

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

VOLUME 26

MARCH, 1909

NUMBER 6

MILTONS' SATAN.

J. W. R. Maguire. '09.



WHEN Dante died the greatest epic poet the world had ever seen passed away, and the world gaped in amazement at his genius for three and a half centuries until John Milton, an obscure, blind ex-schoolmaster gave to the world "Paradise Lost," for which he received the princely sum of twenty-eight pounds, or \$140. Paltry as was his compensation, the poem showed that Milton could share the seats of the great gods of epic poetry—Homer, Virgil, Tasso and Dante—and not feel ashamed. The "concensus gentium" of intervening years has placed Dante and Milton in a class by themselves, and the question as to which was the greater will be an apple of discord that will be thrown up and down between literary critics until the end of time. To the question, was Dante, considering all his works, a greater genius than Milton, I unhesitatingly answer, yes. To the question, is Dante's Lucifer a greater literary creation than Milton's Satan, I reply with equal certitude, no. Dante's "Inferno" is on the whole inferior to "Paradise Lost," but his "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso" are far superior to Milton's "Paradise Regained" than is "Paradise Lost" to the "Inferno." If Dante had only written the Inferno I think that Milton might be hailed as the greatest epic poet of the world.

The cause of the superiority of these two poets over one another in their respective spheres is not far to seek, for it lies in the different religions they professed. Dante was a Catholic, and the Catholic Church brings God and heaven close to man, and Dante therefore had well defined ideas of heaven. Milton was a Puritan, and therefore a Protestant of the deepest dye, and if there is one doctrine that may be said to be well defined in Pro-

testant theology, it is that of hell. God is a long way off in Protestant theology, but hell is a living and terrible reality, while heaven is a somewhat vague and indefinite idea. If anyone doubts this, let him attend the next Methodist revival meeting, and most of the sermons he will hear will be on hell. The Catholic method of salvation is to try to make people reach heaven through love of God, the Protestant is to make them avoid hell. Why, therefore, should we wonder, if Milton has described a more terrible hell than Dante, and created a mightier Satan; or why should we be parsimonious in our praise for his great achievement because he does not agree with us in all respects?

Dante has portrayed hell as an inverted cone, divided into eight circles, with all details carefully and minutely described. Milton thus shortly pictures hell after Satan's fall, and fills in details at greater length throughout the poem:

"A dungeon horrible. on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed."

This seems to me to be a picture of a concept too great to be described in mere human words. Ruskin has said that Milton's vagueness is not a sign of genius and imagination, but of a lack of it, and much as I respect and admire Ruskin, perhaps the greatest of all critics, I must disagree with him on this point. I think Tennyson was nearer the truth when he said:

"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

The least imaginative of us have at times had thoughts and imaginations, which we felt that if we could only describe, we would wake up, like Byron, and find ourselves famous. Anyone can describe a cottage, but the description of a great cathedral, like St. Peter's, Rome, defies even the pen of a Ruskin. Milton's description of hell has always given me the impression that his concept of hell was so vast, so terrible and so powerful that it

baffled description altogether. One stands in amazement before the imagination that could conceive flames that only serve to blacken the already intense darkness, and the description given by Milton of hell is so grand and at the same time so terrible, that one feels that more exactness in description would detract from the vastness and grandeur of the concept. Dante on the contrary has laid out his hell, like an architect lays out the plans for a house, and nothing is left to the reader's imagination, and it seems to me that this shows that Dante's concept of hell was not as great as Milton's. It should be remembered in considering any criticism of Milton by Ruskin, that Ruskin was not in this case altogether unbiased. Milton was a Cromwellian, and Ruskin was a loyalist, and even today these two parties of the Rebellion in England retain their animosity for one another. Ruskin never liked Milton, and the tributes of praise he gives him welled up out of his artistic soul, in spite of himself. I should like to say more upon this point, but I must pass on to a comparison between Milton's Satan and Dante's Lucifer.

It is true that in a great many passages in "Paradise Lost" a similarity may be noted to certain passages in the *Inferno*, as for instance in the description of hell I have just quoted, which is somewhat like Dante's inscription on Hell's gate; but such similarity is no argument against the greatness of Milton's creations, for he has profited by the experiences of others, and so long as he takes what is good in others' work and makes it his own (emphasis on this last), he cannot be accused of plagiarism. Dante's Lucifer of course is an original creation, but as a crowning piece to the machinery of the *Inferno* it is defective. Lucifer is little more than a huge bat, stuck at the bottom of the inverted cone of hell, upon whose back Dante and Virgil desport themselves, like flies upon the back of a helpless beast. I do not mean to be unjust in this, or to turn the shafts of ridicule upon a target that was not made for them, but abstract the description of Lucifer from all the extraneous verbiage in which it is clothed, and little more remains than what I have said. The description of Lucifer is inartistic and unpoetical and is by no means impressive. Lucifer is not a creature to inspire fear, but is a poor creature, imprisoned in ice, and powerless to prevent his visitors doing what they would. He is grotesque, not awe-inspiring, disgusting, not terrifying. The fact that he is portrayed as chewing the three arch-traitors

in his three jaws may be said to be a triumph of imagination, but it only induces disgust in the reader, not fear, for he feels that he is safe from a monster who is imprisoned in ice, and can only chew three men. The description of Lucifer, therefore, cannot be said to be a deterrent from vice, for mere disgust is not lasting but soon passes away when the book is laid down. Moreover, Lucifer is not true to revelation. Scripture depicts the devil as a roaring lion going about, seeking whom he may destroy, and Lucifer is anything but this.

The most casual reader of "Paradise Lost" must be struck by the tremendous power of Satan, who thought it was "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." Satan, as described by Milton, is a terrible power that one feels it would be hopeless to resist alone, and this is true to Scripture. This impression cannot be gathered from any one description of Satan, but from all the descriptions of him, of his actions and his speeches. The careless or cursory reader of "Paradise Lost" would not have any well defined notion of Satan, for the work demands and deserves close and attentive study. Here are a few of the ways in which Milton pictures Satan:

"But his doom

Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him: round he rolls his baleful eyes
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate."

This last line gives some idea of the pride that has become proverbial, and of which Dante gives no idea whatever.

Again:

"Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the waves, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian of Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream."

This description continues at great length, but space does not allow me to quote more fully.

“He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving towards the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand—
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven’s azure.”

And again.—

“He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge.”

All these descriptions are truly artistic, and infinitely more real than Dante’s description of Lucifer. Satan is still a proud archangel, clad in the gorgeous remnants of shattered majesty, with bitter remorse and the desire for dire revenge eating out his

heart. This spirit of revenge, and awful hate of God are well brought out in Satan's speech to Beelzebub in the first book. The passage is too long to quote but I will ask those who are sufficiently interested to read this passage and then I ask them could dreadful perverseness and love of sin be pictured better than in these words. I know of no speech in poetry that is more wickedly poetical than this one, and it contains many such powerful lines, as "To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep." Satan's ambition is still more strongly brought out in his speech to the assembled fallen angels in the same book, than which lines few stronger have ever been penned by poet. I can in the course of a short paper like the present merely indicate these passages, leaving it to the reader to refer to them. In this last passage I have mentioned there is something appallingly great in Satan's idea of regaining heaven, and Dante has nowhere written finer lines than these.

Taine, a literary critic of considerable eminence, has found fault with Satan's speeches, on the ground that they resemble the lectures of an Oxford professor. I think that Mr. Taine was indulging in hyperbole when he wrote thus, or that he had too high an opinion of the ability of Oxford professors. If I only knew one, who could use language like Satan does in "Paradise Lost," I would go and sit at his feet and listen to him all day long.

If Milton had never written anything but the description of Satan's flight across Chaos, he would have deserved immortal fame, for literature contains nothing more wonderful in concept, awe-inspiring and terrible than this passage. The line where length, breadth and height and time and place are lost," is wonderful in the idea it gives of space on space. No poet has ever before or since given such an adequate description of unlimited space as Milton has in his picture of Chaos. Here is a scene of dread confusion, and while reading these lines, a dim impression is borne in upon the reader of Satan's awful power in daring to face such a trackless wild in pursuit of his ends.

There is far more real poetry and literature in "Paradise Lost" than there is in the *Inferno*. What is it, after all, that distinguishes literature in the refined sense of the term from mere writing, the masterpiece from the production of the school boy; nothing but the beauty and elegance of thought and expression. Beauty implies truth, for nothing can be beautiful that is not in

some way true. Milton's Satan is true to revelation. He is an intensely active and malicious spirit, seeking whom he may destroy in pursuit of his vengeance on high heaven. His beauty, moreover, by no means detracts from but adds to the truth of the representation of the devil. Taken as an embodiment of evil, the devil should be depicted as somewhat attractive, for if sin were altogether repulsive to man, no one would sin. Moreover, absolute evil, such as some would have us believe Dante depicts in Lucifer cannot exist except in the mind of a Mannichaeon. Again, Satan's beauty by no means excites sympathy and admiration. His great power can only inspire abject terror, and his beauty is merely secondary, and as it were the instrument of his power. Satan is never described as absolutely beautiful; on the contrary his beauty is described as being shattered, and only remnants of his former beauty remain, and it should be remembered that beauty destroyed is a far more terrible thing to look upon than absolute ugliness. Satan's ceaseless activity and resourcefulness in his war on man, and the marvelous control he has over that tremendous host of fallen angels engender real fear, and the awful malice he displays against God only causes hatred. What admiration may be aroused by reading of Satan is not for Satan but for Milton, who conceived such a creature, and this distinction, though it may be subtle, should be carefully borne in mind.

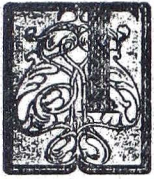
Milton placed himself at the beginning of time, and depicted the devil as he was then and as he is today. Dante placed himself at the end of time, and described the devil as he will be when his evil work is done. In doing this, Dante made a tactical blunder, if he wished to inspire fear, and produce a work of great ethical value. Milton saw this mistake, and has treated the same subject from a better viewpoint, with the result that his Satan is more calculated to inspire fear of evil doing, and to impress upon man that he has an ever ready enemy seeking to destroy his soul. "Paradise Lost," therefore, has a greater ethical value than the *Inferno*, and Milton's Satan is a greater literary creation than Lucifer.



THE VIATORIAN

DANTE'S LUCIFER.

Stephen J. Morgan, '09.



O SAY that Dante throughout the whole "Inferno" is poetical, and highly so, would not be an exaggeration. Throughout the whole description the reader finds himself looking into his own brain, and also truthfully obtaining some inkling of the tortures of the damned. The trends and meanings of all vicious life are contained there, all are arranged in order. Although giving the entire series of cantos their just due, the thirty-fourth canto impresses one particularly, because it contains a vivid and truthful poetic description of the Prince of Evil. Never before in my brief readings have I encountered a portrayal like unto that done by the immortal Florentine. Our minds hang almost without life, while Dante's fertile pen glows and scintillates in his awful picture of Lucifer, which is portrayed as he will appear when our boundaries of mind and culture are lifted like stage paper scenes carrying with them the walls of space and time and all things into eternity. These things and many others all assist in placing the Divine Comedy far above similar works.

In many respects is the work of Dante Alighieri superior to other masterpieces, and likewise in almost every manner his conception of Lucifer is far more poetic than is Milton's description of Satan. This contention is supported in a number of ways. In the first place Dante describes Satan as he is, a frightful monstrous creature filled with woe, and in this is almost universally acknowledged as the superior of his English rival. Everyone of us is familiar with the passages portraying Lucifer, and a few lines will serve to convey a description of Satan, Milton's hero, for such Milton really makes him. In the first book of *Paradise Lost*, after informing us that Satan, and a vast number of inferior angels, whom he had drawn into revolt against God had been driven out of Heaven into the great deep of hell, Milton gives a magnificent description of the rebel host as they lay on the surface of the burning lake. Satan is discovered amongst them, recovering from his confusion; and calling Beelzebub he confers with him concerning their common ruin. He says to him

"What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge"

remains; and then proceeds to suggest that their dearly bought experience may perhaps enable them

"To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe."

Beelzebub, as full of hate as Satan himself is, does not think there is any hope of prevailing. Satan replies:

"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering."

And garners a little hope from the fact that Heaven seems to have recalled the "ministers of vengeance," and suggests calling a council with reference to repairing their loss, and still defying and offending their common enemy. The description of Satan then follows:

"With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove.
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea beast
Leviathan, which God, of all his works,
Created hugest that swim the Ocean stream.
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea and wished morn delays."

Concerning the rest of the book I have naught to do here, however suffice it to say that Satan, rearing himself up from the infernal lake, calls together all his powers for council on the burning marl of the shore, thus showing that even in the midst of his supreme degradation he is still a lord and ruler. How different

is all the preceding from the description conveyed by Dante, who in conformity with the Scriptures places Satan at the bottom of Hell. We see him as

“That emperor, who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice
Stood forth. and I in stature am more like
A giant, than the giants are his arms.
Mark now how great that whole must be, which suits
With such a part. If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now; and yet did dare
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him
May all our misery flow. Oh what a sight!
How passing strange it seem'd, when I did spy
Upon his head three faces, one in front
Of hue vermillion, 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, enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had they,
But were in texture like a bat; and these
He flapp'd in the air, that from him issued still
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept; the tears
Adorn three chins destill'd with bloody foam.
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd,
Bruised as with a ponderous engine; so that they
Were in this guise tormented.”

This description is as things will be when Time is past and only Eternity remains. Dante's poetry is the poetry of Truth and an old maxim of language, familiar even to Homer, states that poetry based on truth is the best. The ugliest being that can be conceived is beautiful in comparison with Lucifer. To show that Dante errs not in making him hideous, ay, even disgusting, we have only to consider how revolting sin is to the eyes of the Almighty. Then reflect how much more hideous is the cause, since a cause is always proportionate at least to an effect. This alone

will enable us to conclude that although Milton's conception glows with brilliancy, it is untrue. What would we think of a guide who would describe a scene that is revolting and gruesome, in language descriptive of the luminous beauty of the sun? Like opinions must be held for Milton in the genius which misconceived the ugliness of Satan.

If the principle: *Corruptio optimi pessima*, the "Corruption of the best is the worst," be true, then again must we be forced to conclude that Dante's genius eclipses that of Milton. This is shown from the two descriptions with which we are familiar. In Dante's he is described as the worst possible being, in Milton's he is almost a god. The above principle is perfectly carried in the description of Lucifer. "Eminent in beauty once," under the pen of Dante he becomes a horrible monstrosity. In Milton's mind Satan was conceived as "sitting exalted, by merit raised to that high eminence." Can there be doubt of the feelings of both writers after comparing the two short lines? Again, in the formation of the character of the Evil one, Dante is superior to Milton. "Paradise Lost" is filled with characters, Satan in particular presenting a striking and commanding figure. Yet Milton has not described him as we would suppose an infernal spirit should be. He has endowed him with a human or mixed character, possessing many good qualities. I make this assertion on the authority of Dr. Blair. According to this eminent critic: "Milton's Satan is portrayed as no worse than many a conspirator or factious chief that makes a figure in history."

The placing by Dante of Lucifer in the lowest depth of Hell is truthful, and very proper, for the cause of all moral evil should bear the weight of its punishment. Milton realized this and in Book IV we find the lines

Me miserable! Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide.

Another respect in which Dante excels Milton is in consistency. Can any one after reading of Hell yawning to receive the rebels in "their fit habitation, fraught with fire, unquenchable, the house of woe and pain," imagine Satan without remorse? I

answer that we cannot, and Milton himself in places fills Satan's impious character with it. How then can we reconcile his statement

"To wage war, by force or guile, eternal war
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe."

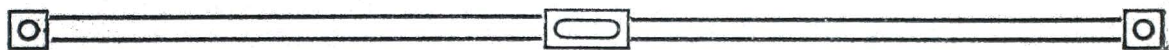
While on the subject of consistency some may ask if Dante was consistent in placing Lucifer immovable in the ice when the Bible describes the devil as going about "like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." But the Bible does not state which "devil," nor is there any contradiction between the immovable posture and the biblical description. The time in which the action of Dante's poem occurs is after there are no persons left on earth, it is in Eternity. Milton's description is as Satan appeared before the beginning of time, Dante's is as he will appear after the good have been separated from the evil. The awful torments which Satan undergoes are graphically described by Dante.

"At six eyes he wept: the tears flowing
Adorn three chins distilled with bloody foam."

These verses also convey an impression of hideousness, more in conformity with the character of Lucifer as described in the Bible, and more truthful than any book that Milton ever wrote.

Again, it has been the practice of all epic poets, to select some one personage whom they distinguish above all others, this is the hero. It tends to aid the poet in exerting his talents and gives him an opportunity for displaying one character with particular splendor. Many famous critics and casual readers have falsely supposed the devil as the hero of "Paradise Lost," chiefly because he is endowed with the marks of the hero, whereas in reality Adam is the central figure. This deviation from poetic law has been the cause of the heaping of much ridicule and censure on Milton and only confirms my assertion that Satan as pictured by Milton is not Satan. Milton laid out for himself a new and extraordinary road in poetry. The novelty of it may have been the cause of his misconception of Satan. Unacquainted as he was with a subject so remote from the world, he blundered, and badly, in his conception. He delighted in dealing with stupendous subjects, but they were too heavy for him to handle as Dante might have. In his description of Satan he at

the same time makes him semi-human and is theological and metaphysical. He is affectedly ostentatious. At times he arose above every poet of the ancient and modern school, at other moments he fell, and one of these falls occurred when he described Satan.



DANTE'S LUCIFER.

A. Savary, '09.



HERE is an essential requisite for true poetry which brings into play all the superior faculties of poetic genius, an element which more than any other stamps his work with true merit and immortalizes a poet, which not only affords lucrative and beneficial recreation for the mind but also is admirably suited for reflection and the derivation of inspiring lessons—and this is symbolism. It has adorned the pages of the princes of writers and is ever eagerly sought and always relished by the intelligent reader. The Bible, the peer of books, has retained such an uninterrupted popularity and is now capable of so vividly impressing our minds for the reason that it teems with symbolical gems. In the perusal of Dante's "Divine Comedy" we not infrequently are entertained with beautiful and forceful specimens of true symbolism. Not only do these passages fittingly body forth the author's idea and hence carry much obvious meaning, but they also leave many things to be implied and thus afford the mind congenial food for meditation and reflection.

Dante's Lucifer is a masterpiece of poetic creation. It has such many sided perfection that it has successfully resisted the courageous but ineffectual attempts of either Milton or Tasso to equal its splendor and sublimity.

Before I began to compare the Dantean creation with that of Milton and endeavor to convince you of the superiority of the former I think it not amiss to state that Dante may be safely regarded as the first to attempt such a poetical enterprise. Although the Bible contained certain clear indications of the nature of the Prince of Chaos, nevertheless at no time anterior to that of the Florentine bard had such an artistic and impressive depic-

tion of evil been attempted. Dante may be truly said to be the originator of this species of description. Note especially that he had no guide from which he might model his work, but was forced to draw solely from the copious resources of a lively imagination whilst remaining within the narrow confines of truth. And yet was not his success admirable and worthy of genuine commendation? On the other hand Milton's task was far more facile. He had at his disposal the enviable model brought to light by Dante. The English epic was enabled to profit by the experience of others and, following the footsteps of the eclectic, incorporate and introduce the signal beauties of preceding creations into his own. Therefore it cannot be gainsaid that Milton's was the task of one who has been fortunate enough to be preceded by a master who has created an essentially sublime specimen of that particular species of poetry.

If the reader looks intelligently upon the Tuscan's matchless tableau of the rebellious Lucifer he immediately becomes aware of its symbolical nature and of the wealth of meaning contained in the mystic lines:

"O what a sight!

How passing strange it seemed; when I did spy
Upon his head three faces, one in front
Of hue vedmilion 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."

The symbolism of this passage is rich and as a mark of true greatness is susceptible of diverse interpretations. This susceptibility does not detract from its merit, but rather evidences the fact of its richness and palpably brings to light the genius of the incomparable Dante. These colors, as interpreted by some, are emblematic of the Europeans, Asiatics and Africans, the then known races, upon whom a nefarious influence has been incessantly exercised by the evil spirit. But this interpretation, although containing much of appropriateness, does not appeal to me so strongly and vividly as the following. Dante obviously intended to establish a striking antithesis between essential goodness and its diametrical negation as embodied in Lucifer. These three

hues perceived in the deposed angel are emblematic of impotence, ignorance and hatred. Note how ingeniously Dante makes these colors spell out the aforesaid imperfections. There seems to be a certain spontaneous connection which not only emphasizes the genius of the poet but also causes the afflictions of Lucifer to appear strikingly and thus they are indelibly imprinted in our minds. In the inscription which Dante places above the gate of Hell we find these words symbolizing the Trinity of persons in the one self same God head:

"To rear me was the task of power divine
Supremest wisdom and primeval love."

And consequently to employ the words of the well-known Dantean Scholar, Adolphus T. Ennis, "Against these perfections of the Divine Persons, power, wisdom and love, vainly do strive impotence, ignorance and hatred bodied forth in the three faces of the fiend, red with impotent rage, black with abysmal nescience and white with corroding envy."

Mark with particular emphasis that Dante lays signal stress upon the futility of satanic revenge against God and the hopelessness of ever repossessing lost laurels. The very posture of Lucifer half embedded in the frozen pit of cocytus, his utter inability to change his position and his terrible anguish of soul which causes tears of blood to stream from his six repulsive eyes denote passivity and unquestionable subjection to the will of the great conqueror. Again the continuous flapping of Lucifer's enormous bat-like wings keeps the pit constantly frozen and thus the incarnate fiend himself is so disgraced and impotent that he himself is the immediate cause of his suffering and humiliating captivity. Is this not in accordance to the teachings of the Bible as regards the everlasting suffering and hopelessness of alleviation of the rebellious angel?

On the other hand the Miltonian Satan is the skilled and powerful commander of an innumerable host of fallen angels. His persuasive eloquence stirs up the abject race and fans unquenchable pride and a desire for revenge. Satan extricates himself from the stygian pool, struts haughtily along the shore and proudly reviews his countless proselytes. Note the terrible defiance and utter disregard for God which Milton makes evident through the instrumentality of Satan:

"That though the field be lost?

All is not lost, the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome:
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me."

Heroic valor, undaunted courage and all the excellencies of the heroes of ancient mythology are unblushingly attributed by Milton to Lucifer. The English poet casts aside the clear teachings of the Bible regarding the importance and abjectness of the devil and presents for our admiration and applause a powerful hero contending most valorously for the supreme sceptre. In perusing *Paradise Lost* one must constantly guard lest human compassion side with the defeated rebel. Milton should have paid less attention to his personal puritanical convictions and have been less solicitous for human approbation. In representing the devil, he should have held up to view the synthesis of evil without the outward and winsome semblance of good, and in his depiction of God infinite perfection should have occupied the foremost place. In his description Milton intentionally makes no allusion direct or implied to the Holy Trinity and in no few instances his reprehensible Arianism obtrudes itself without the least attempt at concealment, whilst Dante is so orthodox and painstaking in descanting the sublime truths of Christianity that he elicits the warm and generous applause of every true Christian and wins for himself the admiration of the unbiased non-Catholic:

Milton in alluding to God says:

"Sat on his throne upheld by old repute
Consent or custom."

Can anyone so distort his power of imagination as to see in this instance any trace of infinite power or celestial love which rules the heavenly kingdom and binds the hearts of its occupants with an indissoluble tie?

Milton's aim was sordid and smacks of personal ambition. It was solely to present a great epic poem in order that he might experience the exhilarating incense of mundane applause. Dante's

purpose in presenting his masterpiece to the intellectual world was to teach a great and salutary moral lesson. His aim is essentially altruistic as he makes gigantic efforts to inspire dread and hatred of the foremost exemplification of sin and its dire results and in this manner to encourage men in leading a virtuous and truly Christian life. Hence morality is the pivotal point of Dante's creation whilst pride and ambition appear to be the chief aim of the great English epic.

Again Dante, both in his matchless description of Lucifer and his splendid but dreadful inscription above the gate of Hell brings home with a strength and vividness that are most striking the hopelessness of deliverance from the eternal torments. To deprive man of hope is to render him most miserable and abject. Hence to impress upon the sinner the futility of his attempts to relieve himself of the dread pangs of eternal damnation is to render him a signal service. This Dante does with commendable zeal and clearness. Let us now direct our gaze to Milton's classic. Most assuredly he must lay particular stress on this fact. Yet unfortunately this is not the case. He commits the unpardonable breach of placing hope in the breasts of his devils. As I can no better impress you with this sad mistake I will proceed to quote verbatim from the eloquent speech of the king of perdition:

For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised and repossess their native seat?

Lucifer is depicted by the immortal pen of the Florentine bard as the quintessence of evil. That hideous creature is so repulsive and nauseating to our finer sentiments that it is the object of our dread and a constant reminder of the enormity of sin and its palpable consequences. This archdemon does not even admit of a spark of admiration or sympathy, but its sublimity of ugliness, if I may so speak, ever excites our horrors and utter condemnation. We turn away from it with disgust and immediately our thoughts soar to its diametrical antithesis, the infinite sublimity of perfection, goodness, and power, God. Whilst on the other hand the Miltonian creation gradually and perceptibly draws upon our commiseration and "do what you will he demands a human sympathy," because he retains much of his heav-

only splendor and beauty and is the embodiment of heroic valor, courage and undaunted fortitude. He is still clad with shreds of majesty and heavenly splendor.

And now it seems to me that I have advanced sufficient proofs to sustain my contention as regards the superiority of Dante's Lucifer over Milton's less poetic creation. I will refrain from comparing the verbosity and obvious labor of Milton's style with the simplicity and harmony of the Tuscan's. I will make but a passing mention of the eloquence of Milton's masterpiece which often so strains itself as to spell out fatigue and monotony. Lastly, I rest assured that if You bear in mind the simple observations which I have struggled to make clear, you cannot fail to be won over by the matchless sublimity of Dante's Lucifer as a poetic creation.

TASSO'S DEMON.

L. J. M. Pommier, '10.



IN LITERATURE, as in an army, there are leaders,—models who serve as examples to the others. Among these literary commanders stand Tasso, Milton and Dante in the foremost rank, each bearing aloft as his trophy his great epic, having as one of its chief merits the masterly description of the infernal king. Assuredly a critic must not expect to find in such productions, grave, unpardonable faults, nor essential differences; nor must a "critic be guided by his individual preferences, his likes or dislikes; but he is to judge of literature by the universally received laws of composition," which form the standard according to which are to be answered such questions as: Which of these three descriptions of the fallen archangel is most appropriate? Which is best? Which most congruous to truth? Still these questions are as hard to answer as the matter is exquisitely nice and refined. The clouds which shade these masterpieces are very delicate, like to those feathery cirri, obstructing the golden resplendency of the Astral king. To answer which of these delineations of the infernal master is the greatest poetic creation, it must be said, that which approaches nearest the nature and end of poetry. Now the nature of poetry is to be crea-

tive; its end is intellectual pleasures, specially those of the imagination, which may be aroused in various ways, among which may be mentioned: fidelity of imitation, association of ideas and interest.

Tasso, Dante, and Milton all have presented the rebel angel as a most mighty giant, certainly a harmonious conception. But which of these bards has wrought most according to truth; which gives most appropriate intellectual pleasure, by the lineaments, situations and circumstances applied to this gigantic form? Certainly, Dante has depicted his hellish fiend in the ugliest, most disgusting aspects. After reading such a description, one is led to say "This is the being essentially evil," and many commentators of wide repute have said, such was Dante's object, so as to instil a greater moral lesson. Regarding the moral effects we will speak further down. But I think that Dante's mode of painting Lucifer is not exactly correct. For there is no being essentially evil, as this would mean non-being. Dante has been too rigorous; he is nauseating, disgusting, that is all; and disgust lends no sublimity. This grossness of the Dantean Lucifer is sometimes excused by saying—that this is due to the times. Such a palliation may be correct to vindicate an author's abilities, and to preserve him in the ranks of great writers, but I cannot see what it amounts to in the criticism of the comparative merit of different productions, for they are judged "in se" not "quoid auctorem."

Milton has gone towards the other extreme. No doubt he has been very skillful and acute in exhibiting his Satan's moral deformities, still his appearance is too mild, too attractive for its regular form. The being who should have been punished in proportion to the amount of graces and beauty conferred on him by the Almighty should not have been presented in this way;

"His form had not yet lost all her original beauty
Nor appeared less than archangel ruined,
And the excess of glory obscured,"

And then proceed to describe him as the most glorious of celestial orbs. Now this is not an appropriate mode of describing him, who should be as hideous as he was originally beautiful.

Tasso I think has reached the zenith relatively to the other two. His demon is majestic, but horribly so; he has free action of his limbs, but still invisibly bound by celestial power. Here is

where Tasso surpasses Dante. For a king, even of the deadliest foes of God and man, whose ambition is the ruin of mankind to be bound in ice seems out of place. Tasso's demon is of stature immense; horned and single-headed, marked by strokes of horrid majesty, of deep terror, of proud forehead, and of ireful, blazing eyes. These images of the Demon with his foaming mouth and sulphuric breath, are grander and truer creations, less disgusting, less unnatural than that gloriously apparelled devil, commanding respect and admiration by his very chivalry-like mien; or that savage three-headed monster of different colors gnawing skulls of living forms. Tasso's demon may be accused of being too hyperbolically described. But in what, in this respect, does he exceed the Lucifer of the Comedy, freezing Cocytus with flapping wings, in which pool he himself is tightly held; or the Miltonian Satan, whose shield is like the moon, and whose spear vies with Norway's tallest pines." I do not argue that these are untasty, no—they lend sublimity, but I am simply justifying Tasso.

Before leaving this portion of the criticism, let us make this remark; Dante's description, no doubt, strikes us most vividly and forcibly, but I think that this is due partially to the fact, rather influence, which the antecedent part of the comedy has produced upon us. Aware of Dante's creative mind, impressed by his inexhaustible font of imagery, we unconsciously take this attitude of mind, while reading of his rebellious and doomed angel. Another phase for criticism is the pleasure, which each description affords the imagination, for this is the end of poetry. Poetry is poetry in so far as it embodies this factor. Therefore the excellence of a poem should be judged according to this standard. "Pleasurable emotions are not produced by mere impressions on the external senses, but remain unfelt unless these impressions are transferred to the imagination. The pleasure received from objects of taste depending upon the action of the imagination, it follows that whatsoever facilitates the lively exercise of this faculty heightens the pleasurable emotions experienced." Therefore obviously and correctly inferring interesting association of ideas is one of the chief causes of the pleasures of the imagination. A piece of poetry which presents well adapted comparisons, similes and figures give the mind a wide range of action, so that soaring in a wide expanse of imaginatively perfumed atmosphere,

it feels itself elevated and dilated in pleasurable emotions. It is in this place that Dante forgot what had enhanced all his previous descriptions, viz: allusions. In his Luciferean description he gives us the bare Lucifer, and although he has a few embellishing strokes, they are extremely tiny in value.

Regarding Milton, all that Tasso can do on this score is to vie for honors, for the English bard has very grand, sublime and well-fitting association of ideas. Still they lose some of their effect on account of not being well defined. There is a certain vagueness due to the fact that the description is not tied up by a certain necessary clue. Milton's description is like a sudden explosion of highly combustible matter, which presents an undaunted force, but afterwards simply detached remnants are felt, grandiose if you wish, but confused and smoky. Milton of course is a poet grand, one whom all love to read. He shakes our very frame; he elevates our hearts; he produces on the reader I know not what to call it—if not the effects of a sublime epic. Still a lover of Milton cannot help seeing his verbosity and saying that his Satan is thrown in a state of vagueness. Whether it was Milton's intention to make us feel in a way, what Satan felt, dazzled and bewildered, I know not, still I cannot call this a tasty touch because I am of the opinion of those who say that Milton's theme was buried in obscurity, and it was easier for him to leave his Satan in such a state, than to bring him to light, by marking him with well defined lines.

Now mark Tasso's lines:

"No Alpine crag terrifically grand

"No rock at sea in size with him could vie."

Again

"Calpe and Atlas soaring from the

"Sand seemed to his stature little hills;

"So high reared he his horned front in that Tartarean sky."

How the imagination has freedom and delves in pleasing allusions, which bring to the composition an odor of sublimity, which otherwise it would be wanting.

Again notice;

"His breath was like the sulphurous vapours, born in thunder stench.

"When Vesuvius showers, by earthquakes torn, o'er sleeping Naples in the dead of night, funeral ashes!"

Another test of the excellence of a piece of literature is the impressions and affections left after reading it. Any one who has read Milton's *Paradise Lost* and has paid special attention to the scattered description of his Satan, cannot say that he did not feel some sympathy, some admiration for Satan. He has felt his heart softened on beholding the situation, figure, and on hearing the words of the rebel fallen enemy of God. He has admired his noble stature still Archangel-like; in armor brightly clad; and tame-like posing. He has admired the still lurking virtues of undaunted courage, persistent perseverance. Now this clearly shows that Milton's Satan is not congruously drawn, and naturally true. His emotional words may impose a respectful dread, and fear, but not sentiments of the holy hate.

For Dante's Lucifer no doubt, no sympathy is felt, but rather disgust; not a holy disgust. It is a repugnance not on account of malicious traits; not from his being an enemy of the most high, but simply on account of his situation and lowly traits. But Tasso's prince of demons is terror inspiring and hateful to behold. In no low unnatural state is he placed; he is painted in unfading colors of proud majesty, unabating revenge, foaming through envy and anger at the Almighty and his creatures. And it is here that I take the liberty of showing that Tasso's demon surpasses that of his two rivals, in as much as he embodies in his poetic creation of the demon, that which is of human interest. Therefore in so much as Tasso's demon is more poetically worthy in so much is he above Milton's Satan and Dante's Lucifer. Really Dante's Lucifer bears no relation to us. He is held rigid in rigid ice. He was placed there at a time long before man existed and is there for aye. This conception does not embody that element of human interest which vivifies all poetic composition.

Now Milton's Satan though playing a very dramatic part against man, our first parents, still this fact is so far removed, from us, in time, that we feel no intense interest. Again the impression felt after reading the description of Satan and his prospects is, that after his making mother Eve fall, his task is over; because it must be remembered that Satan's object in ruining our primitive parents, was to wreak his vengeance indirectly on God, for to attack the Almighty he had meditated but had con-

cluded to be unavailable. But again having been foiled in his plan in as much as God opened a gate to our first parents, through his Divine Son, was not this enough to make Satan conclude that do what he may, his Eternal Opponent would continually frustrate his views? Therefore do you find anything of very great personal interest? Milton places his Satan at the beginning of time; Dante at the end; but Tasso has chosen a happy medium, and has placed him at his post, his actual pursuit, the ruin of mankind. He is represented as a "roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

"The grand foe of man,
Against the Christian turned his livid eyes;
And seeing them in glad societies
On the new works successfully engaged,
Bit both his lips for fury, and in sighs
And bellowings, like a wounded bull enraged,
Roared forth his inward grief and envy unassuaged."

Again the manner in which Tasso's demon calls upon his chieftains of ill-fame, to go out, scouring the earth of everything that is godly, to preserve the idols and altars which pay him honor; the mode in which he persuades them to fly "o'er land and sea" hills and vales to bring to an evil end those, who are trying the sepulchre to regain; are all so many ideas of human interest. For we can justly infer that on all such occasions that human creatures attempts enterprises, which will redound to God's greater honor and glory, there also the eternally doomed demon tries with all his force of intrigues to bring to nothing such efforts of man.

Having reviewed these three great masterpieces, I think that Tasso's demon has more points in its favor than Milton's or Dante's. No doubt Dante's is rich in symbolism; Milton's seems more sublime and awe inspiring; but in pleasures of the imagination, appropriateness, and moral effects combined, Tasso's seems preferable.





Our Bardic Choir



The Master's Will.

They grew in the greenhouse side by side
A lily and her sister rose;
The one a scarlet velvety red
The other like driven snows.

When the wintry winds from the northern clime
Would touch their cheeks so warm
Then the master's hand and their cozy home
Would shield them from all harm.

They oped their eyes each wintry morn
To a wind-swept sunlit sky;
They bowed their heads and lent sweet smell
To the zephyrs gliding by.

But a gentle wind to the stately plants
Just whispered soft and low
"Why lose your time and waste your scent
When the gay world bids you go?"

"So leave this place and sheltering home.
For the parks so gay and bright
Let heaven's blue dome be your only roof
And the stars to light your night."

Then the gardener saw his drooping friends
How they longed for the pure free air,
So he placed them out one April day
In the park so gay and fair.

But the hoar frost came, and the chill night blast
Made their gorgeous beauty fade,
And oh for the home and the master's care
Than the false friends lately made.

So list thee not to the siren's voice
Though it ring with tuneful glee;
Let thy only aim be to fill that place
That the good Lord made for thee.

W. K.

Gray Eyes.

Let others sing of sweet blue eyes
Their witchery and light;
Or laud the black eyes' flashing glance
Where wit and spunk unite;
And let them tell how hearts have bowed
Beneath their magic smile
Till friends have scarcely dared to meet
Their influence the while.

There is a witchery I deem
More to be feared than they;
It is the quiet light within
The gentle eye of gray;
There is a spell more potent far
Than beauty can impart,
The guaranty of truth within
A good and gentle heart.

It may not like the eye of blue
Dissolve in tenderness,
But there's a magic in its depths
You may not fear the less;
All well and safely thou may'st meet
A storm of glances bright,
But thou'lt capitulate beneath
The gray eyes' steady light.

Recollection.

When flowers peep above the loam
And birds come back to sing,
Then thoughts of love for childhood's home
Soar back on memory's wing.

THE VIATORIAN

Along the Boyne down through the fields

All girt with blossoms gay—

Oh! how I wish once more to roam

Through scenes of boyhood's day.

In fancy I can hear again

The sweet notes of the thrush

And see the gentle daisy's form

Peep shy behind each bush.

The little leaf St. Patrick plucked

To symbolize The Three.

The hills of Meath along the Boyne

Once more I wish to see.

But there is something dearer still

Than flowers streams or hills

Which keeps recurring day by day

Until my soul o'er fills.

On mother's grave beside the Boyne

I fain would kneel and pray

And pouring forth in fervent tones

Affection's tribute pay.

W. J. S.

OLD ROCK.

The scene is desolation

The stable door's shut tight

The pasture is deserted

Pray, what has caused this blight?

The chill winds of this season

Old Rock could not withstand;

And with thirty years upon his back

He succumbed to their demand.

But he will never be forgotten,

Much less his stately frame

For although his ribs stuck out of late

His heart was e'er the same.

That bounteous heart of which I speak

Full forty pounds did weigh

And no sweet music could exceed

The pathos of his neigh.

J. W.

THE VIATORIAN

Published monthly by the students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief—S. MORGAN, '09.

Exchanges—T. WEDGE, '11.

Alumni—A. SAVARY, '09.

Athletics—D. BOYLE, '10.

Locals—F. CLEARY, '11.

Personals—I. RICE, '11.

Societies—F. WELCH, '10.

Entered at the Bourbonnais Post Office as second-class matter

All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bourbonnais, Illinois.

Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance.

All business communications should be addressed: Rev. J. F. Ryan, St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

EDITORIALS.

Fifty years ago, a young man now famous as priest, editor, author, and grand army veteran, consecrated his life to the service of the Almighty. The vows assumed on February 11, 1859, after the passing of a half century are kept with undying fervour, their possessor has lived to embellish the scroll of his priesthood with the beauteous hues of an intellect ever exercising itself in the cause of Truth. If the possession of a universal high repute in the fields of learning, on the polemic stage, and in the editorial chair, can be accepted as a measure of success, then the Rev. Louis A. Lambert, D. D., may be considered as eminently successful. As the author of "Tactics of Infidels." "Notes on Ingersoll," and "Christian Science at the Bar of Reason," he established himself as the most powerful bulwark of Christianity against Atheism, that has appeared in the past few generations. As a controversialist and polemic journalist, a mere perusal of the editorial page of the "Freeman's Journal" testifies to his imperishable fame. In these fields of labour he is matchless. The same might easily be said of him in the many other undertakings with

which he has been connected. Suffice it to remark that his name is great in the great places as a unique champion of Catholic truth. The simultaneous arrival of his Jubilee, with that of Our Lady of Lourdes and of the Holy Father, while a mere coincidence, could easily be likened to a succession of happy auguries, and such they are. While some may remark that Truth needs no defenders, the possession of a Father Lambert is a valuable acquisition. May he long be spared the cause he loves.

During the past month the pages of the great "dailies" were filled with glowing eulogies anent the immortals who opened their eyes to the light of day in the Februaries of former years. Tributes to Lincoln, to Washington, to Poe and others, were daily occurrences. This month also has its notables. Since February has been rightly styled the "month of Patriots," March may justly be called the month of saints. We, "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time," may well look with pleasure on a month dedicated to St. Thomas Aquinas. St. Patrick and St. Joseph. These three, individualized as the "Patron of Philosophy," the "Light of Ireland" and the "Foster Father" of the Savior, are beacons warning us against the innumerable rocks and shoals filling the sea of life. The concomitance of their feast days in a month with that of the Annunciation makes March one of the most glorious in the entire church calendar.

.A Notable Month.

PERSONS AND PLACES.

Honors come thick and fast upon Rev. W. P. Joyce of Helena, Mont. Recently he was appointed superintendent of parochial schools by Bishop Carroll and now he is elected as chaplain by Knights of Columbus of Helena.

The recent appointment of Rev. John Kleinsorg brings him closer to his Alma Mater. His new pastorate is at Pesotum, Ill.

In the competitive examinations held at the American college, Francis Walsh won the honors of second place.

Visitors during the past month were Rev. J. C. Welch, Chicago Heights, Ill. Dr. Thomas Cahill, Chicago, Ill. James Donohue, Chicago, Ill. Frank Moody, Chicago, Ill. John Canavan, Iowa. V. Rivard, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Obituary.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends."—Job xix; 21.

Rev. P. Dillon D. D., Peru, Ill. Rev. Peter Barbert, C. S. V. Amplepuis, France. Sister Mary Austin Walsh, St. Mary's Academy, Leavenworth, Kan. Mrs. Margaret Kirby, Momence, Ill. Hannah Hayden, Wilmington, Ill.



The February exchanges on a whole did full justice to the memories of the great men whose natal days were celebrated last month, many an aspiring author honoring them with glowing tributes of praise in poetry and prose. The names of Lincoln, Washington, Poe, and Darwin were the subjects of eloquent odes and orations all of which breathed forth a spirit of patriotism and admiration for these truly great men. The lives of all of them were given in general and in detail and their chief characteristics and virtues were extolled by enthusiastic writers with a style, both critical and at the same time just.

Especially in this true in the article on Washington and Lincoln to be found in the *St. Mary's Messenger*. The author draws an admirable parallel between these two greatest Americans and finds "the keynote in the life of each to be loyalty." The essay on Lincoln the Tender-hearted is also a well written article portraying with no mean skill the melancholy and sorrow with which the great emancipator seemed to be burdened. This thought is also beautifully expressed in the verse that constitutes the first article in the paper. These lines principally, attract the attention of the reader.

"Forlorn

He walked, his path of joy and beauty shorn,
To saddest minor key his heart was tuned
'Twas his by hate pursued to live and die."

A Pioneer's story in the same journal is a cleverly written reminiscence of old settlers days when the red men held sway over

the land; it is told in a pleasing and well wrought way.

The instructive as well as interesting account of the pedigree and history of Mosaics is to be found in the Messenger. The author is fully conversant with the facts and data which are supplied by this artistic subject.

In **The Columbiad** from Portland, Oregon, the winning article is, in our estimation, the Ode in Honor of Lincoln. It possesses that chief requisite which is most essential not only to prose but also to poetry, namely; that of good order. In order, there is intelligence and this poem or ode is, to our mind at least, fully up to the standard of excellence maintained by **The Columbiad**, and places laurels in a way entirely different from the general language of eulogies upon the brow of Lincoln.

The subject of Socialism is being much discussed at present in political as well as religious circles. The evils, doctrine, and remedies of this growing cancer to civilization are all ably discussed in a scholarly and convincing manner by a gifted contributor, to the **Columbiad**. On the whole, kind friends, we like the appearance and general make-up of your paper very much but would appreciate it more and we are sure many of our fellow "ex's" would, if you supplied the one thing that is lacking. That is, an exchange column.

We are in receipt this month, for the first time, of **The Loretto Magazine** hailing from Nerinx, Ky., the land of the historic blue-grass. The first article is quite a "poetic" little poem which is recognizable under the romantic name of "Standard Hearts," as a delightful comparison between the beauties of Spring and Summer and human hearts. When first the subject caught our editorial eye we thought it to be one of those foolish love episodes with which college literature is sometimes afflicted and were about to pass by in search of more solid material when we chanced to see a few lines which convinced us of our error, and led to a pleasurable perusal of the entire piece. An even balance of short stories and essays is maintained throughout the issue and the editorials and locals as well as the alumnae notes are well taken care of. The only thing defective is an ill cared for and neglected exchange column. However, we shall be pleased to hear from you again and express the hope that you will honor us every month with a visit.

We acknowledge the receipt of: **The St. Jerome Schoolman**; **St. Mary's Sentinel**; **Notre Dame Scholastic**; **The Buchtelite**; **Buff and Blue**; **Villa Shield**; **Niagara Index**, and the **Comus**.

New and Useful Books.

In the year past a number of important books by Catholic authors have made their appearance. Some of the most prominent, touching on subjects of great interest at the present time are herewith put before our readers with a brief outline of each. As an expose of the lurking dangers that lie under the "religion" of socialism **The Characteristics and the Religion of Modern Socialism** by Rev. John J. Ming, S. J., the author of "Data of Modern Ethics Examined" is a masterpiece (Price net \$1.50). It is a brilliant discussion of one of the leading questions of the day. The author scrutinizes the tenets of the founders and advocates of socialism and shows conclusively the fallacy of the promises they make, and from their own words proves beyond a doubt that socialism leads inevitably to irreligion and atheism. "Since socialism has of late" says Father Ming in his preface, "engrossed public attention many questions have arisen concerning its real nature and tendency. It is often asked, and not without reason, whether as an economic system it is not resting on a materialistic connection of society and of the world at large as its philosophical basis, and whether as a social movement it aims at freedom from capitalistic domination only and not also from the laws imposed by moral and religious convictions." These treatises are written with the purpose of advancing inquiry in this line, and thus reaching certain and reliable conclusions concerning the moral and religious attitude of contemporary socialists.

A Manual of Moral Theology for English-Speaking Countries by Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J., with notes in the text on American legislation by Rev. Michael Martin, S. J., professor of Moral Theology, St. Louis University, in two large handsome volumes. Each volume with complete alphabetical index (Price net \$5.50 for the set). This "Manual of Moral Theology for English-Speaking Countries" is the first complete moral theology in the English language. The authorship of the book is a guarantee that it will become a standard work. The Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J., of St. Beuno's College, the English Jesuit House of Studies, is an authority in his chosen field. The Rev. Michael Martin, S. J., professor of Moral Theology, St. Louis University, has added special notes in the text of American legislation, making the book complete for American readers. Father Slater says in his preface—"The object of the book which is herewith offered to the public is to present the common teaching of the Catholic

moral theologians in an English dress. That common teaching is to be had in innumerable works written for the most part in Latin, but so far as I am aware there is no complete manual of moral theology in English. Yet that such a book will be found useful seems certain from the fact that works of the kind exist in abundance in other modern languages. In German we have Pruner, Probst, Linsenmann, and many others; in French, the well known works of Gousset and Gaume; in Italian, Frassinetti; in Spanish, Villafuertes, Moran, and others. It may then confidently be expected, that especially the ecclesiastical students and Catholic clergy of English-Speaking countries will welcome a book intended chiefly for their benefit." Reference and notes on American legislation have been added by Rev. Michael Martin, S. J., in order to render the book more adapted to the United States. Father Martin touches upon those points in which the ecclesiastical laws of the United States differ from those of England. "It is theologically absolutely correct, clear, and up-to-date" says Rev. Remy Lafort, Censor Librorum of the Archdiocese of New York.

An indispensable book for the preacher, invaluable to the Bible student and useful to the reader of the Scriptures is "**A Textual Concordance of the Holy Scriptures**" by Rev. Thomas David Williams, a fine large octavo of 848 pages and substantially bound in cloth (Price net \$3.50). It follows the alphabetical order of subjects, and is divided into two parts or books, moral and dogmatic, to which is added an appendix containing principally the miracles, prophecies and parables of Christ. Each topic is sufficiently enriched with the Scripture texts pertaining to it, as to furnish meat and substance for many discourses. This work differs largely from "The Divine Armoury" by Father Vaughan, both in arrangement and in choice of subjects. It differs also from the "Thesaurus Biblicus" of Father Lambert. It is earnestly hoped that this work may be of aid to enable the preacher of the Divine Word to follow the desire and instruction of the late Pope Leo XIII, expressed in his encyclical, "Providentissimus Deus," on the study of the Holy Scripture.

A law compendium covering these subjects relating to Church Matters under the title "**The Law of Church and Grave, The Clergyman's Handbook of Law,**" by Charles M. Scanlon (Price net \$1.25) is the first book of its kind and ought to be on every priests desk as well as in the library of every lawyer. The author is a lawyer of high standing who has made a special study

of the subject-matter of this volume. Seeing the need of a law book for priests he compiled this book for their especial benefit. In regard to it he writes: "The three learned professions, medicine, law and theology, overlap; and the man who does not know something of the other two cannot be prominent in his own. Laws relating to church matters are scattered through such a vast array of law books that it would be a burden for a clergyman to purchase them; and without special training he would not know where to look for the law. Therefore, a law compendium covering these subjects relating to church matters must be of great value to a clergyman. In the United States we have the same common law for the President and the hod-carrier, for the multimillionaire and the penniless orphan, for the clergy and the laity. Consequently, in this practical age a knowledge of the law of the country with which the clergy come constantly in contact is expedient, if not necessary. The contents of this book are: Introduction; What is a Church; Constitutional Law; Statutory Law; Unincorporated Church Societies; Incorporated Religious Societies; Superior Authority; Inferior Authority; Membership; Heresy and Secession; Excommunication; Election; Officers; Meetings; Church Records; Church Tribunals; State Courts; Evidence; Contracts; Pews; Property; Religious Service; Bequests; Devises; Gifts; Taxation; Eleemosynary Institutions; Schools; Parent and Child; Husband and Wife; Indians; Juvenile Courts; Libel and Slander; Crimes; Cemeteries; Miscellaneous."

And now to conclude read "**The Son of Siro**," a story of Lazarus by Father Copus, S. J., (Price \$1.50 postpaid). The events which grouped themselves about Our Lord's public life were most dramatic, leading up to the supreme drama of the Crucifixion. This theme has been seized upon by Father Copus and the result is an absorbing novel. Father Copus has written of Our Lord from the point of view of a reverent believer in His divine attributes and we are drawn to Him in the story as was the multitude who followed Him. Around the central figure of Christ is woven a dramatic romance of Lazarus, who is the son of Siro; Mary Magdalen, and other Gospel characters. In this novel the author displays great descriptive power, and accurate historic sense, and the skill of a master of narrative. The description of the Crucifixion will be regarded as one of the most moving in the literature of this supreme act of sacrifice. It is finely illustrated. All these books can be had directly from Benziger Brothers.



Athletic Notes



Doings in the athletic line have assumed their former condition since the semi-annual exams, and from now until June, gym and campus will gradually assume a natural hue (not due to the weather though). The athletic affairs of the month might be summed up in a few lines, but a detailed account doubtless would convey the state of things better. The five disbanded early in January, owing to the fact of the physical director's sudden ill-health, and did not play any outside teams, although some interesting inter hall games were indulged in.

BASEBALL.

Baseball continues to be the center of interest with Stack's men in the lime light. Out of fifty-eight candidates only twenty have survived. Capt. Stack has ordered each player to report for daily practice from now on, and the finished swing with which they meet the marble on the nose presages dire happenings for all opposing twirlers be they dorsal finned or sou' paws. The men from whom the team will be picked is as follows: Capt. Stack, Berry, McCarthy, Bachant, Conway, Sheil, Lynch, Legris, Colbert, Shannon, Coss, Munson, Nourie, Mugan, Quille, Davenport, Mulroney, and Fitzgerald. The squad will be reduced to thirteen men on the 25th, and this number will compose the team of "naughty nine." The pitching staff will be composed of Stack, Shiel and Coss, and is probably the best staff in western college circles. For the catching position "Lou" Bachant has it all to himself. The infield in all probability will be Barry, McCarthy, Colbert and Lynch, while the outfield will consist of Conway in left, and the best two amongst the other candidates, all of these are running a close race for the gardens and there seems to be very little choice between them. The schedule which Manager Kelly is working on is almost completed and he hopes to be able to issue it in a few days. Games are arranged with the leading teams in this section of the country.

The rejected candidates to the number of forty, met and organized the Reserves. The squad being unable to secure the services of the varsity coach, is being drilled under the able direction of Assistant Coach Boyle, who is gradually rounding them into shape.

The bowling alleys are enjoying a good share of student patronage these days and in the pomp of their proficiency the rollers have organized a "Varsity Five." A series of games is to be played with teams in this part of the country. Kelly and Stack are rolling in good form and hold the individual and two-man records.

The cross country men are daily enjoying a jaunt along Bourbonnais avenue, and are rapidly rounding into form. The obstacles, hedges, ditches, are being well taken, and Capt. Wall predicts the downfall of the local six mile record.

THE JUNIORS.

Basketball still occupies the center of the rostrum in their "gym" and to say that they have made a great record this year is putting it mildly, although they lost two out of the three games played on their "Northern Trip" (Chicago), they showed the old time vim and vivacity which characterizes all wearers of the old gold and purple.

Hamilton Park 44, Juniors 18.

The Junior "quin" met their first defeat of the season on Saturday, February 20, in Chicago, being defeated by the score of 44 to 18. To say that they were up against the real stars, is stating the fact mildly, and on top of this they were handicapped by the smallness of the floor. The features of the game were by far the playing of Davis, Crawford and Kenny, while Cunningham and Tynan did the best work for the Juniors. Line-up:

Hamilton Park (44)		Juniors (18)
Kenny	L. F.	O'Brien
Wright	R. F.	Cunningham
Davis	C.	Leonard
Crawford	L. G.	Tynan
Mealiff	R. G.	Boyle, Bowers

Baskets from field, Davis (12), Kenny (6), Crawford (2), O'Brien (3), Cunningham (4), Tynan, Bowers; free throws, Davis (4). Umpire, Foley. Referee Hardy. Time of halves twenty minutes.

Juniors 33, Mark White Square 28.

Not in the least downhearted over their defeat of the day before, the Juniors came back on February 21, and defeated the Mark White Square team at Chicago in a most interesting game by the score of 33 to 28, the features of this game were the all around play-

ing of the Juniors, and the individual work of Tynan and Cunningham. Graham and Campbell were the individual stars for the home team. Line-up:

Juniors (33)		Mark White Square (28)
O'Brien	R. F.	Grannan
Cunningham	L. F.	Campbell
Leonard	C.	Dugan
Bowers	L. G.	Ruler, Grannan
Tynan	R. G.	Siebert, Wertz

Baskets: Gannon (5), Campbell (4), Dugan, Ruler Seigert, Tynan (5), O'Brien (4), Cunningham (2), Leonard (2), Bowers (1); Free throws, Campbell (4), O'Brien (2), Cunningham (3). Referee, Novcass, umpire Boyle. Time of halves 20 minutes.

Curtis High School 51, Juniors 24.

The Juniors ran into a snag in Kensington on Washington's birthday, when they met the Curtis High School team, and were overwhelmingly defeated by the score of 51 to 24. This game was well played, although the Juniors were beaten, they were again handicapped by the size of the floor, the features were the all around playing of the Curtis team, combined with the individual work of Johnson and Schroeder, O'Brien and Boyle performed best for the Juniors. Line-up:

Curtis High School 51.		Juniors 24.
Johnson	R. F.	O'Brien
Mertein	L. F.	Cunningham
Schroeder	C.	Leonard
Beale	L. G.	Tynan
Ernst	R. G.	Boyle, Harvey

Baskets Johnson (10), Schroeder (8), Mertein (6), Beale (1), O'Brien (8), Leonard (2) Cunningham (1), Harvey (1). Free throws, Mertein. Umpire Mahurin. Time of halves 20 minutes.

Following is the list of games which the Juniors played this year:

- Dec. 15—Juniors 23, Y. M. C. A. 16.
- Dec. 19—Juniors 37, Y. M. C. A. 11.
- Jan 6—Juniors 106, Junior Reserves 14.
- Jan 8—Juniors 19, Y. M. C. A. 18.
- Jan. 16—Juniors 30, Y. M. C. A. 26.
- Jan. 20—Juniors 67, Ex-Juniors 12.
- Feb. 3—Juniors 29, Y. M. C. A. 22.

Feb. 18—Juniors 35, Y. M. C. A. 13.
 Feb. 20—Juniors 18, Hamilton Park 44.
 Feb. 21—Juniors 33, Mark White 28.
 Feb. 22—Juniors 24, Curtis 51.
 Total scores, Juniors 421. Opponents 245.

1909-2; 1910-1.

The first harbinger of spring was the class baseball game between this year's baccalaureate class, and their successors of next year. Availing themselves of the warm weather that visited the classic spots in this vicinity and fresh from a month's indoor work spent in the batting cages and "gym" floors, the two upper classes delighted the "undergrads" with a specimen of clean-cut fast baseball. The 1909 men were unable to present their strongest array as Stack, the varsity captain and premier twirler was enjoined from playing by the varsity coach. As a result, '10 fought a pretty battle and forced the game into extra innings. In the twelfth inning '10 shoved a run across the plate through a conjunction of a single and a three bagger. In their half of the inning 1909 with one down scored twice on a single by Hays, followed by Shippy's long drive to left center. For '09, Shippy and Hays starred, while '10 was saved often by invincible battery work on the part of W. Joseph Nourie and F. Welch. Line-up:

1909.

Shippy p.
 Darche, lf.
 Hayes, c.
 Kelly, E. M., ss.
 Morgan, 2b.
 Carroll, 3b.
 Walsh, rf.
 Maguire, cf.
 McClure, 1b.

1910.

Nourie c.
 Burke, 1b.
 Foley 2b.
 Welch, p.
 Shannon, 3b.
 Mugan, rf.
 Moran, cf.
 Boyle lf.
 Kelly, E. P., ss.



THE VIATORIAN LOCALS.

How are you now?

Have you read Milton?

No I've red hair.

Have you met Belasco?

No; but I've seen Walsh.

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the early arrival of the Pioneer,
On the 12th of February—'65
Ship at St. Viateur's did arrive.

Reggie has the auto hat now—all he needs is the machine.

Oh, call me early prefect

Oh, call me early pray.

Tomorrow I'm a hero

You know 'tis settler's day.

F. S.

What would happen If

You could bowl only for cash?

If Fred left his room unlocked?

If D— were to quit school?

If Karpen would wear orange ribbon on March 17?

If Eddie got the Boils again?

If Skipper were to go to bed at ten?

If Cy quit chewing?

If Claude got appendicitis?

Morgan, Morgan, I've been thinking

What a queer man you would be

If you only had the millions

That belong to old J. P.

—Prof: You're in free study.

Willie: What charges?

Prof: Freight charges

Willie: They're C. O. D.

An Epitaph.

Here lies Old Rock, a good old horse;

Withhold your tribute moans

For all that now is left of him

Is dust and a heap of bones.

WANT ADS AND LOST AND FOUND.

WANTED—A bottle of Omega Oil for my Pitching arm.
W. Flavin.

WANTED—A nice big highchair. J. Merrick.

WANTED—A butler for my summer home. Raymond
Mack.

LOST—If the \$.01 I dropped in the bowling alley will be
returned to me, finder will receive a reward of 5 jelly-
beans and no questions asked. E. Corcoran.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

—R. M. No the color of J. Dougherty's hair is not red, it is
auburn.

—L. K. Yes Harmon entered the ring at the age of 12.

—V. H. Yes, Lucian Hall is a professional handball player.

—J. M. No, McKernan is not 19 years old.

—W. P. Yes, Smith chews Spearmint.

The following is the Juniors team for the coming year: Pitch,
J. Merrick; Catch, J. Dougherty; First, E. Betts; Second, E. Har-
vey; Short, H. Talbert; Third, J. Harmon; Left, E. McKernan;
Center, A. Ledioux; Right, T. Lyons.



Legris Brothers

Bankers

Kankakee, Illinois

The Domestic Palace Steam Laundry

Telephone No. 178

311 Schuyler Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

Henry E. Volkmann & Son

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Dealers in

Diamonds, Watches & Jewelry

Watch Repairing and Engraving

Telephones: Bell 237r; Independent 4

C. RUEHLE

Manufacturer of LIME

*Wholesale and Retail Cement, Brick,
Sand, Etc.*

**Office and Warehouse
12-16 West Avenue KANKAKEE, ILL.**

W. J. Coghlin Bedding and Upholstering Company

Manufacturers of

Mattresses, Couches

**Also specialties in Feather Renovating
Special Prices to Institutions**

Kankakee, Illinois

STITH BROS.

Restaurant and Lunch Room

182 Merchant Street, Kankakee

JOHN J. DRURY PLUMBING

*Steam and Hot Water Heating,
Gas Lights and Mantles, Gas
Stoves. Sewer Work*

276 Schuyler Ave., Kankakee. Both phones

ERZINGER BROS.

226-232 Court Sreet

Fancy Grocers

*We make a specialty of Fresh
Fruits, Confectionery, Bakery
Goods of every description.*

Powell's Studio

*Call Here for Everything Up-to-
date in the line of*

Photography

☞ KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS ☞

DICK & MAGRUDER

Livery and Sale Stable

Fine Turnouts for : : :

Weddings and Funerals

312 Schuyler Ave. Kankakee