

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. II

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, JAN. 17 1885.

No. 17

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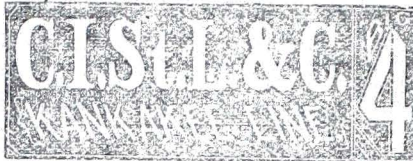
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No. 17

OVER NOW A NEW LEAF TURN.

Over now a new leaf turn
Upon this gladsome, joyous New year,
The past you now can truly spurn
Tho' not perhaps without a tear,
Before you lies the cold, rough world,
Your armour buckle on a-new
Go then forth with flag unfur'd
To do well whate'er you do.

Over now a new leaf turn,
As you stand upon the shore
Of a new Sea whose constant mourn.
Whose ceaseless, wild and weary roar
Sings, if the phantom Rest you're after,
In vain you'll sail the billows o'er—
Your efforts shall be met with laughter
Of Echo ringing out "no more."

Over now a new leaf turn
Whilst you've plenty time and day
For dismal night o'er silent bourn
Shall soon becloud your merry way:
For truth and right do always battle
Tho' the contest be severe,
If lost amid the cannon's rattle,
"It to sight, to memory dear."

Over now a new leaf turn
Grasp the hours fast fleeting by
Seek those treasures that ne'er burn,
Nor rust consumeth—in the sky—
Pluck the flowers that deck the way side
Flowers of virtue rich and pure
Which at Autumn's closing eve tide
Shall perpetual joy secure.

J. P. M.

Rev. Father Marsile—

My Dear Father: Having promised to send you for the "College Journal" a few hints about the character of ranching and ranch life, I will grasp the opportunity offered by a few moments of leisure to throw down in haste such features of the business as are uppermost in my mind.

Ranching as the term is now applied (tho' originally meaning *farming* from the Spanish word *ranch*) is a term used to describe the business of cattle raising in the far West. It applies to the following states and territories—Kansas, Indian Territory, Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas—of which geographical divisions the area is thirteen hundred thousand square miles; or it represents a *superficies* equal to more than *one third* of Europe! Of this vast region, so rich in ores; precious metals, coal and timber, and marble and stones, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California formerly belonged to old Mexico, and before she lost them she was third from the *largest porru* in the world on the basis of superficial area. At the time we got them, these regions were little else that what they were described to be—"a howling wilderness"—infested by fierce beasts and by the still fiercer men, and by virtue of their very vastness protected from the approach of civilization. But by the same passion which inspired all the discoveries of Columbus' successors, (a passion which was even more or less sensibly, mingled in the high motives of that great man himself)—the passion for gold has in the hands of Providence furnished the means of taming this region. It began first with the discoveries of gold in California, when to get these required perils many by land and by sea which would have thwarted anything less resistless than the *auri sacra fames*—the accursed hunger for money. From '49 therefore dates the beginning of the change which has finally pushed the steel rail by four different routes over vast plains, through rugged mountains, along roaring torrents and over weary desert, to the very shores of the Pacific. So that the earth is held by new bands of man's making, and natural barriers exist but no longer to bar. Such is the region in which ranching is one of the principal sources of wealth—and so much I have

thought well to premise, that the mind may first realise the scope of the canvass before it begins to busy itself with the details of the picture.

The same law which meets us in the world's history—the *outcasts of civilization becoming perforce her pioneers*—is just as striking and as plain in Far West progress as it was in the establishment of Rome with its nucleus of renegades, as it was in the marvellous conquest of Cortes, himself a renegade, who had to go forward for he dared not go back! The men who paved the way for ranching were fleeing generally from civilization to escape debt, punishment for crime and the like. It is even taking place (this striking process) in the further outposts of the march of progress to-day. The life was wild, and it required men of fearless temperament, who "held their lives but at a "pins fee," to colonize this territory. Sad to say the wickedness of large cities back in the states supplied plenty of material. Then began the more sober of these pioneers to think of making something out of the great stretches that lay about them. From the Mexican in California and New Mexico, they took the hint of cattle raising. The ranchman went out into the wilds and built his cabin (ranch house) and let his cattle roam and propagate on the nutritious grasses growing everywhere. How wild was not this life. Following up his herds days passed before he would return to his ranch house, the ground his bed, the saddle his home, his chair, his all in all. And as he had borrowed from the semi-civilized Mexican the idea of cattle raising, so he borrowed from him his manner of dress—the broad brimmed sombrero, so picturesque with its profusion of silver ornaments and rattle-snake band—the heavy spurs such as were worn by mediaeval knights and warriors—the fierce bits, which suggest the gallic curb which are shown to-day in the Tower of London as part of the trappings of a war horse in the ages of iron—and lastly the heavy, high back high pumel Mexican saddle. Who does not know this heavy trapping?

And to-day these articles still in use are the striking features of an equipped ranchman. Besides will be noted by the eye the leather leggings—known as *chapederos*—reaching from heel to waist, and a leather belt filled with a row of encircling cartridges, the food for a huge revolver dangling from the same belt.

At first, and tis so *generally* now, the cattle range was an unfenced plain, or valley, which lay along the brink of a perpetual water course, or about a great spring of capacity sufficient to water the herds of the ranch. The ranchman cares only to own the land which encloses the spring or controls the river, and by a common law among ranchmen he who controls the water controls the government land round about. The land with its grass, howsoever rich, would be worthless without water. "A water right" therefore, where there is no in-

terfering "water right" within ten or twentymiles, constitutes the nucleus of a good ranch. At the spring is built the ranch house, and a stockade, call a corral consisting of upright posts seven or eight feet high, one against the other. Into this the cattle or horses are driven and lassoed. Here they are branded too. It is an affair of great strength, and must necessarily be, to with stand the immense power of a cattle crush. The corral was originally as much for protection, a rude fort against a night attack of Indians, as for domestic purposes. A large ranch will have a number of corrals, large and small. The size of a corral is on an average one hundred feet in diameter and the best are circular in form.

But what becomes of the cattle? They range the country adjacent to the water, and the range rider (or *vachero*) one or more in number, rides a circuit every day of at least twelve and sometimes thirty miles for the purpose of confining the cattle within a reasonable distance. This is the crude way of doing. Where a country embraced within natural barriers of mountain walls has a number of ranches within it, the cattle are allowed to range promiscuously until the summer sets in; there are no daily rides; then a "round-up" is commenced, that is to say, the ranchmen all get together on horse-back and ride the entire range, branding all the calves according to the brand of the mother with which the calf is running. Each ranch has, of course, its own distinct brand. When all the land is owned by one man or one company or a corporation, as is the case in Texas, Colorado and California *frequently*, it can be and is fenced. The care of the cattle under these conditions is still more simple. Colorado, California and Texas have a great number of fenced ranches, New Mexico but a few, and Wyoming and Nebraska a few. And these geographical divisions have the largest and richest ranches about in the order named. Some ranches number their cattle by tens of thousands, and a fair ranch, whether fenced or not is one with a stall of about 500 cows.

All ranches are rich in the number of horses in proportion to their cattle. Many of the large ranges have hundreds of horses. The smallest ranch will have at least fifteen. Horses are not very expensive. Forty to sixty dollars buys a good beast.

Some ranches are on a very handsome scale. Money will do anything—plant trees, guide the water-course, irrigate and till the land and make the wild bloom as the rose. There are ranches where are to be found all the interior refinements and many of the luxuries of great cities. But these remarks can apply necessarily but to the great ranch properties—to one ranch in one thousand. Most all ranches have more or less comforts—a dry house, a fire, a kitchen with a larder full of canned fruits, vegetables and meats, blankets and beds, tables and chairs. But the life generally is a rude one, rough and ready

quite naturally so from the absence of a mother or a wife's refining influences, where men are thrown together of all degrees of mental refinement and rudeness, who by the law of ranch intercourse are to treat each other as equals. There are but two conditions, *one of social* (exterior) *equality*—which is the rule when off duty—and *one of command*, when the horse is saddled and there is work to do.

The profits have been very great in this business. Great fortunes—quickly and from small beginnings have been made in cattle. As life, through the agency of railroads and government forts and destructive inroads against hostile Indians, became safer, capital timid at first poured in faster and faster. So that to-day 'tis not all these territories that offer inducements of quick fortunes. And wherever they are offered be sure to find them checkmated by many disadvantages. If he has never discovered it before, here a man will awaken to the fact that every advantage is purchased by a corresponding disadvantage—And still much remains to be said.

Verum hæc ipse equidem spatiis exclusus iniquis Prætereo.

Very sincerely,
J. W. W.

Lafayette Ind.
Dec. 10, 1884.

LEO X. AND HIS AGE.

Looking back through the centuries it is a pleasing and beautiful sight to behold couched behind the stormy epoch of uprising Protestantism a calm bright period of purely Christian progress and enlightenment, a period ornamented with the finest creations of genius and rendered illustrious by the galaxy of master minds which it produced. Our own nineteenth century may boast its steam and electricity, of its thousand and one inventions which have almost set labor at naught, of the easy and rapid means which it has devised for the spread of knowledge among the masses, and above all for the hitherto unparalleled progress which it has made in the development of the physical sciences; yet if we look for real perfection in art and literature, if we look for the purest strains of the muses, or for those inimitable productions in sculpture and painting which have won for their masters the title "divine", we must go back beyond the days of the so-called Reformation to that golden era in history of the Catholic Church when the chair of St. Peter was occupied by that munificent patron of learning, Leo X. The day which succeeded the night of the Middle Ages had long dawned, and was even

then considerably advanced. Already the chivalry of Europe had returned victorious from the plains of the East; already Gothic piles of sublime architecture were towering to the clouds, while genius was diligently fathoming the depths of Philosophy and Theology; but it was not until the time of Leo X. that learning burst forth in all her splendor, or that art and literature beheld their palmiest days.

It was in Italy more than in any other part of Europe that this wonderful revival of learning took place. Throughout the long period of the Middle Ages, when all about was dark, that country seemed to preserve a spark of her former literary greatness, which in the general revival of art and letters served as a torch for the other nations of Europe, and which at the beginning of Leo's reign blazed up in such a bright and sparkling flame as to excite the wonder and admiration of mankind. It was under the munificent patronage of that great and learned Pope, that poetry, music, painting, sculpture, in a word, everything that art and literature comprise, attained to a degree of perfection which to-day we aim at in vain. Born of the illustrious house of Medici, and educated with all the care and skill of the wisest tutors then in schools of Europe, Leo, at the time of his call to the see of St. Peter in 1513, was a man of the finest intellectual attainments, possessing not only a mind deep and far-reaching, but especially a pure and highly cultivated taste, as well as an ardent love for all that was good or beautiful in literature or art. Upon his elevation to the pontificate the most sanguine hopes of the artists and literati of his time seemed on the point of being realized. Nor were such expectation groundless. The new Pontiff, far from discouraging those lovers of art or favorites of the muses in their efforts to advance, not only held out to them prizes and rewards for superior productions, but even entered himself into their various pursuits and aided them not less as a patron than as a companion. Under these circumstances Italy soon became the "promised land of the intellect," and Rome the starry center of the literary firmament. From all parts of Europe men of genius flocked thither, to perfect themselves in the art they professed, and to receive just rewards for their merits. The Alps with her snow-clad peaks presented but a feeble barrier to the thirsty scholars of France, Spain or Britain who longed to drink of the perennial fountains of knowledge that flowed from the seven hills of Rome. The fragrant groves and gardens of Italy were soon crowded with poets, artists and philosophers who walked together conversing upon their sublime themes, or mused in silence over the grand conceptions and creations of their own genius.

It was then that the ponderous volumes of ancient lore were taken from the dusty shelf, where they had

lain undisturbed for centuries, and poured over with insatiable avidity. It was then that the works of Plato, Aristotle, Homer, Cicero and Virgil, these lights of the ancient world, made pleasant company for the thousand youths who had sought the court of Leo to satiate their thirst for knowledge. It was then, too, that the language of the great Mantuan and that of the blind bard of old, having charmed the learned by their beauty and elegance, were again cultivated with renewed vigor, and employed once more as the choicest medium of song. Truly it was a second Augustan age of Roman literature. The beautiful strains of the Latin and Italian muses like siren songs, hung upon the wings of the zephyrs, and charmed into ecstasy the souls of the lovers of the literary art. The sweet and delicate airs of Petrarch were heard again in the lovely tones of enchanting Politiano. Vida sung his Christid in verses of Augustan purity, and Ariosto in his Orlando Furioso rivaled, for grace and energy of poetry, the author of Jerusalem Delivered. Tragedy and comedy found passionate votaries in the celebrated Trissino and Ruccellai, while history had among her worshipers the famous Giovio whose periods were so flowing as to make Leo X. declare that next to Livy he had not met with a more elegant writer.

The twin arts of sculpture and painting received likewise a share of the Pontiff's munificence. The sublime structure of St. Peter's, which is to-day the glory of the Christian world and the pride of Roman architecture owes its heavenly grandeur to the immortal Michael Angelo, the very fragments of whose work have since been priceless treasures to lovers of the sculptural art. The beautiful frescoes of Raphael are still viewed with wonder in the Vatican, and the Transfiguration which he sketched will ever be hailed as a masterpiece of painting.

Such was therefore the flourishing state of art and literature which marked the reign of Leo X. Italy had become, as it were, a vast nursery of genius. Songs of poet echoed from every side; philosophers could here and there be heard discoursing and debating upon the deep questions of Philosophy and Theology; while sculptures and painters were everywhere representing, in marble and on canvas, such masterly representations as would stir the depth of the coldest heart. Happy would it have been for the world had this prosperous state of affairs continued. But an era of devastation and destruction was at hand. In the heart of Germany a storm was for some time gathering, which soon burst forth and spread over Europe with terrific violence, overturning and subverting all social order, destroying the fairest creations and productions of genius, checking the further march of intellect, and leaving in its trail naught

but ruins and desolation. This was the so-called Protestant Reformation, the dire effects of which history but too well attests. But Leo X by a kind dispensation of providence, was withheld from witnessing the worst of these harrowing scenes. Before the real extent of the evil was felt or known, he was called to his reward in Heaven, having occupied the chair of St. Peter something over eight years, and having during that time governed the Church with wisdom and ability, preserving her from all royal encroachments, and positively refusing in his every act the unjust charge which has been often brought up against her, of being averse to the cultivation or improvement of art and literature. It was truly a sad day for genius, when Leo X was no more. Poets and artists, on whom he had lavished bounteous gifts, dropped a tear over his grave, and looked in vain for another such benefactor.

A. J. M.

LOCALS.

- Fresco changed!
- "Blues" are fashionable!
- Pay your Hack-fare!
- Give us a show, will you?
- Change cars for the Examinations.
- Who settles for the fractured crystals?
- Get your new almanacs with bran new jokes—sure cure for the blues!
- Except few stragglers, here we are again Hurrah, boys, O here we are again! O here we are again! (Bis, Ter, Encore!)
- The old weather "Probabilities" seem to indicate that B. B. has taken his last quarter" in the Bank.
- During the holidays the evenings were mostly of a musical character. Magical representations, ex abrupto comedies, minstrels, cards, story-telling and all our free boyish sports also came to the rescue.
- A man had six hundred dollars \$ 600.00—and he died—! Ha ha ha! he he he! ha—! (a generous reward for the one who sees the point.)
- Just as we were going to enjoy our better half of vacation, our old acquaintance the weather went back on us and, thawed down all our fun. We were left with no more snow and it was not an ice time—proof—the ice house remained empty.
- Any one desiring a neat job in the line of Teeth-Pulling will be amply repaid by calling on Dr. "Le Fil" of Manteno, who has proven us to an evidence of his expertness in the art.
- Many of the juniors are seen taking satisfaction out of some good sized slice of cake, gnawing at apples, oranges, nuts, and destroying other delicacies—just as if

❖ LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS ❖

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 17 Jan. 1885.

No. II

L'ARTISTE.

Au Rév. P. Charlebois.

Il est seul à sa chambre avec son instrument
Qui tout à coup chante et s'enflamme
Et, comme la forêt sous le souffle du vent,
Pour lui répondre prend une âme.

Son cœur s'épanche à flots. Il semble que ses doigts
Embrasse le clavier sonore
Et que toutes les clefs, résonnant à la fois,
Éclatent comme en chant d'aurore!

Quelle force de sons il faut au clavecin,
Oh! que de cordes pour tout rendre
Ce qui vibre parfois au fond du cœur humain:
Sublime ou simple, fort ou tendre!

L'hymne allègre succède au glas de la douleur.
Tantôt c'est un cri de souffrance;
Tantôt chante l'amour: c'est la vie en sa fleur,
C'est l'arc-en-ciel de l'espérance!

Mais voilà que le ciel pâlit et le buisson
Se fane au souffle de l'automne:
C'est l'hiver! C'est la nuit! La mort fait sa moisson
Et de nos roses se couronne.

Alors le passé s'ouvre ainsi que le tombeau
Pour la créature éphémère:
Cercueil, gouffre béant où tombent en lambeau
Rêve d'or et blonde chimère!....

Puis insensiblement, vagues comme l'espoir,
Indécises, mystérieuses,
Comme l'aube craintive ou l'étoile du soir,
Reviennent les notes joyeuses!

Elles se joignent deux à deux, groupes rieurs
Qui folâtraient et s'éparpillent,
Plus gaîment que l'enfant qui sourit sous ses pleurs,
Perles qui dans son œil scintillent.

Oh! c'est que dans nos cœurs, comme dans l'univers
Quelque secrète joie essuie

Les larmes de nos yeux: le tendre azur des airs
N'est que plus pur après la pluie.

Le premier beau soleil qui sourit, au printemps
Nous ramène les hirondelles,
Et les fleurs sommeillaient sous leurs froids lincaux blancs
Qu'elles ont rejetés loin d'elles.

Délicieux moments, ô jeunesse des jours!
O renouvellement magique!
Dans les nids et les cœurs quelles fraîches amours!
Et dans les airs quelle musique!

A cette vision des beaux jours d'autrefois,
L'instrument s'émeut et se livre
Aux élan du bonheur, prête sa pure voix
Au cœur que ce spectacle enivre.

O le sublime effort, la sainte passion
De l'âme qui laisse la terre!
Suprême et dernier mot à la création!
Touchante aurore du mystère!

Poème, où seule chante et rit la voix des sons,
Je comprends tes accords étranges;
Rien ne voile l'idée en tes douces chansons:
Ainsi parlent, chantent les anges!

Une lyre à ma main! Car ce que mon cœur sent
La parole ne le peut rendre.
Comme un poids, elle arrête, en son vol frémissant,
L'esprit quand il veut se répandre.

Que ma pensée, aussi libre que les oiseaux,
Ouvre ainsi qu'eux ses blanches ailes,
Et s'exhale en accords, doux comme vos échos,
O chants des lyres éternelles!

L'AN 1884.

Le temps vient de faire un pas: c'est encore une année dans l'éternité, une goutte plus dans l'océan des mondes. L'an qui vient de finir n'a apporté aucune solution à tous les difficiles problèmes qui agitent présentement le monde. L'Europe est toujours comme sur un volcan; ses institutions séculaires sont ébranlées par les chocs violents du socialisme et du nihilisme.

Ce triste état de chose n'empêche pas la Prusse de poursuivre sa politique d'agrandissement. Elle envie à l'Angleterre ses nombreuses possessions coloniales, et cherche à détruire le prestige de la reine des mers. Ah! si tous les enfants de l'Allemagne, qui aujourd'hui forment près d'un tiers de la population américaine, étaient réunis en colonies, quel puissant appui ne prèteraient-ils pas à leur mère patrie?

La France continue à faire la guerre au Clergé et aux Chinois. Elle sait mieux piller que vaincre. Son gouvernement peut impunément retrancher aux prêtres le salaire qui leur a été garanti par le Concordat et qui n'est qu'une restitution pour les biens dont ils furent dépouillés pendant la Révolution; mais il n'est pas aussi facile à ses armées de soumettre les fils du Céleste Empire; cette entreprise ne semble pas promettre beaucoup de gloire aux armes déjà si humiliées de la France.

Un congrès composé des représentants des différents pouvoirs européens s'est réuni à Berlin dans le but d'ouvrir l'Afrique à la civilisation. Les nations modernes, telles quelles sont aujourd'hui, peuvent bien exploiter des terres et des peuples, voire même exterminer des peuplades entières et prendre leur place; mais elles ne savent plus civiliser. L'Eglise, qui a fait des hordes barbares les grandes races chrétiennes, seule peut relever les tribus de l'Afrique de leur abjection morale. L'homme s'agite et Dieu le mène. Qui sait s'il ne fera pas servir ces rêves ambitieux à l'exécution de ses desseins, à l'agrandissement de son royaume sur la terre. L'Afrique sera peut-être un jour une autre Amérique. Le flambeau de la foi, comme le soleil, est destiné à éclairer tous les mondes; il pénétrera parmi les nations les plus reculées et le désert, selon la parole du Prophète, fleurira comme un lis.

La Canada a vu accourir ses fils des points les plus éloignés pour célébrer le cinquantième anniversaire de la Société St. Jean-Baptiste, association patriotique qui a tant fait pour la conservation de notre nationalité. Cette célébration a donné à l'univers le spectacle d'une nation agenouillée à l'ombre des autels, renouvelant l'alliance de ses pères, au pied de cette montagne où jadis ils plantèrent la Croix. Restons fidèles au culte et aux traditions de nos ancêtres et nous serons vraiment *la race de l'avenir*.

Les Etats Unis ont été témoins de la réunion des Evêques Catholiques en concile national. Soixante-quinze archevêques et évêques sans compter les abbés les supérieurs d'ordres religieux, etc, ont pris part aux délibérations du troisième concile de Baltimore. Cette assemblée a été des plus imposantes; elle témoigne hautement de la force et du progrès de l'Eglise qui, il y a à peine un siècle, ne comptait ici qu'un évêque et quelque prêtres missionnaires. Elle a grandi, comme la république naissante, et tout présage qu'elle est destinée

à assurer l'existence des institutions démocratiques, à faire leur grandeur et leur gloire.

Qu'est-ce que nous tient en réserve l'année 1885? Est-ce la guerre ou la paix? La prospérité ou la misère? La maladie ou la santé? Le rétablissement de l'ordre ou le triomphe de la Révolution? Qu'il lèvera un coin du voile qui nous cache l'avenir? Soyons heureux de l'ignorer, nous le connaissons hélas! que trop tôt.

Laa.

CUEILLETES.

— 85!

— Bonne-année!

— Tous de retour!

— Quelles poignées de mains!

— Que de vœux et de souhaits!

— Moïse a passé ses vacances à Chicago chez son oncle—Ce n'est pas à dire qu'il ne l'ait laissé quelquefois.

— Phil. a un frère qui est très discret, quel malheur que l'autre ne lui ressemble pas!

— Alex a dû répondre à tant d'invitations pendant la vacance qu'il n'a pu rentrer en même temps que les autres.

— Le doux temps est venu trop tôt: on n'a pas pu faire de glace, certains tours de *sleighs* ont été manqués, etc.

— Le Ménager est arrivé à 7 heures du matin comme un brave. Il n'en a pas été ainsi de Convey dont la présence était requise au bazar d'Abiskum. Il y a, dit-on, perdu son latin.

— Arthur H. est arrivé muni d'un violon et un autre s'est pourvu d'une trompette marine sur laquelle il se propose de prendre des leçons, tout comme le *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

— Mr. Joseph Soumis, autrefois professeur de Philosophie naturelle au Collège Joliette, fait maintenant partie de notre professorat. Espérons que le séjour de Bourbonnais lui sera agréable,

— "Ed." se plaint qu'on ait publié un numéro sans qu'il ait été question de lui: le "Cercle," paraît-il, va perdre tout son intérêt auprès des lecteurs. Une fois n'est pas coutume, "Ed." veuillez bien pardonner cet oubli et nous promettons que vous n'aurez pas à vous plaindre à l'avenir.

— Leblanc nous est revenu avec la neige. Il a un peu grandi, mais c'est toujours Leblanc.

— Le Rév. T. Ouimet, dont le talent comme peintre est bien connu, a passé quelques jours avec nous. Il apporte avec lui le portrait du Rév. P. Beaudoin qu'il se propose de retoucher. Cette toile fait l'ornement du parloir et tous ceux qui l'ont vue en ont admiré le coloris et la ressemblance frappante de celui qu'elle fait revivre.

— Nous avons eu, hier, une vraie *poudrière* du Canada. La neige s'est amorcée dans les chemins, les trains sont arrêtés, partout les pelles font vaillamment leur devoir; il ne nous manque que des raquettes.

— Mr. Martineau a piqué une pointe au Canada, au commencement de la vacance.

— Le Rev. Fr. Bernard, qui a été très malade vers la fin de l'automne, est tout à fait convalescent. Cette maladie ainsi que celle de l'hiver dernier l'a fait blanchir bien vite.

— MM. Roy, Ed. Caron, A. Rivard, Jos. Bergeron, Eug. Caron ont fait visite au Collège, le premier de l'an. On prendrait encore la plupart d'entre eux pour ce qu'ils étaient il n'y a pas longtemps, si ce n'est quelques changements à peine perceptibles survenus à certaines parties de leurs intéressantes figures.

— On nous apprend que Mr. Labrie qui s'était promis de profiter de son séjour au Canada pour se promener en *sleigh*, cet hiver, est réduit à sortir en charette. Tenez-vous bien aux échelettes, l'ami!

LES ZOUAVES PONTIFICAUX.

Dans notre siècle de défaillance et d'égoïsme, dans ce siècle où les astres les plus brillants ont subi de profondes éclipses, où les lois de la justice et de l'honneur disparaissent du code des nations, où la force et les consciences se vendent à l'iniquité triomphante, il est encore un nom, expression la plus parfaite de la fidélité et du sacrifice, que l'on jette à tous les échos, que l'on grave sur le bois comme sur le granit, ce nom, évocation d'un autre âge, empourpré du sang des premiers chrétiens, c'est le nom de martyr!

Les révolutionnaires l'ont profané en le donnant à des monstres tels que Marat et Robespierre et à tous ces infâmes assassins des rois et des pontifes; d'autres, honnêtes gens, mais manquant de lumières l'ont avili en le prodiguant, en le décernant à des personnes dont les faibles contradictions n'avaient pas mérité cet insigne honneur. Mais ce ne sont pas ceux-là dont nous voulons rappeler le souvenir, que nous voulons saluer avec droit du titre glorieux de martyr. Quels sont-ils donc? Ah! Messieurs et Mesdames, vos cœurs si catholiques l'ont déjà deviné, ce sont les défenseurs tour à tour vaincus et vainqueurs de Castelfidardo, de Mentana et de Rome, ce sont les immortels Zouaves de l'immortel Pie IX! Ah! eux, ils l'ont justement acquis ce titre plus brillant que tous ceux dont se parent les puissants de la terre; car ils combattaient et versaient leur sang pour la plus juste et la plus sainte des causes, pour la cause de Dieu même!

Vous n'êtes pas sans connaître l'histoire de ces généreux champions du siège Apostolique, leur impérissable épopée d'où s'exhale comme un parfum des Catacombes. Pie IX, le plus auguste représentant de Dieu

sur la terre, menacé de se voir dépouiller de ses Etats, au mépris des droits les plus inviolables et les plus sacrés, fit un suprême appel à tous ses enfants. Lamoricière, ce vaillant capitaine qui avait terrifié les Arabes, soumis l'indomptable Abdel-Kader, conquis l'Algérie à la France, aussi chrétien que brave, dévoua son bras et son épée au service de l'Eglise: c'est lui qui créa, comme il avait créé les Zouaves d'Afrique, le bataillon des Zouaves Pontificaux, composé de l'élite des deux Mondes, de la fleur du courage et de la vaillance. Vous savez que ces preux, écrasés à Castelfidardo, triomphèrent plus tard à Mentana contre des ennemis encore plus nombreux qu'eux; mais ce que vous ignorez peut-être pour la plus part, à cause de votre éloignement de la patrie, c'est la part glorieuse que nos compatriotes ont prise à cet héroïque mouvement, c'est l'honneur ineffaçable qu'ils ont fait rejaillir sur le nom Canadien. Ce soir, Messieurs et mesdames, nous voulons donc vous faire connaître ceux que le Canada appelle: *ses Croisés!* ceux d'entre nos compatriotes qui briguent aussi la couronne et les palmes du martyr.

Qu'est-ce donc, Messieurs et mesdames, qui a fait germer sur la terre froide du Canada cette semence, cette légion de héros? Le voici: La sanglante hécatombe de Castelfidardo, plus illustre que les Thermopyles de Sparte, avait excité une admiration universelle. De toutes parts, on accourait pour remplacer ceux qui étaient tombés au champ de l'honneur. Le Canada vit aussi partir deux de ses enfants: messieurs Larocque et Murry. Après avoir attendu longtemps dans les fatigues et les ennuis de la vie de garnison, ils donnèrent enfin un éclatant témoignage de leur amour et de leur dévouement pour l'Eglise, en baignant de leur sang les plaines de Mentana. Et vous le savez le Sacrifice appelle le sacrifice, l'héroïsme provoque l'héroïsme, le sang demande le sang. Tout à coup notre terre natale se sentit ébranler comme par un choc électrique. Depuis la vallée de l'Ottawa jusqu'au fond du Golfe, depuis les frontières jusqu'au Laurentides, c'était le même cri qui retentissait partout: à Rome! à Rome! Pourtant aucun Pierre l'Ermite n'avait fait entendre sa parole, aucun Godfroi de Bouillon n'avait levé l'étendard du Christ, et des centaines de jeunes gens brûlaient du désir de combattre les combats de la Croix, une armée de croisés était prête à voler au secours de la Jérusalem Chétienne assiégée par les musulmans modernes! Qui avait soufflé, ce feu? Qui avait allumé cet incendie? Le sang de Mentana! Le sang des martyrs de l'Eglise! C'était donc un saint élan, une flamme sacrée, une vocation choisie!

Mais que de difficultés ne fallait-il pas vaincre pour réaliser ce pieux et chevaleresque dessein! Il fallait traverser deux mers, braver la fureur des tempêtes, parcourir des pays étrangers, se trouver en contact avec des esprits prévenus, défrayer d'énormes dépenses, et si plu-

sieurs d'entre ceux qui offraient leur vie pour le salut de la Papauté étaient riches de leur courage, riches de leur sang, ils étaient dénués des dons de la fortune. De toutes parts il y eut des actes admirables d'abnégation, de dévouement, d'héroïsme. Les diocèses se cotisèrent pour payer à ces valeureux jeunes gens leurs frais de voyage et leur entretien à Rome. Le riche et le pauvre y contribuèrent également, et pendant les trois années que les Zouaves séjournèrent dans la Capitale du monde chrétien, il fut donné plus de \$130,000 par les Catholiques généreux du Canada. Le régiment des Zouaves ne se recrutait que dans les rangs de la jeunesse : la plupart de ces jeunes braves n'étaient qu'au début de leur carrière dans le monde : les années qu'ils consacraient au service du St. Siège allaient peut-être briser pour toujours un avenir brillant, détruire les espérances les plus flatteuses, rompre des liens plus chers que la vie. Quelques uns étaient les uniques soutiens d'une famille indigente, d'un père ou d'une mère accablés sous le poids des ans. Oh ! non, jamais on ne connaîtra les nobles, les magnanimes sentiments qui alors faisaient battre tous les cœurs à l'unison ! Dieu seul sait avec quelle ardeur on courait au-devant d'une mort qu'en regardait à cette heure comme certaine ; Dieu seul a pu compter les larmes versées dans le sein maternel, dans les bras de l'amitié ! Dieu seul a vu ces luttes réciproques de sacrifice et de générosité !

Le patron disait à son employé : "Va là-bas défendre nos plus chers intérêts ; quand tu reviendras, tu auras ta place avec un titre de plus à ma confiance." L'ami pressait pour une dernière fois la main de son ami en lui disant : "Si tu tombes sous les balles ennemies, j'irai prendre ta place !" Le père sautait au cou de son enfant en s'écriant : "Mon fils tu fais la gloire de mes cheveux blancs : si tu meurs, je remercierai le ciel de m'avoir donné un enfant martyr !" La mère couvrait de baisers celui auquel elle avait donné le jour, et, les yeux aux cieux, elle consentait à cette suprême immolation : "Pars, mon enfant, c'est Dieu qui le veut : eh bien ! Je le veux moi aussi !"

Ah ! de semblables sacrifices ne pouvaient être inspirés que par la foi la plus pure, que par l'amour le plus ardent de notre religion sainte ! Oh ! il n'y a pas à s'y méprendre ici. Il ne faut pas voir dans ce mouvement de notre jeunesse canadienne le goût des armes, et des aventures, mais la foi, la foi seule ! autrement elle n'aurait pas répondu par un refus presque formel au gouvernement qui voulait l'enrôler, dans le même temps, dans une expédition qui n'était ni nationale, ni religieuse ; tandis que près 2,000 de nos jeunes compatriotes voulurent s'enrôler sous le drapeau pontifical.

La manière dont ils se sont préparés à leur lointain voyage n'est-elle pas aussi une preuve évidente de leur attachement à la croyance de leurs pères ? Qu'il était consolant pour les âmes si souvent attristées en ce siècle par les

plus basses apostasies de voir les touchants exemples de piété qu'ils ont donnés partout ! Tous avant de partir se retrempèrent dans la retraite, se purifièrent dans le bain sacré de la pénitence, se nourrirent du pain des forts. Quand ils s'embarquaient pour leur périlleuse expédition, ils sortaient toujours du sanctuaire, ils venaient de se lever du pied des autels, ils marchaient sous l'égide de la religion. Comme les anciens croisés, qui se revêtaient de la croix, eux portaient les livrées de celle dont le nom est terrible comme une armée rangée en bataille. Ainsi fortifiés, ainsi protégés, ils n'avaient rien à craindre, comme ils le répétaient eux-mêmes, si ce n'est de perdre la chance d'offrir leur vie pour Pie IX.

Mais n'anticipons pas sur les faits ; revenons aux démonstrations magnifiques qui signalèrent le départ des premiers Zouaves. Ce fut une fête grandiose, sans égale dans les fastes de l'histoire de l'Eglise Canadienne ; le 18 Février, 1868, est une date qui ne mourra plus ! L'Eglise de Notre Dame de Montréal, le plus vaste temple de l'Amérique, pour cette circonstance, s'était parée de guirlandes de fleurs et de verdure, de banderoles et d'oriflammes, de lustres et de candelabres aux mille jets étincelants. La musique, le chant, la poésie, l'éloquence sacrée s'étaient donnés rendez-vous dans cette immense enceinte pour marquer cette démonstration d'un cachet d'immortalité. Mais ce qui rendait cette fête incomparable, ce n'était pas ces flots de lumière et d'encens dans lesquels se noyait une foule compacte, ce n'était pas ces harmonies et ces voix si ravissantes qu'elles donnaient à l'âme les extases du ciel, non ! C'était cette troupe qui était venue s'agenouiller aux pieds des autels avant de voler au secours du Pontife Roi ! Elle était venue là, recevoir des mains de la religion et de la patrie l'étendard des Nouveaux Croisés qui, dans ses plis immaculés, portait cette noble devise écrite du sang d'un Zouave Martyr : Aime Dieu et va ton chemin ! Oh ! qu'elle était belle et magnanime cette légion des fils de la Nouvelle France lorsqu'elle jura de rester fidèle à son drapeau et de mourir plutôt que de souffrir qu'il fut souillé ! Après tant de siècles vous n'êtes donc pas dégénérée, ô race de St. Louis, puisque vous produisez de semblables héros ! Vous êtes dignes, ô jeunes braves, de porter l'épée des vainqueurs de Monongahéla, de Carillon et de Chateauguay ! Allez de par le monde, allez au sein de ces sociétés chancelantes de l'Europe leur montrer que la vieille foi qui les a faites autrefois si grandes, est encore vivace dans nos cœurs ! Prouvez-leur par votre présence que le droit, la justice et la vérité ont encore des défenseurs ! Allez jusqu'à Rome, dans la ville éternelle, foulez cette terre rougie du sang des Apôtres et des Chrétiens ! Oui ! allez donc fièrement votre chemin : c'est le chemin de l'honneur, de la gloire du martyre !

A Continuer.

V. B.

it was any body's fault that they had to come back to school.

Professor Joseph Murphy spent the recent holidays with our genial friend James Maher in Wilmington, and speaks eloquently of the immensity of time he enjoyed.

— Some boys returning from home with lively impressions of its enchantment say that it strikes them the aspect of the College is homely?

— What's trump?... The joker! Cherou, put these cards away!

Roller skates have become the universal rage.

— Two new representatives from Alabama's climate, Messers W. J. and J. E. Henderson arrived last week. Though far away from home they feel confident they are still at a comfortable distance from the north pole and they will some day see their smiling southern realms.

— Mr. A Labrie hailing fresh from Canada's fair snows was our newsy visitor these last days. Thanks to that salubrious clime our friend assures us his health is now almost completely restored. Mr. Labrie intends once more to visit the west and will soon be on his way thither.

— The skating was good last Thursday and we always avail ourselves of the freezing fits of a temperature so bizarre.

— Tickets for the infirmary will get higher as examinations are nearing.

— Go to Jimmie B. & Co. for cheap second-hand clocks, just out of the (laundry) shop.

— Our journal receives a salute in the Exchange columns of the N. D. Scholastic which says, "St. Viateur's College Journal with its French supplement presents a good appearance and contains some interesting articles." Ah! t'tickles.

Among the many new arrivals is Master C. Morrison a representative from Pat Keating, of funny memory. who says he wishes to have some one call him his benefactor some day. We trust Pat. you will have more than one to call you so.

To Willie Reaume

BY ELOISE WILDER.

Beautiful Willie's grave is white
With a Christmas snowfall, soft and light.

Downy and soft above him it lies,
Like the wing of an angel shading his eyes,

That he may not see the sorrow and strife,
The want and the woe of our human life.

Downy and soft, above him it lies,

Like the wing of an angel shading his eyes,
That he may not wake from his happy sleep
An earthly vigil of sorrow to keep,

Downy and soft, above him it lies,
Like the wing of an angel shading his eyes,

That his soul may be forever as white
At the Christmas show on his grave to-night.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1884.

RIFLECTIONS ON THE USE OF BOOKS .

Continued,

We are aware that young people especially require, and we grant that they ought to have, some more active entertainments than the calm reading of books. But we know, too, that they need to be moderated in their love and pursuit of such entertainments, and directed to some other and better modes of occupying their time. They will very easily, unless differently guided, run into a habit of craving what are called harmless pleasures to such an immoderate degree, as to be satisfied with nothing else, to be discontented with home, unless they can have some gay company there to cheer up the old dull walls, to welcome with avidity every new invitation which calls them abroad, to be devoted to the niceties and mysteries of dress, and to become averse to sober occupations and solid acquirements. Then it will be found, too late, perhaps, that these harmless pleasures have turned out, in the end, exceedingly hurtful—and not because they were not really innocent and even useful in themselves as occasional relaxation or promoters of elegant intercourse, but because they were made the sole objects of attention and desire, and suffered to come and reign in the mind exclusively and supremely.

To guard youthful minds against such a catastrophe, the sad catastrophe of indolence and emptiness, few more effectual steps can be taken than to inspire a love of reading and judiciously to superintend the course of it: and this is to be done most easily and happily in the family circle amidst all its influences and attractions, and with the assistance of them all. A taste for reading, being once acquired, will, besides providing a pleasure, great in itself and constant in its supplies, lead those who possess it to a just estimate of the value of time and the worth of their minds and prevent them from wasting their time and starving their minds in a continual haunting of places of amusement. It will teach them to rank showy accomplishments in their due subordination to intellectual and moral improvement. It will give them something more valuable to own and put to use than

can possibly be given to them by those social excitements which, however well they may be in their place and in moderation, are not even harmless in their excess; and it will contribute in several ways to prepare them for the future performance of domestic duties in those days when mere amusements will have lost their relish or when a strong relish for them will have lost all title to propriety and respectability. If compared with many others, our own may with perfect truth be called a reading community—but we do not read at all too much. It would be for our benefit if we would read more. With a more decided and general love of books we should be more able to withstand, than, it is to be feared, we now are, the many temptations which flow in upon us with the rising tide of wealth and luxury; and the habits and conditions of the community in this respect will of course depend chiefly, if not entirely, on the habits of the families that compose it. We come now to speak of books in their relations to society, and to ourselves as members of society.

Considered in their relation to society in the aggregate, we may say that although society may be polished and courteous and, to a certain degree, delightful without them, it cannot be intellectually or morally elevated without them. No society but that in the composition of which there is a plentiful infusion of literature and a taste for it, can possess that high tone and finish which can alone satisfy a cultivated mind or show forth the full dignity of social man. Conversation will be nothing more than small talk where the great majority of minds are perpetually running upon small things. Grave topics cannot be introduced, or if introduced, cannot be well sustained where there is no preparation for their entertainment and no disposition or ability to prolong their stay. It is not at all desirable that people should be always talking about books; and an affectation of literature is often more voluble than is the reality. But the character of the subjects of conversation; the manner in which they are discussed; the readiness which brings forward arguments; the discrimination which examines them; the nature of opinions advanced, if it is only in the way of casual remark, whether concerning an author or a passing event, a poem or a landscape; and the style in which even matters of ordinary occurrence or trifling moment are handled and played with—these it is which indicate habits of reading, which show thoughts that are trained and strengthened and taste that is cultivated and refined by an acquaintance with books. This is the perfection of society. This is its mature and grown-up state. In conditions short of this it is in its youth, its childhood, or its infancy. But in almost any condition of civilized society an acquaintance with books will conduce much to individual respectability and success. As all knowledge is power the means of power to be found

in books are in proportion to the knowledge which they contain and are able to impart. If therefore books contain any knowledge at all which cannot as easily and quickly be acquired without as with them, there will be an inequality between those who read and those who read them not. If our situation is such that we are surrounded by those who are fond of reading and study, we must read too in order that we may know as much as they, or at least be on a general footing of equality with them; and if those who are about us are not of literary habits, it will then also behove us to read in order that we may know more than they, and secure the advantages, the fair and honorable advantages which superior knowledge will confer. Books fit a young man for the company of his seniors, and they make an old man doubly instructive to his juniors. They assist a person in his profession or trade; for tho' a mere theorist cannot stand in competition with a practical workman, yet one who joins study and practice judiciously together, will most usually far surpass one who depends alone on his own invention and experience.

To be continued.

T.

THE FIRST MASS IN AMERICA.

Where wild Atlantic's billows roar,
Under a grand old forest tree,
They built an altar rude and bare
To the Author of earth and sea.

No chiming bells were rung for prayer,
Nor gilded dome proclaimed the place
Nor organ's note stirred the slumbering air
To bring a thought of home like grace.

Their music sweet—the wild sea's moan
The cross of faith—their only spire,
The rustling leaves—their bell's sweet tone
More touching than the Spanish lyre.

On those bright sons of an Eastern land
The Red men gazed with looks of awe,
For by that noble, daring band
A world was won to God's kind law.

H.

PERSONALS.

Chas. Mugan '84 is studying Theology with the Sulpicians at Baltimore.

Felix O'Boyle '81 is fast becoming one of the substantial farmer of Lake Co. Ills.

The marriage of Jno. Flageole '75 and Miss McGown of Bourbonnais took place a short time ago. John seems

to be reconciled to the loss of the charms of single blessedness and is now continuing his business here. Congratulations are in order.

John O'Neil '82 is continuing his course at Milwaukee and will be ordained next June.

Jas. O'Callaghan, our "Poet" of '83, is initiating the young Lake Foresters into the mysteries of the three R's.

Florence McAuliffe '84 is assistant editor of the Val-paraiso Herald. The high standard of that paper shows how well he is succeeding in his new calling. Shake-Mac, well, soon propose you for president.

Armand Labrie '78 paid us a pleasant visit in his way from Rigaud, Can. to his home in Dakota. He looks well and, after a few months sojourn in the west will, no doubt, be able to continue his studies in September.

Dr. Chas. Cyrier '76 was married on New Years Day to Miss Frazer of Bourbonnais. They will take up their residence in Chicago where the doctor has been practicing for the past two years, we extend our congratulation to the happy couple.

At the late Christmas ordinations Frank O'Reilly '82 received deaconship at St. Joseph's, Troy; J. J. Libert '82 sub-deaconship at the Grand Seminary, Montreal; and Frank Perry '85 minor orders at St. Mary's, Baltimore.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Cardinal Manning is writing a Life of St. Vincent de Paul.

It is said that the Sisters of the Holy Cross will have charge of the government hospital at Cairo, Ill.

There were 83 pilgrimages, numbering 62,800 persons to the shrine of La Bonne St. Anne, Canada, during the past season.

An interesting statement is going the rounds. It is that the oldest church in the United States, dedicated under the invocation of "Mary Conceived without Sin" is that of the Immaculate Conception of Kaskaskia, Ills, which has been several times rebuilt, the first erection having been made in 1673.

A dispatch from Rome says that the offer of Miss Caldwell, of Virginia, to give \$300,000 to found a Catholic University similar to the College of the Propaganda at Rome has been submitted to the Pope, who intends to confer a signal mark of distinction upon the lady.

A new Catholic University for Austria is to be erected at Salzburg, a beautiful and healthy mountain city, which has already had a University of its own in days gone by, from 1653 to 1810. This will be a powerful means for the Catholics of Austria and Germany of

combating such detestable principles of Rationalism and Materialism as are nourished in the present anti-catholic universities which are directed by infidels of the worst kind.

The imposing ceremony of investing Archbishop Ryan with the Pallium took place in the Philadelphia Cathedral, on Sunday, Jan, 4th. Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, celebrated Solemn Pontifical Mass and Archbishop Corrigan delivered the sermon. Over 5,000 people were in the building, and 1,000 more in the street, trying to get a peep at the impressive proceedings. Many distinguished prelates were present, and also many prominent Protestant residents of the city were in the church.

EXCHANGES.

The Occident for December was a very readable number, "Authorship of Shakespearian Drama" was a well prepared essay.

The last number of the "Literary Gem" contained matter unusually interesting, "Show thyself a man" was a good paper—while the poem "Dissection" written by an old student was exceedingly happy. The author seems to possess not a little of the "Divinus inflatus."

After an unaccountable absence our neighbor the "Illini" has at last put in its appearance. There was a time when the "Illini" was rather a clever College Journal—but these days have apparently fled. The number now before us is certainly far inferior to former copies.

The "Old Kriss Number" from Hamilton College for the Holydays was certainly artistic in the highest degree. The Christmas scenes representing the joys and pleasures of that happiest of seasons were exceedingly felicitous. Christmas in camp a poem by Willa Lloyd was very neat.

St. Marys Sentinel of all our exchanges is one of the neatest in appearance and in arrangement. The Dec. number was a good one, "Nature by night" is a splendid little poem—"Sperrmza" a well written essay.

The "Peddie chronicle" for Dec. contained nothing noteworthy,—The columns are almost entirely local and consequently uninteresting to outsiders.

The first copy of the "Carsonian"—a child of the "Carson Index" lately deceased now lies before us—in form in shape resembling its ancestor. We wish all prosperity and a long life amid the ranks of College Journals.

The first number of the "Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs," a monthly magazine devoted to the early Christian missions of this country and the many noble characters that sacrificed their lives for the conversion of the Indians; we wish it every success.

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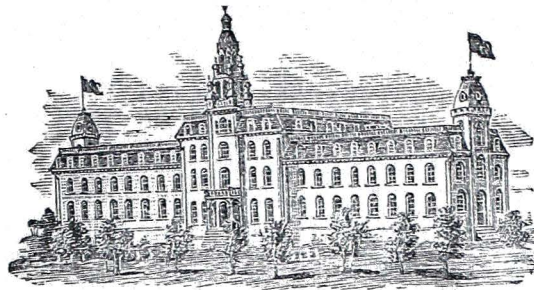
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