

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." It is the evil spirit, which steals into our silent musings and treacherously whispers in our ears: this can be done as well to-morrow, enjoy yourself to-day, perhaps a like opportunity will never present itself again. It is the destroyer of all those good resolutions which we have taken so often, and the cause of so many empty niches in the temple of Fame. If we carefully consider what time is, we will very soon come to the conclusion, that though it is divided into three distinct periods, there is in reality but one division namely, the present, that we can call our own. We can not penetrate into the hidden secrets of the future nor recall the actions of the past, we know not to-day what to-morrow will bring forth; nor can our losses of yesterday ever be retrieved. Time is like a mighty river flowing placidly along in the sunlight, for a short distance, and then with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent dashes over the precipice and is lost in foam on the rocks below. On the sunny portion of this river sails the boat of life piloted by a lone sailor; manfully must he struggle against the waves and tide; were he to neglect his duty, for even a moment, how great would be his loss, how sad the result!

Every moment idly spent brings him nearer and nearer that fatal precipice, beyond which is certain destruction. The testimony of all nations and ages tends to prove that if we wish to accomplish any thing, we must take time by the forelock. If we consider the great accomplishments of men from the remote ages of antiquity down to the present time, and ask ourselves the question: to what must we attribute this great advancement in all the arts of industry and refinement? the answer will be "never putting off until to-morrow what can be done to-day." Men whose career has been successful whether in literature, politics or industrial arts, have used well the present and when the future came it found them prepared. No man has ever become truly great in a day; he may have been suddenly raised from poverty to opulence, by circumstances, which the changes of fortune may have thrown in his way, but there is no merit in this, no true greatness. Ask the man of education how he has acquired such thorough knowledge of the sciences, he will tell you, by using

every moment of his time always bearing in mind that "one to-day is worth two to-morrows."

The warrior, who by seizing the opportunity has raised himself to the highest pinnacle of military fame, will bid you, if you wish to emulate his prowess, "make hay while the sun shines." The great moneyed king will reply to the inquiry, how have you amassed this great fortune? "by watching the markets and changes of trade, never neglecting to take advantage of every opportunity as soon as it presented itself."

Napoleon owed all his victories to his consummate prudence in detecting every error of his enemy and immediately turning it to advantage. Had not Wellington seized the opportunity for making his famous charge when the Prussians had deceived Grouchy he would never have been the "hero of Waterloo," and Napoleon might have been another Alexander. Burke, Chatham, Clay, Webster and all the great giants in the political world have gained immortal fame by making the right speech in the right time.

If the farmer neglects to plow his ground and sow it with seed in the spring, what will be the result. He will not realize his loss for a time, he may pass the long summer days in ease and pleasure, but when those genial days have passed, and "chill november's surly blasts make fields and forest bare" he will painfully understand how he has deceived himself. But now it is too late to retrieve his losses; the gloom of winter rests on every thing, and all avenues of hope are closed against him. So it is with us; if we waste those precious hours of youth in idleness and pleasure, neglecting to sow the mind with seeds of industry and virtue, letting pass unimproved those golden opportunities which shall never return, we will find ourselves in riper years, the victims of poverty and shame.

But different is the winter of a well spent life; no dark clouds obscure the sun, all is serene and pleasant. Seldom do men realize that vision: rarely does the calm evening of existence o'ercast by victory, and shone on by a placid twilight, rarely does it herald that sweet repose, which is only known to him, who has labored and seen his labors blessed. "Man is the architect of his own fortune" and as truly can we say that time is the material with which he builds. When

we examine the lives of great men, we do not in many cases, see them endowed with talents so superior to our own, on the contrary, in point of natural abilities, they were often our inferiors. The success of these men, their knowledge, wealth, or fame, can not be attributed to that capricious dame called fortune, but to their own individual efforts. The value of time, and especially the present is a subject which has called forth the most brilliant effusions of poetry, in our language, and it has not been wholly neglected by the more phlegmatic prose writers. Southwell's "Dangers of Delay," and Young's "Night Thoughts," magnificently teach us the value of time, and the necessity of using time "while time is lent thee."

Let us study those lessons of great men, seldom enough will Fortune smile on us, and when she does, let us not neglect courting her.

P. C.

A TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

It is customary for some to consider the ocean as a mere wild, watery waste without any pleasing or touching scenes, and entirely wanting in that influence over the human feelings which nature every-where else possesses. This opinion, however, is wrong and decidedly opposite to that which experience teaches. There is an indescribable sublimity connected with the sea, which is nowhere surpassed, and which reminds us continually of those two great truths—the "nothingness of man, and the wonderful power, and wisdom of the Creator."

I remember that, in my first voyage across the Atlantic, although awed and terrified by some of her appalling sights, I was nevertheless delighted with the pleasing thoughts and serious reflections to which they gave rise.

The scenes and incidents of this voyage, although made more than twenty years ago, are still fresh in my memory, partly, I suppose from their novelty, and partly because I was then in the bloom of youth; awake and sensible to everything that affected the ear or gratified the fancy.

My health at that time was greatly impaired, and I saw that the easy and most effectual means of recruiting it, would be to leave America, and seek a milder and more healthful abode either among the sunny groves of Italy, or in the still warmer climate of Algiers. With this object in view, I left the dear old city of New York, for Brest in France.

There I intended to stop a few days, and then continue my journey by sea to Italy. It was late in the summer, perhaps about the middle of August. The vessel which I took was large and beautiful, having

on high the national colors, while lower down floated other flags and numerous pendants, all of which waved and fluttered to and fro as if rejoicing in the ocean breeze. She carried in all over a thousand souls, some of whom were sad and some joyful; some turning with tearful eyes to the land which was fast disappearing and some looking forward with joyous hearts, to that other shore, where perhaps dear friends or fond relations were waiting and watching in happy expectation.

For me the departure was indeed painful. The last sight of land pressed heavily on my heart; I thought of home, and of the dear ones there, who were perhaps at that very moment thinking, and talking of me. I thought how long it would be before I would return, and then the painful idea struck me, that, perhaps when I would return, there would be no one to receive me; that the place would be changed, and I would see strange faces and forms at the door. Tears stole from my eyes but I checked them, thinking it unmanly to be thus weeping before so many people.

From that moment I strove against those melancholy recollections, and soon became more contented, and was able to enjoy whatever pleasure or amusement the voyage afforded.

I never remained very much below in the *cabin*, preferring always to be on the deck, where I often sat for hours, musing over the wonders of the deep. The mighty power displayed in the surging billows, the vast expanse to which the eye could see no limits, and continual undulation of the waves which will be there till land, and sea shall be no more; these were subjects for whole days meditation, and ones as grand, and full of interest as nature can possibly furnish.

In the morning I loved to watch the sun gently rising up as from the distant waves, and casting its bright beams across the silent ocean; but the setting was by far the more beautiful. Sinking slowly to the horizon, its last rays streamed from afar over the thousand billows, decked their crests with a crimson hue, and formed golden paths which I almost longed to tread, thinking they led away to that peaceful world "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." When the sun had gone down, that heavenly home sometimes seemed visible in the large piles of beautifully painted clouds, which often at evening, appeared in the west like an airy paradise, and "to which the gentle, undulating billows rolled their silvery volumes as if to die away on those happy shores."

Day after day we continued our journey, and yet the same unbroken prospect presented itself from every side.

We saw no sign of human life; not even a solitary sail which could tell us that we were not alone on the watery waste. Often to pass away the time, I would lean carelessly over the railing, and look down upon the huge crowds, which were now and then seen gambolling about the ship.

Sometimes I could also discern a lone shark, sliding silently along beneath the surface, and resembling by his movements and shape, more a specter than a reality.

I had never before beheld these strange signs, and I gazed leisurely on them from my safe position. All the frightful sea monsters that I had ever heard or read of came vividly before my mind, and oftentimes I almost waited to see some of their huge unearthly forms appear among the waves.

One morning I noticed that the number of these porpoises about the vessel had increased, and I remarked to a person close by that this was always indicative of stormy weather, I was not mistaken. All day the clouds hung low, and the sea was rough and gloomy. Towards evening it wore a still fiercer aspect; and as darkness closed in, a cold fear crept through me, as to what daylight would reveal. The waves roared louder with the deepening night, and now and then distant peals of thunder could be distinctly heard. At twelve the storm was upon us with its fury. The rudder fell, and the winds moaned through the rigging with a funeral wail. High surging billows yawned over our struggling bark, which at times seemed lost in gaping chasms that opened between them.

The thunder roared and bellowed with mad hoarse rage, while at every moment, the dashing lightning, as it flickered away over the angry sea, revealed the horrors of the storm.

Often, as I stood, clinging to something for support, I felt almost certain, that the next moment I would be struggling with the washing waters.

Thus passed a great part of the night. Morning, however proved more favorable, the sea was still dark and rough, but all danger was over.

During the day we were driven along at a great speed by a swift gale from the west. Sitting alone on the deck, and looking out on the rolling ocean, I recalled the horrors of the previous night, and considered how many wrecks these awful storms each year had caused. I thought how many human souls, had sunk beneath these waves,.....with bubbling groan, "Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined and unknown." I thought how many human bones lay whitening in the deep caverns below, and what a fearful tale that sea would tell, when on the last day, it lashes its victims on the beach.

Thus the time passed until the cry of "Land" echoed

through the ship and filled all hearts with joy. Another day and we were in the harbor of Liverpool.

There for the first time, I beheld the land of my fathers, Europe with all her historical interest, all her relics, and ruins of nations long passed away, stretched out before me.

There was a strange novelty in the scene, which only those who have experienced it, can fully understand.

Arriving at the pier, where there was a great concourse of people, I stepped off, and mingled with the general throng. As I looked around I saw that every body was going here and there, some talking, and enjoying, others embracing friends, and still more engaged with their different occupations, while I alone, of all this great assemblage, stood without a friend, a country or a home. No words, nor smiles were for me. I felt it and my heart rebelled.

I felt that I was a stranger on that distant shore, and resolved to return as soon as possible to my own dear country, to my beloved city of New York, to my home, where assuredly words, smiles and fond embraces were in store for me.

PERSONALS.

Alex. Moody '78 will soon finish his course in Michigan Military University.

A. Tesdu '77 recently removed to Chippewa Falls, Wis., where he has engaged in the Dry Goods trade.

G. Meade '80 one of the most exemplary students of his time, has a fine position in the C. & E. I. Freight-office at Chicago.

C. Cyriel M. D. '73 who for some years past practiced in our quiet village recently located in Kankakee.

Jno. Pittor '73 who not long since entered the Society of Jesus, is at present, Prefect of Discipline in St. John's College, Fredham, New York.

A. Meath '80 whose voice added life and sweetness to the song of the Glee Club in former years, is now a successful business man in Chicago.

Mr. A. Bena-Lola '74 who will be remembered as a musician of no mean repute is at present employed as Notary Public in Joliet, Canada.

N. Gaulty '73 at present pursuing his course in the Military University of Champaign, will complete his studies there next month and come forth with the title of Civil Engineer.

Prof. Fred L. Morey '73, subsequently teacher of music here, is now discharging his Professional duties in Chicago, where he is regarded as a musician of extraordinary attainment.

The athletes of last year may be pleased to know that one of their champions A. Roy has become a member of this Congregation and is now making his Novitiate in Joliet, Canada.

We are happy to state that A. E. Legr's '81 who for some months past has been very weak, is now able to drive around. His many friends here most heartily wish that he will soon be sufficiently recuperated to enjoy life as pleasantly as in former days.

George Sanford whose ever pleasant smile was a source of happiness to us last year, is now enjoying himself by taking occasional trips with his father. When not thus engaged he is to be found at his home in Marshalltown, Iowa.

A. C. Labrie '81 who for the past two years has been following his ecclesiastical studies in the Seminary at Baltimore, was recently advised by his physician to take a few months recreation. He is now sojourning with relations and friends in this locality and will presently take a journey through the far west, where he hopes the mountain air will produce beneficial results in his favor.

Rev. G. A. U. Martel, for several years our Professor of music and Painting, and for some time past engaged in pastoral duties in Chicago, was recently appointed Pastor of St. Anne in this county. Fr. Martel has all the characteristics of a kind and amiable Pastor: he is numbered among the benefactors of our institution and we most sincerely wish him all possible success and happiness in his new field of spiritual labor.

Among those who have recently sent us expressions of congratulation, F. X. Galarneau '79 attracts our attention. We once expected that Frank would become a literary personage and devote himself exclusively to novel writing; but his romantic notions must have vanished, since he is at present in one of the rail road offices of Lima, Ohio.

LOUIS VEUILLLOT.

The grave has just been sealed over one of the greatest men of this century. Ls. Veuillot, the fearless champion of the rights of the Church, expired on the 8th. of April at the age of 79 years, after having received the last Sacraments, surrounded by his two daughters and the staff of "L'Univers." Within the last few years the illustrious had given up all kind of mental labor on account of complete exhaustion.

The celebrated Journalist was born at Boyues of poor parents and received but a common school education. He relates in "Rome et Lorette" on what unfortunate circumstances he made his first communion. France was just emerging from the abyss of Revolution. His Parents did not know God. His Teacher was an infidel and a drunkard. It was after being prepared by such ignorant and impious hands that he approached the Holy table, deprived for ever of the heavenly joy and the pleasant souvenirs of the happiest day of life. 'May the sacrilege,' he says, 'rest on other heads!'

At an early age, he gave unmistakable marks of his talent as a writer. He had already lent his pen to different papers, when he was invited by one of his friends to visit Constantinople. He was not going to the capital of Mahomet, "he was going to Rome, to Baptism."

In fact he came back from the eternal City another man, a Christian. The veil fell from his eyes. Faith gave to his understanding the only satisfactory solution of the mysteries of life. The Church appeared to him as the last rampart of society threatened by Revolution, and he swore that he would live and die in her service, a promise which he faithfully kept unto the last.

He founded "L'Univers" and with it Catholic journalism. Lacordaire in the pulpit of Notre Dame, Montalembert in the tribune of the Parliament and Ls. Veuillot in the editorial chair of "L'Univers" were three powers and the greatest defenders of

religious liberty which France in her late struggle against infidelity gave to the Church of Christ.

For over twenty five years this devoted christian fought the good combat. He advocated the liberty of "teaching" which was then placed in the hands of an irreligious Government. He afterwards joined Mgr. Gaume in his struggle against pagan authors whose exclusive use in schools tends, as proved by History, to dischristianize nations. Every one remembers still how eloquently he defended the dogma of Papal Infallibility opposed by the adepts of Gallicanism and Liberalism. Any attacks opened by the enemies of Society and Religion were sure to be checked by this intrepid athlete of Christianity.

The crowning glory of his life will be to have achieved the movement towards Rome, started by De Maistre and De Bonald but which they could not carry out on account of the intrigues of the time, and Ls. Veuillot might well say, *Nunc dimittis*. Gallicanism is dead.

His Journal was suppressed twice. The first time when he published the Papal excommunication pronounced against the spoilers of the Pontifical Estates. He knew that it would be the last day of his Paper; he preferred death to silence. This encyclical was the winding sheet of "L'Univers," but what a glorious shroud! he triumphantly exclaims.

It was suppressed a second time after the Franco-Prussian war, when he stood by the German Bishop against a victorious diplomat unmindful of the catholic blood shed during the last campaign. The gallant pen of the great writer was crushed by the brutal sword of Bismark. But it was only for a time. "L'Univers" lives still and it shall register, one day, which is not far distant the arrival of the Iron Man at Cannossa.

In the editorial chair of "L'Univers," Ls. Veuillot felt at home: like the crusader of old under his coat of arms, fearful of no enemy, he gave deadly blows to any one who dared to defy him. The editors of The "Revue des deux Mondes," of the "Siecle," of the "Figaro" shall never forget the cruel lashing he inflicted them: the strokes of his pen were to these literary quacks what are the stamp of the red hot iron on the shoulders of the galley-slave. How many were silenced by a single trait of his bitter irony. It is said that, had he lived during Voltaire's time, he would have choked the infernal sneering of this vile insultor of the God Man and forced him to beg for mercy.

Ls. Veuillot stands first among the french prose writers of the nineteenth century. He combines all "genres" and to the highest degree of perfection. You will find in him the vehemence of the polemist, the deepness of the thinker, the stern judgment of the historian, the attractiveness of the novelist, the inspiration of the poet. His style allies the correctness and the grandeur of the classics to the freshness and action life of the romantic school.

How numerous and beautiful are the masterpieces which originated from his prolific pen! There is more poetry in the "Pelerinage de Suisse," "Ca et La," The "Parfum de Rome," "Historiettes et Fantaisies" than in all the works of Lamartine and Victor Hugo. His style is really inimitable, and what is astonishing is to see how easily the defiant polemist softens his voice. The lion becomes the mildest lamb. You are transported all at once from the noise of the battle-field to the calm of smiling landscapes; words of anger are succeeded by songs

which move the heart to tears "Rome et Lorette" rivals in beauty with the immortal "Confessions" of St. Augustin, "Corbin et d'Aubecourt," which Leon Gauthier proclaims the masterpiece of the French language, seems to have been written by the chaste pen of a young maid. It is a pity that his works are still unknown to the world of English letters, whilst the obscene productions of Eugene Sue, George Sand, Dumas are to be found every where. But what translator would ever be able to express the original beauties of his powerful genius?

What characterizes his writings and makes them so attractive, is that he possesses more than all the "sens catholique" as stated by one of his critics. Chateaubriand, who may justly be called the father of the religious reaction which took place at the beginning of this century, seems but a neophyte when compared to him. The author of the "Genius of Christianity" has only seen the exterior beauty of the Church. It was unfortunate, he appears to say, when contemplating the ruins brought by the French Revolution, to have destroyed so poetical a religion. But Ls. Veuillot has penetrated into the sanctuary of the temple, and comes out with the faith of an Apostle and the enthusiasm of a Prophet. There is nothing factitious in his feelings: his accents of the most burning love for all that is noble and beautiful are always true and are echoed by every believer's heart.

Ls. Veuillot took part in many struggles in which the greatest religious and social interest were at stake. Some have reproached him with the violence of his attacks. Could we not excuse him who constantly stood in the gap to guard truth assaulted by cowards and traitors? No wonder that his tone became fiery by the habit of fighting. But certain it is that, if the form of his writings was not sometimes what it should have been, his doctrine was always sound and approved by the highest tribunal on earth.

It has been the glory of the Church to number among her children the great geniuses of every century. Our age beholds her still surrounded by such intellectual giants as Ls. Veuillot, Donoso Cortes, Newman, Brownson who pledged her their talents and their love, and received in return light and peace. It is sad indeed to see these zealous champions of the true faith disappear one after another. Let us, whilst placing the crown of immortals over their grave, beg of the divine Providence to grant the church, writers who will take these heroes as their models. May American youths enflamed with the love of truth and study, become like admirable apologists, manable to meet the emergency these of our times.

LOCALS.

Read your own paper.

The days are counted.

Commencement day, Thursday, June 21st.

Now is the time to prepare for examination.

Great and exciting are the games of the league.

The boat Club is making extensive preparations.

The latest report says "Doc" Grimes is using Anti-fat.

Mr. E. Turner called on his old friends here, last Tuesday, on his way to Europe.

It will soon be time for registered letters and money orders, so says Cameron.

Tug and Dan made a flying visit to the city last

Thursday. Politically speaking they report things lively

The recent improvements on the store of P. Sanasack give it a neat and unique appearance.

Con. Hart has a stenographic clann now, we would suggest that they attend the fourth Grammar class if they want to try their skill.

A new feature has been added to the curiosities which Mr. Gobin is collecting for his museum; "The man with two chins."

Cusack. Who says Washington is not greater than Napoleon? Kniery. I do, and will defend my *bony part*.

It was too bad that Glen should spoil his Sunday suit pulling out an enormous fish that proved to be a piece of cord-wood.

Grand Fox is becoming quite an expert in throwing the dagger. He is meditating a trip to the Zulu country.

Miss Sadie Gibbon of Dwight spent Sunday at the college visiting her brother.

As we predicted, Mc. won the victory, in the recent race with Zeph. If some visitor will come in and out-strip Mc., we will be greatly pleased.

Very Rev. P. Beaudoin C. S. V. President of the college is conducting a retreat this week for the young ladies of the Congregation.

The extra athlete who was beaten by McKinnery in the running match and by Gallet in the jumping contest was challenged by John E. to grin; the individual after viewing the opponent, put on his coat and quietly remarked: "nature can't be beaten."

Gibbons won the penny bet on the game of base-ball last week. Bets ranged from one up to five cents on the grounds and several small bets are reported from neighboring places.

Our reporter says the most pleasing feature of the May party, was the elegance with which Mr. C. moved after being designated as may-pole.

The boys have already begun to prepare for the annual Society Pic-nic, which will be held on the river banks about the first Thursday in June.

On seeing Br. Bernard raise a twelve pound weight one hundred times, a few days since, we received thoughts for an additional chapter to "The man with a steam arm."

On the 25th. ult. Very Rev. E. Gonnet Superior General of the order, accompanied by Rev. Brother Saulin, left Paris for America. They will remain some days in Joliette, Canada and arrive here about the last of this month.

The Herdic line between here and the city is now in regular running order and is paying well. The line connects with all trains on the Central, making four

trips a day, thus affording an easy and convenient means of transit for passengers.

On Thursday last the KKKe "Reds" came into the campus, with high hopes, strong determination and eight men. The college nine received them cordially, and after a large concourse of spectators had gathered, "play" was called by the umpire. The game was interesting throughout; but it was evident from the first that the visitors would lose. Score, College 22, "Reds" 13.

The month of May being especially consecrated to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, the piety and devotion of the students, during this time, are and should be unusually edifying. Still, during the religious exercises there are a few who do not evince that profound adoration and self-recollection, which should be particularly observable in the student. The Chapel presents a neat appearance and the devotional exercises are as pleasing and as joyful as the virtues of Heaven's Queen are lovely and beautiful.

Rev. F. X. Chouinard of Aurora gave us a pleasant call yesterday.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

ROLL OF HONOR.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, APPLICATION, AND OBEYANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st. DEGREE—Misses H. O'Reilly, C. Magnan, A. Mallon, H. Cleary, A. Sullivan, M. Cain, J. Lenoue, A. Boudreau, E. Pepin.

2nd. DEGREE—Misses A. Blackstone, M. L. Paiment, C. Cameron, E. Howell.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st. DEGREE—Misses A. Mami, I. Lamentagne, M. Hoy, A. Reach, A. Robert, A. Prairie, Marlon Barron.

2nd. DEGREE—Misses J. Menast, J. Perolat, M. Barron, E. Sansack, C. Brault, J. Lawrence.

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Rev. T. N. Kehoe	5.00

(To be continued.)

ROLL OF HONOR.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

James O'Callaghan	Conway Medal.
Thomas Hughes	Gold "
Ambrose Granger	1st. Silver "
Patrick Byrnes	2nd. " "

Distinguished.—Michael Mullen, Philip Lesage, Patrick Tierney, Paul Wistach, Joseph Kelly, Patrick Conway, James Cusack, Thomas O'Neil, Alexander Granger, Thomas McKinnery, Florence Meaudiffe, Richard Sadlier, Alexander McGavick, Charles Fay.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Henry Bealy	Gold Medal.
Edmund Gallet	1st. Silver "
Thomas McDonnell	2nd. " "
Edward Woodward	3rd. " "

Distinguished.—Charles Cameron, Arthur Desjardins, Henry Murphy, Thomas Gibbons, Robert Neuhoff, Albert Neuhoff, Charles Ball, William Hartwell.

Guilfoyle Medal for English Composition awarded to Patrick Conway.

Lesage Medal for French Composition awarded to Ambrose Granger.

GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL Alex. McGavick

LEGRIS MEDAL FOR POLITENESS, Michael Mullen.

Are equally distinguished in

DEPARTMENT:

Richard Sadlier, Pat Conway, Philip Lesage, Florence Meaudiffe, Patrick Sullivan, John Morrissey, Thomas McKinnery, Ambrose Granger, Joseph Leub, Arthur Desjardins, Edward Caron, Charles Fay, Edward Fox, Edmund Lebeau, Horace Mathieu, Charles Baker, James Donahoe, Alexander Granger, Joseph Dandurand, Joseph Kelly, Thomas Ryan, Patrick Byrnes, Glen Park, Patrick Tierney, Thomas Meagher, Miles Lancaster, Paul Wistach, Alexis Rivard, George Correa, Henry Murphy, Charles Ball, Alfred Sansack, Ormus Smith, Frederick Prairie, John Walsh, Thomas Walsh, William Moreau, Robert Neuhoff, George Granger, Frank Perolat.



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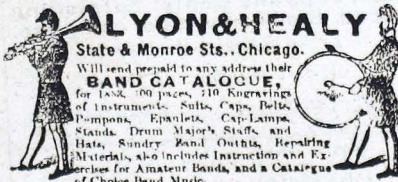
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