on the other hand, with the exception of three or four journals, we very frequently find the stories of collegians censurable, by reason either of their hackneyed plots, of their disgusting sentimentality, or of the absence of any moral. For these reasons we consider the essay in college journalism far preferable to the story. The essay on the "Three Philosophies of Life" is neatly and concisely written, and on the whole is very profitable reading. The writer seeks the answer to the "problem of life" among the various systems of philosophy founded solely on human reason, but finding unsatisfactory every solution of the problem afforded by human wisdom, he rightly concludes that in Christianity alone is there to be attained happiness, both in this life, and in the next. Another very enjoyable essay is that on "Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality." Unlike that excellent criticism of the same poem which appeared in "The Bee" for Christmas, and which considered and found wanting therein aught of beauty save that of versification, this paper seeks to reconcile the informing idea, the beautifully expressed ideas of the ode with Wordsworth's "mental experiences," his own interior beliefs. After

showing how many of the sentiments of the ode quadrate with the ideas of Wordsworth's childhood, the writer finally asserts that Wordsworth himself put little credence in the theory of pre-existence, making use of it merely as a poet. He aptly remarks "'as a poet' covers a multitude of shortcomings, for his charm and fire could ill be dispensed with." "The Good Old Times" would be much more interesting if the subject were treated less cursorily, and more attention were devoted to elegance of style. The subject is capable of a much more extended development than it receives at the hands of this writer. In regard to verse, "The Purple" is by no means deficient. The triolets entitled "Kind Words" are neatly done. Taken separately the different passages of "Christ is Risen" are very graphic, and evince poetic power, but as a whole, they make, at the very least, a discordant sonnet. The other poems have merits and demerits of their own, but lack of space forbids particular mention of all. The editorials are certainly well written; that one treating of athletics being especially noteworthy as an excellent reply to the arraignment of athletics by that brawling comicality, Rudyard Kipling. We are much disappointed to find no exchange column in "The Purple," for judging by the general efficiency of its editorial staff, such a department would be undoubtedly well conducted.

In a recent issue of the "Notre Dame Scholastic" (4-12-02) exception was taken by the ex-man to the opinion of the "S. V. C. Index" ex-man that in a college journal everything save the well written essay is practically useless, and the assertion was made "that it is an extremely violent form

of mental dissipation to read the essays of college journalists." The argument made use of in support of this statement—experience, "extensive acquaintance with college magazines"—can with much more truth, be employed against it. Take as an example the "Scholastic" itself, and compare it with this very "S. V. C. Index." Examination reveals the evident superiority of the latter over the former as a literary factor. And that the college journal should be a literary factor is a point which we think will be conceded by all. The "Index" contains poems, essays and stories; the "Scholastic" poems and stories. There is indeed an attempt made at writing an essay, entitled "Trusts," but its only value is what the "Scholastic" ex-man says of the college essays, "as an alleviator of insomnia," which statement could very justly have been called forth by a perusal of the work of his own journal. If the reading of anything be an "extremely violent form of mental dissipation," surely it must be the perusal of such stultiloquence as "So Sudden," "In the Mail," "My Picture," "A Determined Lover," "A Practical Joke," "A Question Yet Unanswered," "A Strange Occupation," "A Failure," and all the attempts at description in the number before us, together with innumerable pieces of such trivial rubbish to be found in the recent weekly numbers of that distinguished journal. On the other hand, with the exception, perhaps, of "A Desert Rose," every article in the April "Index" is worthy of commendation. Again the "Scholastic" ex-man slurringly

remarks: "We notice in this critic also a penchant for deductive reasoning," to which, nothing, not even the "Scholastic's" penchant for insipid, and mawkish fiction, is preferable. He terms criticism: "an explanation of man's conscious relation to art." What is the signification of this incomprehensibility, we are at a loss to know. Our astute contemporary should not be so unmindful of that rule of rhetoric inculcating clearness as the most essential element of a faultless style, as to be guilty of such question as the above.

F. S. Clark, '03.



BASE BALL.

ST. VIATEUR 9, MOMENCE 2.

THE first of the series of games with Momence was played at Momence on April 20th and resulted in a victory for us by a score of 9 to 2. The game was one-sided and uninteresting from beginning to end, Momence being dangerous at no point of the game. In fact the boys from down the river failed to get a man past second after the first inning, while our boys completed the circuit nine times and pilfered sacks almost at will. Capt. Martin was in the box for us and pitched in rare form, allowing a single hit, and giving but four passes to first. Momence was utterly unable to solve his swift inshoots throughout the entire game and only succeeded in getting the ball out of the diamond once, when Marshall drove out a high fly to deep right which Carey gathered in with ease. Our new men, O'Brien and Shields, showed up in fine style. O'Brien made his initial appearance behind the bat and proved to be an old timer with the mask and glove. Nothing was too difficult for him—he gathered in everything in sight and kept the Momence boys hugging the bags at all times, few of them caring to take any chances with his good right wing. Shields played his first game at third for us and was lightning fast at that quarter, accepting eight difficult chances with but one error. Smith proved to be the best batsman of the day, pounding out three safe drives. Jones and McDonald also played clean fielding games.

Hoag was on the slab for Momence and pitched good ball at times, but on the whole was wild and erratic, giving six transports to first, three of which resulted in runs. For Momence, H. Halpin and Shortridge played the best game.

SUMMARY.

MOMENCE.	R.	H.	P O	A.	E.	ST. VIATEUR.	R.	H.	P O	A.	E.
H. Halpin, 1b	0	0	5	0	0	Smith, 1b.....	0	3	10	0	0
F. Halpin, 1f	1	0	1	0	0	O'Brien, c ...	1	0	5	1	1
Shortridge, ss.....	1	0	1	3	2	Martin, p.....	1	1	2	4	0
H. Halpin, 2b	0	0	5	2	1	Shields, 3b	2	0	3	5	1
Hoag, p	0	1	0	3	1	Jones, ss.....	2	0	2	1	0
Morris, c	0	0	8	1	4	Legris, cf.....	1	1	0	0	0
Marshall, cf	0	0	1	0	0	McDonald, 2b.....	1	0	4	0	0
Van Inwegan, rf .	0	0	1	1	1	Carey, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Brassard, 3b	0	0	2	0	2	Lonergan, 1f.....	1	1	0	0	0
	2	1	24	10	11		9	6	27	11	2

Struck out by Hoag 7, by Martin 3. Base on balls by Hoag 6, by Martin 4. Passed balls, Morris 4, O'Brien 1. Stolen bases, Smith, O'Brien, Jones 3, F. Halpin, Morris. Sacrifice hits, Smith, Shortridge, H. Halpin. Hit by pitched ball, Martin, Jones.

Umpire, Armstrong.



ST. VIATEUR 16, ST. VINCENT 5.

IT just required about three innings for our boys to convince the aggregation of ball tossers from St. Vincent's College that their hopes of the championship of western Catholic colleges were not well founded. On May 11 this team came down from Chicago with the determination of adding our name to their formidable list of victories, but in this they were disappointed. We believe, however, that their hopes of defeating us were not very high, and that they had already marked this game down on the debit side of their account. The team is rather young and light and were clearly outclassed by our older and more experienced team. Making due allowance for these handicaps, they certainly play a good game of ball.

There is not much to be said about the game in detail, as it was largely a repetition of our first game with Momence. Donahue, who caught for the Chicago boys, made several bad errors, allowing five or six balls to roll to the back-stop, three of them being third strikes with men on base. Morrison, at short, who has the reputation of playing a clean, clever game, must have been badly excited, for he fumbled nearly everything that came his way. Kersten pitched a good game, though he was hit rather freely. Our boys found him for a total of eleven safe hits, yet had he received proper support the score would not have been so high. It is only fair to say that the St. Vincent boys were not accustomed to play on such a fast diamond as ours, and this may account for some of the errors.

Capt. Martin officiated in the box for us and had on hand a supply of twisters which were Chinese puzzles for the St. Vincent batsmen. None of them saw first base for five innings, all going out in one, two, three order. After the slaughter was over it was found that only two or at most three safe hits had been made, whilst eight fanned the air in vain endeavors to connect with the ball. O'Brien also aided very materially in achieving the victory, being in the game at all times and catching some difficult high fouls. Kersten, Griffin and Lejeune played the best game for St. Vincent. McDonald carried off the batting honors for us, getting four safe hits and a base on balls. He was however responsible for three of the runs made by St. Vincent by making two wild throws on easy chances.

The St. Vincent boys are a most gentlemanly set of ball players and we hope to have the pleasure of seeing them again on our diamond.

THE LINE UP.

ST. VIATEUR.

Smith, 1st b.
 O'Brien, c.
 McDonald, 2d b.
 Shields, 3d b.
 Jones, ss.
 Legris, c. f.
 Martin, p.
 Burke, r. f.
 Lonergan, l. f.
 Cannon, r. f.

ST. VINCENT.

Morrison, s. s.
 Donahue, c.
 Griffin, c. f.
 Kersten, p.
 Gorman, r. f.
 Moore, 2d b.
 Lejeune, 1st b.
 Britt, l. f.
 Roy, 3d b.

Two-base hits, McDonald 2, Shields, Jones. Sacrifice hits, Legris, Gorman. Stolen bases, Lejeune, O'Brien, Jones 2, Legris, McDonald, Martin, Smith. Passed balls, O'Brien 1, Donahue 5. Struck out by Martin 8, by Kersten 4. Hit by pitched ball, McDonald, Jones. Base on balls, by Kersten 3, by Martin 1. Umpire, Armstrong.

J. F. Sullivan, '03.



THE S. V. C. LEAGUE.

Four teams have been organized in the Senior department to battle for championship honors and incidentally for an ice-cream-strawberry festival at the close of the season. So far some very exciting games have been played. On several occasions two and three extra innings were required to determine the winner. At the present writing the teams stand as follows:

NAME.	CAPTAINS.	PLAYED.	WON.	PER. CT.
All-Stars.....	Boisvert	7	5714
Creole Bells.....	Fuchs	7	4571
The Classics.....	Hickey	7	4571
Americans	O'Brien	7	1143

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