

# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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## CHARACTER.

The great and essential quality which men of the present day seem to sadly lack is character. It is the highest factor in life, the one necessary requisite which time and humanity have declared to be of supreme worth. No one can give that which he does not possess; no ignoramus can pass himself off as a scholar any more than a Hottentot can pose as a specimen of civilization, and nothing is more absurd than the supposition that a person of weak and careless moral and spiritual character can produce anything of real value or stability in life. A person may, in a moment of unusual excitement, perform a work which surpasses the generally accepted idea of ordinary actions; and may, for the time being create a feeling of wonder or surprise; but the absolute value, the genuine worth of the work performed, will always be measured by the purity of the thought, by worthiness of the intention, and by its ability or desire to degrade or exalt. In literature, the Arts and Sciences, man's true character is bound to show itself sooner or later.

We do not hold that an evil heart or mind is incapable of performing a virtuous and worthy action as far as external appearances go, we only insist that where depravity and corruption are a portion of the hidden character of a man or woman, continuous concealment is an absolute impossibility, for weakness in this direction is a disease, which, when it reaches a certain stage or growth, will show itself unmistakably, either by words or acts, and, perhaps by both. The works of Byron and other kindred spirits set forth their true character in their works, and many writers of the time of Henry and Elizabeth show but too clearly the train of thought and the weakness of character that was urged by the ablest minds and upheld by the highest authority.

In our own day we have the sad misfortune to be surrounded by a large class of persons of the same bent: writers who present their thoughts and characters in the most subtle and injurious manner; and these persons would have us believe them possessed of character, and foolishly cherish the idea that the world believes them to be the owners of such a thing. What folly, what nonsense it is for persons possessed of even the slightest particle of common sense, to imagine they can indite questionable verses, that they can hold crime and its

authors up for the delectation and example of readers, and yet contain or be supposed to contain anything of value in their works or in themselves. Persons who would have their lives and works estimated according to their true value, are careful never to descend in the moral and intellectual scale: their tendency is ever upward, and the result of their works and their teachings is earnestness, vigor and health, both of heart and mind. Who, for an instant, would think of comparing the characters of Longfellow with that of Byron, of Whittier with Poe, or Bryant with Whitman?

Worth of character, surely, must make the man, and where this worth does not trend upward the work cannot rise above the worker, nor can thought shape itself into more ennobling ideas than the general tendencies of the heart and mind permit.

Rare and exceptional cases may occur in which the genius of the mind will succeed for a time in concealing true character, nevertheless, subtleties, sophisms and ingeniousness of intellect, must eventually give way to nature itself, which cannot and will not be permanently controlled by such artifices; then character in its true form, at its true value, stands revealed.

It may be a bold assertion, yet we do not hesitate to say that there are comparatively few persons of real worth or strength of character to-day; and, in this affirmation we include all classes and conditions of both sexes: Fashion, *ad nauseam* in dress; political trickery and tradesmanship; a loose and unstable literature; affectation in society and in its manners; laxity of parents in the use of authority; carelessness in religious affairs, and earnest desire and effort to amass riches even at the cost of all things else, these are the signs of times that point out the inclinations of a people. The history of the past two decades in financial, in political and social circles has not been such as we can safely point to and say that in them character has been a leading factor, or even a secondary consideration: First avarice and ambition next, self love and conceit; finally pride, and watchfulness lest our sin should find us out: these have been the great overruling characteristics of all circles during the past twenty years.

Men preach poverty and charity, but how many instances will the character of these men bear out his teaching? Patriotism is landed and polygamy decried,



yet the one finds few exponents and the other fewer opponents among men whose character should be bold enough to set the example of the former and pure enough to suppress the latter. The better and purer the character and patronage of any people may be, the higher the tone of literature and art, and of every influence which their surrounding can exert.

Art, literature and the drama, know that their popularity depends on their ability to please the public,—at least a certain portion of it,—they strive, therefore, by every consideration of interest to portray the moral sense and the moral culture of those upon whom they rely for their support; and if, in either of them, anything unworthy finds aught of success, it is because there is not moral sense nor character enough in the community to rebuke and drive it from their midst. Legislators and judges, framers and expounders of our civil law, have not and do not hesitate to pass and construe laws directly aimed at the destruction of society's foundation, and the divorce courts of the present day tell a story that speaks not over well for character either in legislators or people.

Municipal governments silently witness infringement of the laws by certain political favorites; and the conduct and conversation of the law-maker and the law-breaker alike, but too often show the close relationship of each and the great want of character in both. High and low; rich and poor; the would-be dignified person and rake, all, are equally wanting in character. That the world improves is a fact that few persons will deny, and the man who cannot see it has good reason to suspect that there is something wrong in himself; yet, in comparison to its numbers and abilities, our social organization is to-day vastly inferior in character to that of a century ago. Time was when men pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors in behalf of the Republic, and the nation and its government were safely guided by men of character. Time was when family ties and the social foundation rested secure in the character of those who were too pure to countenance laws tending to corrupt individuals and threatening the disruption of society and of all legitimate social ties.

How often is it the case that persons with little pretension and no claim whatever to character have entrée to the highest circle (so called) of society; they enjoy the friendship, and sometimes even the confidence of ambitious Mammas and desperately straitened Papas. Good, precious souls, overflowing with character; they have enough for themselves and an abundance to spare, and, in their great sincerity of heart and worthiness of character, they look forward with commendable anxiety to the sale of a favorite son or daughter to some characterless nobody who is not so bad, perhaps,

after all, as he or she may be represented; and besides, money covers a multitude of faults. A Webster a Phillips a Sumner or a Garrison: men who spent their whole lives in earnest endeavor to benefit their country, to avert danger, to advance the interests and assert the rights of their fellow men; they, indeed, are men of character, men of untold worth, whom neither greed nor fear, nor social nor political favor could turn from their self imposed task of rebuking injustice and championing the cause of freedom and right.

Among our statesmen (?) of to-day we look in vain for names that can show as bright and fair a record as those just mentioned, and, as a rule, we look in vain for men in whom character is not made subservient to all other ends; surely this speaks poorly for a people who should make character one of the first requisites for social or political preferment.

What can there be of value in the character of those who control the press and use it to debauch the minds of old and young by a recital of the latest murder or the disgusting details of the latest scandal? what is there of worth in the character of a people who find their greatest pleasure in greedily devouring this mental filth? The popular preachers of the day—outside the Roman Catholic church—cater to the desire for novelty on the part of the people, and this is character. Men in high places will punish an infraction of discipline on the part of one subject, while another—a favorite—may be repeatedly guilty of the same fault without fear of reproof; one has but to err slightly and his fate is sealed, the other may fall as far as man can fall, yet his lapse is condoned and he continues on the even tenor of his way trusted and petted; this, too, is character. Yes, all are characters, all have character, but of what kind? what is its worth or its value to men?

Thousands of persons are kept continually weary in their endeavors to uphold social relations with each other that do not contain the slightest element of friendship. Their labor consists in making calls, and is, as a rule, most pleasant in its experiences when the caller fails to find the one called on at home. What we all need in our day is, more stability, more character. The Press, Literature and the ministry; Politics, the Drama and Social life, are the indicators that point with significance to the fact that character, absolute, real, inherent character, is the one thing needful above all others; and yet it is the very requisite in which men are sadly deficient. Every thing in the life and history of the present day shows plainly that cultivation and brains are not sufficient, when unaccompanied by character, to give claim to leadership, or even companionship, in the various callings and conditions of life. Nothing needs



regeneration so much as our social and political systems they need a thoroughly cleansing process to make them significant or enduring. At present they are unbearable and are wearying alike to heart and mind.

How this regeneration shall be brought about is a problem for older and wiser heads than ours. It rests with thinkers and thoughtful people to ascertain the cause and apply a remedy which instead of making character the slave of every caprice, will make all things subject to nobility of character.

#### AMID THE GRAVES OF THE DEPARTED.

Yesterday whilst pondering upon the uncertainties and vanities of life we found ourselves wandering amidst broken columns scattered here and there, fragments that once constituted what was beautiful to behold, but now, like those remains, whose resting place they serve to mark, crumbling into dust. The twilight hour was already filled with solitude and silence. Nothing broke the dull monotony save the occasional rustling of a falling leaf, or the unexpected shrill shriek of a bird of night gliding by with dark pinions fluttering. Passing along with an attitude of reverential awe our attention was attracted to the south-west corner of the grave-yard where an inclining slab half-broken stood like some phantom spectre. On it were engraven the words H. S. R. age 13 years.

It was evident that this was the resting place of what was once a beautiful and blooming flower cut down a few summers since by relentless Death. A heap of fallen leaves encircled the base of the monument as if they were nature's tribute to the young departed; a trellace of vine-work surrounded the top uniting and drooping gracefully towards the corners, resembling those silent mourners that annually return to weep over what is lost but cannot return. Examining the slab carefully, endeavoring to decipher several wind and rain-beaten characters, that evidently bespoke the love of a fond father and mother, we were startled. A little bird, whose white downy feathers ruffled in the breeze, flew out from an oblong crevice, ascended into the air with terrified rapidity, hovered over the silent tomb, as if lone watch keeping, and began to sing. We listened to those sweet yet sad strains, we paused upon their meaning and thought these notes must say "sleep on thou happy one, thou at least art free from the turmoil and cares of life."

Continuing our silent tread amongst the sepulchres of the dead and watching the circumambient gales of eve chasing the brown and yellow leaves of Autumn, at one time uplifting them to crown some lonely evergreen, at another, catching them up, as they descend like large snow-flakes, and whirling them again into mid air, we abruptly came upon a wooden cross planted on a slightly elevated, grass-covered mound. Endeavoring to make out who was he whose remains now herein reposed, after some delay we succeeded in deciphering the word "France". And thus it is! we muttered. Horace was right, was only repeating the testimony of ages, and his voice was only the distant murmuring of great truths that were to be proclaimed to the world a few generations after, when he exclaimed, "Palida Mors aequo pulsata pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres."

Death, in its merciless onward stride, spares none, much less leaves behind even a simple trace by which he can be recognized. The cradle that once contained the dust that lay before us was, to all appearances, rocked amid the vales, or vine clad hills of *La Belle France*, the first words of our sleeper were gleefully broken mid the sunbeams that dance on the banks of the Loire or Seine. It was there that a mother sang him to sleep with true native French melody: it was there a father gazed with anxious pride upon his son and looked forward to his bright future career: and they, too, alas! must have long since closed their weary eyelids and sunk into that eternal repose that now wraps their darling boy.

Death, thought we is the great divider; the strings of love and friendship can never be said to be snapped in twain before its resistless force falls upon life's harmonious chords.

Oceans may separate, seas may divide, mountains may lift their snow-capped peaks between, yet hopes of a reunion upon earth may be entertained: but once death with its shadow standing as a colossal obstacle, our aspirations become the shattered planks of the bark of Hope, all is still— "not even a bird in the solitude singing".

Farther on we came to a tombstone on which were the simple words "Our Mother." Aromatic flowers that scented the evening air were carefully and gracefully planted upon the mound; a few trinkets characteristic of love and child-like simplicity were suspended in the vicinity and each and everything were stamped with those magic words engraven on the marble slab. She too was taken away from the guardianship of her little ones. In the prime of life, we understand, in a season, when life seems to possess an inmate principle of perpetual earthly activity, when nature smiles in the sunbeam, in the laughing brooklet in the velvety, green sward, she was carried away to meet her God.

By her departure a home was made desolate, the cottage roof began to decay, the embers that sparkled in the glad some hearth died out, the faithful watch-dog ceased to bark, a whole family became wanderers, each was compelled to seek shelter where chance placed him, while "our mother" rests beneath the sod, her soul communing with its Creator, and continually petitioning him, to look after those dear ones that have been left behind.

Retracing our steps we walked back through the leafy paths now and then stopping to observe some hitherto unexplored resting place. What we saw in our short ramble affords an abundance of material for reflection, and what impresses us the most forcibly of anything is that strange inconsistency of man in his actions when beholding himself as he truly is. No matter how high, no matter how low, no matter how intellectual, no matter how stupid, all must return to the black slimy earth from whence we sprung, and once gone, distinctions cease to exist and "man dressed in little, brief authority" can not be recognized from the mendicant that ate the crumbs that fell from his table nor can he be dissociated from the hireling, the slave that was compelled to lick his empty platter. And as sure as Spring returns, Summer succeeding, Autumn following, and Winter hurrying after, so sure are we passing on towards that goal, where a grave lies open to receive us, to hide us in oblivion. And amid all this dreadful, fearful pass of things, the only consolation we have, and that is a great one, is the teachings of



our holy religion, that we shall rise and live again, breathing a purer, a heavenly atmosphere with God if judged worthy of the same from our earthly actions. It is certainly worthy of our consideration to meditate upon these truths during this month of November which the church has especially set aside for devotions and prayers to the faithful departed. Let us not forget the poor souls in Purgatory and they shall not forget us, so that when we are called away we can truly and really say,

O grave where is thy victory  
O Death where is thy sting?"

J. P. M.

### LOCALS.

— Pork and Beans.

— I will hit you! ta, ta!

— O-o-h! you coy and giddy boy.

— Prof. Murphy won a box of candy at the "fair." we thought he'd secure something sweet, "twas ever thus."

— All persons desiring to insert matter in the *JOURNAL* must bear in mind that contributions not having the author's signature will receive no notice.

— A petrified foot, a turkey's tooth and a lively lizard have been added to Prof. Murphy's collection.

— Has the editor of the "*JOURNAL*" bought that candy yet?

— The members of the cadet company are beginning to realize the fact that there isn't much nonsense about the military Instructor.

— Prof. Toomey's notes "broke the Rhetoric classes all up." They are slowly convalescing.

— Dean concluded that his cranium was sufficiently stored with the dead languages and "no more he will converse with those mighty minds of old".

— "Sic, sic", yawned Conroy when Dr. M—asked him how he felt.

— The military company is making rapid progress towards perfection, Lieut. Park says they will soon rival the illustrious "Skidmore Guards."

— If our boys cannot run as fast as those of some other colleges they will hold their own in "kicking."

— P. Lesage says that Colentus is one of the dead languages, all the class add "amen brother Phil."

— Things seem dead around the college since St. Viateur's Day and we don't know of anything which would be more effectual in bringing about a resurrection than the organization of the "Dramatic Society". Boys you have lots of talent and it ought to be used. We hope this hint will be sufficient and that we may yet have an entertainment before Christmas.

— Messrs. Golden and Bernier were lucky at the fair; the former winning a handsome tidy the latter a beautiful butter dish.

— Willie Reaume says you may talk about your big cities Chicago, St. George, and Tucker but there's more fun in Indianapolis than any place he has ever been.

— Profs. McGrath and Cosgrove spent Sunday with Fr. McGair of Gilman, of course they had a big time

— We are happy to learn that St. Patrick's Literary Association has reorganized under the direction of Prof. Toomey; he has had a wide experience in society work, and is, besides, an earnest going young man who will zealously perform his share of the work. With the support which we know he will receive from the members we prophesy a golden year for "St. Patrick's society."

At the opening meeting the following officers were elected. Prof. D. B. Toomey Director; F. E. McAuliffe President; F. J. Quinn, vice-president; Philip Lesage, Secretary; P. Tierney, treasurer; E. Kniery, sergeant-at-arms.

— The Rev. President M. J. Marsile, had the pleasure of listening to Mgr. Capel last week. He expresses himself as more than pleased with the effort of the learned speaker and its impressions.

— Keep up your spirits boys. Its only about six weeks till Christmas and then——

— We notice with pleasure that few of the students honor the "prefect of studies" with visits on "professional business." This shows that the boys are working, for the more work they do the less business he has. May this state of affairs long continue.

— On last Thursday the K. K. K.s failed to appear on our grounds as agreed. We suppose the chilly weather scared them, at least we felt somewhat "blue" Our boys hoped to have a game with them but suppose it must be postponed until next season when we will try to accommodate them and all neighboring clubs.

— Hunting is all the rage now and on every recreation day a party of hunters may be seen wending their way to the neighboring woods where they wage war against the fur and feathery tribes.

— The "Gubbins Terry combination" will travel during the holidays. They intend holding a forth at Manteno, St. George and all the cities along the I. C. R. R.

— Don't let them run you in!

— When are K. K. K.s coming?

— Who stole Kniery's apples?

— Show me the dude and by the "Powers" I'll slay him.

— M. and Q. have resolved to study French since their little difficulty of last week. Q. says all he could say was "oui monsieur" and M. declares that he didn't know whether she was talking about apples or cider as he could understand nothing but "Jai ne pas".

— We think those boys who go to the infirmary just



# Le Cercle Français.

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Vendredi, 9 Nov. 1883.

No. 1

## LES FEUILLES MORTES.

Les premiers souffles de l'automne  
Glaçaient déjà le front des ombreuses forêts,  
Et les fleurons de leur couronne  
Roulaient sur le gazon, si parfumés et frais!

Les feuilles encor frémissantes  
S'arrachaient à regret de leur riants séjours,  
Comme ces âmes gémissantes,  
Pleurant sur des amis qu'on laisse pour toujours.

Ah! c'était bien leur triste plainte  
Que les ailes du vent portaient jusqu'au ciel bleu,  
Quand, dans une suprême étreinte,  
Elles jetaient aux bois leur éternel adieu.

C'est que, sur la branche posées,  
Elles dormaient le soir dans de si doux berceaux!  
Au matin, les blanches rosées  
Les décoraient toujours de si brillants joyaux!

Pourtant leur beauté virginale  
N'a pu fléchir le sort. Elles sont là gisant,  
Couvertes de pourpre royale,  
Etincelantes d'or, sous les pieds du passant.

Hélas! Comme ces belles mortes,  
Que d'autres sont tombés! Vierges, adolescents  
Aux fronts purs, joyeuses cohortes  
Que conduit au tombeau la froide main du temps!

La terre s'engraisse des cendres  
Que tout être ainsi mêle aux divers éléments.  
On ne peut sur les gazons tendres  
Faire un pas sans presser de sacrés ossements.

Tout ce qui respire, ô mystère!  
Doit mourir comme l'homme et le vert rameau.

Toutes les splendeurs de la terre  
Ne sont que l'ornement d'un superbe tombeau.

Mais lorsque la brise bénie  
Du printemps reviendra, les forêts reprendront  
Leur feuillage et leur harmonie,  
Et les cœurs, d'allégresse et d'amour frémiront.

Un jour aussi la triste tombe,  
Sous le souffle divin, semblera tressaillir,  
Et les corps, comme la colombe,  
S'envoleront aux cieux pour ne jamais mourir.  
27 Oct.-1883.

M.\*\*

## NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

Nous ajoutons aujourd'hui, sous forme de supplément mensuel, une nouvelle feuille au JOURNAL du Collège St. Viateur, en faveur des élèves qui parlent le Français. Nous le faisons dans l'espérance que la lecture de cette feuille par les étudiants ainsi que la publicité qu'elle offrira à leurs productions littéraires sera pour eux un des moyens les plus puissants de conserver la langue de leurs Mères. La devise du "Cercle Français" sera: "Notre foi et notre langue." Voilà le noble héritage que nous ont légué nos pères et que nous ne voudrions perdre pour rien au monde. Les éléments constitutifs de toute nationalité sont avant tout sa religion et sa langue. "Notre nationalité est toute faite de Catholicisme." Depuis le moment où St. Rémi verse l'eau régénératrice sur la tête du "Fier Sicambre" jusqu'au jour où Brébœuf baptise l'enfant des bois, nos traditions religieuses sont invariablement les mêmes. Ce sont elles qui ont fait la France grande et glorieuse sous les règnes de Charlemagne, de Louis XIV et de Napoléon I. Ce sont elles qui ont poussé nos hardis pionniers et nos héroïques missionnaires depuis les rives du St. Laurent jusqu'au golfe du Mexique et qui, à l'heure sombre des épreuves, ont sauvé du naufrage notre nationalité menacée dans son existence par un impitoyable vainqueur. Comment ne pas les chérir ces



traditions augustes, ne pas les transmettre de génération en génération?—

Quel a été le canal des idées religieuses parmi nous? N'est-ce pas cette langue que balbutièrent les fils de Louis le Débonnaire, que les génies du grand siècle imposèrent à l'Europe et qui a reçu un nouvel éclat dans les œuvres de nos jeunes écrivains que leurs aînés ont couronnés? Comme nous devons l'aimer et en être fiers! Nos pères ne rendirent leur épée à l'Angleterre qu'à la condition qu'elle leur assurât la conservation de leur langue ainsi que de leur foi. C'est en vain que les successeurs d'Henri VIII essayèrent de nous angliciser afin de nous protestantiser, l'éloquence de nos hommes d'état força l'ennemi à respecter tous nos droits.

Plus d'un peuple a perdu l'idiome dont les chants bercèrent son enfance. Mais la France, malgré qu'en sa longue carrière elle ait heurté bien des ruines, a conservé intacte sa langue, qui, aujourd'hui comme autrefois, est le véhicule des idées qui remuent le monde. Et les différents groupes de ses enfants jetés, il y a plus de trois siècles, sur le continent Américain n'ont pas encore oublié les doux accents de la Mère Patrie. Sous le chaud soleil de la Louisiane aussi bien que sur les neiges du Canada, on parle encore la langue de Racine. Et ce qu'il y a de remarquable c'est que les patois, qui sont si communs en France, n'ont pas pu, quoiqu'on en dise, prendre racine en Amérique. Notre classe illettrée, de même que celle des autres nations, pèche assez souvent contre la grammaire, mais elle comprendra un orateur de Notre Dame aussi bien que le plus obscur paysan. Les honneurs que l'Académie française a accordés aux "Fleurs boréales" a donné un éclatant démenti aux détracteurs de notre littérature.

Quand à notre prononciation elle-même, au sujet de laquelle nous sommes souvent blâmés, l'un des auteurs les plus distingués de la France, Paul Féval, n'a-t-il pas dit, en reprochant à ses compatriotes leurs accents provinciaux que si l'on voulait retrouver le français tel qu'on le parlait sous Louis XIV, il fallait retourner au Canada? que la fleurissait un rameau de la langue française conservée dans sa pureté primitive. Nous sommes certainement les premiers à reconnaître l'exagération du compliment que nous fait l'un de nos cousins d'outre-mer; mais il est un fait aujourd'hui reconnu par tous, qui est à l'honneur de notre race et témoigne de sa vitalité merveilleuse, c'est qu'elle est restée inébranlablement attachée à la langue que parlaient ses pères lorsqu'ils plantèrent la croix aux bords du St. Laurent et du Meschacébé.

## LE BERCEAU.

A MA MERE.

Que ce doux nom réveille dans l'âme de fraîches et suaves pensées! Un berceau, c'est une nacelle, où à l'ombre d'une blanche voile, un ange d'innocence commence à voguer sur la mer du monde; un berceau, c'est un tendre olivier dont la naissante verdure parfumée d'espérance et d'amour promet un fruit de bonheur; un berceau, c'est un lac paisible, ou un frêle roseau, à l'abri des grandes herbes, n'a pas encore plié sous les fureurs de l'orage.

Qui n'a pas savouré le parfum d'innocence et de paix qui s'exhale du berceau! Qui d'une mère, agenouillée au pied de la couche de son enfant, n'a pas entendu murmurer la brûlante prière? Qui n'a pas vu briller la couronne de bonheur dont s'illumine son front et ne s'est senti heureux de sa félicité? C'était un beau soir, la nuit avait ceint sa couronne d'étoiles, et l'astre du mystère versait sur la nature endormie ses douteuses clartés. Par une fenêtre entrouverte entraient un jour tremblant: une mère, debout, près de la corbeille où reposait son enfant semblait le contempler dans une muette extase. Oh! qu'il était ravissant aussi ce doux enfant, frais comme un bouton de rose! Un de ses bras disparaissait sous lui; l'autre sortait de dessous un voile de gaze, s'arondissant autour de sa blonde chevelure comme un arc d'ivoire; ses paupières doucement fermées voilaient l'azur de ses yeux; ses lèvres du plus tendre carmin souriaient le plaisir et sur sa douce figure passait une pure rêverie, un songe d'or! Que son visage était serein! Que son sourire ressemblait bien à celui d'un ange! La mère ivre de joie, à la vue du paisible sommeil de son fils, se pencha vers celui qui vivait de sa vie et déposa sur son front encore vierge des chagrins un baiser brûlant d'amour, et l'enfant s'éveillant tendit les bras à sa mère et prononça le premier mot que bégayaient les petits enfants, ce chant de la piété filiale, plus joyeux que le gazouillis de l'oiseau dans la feuillée, plus doux que le bruit cristallin de la sonore cascade: Maman!.....Maman!.....

M. J. M.

## LA "GROTTE" ET SES ENVIRONS.

N'avez-vous jamais visité la grotte de la rivière de Kankakee? Sinon, veuillez bien me suivre, je vous servirai aujourd'hui de cicerone. Elle est creusée dans le rocher d'un profond ravin qui n'est qu'à une courte distance du village de Bourbonnais. C'est le rendez-vous



des élèves du Collège St. Viateur. Ils aiment toujours à retourner à ces lieux sous la garde de leurs maîtres; tout les y invite: la limpidité des eaux, les vertes pelouses, l'ombrage des grands arbres, et la beauté si pittoresque de tous les alentours.

On s'y rend en suivant un chemin bordé d'une haie qui conduit jusqu'au bois. Après une demi-heure de marche, on arrive à l'entrée du ravin. Au premier coup d'œil, on aperçoit de beaux rochers, de beaux escarpements et de belles cascades. A quelques pas un petit sentier un peu incliné nous mène droit à la grotte. L'ouverture en est étroite et si basse qu'il faut s'incliner pour y entrer. Le jour pénètre suffisamment dans la caverne et laisse voir une chambre d'une dizaine de pieds carrés; la pierre des murs et du plafond semble avoir été travaillée par la main fantastique des génies; aucune plante, aucune fleur n'y croit. C'est en vain que l'imagination y cherche les vertes tentures qui pendaient au murs de la grotte de Calypso; celle-ci ne fut pas habitée, par une déesse mais ce qui la rend intéressante, c'est qu'elle fut autrefois le séjour d'un ermite. C'était vraiment une heureuse idée que de venir s'installer ici: car ainsi que les ermites et les solitaires qui se cherchaient une retraite dans les déserts ou au sommet des montagnes, il s'était choisi un site poétique, une solitude où aucun bruit ne venait troubler ses prières et dont la beauté était propre à élever ses pensées vers le Créateur.

Le ravin, d'un côté duquel la grotte est percée, a un lit très profond et tortueux; il s'élargit et se rétrécit en certains endroits et forme de véritables chambres. En passant de l'une à l'autre, on se trouve enfermé entre deux murailles de pierre qui surplombent et ne laissent apercevoir qu'un coin bleu du ciel. Ces rochers sont partout couverts de verdure: d'un côté ils sont tapissés de mousse, de l'autre, ils sont garnis de fougères aux longues feuilles dentelées: ici c'est la vigne sauvage qui s'encline sous le fardeau de ses nombreuses grappes: là ce sont des lierres qui grimpent, s'entrelacent dans les branches des arbres et retombent en gracieux festons.

Un charme manquerait à ce tableau si un ruisseau ne venait animer tout le paysage: il arrive de la plaine en mêlant son doux murmure au chant des oiseaux, bouillonne parmi les cailloux en descendant la pente du ravin et jaillit ça et là en blanche cascades; plus loin, sa nappe limpide s'étend et forme comme un lac où viennent se mirer les fleurs et les étoiles. Au printemps, le ruisseau se change en un torrent qui gronde et bondit avec impétuosité, mais en été, il n'en reste plus qu'un mince filet argenté.

En sortant du ravin, on aperçoit la rivière de Kankakee, qui roule silencieusement ses ondes; à quelques arpents, elle tourne vers l'ouest et l'œil qui la suit dé-

couvre avec ravissement une petite île qui flotte dans le lointain, verte comme une émeraude. Les bords de la rivière sont très accidentés et offrent les aspects les plus variés; d'un côté, c'est la plaine et les bois; de l'autre ce sont des rochers qui dressent fièrement leurs pics couronnés d'arbrisseaux.

Tout près de la grotte, coule une source dont l'eau claire et intarissable désaltère le visiteur. Plus d'une fois au milieu de mes courses, je me suis arrêté à cette source et, comme Diogène, mettant la coupe de côté, j'ai puisé l'eau dans le creux de ma main pour étancher ma soif.

Je ne puis me lasser de décrire ces sites charmants et leurs mille beautés. Partout on respire la paix et la fraîcheur, et l'âme y reçoit comme une nouvelle vie. Bien des fois ces collines et ces vallons ont retenti des cris et des bruyants éclats de rire de jeunes écoliers qui aujourd'hui portent un front soucieux; un jour aussi viendra où il me faudra dire adieu à ces lieux enchanteurs, mais toujours je me rappellerai les heures joyeuses que j'y aurai passées et elles compteront parmi les plus belles de ma vie.

Phil. Lesage. Rhétorique.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHIE.

*Illustrated Historical Atlas of Kankakee County, Illinois.*  
 Edited by J. H. Beers & Co., Chicago.

La publication de cet ouvrage était impatiemment attendue. Enfin nous l'avons. Les souscripteurs n'ont pas été désappointés. La partie typographique est excellente. Les gravures dénotent la main d'un artiste. On y reconnaît avec plaisir les principaux citoyens du comté et leurs résidences. L'église, le presbytère et le collège de Bourbonnais sont parfaitement bien reproduits. Les anciens élèves verront avec plaisir cette page qui leur rappellera si fidèlement leur *Alma Mater*. Nous prenons occasion d'annoncer à ces mêmes élèves qu'ils peuvent se procurer cette gravure à un prix minime, en s'adressant aux Editeurs du JOURNAL.

La partie géographique est tout-à-fait complète. Les divisions des terres, les noms des propriétaires, les petits ruisseaux, les chemins de fer, le site des écoles, le plan des villages, enfin tout ce qui se rapporte à la géographie du comté est indiqué avec une grande exactitude. La partie historique est des plus intéressantes et contient des faits encore inédits. L'histoire du comté comprend naturellement trois époques. La première traite des premiers explorateurs; la seconde, des tribus indigènes et la troisième, des fondations de nos villes et de nos villages.

Il y a plus de deux cents ans, l'intrépide Cavalier



De La Salle, anxieux de découvrir la source du Mississipi organisa une expédition qui devait partir de Niagara, et se rendre aussi loin que possible par la voie des grands lacs. Ce ne fut pas sans beaucoup de travail et de dépenses qu'il parvint à construire un petit navire qu'il nomma le *Griffin* et dans lequel il s'embarqua avec trente compagnons, pour Green Bay. (la Baie Verte) En s'éloignant des charmantes côtes de Niagara, cette va-leureuse troupe chanta le Te Deum et assista au saint sa-cristice de la messe. Bien humble et bien imparfaite était cette embarcation comparée aux palais flottants qui au-jourd'hui fendent les eaux de nos lacs et de nos fleuves. Ils naviguèrent lentement et avec difficulté et arrivèrent à Green Bay vers la fin de l'automne de l'année 1669. Ils y firent la traite avec les Indiens et renvoyèrent leur bateau chargé de pelleteries au fort Niagara. Ils con-tinuèrent leur voyage en légers canots et atteignirent bientôt la partie sud du lac Michigan, là où est aujour-d'hui Chicago, et remontèrent la côte Est jusqu'à l'em-bouchure de la rivière St. Joseph. Ils séjournèrent quelque temps en cet endroit où ils élevèrent un fort en attendant le retour de *Griffin* qu'ils espéraient voir appa-raître à l'horizon de jour en jour. Mais ils attendirent en vain, le *Griffin* ne revint pas.

Après avoir donné quelque temps aux repas, La Salle remonta la rivière jusqu'à l'endroit où South Bend est maintenant situé. Ici comme par instinct nos braves explorateurs changèrent de direction. Chargeant leurs canots sur leurs épaules, ils entreprirent leur pénible marche à travers la prairie entrecoupée de marais fan-geux, lorsque tout-à-coup ils aperçurent les eaux limpides d'une petite rivière, c'était la rivière de Kankakee que l'œil d'un Européen contemplait pour la première fois. Les frères esquifs furent lancés sur les eaux de la rivière Kankakee et les braves découvreurs s'embarquèrent, remplis de joie à la vue des beautés qui se multipliaient sur leur chemin. La Salle erra quelque temps dans cette belle vallée afin d'y jouir des amusements de la chasse et de la pêche.

En Janvier de l'année suivante, il se rendit au lac de de la rivière de l'Illinois. Il n'alla pas plus loin cette année. Après avoir construit un fort, sans doute pour marquer son passage, il remonta jusqu'à l'embouchure de la rivière de Kankakee, y laissa ses canots, et retour-na au fort de la rivière St. Joseph, traversant ce qui est aujourd'hui le comté de Will. Dans ses autres excursions, La Salle voyagea plus à l'Ouest et, à une seule exception près, ce ne fut qu'au dix-neuvième siècle qu'un autre blanc pénétra dans notre vallée et y laissa quelque marqué de son passage.

(A continuer.)

Ambroise Granger,  
Belles Lettres

## CUEILLETES.

— Vive le Français toujours!

— Ed... Car... et M... Cam... ne hantent pas les Américains... Souigny soutient qu'ils craignent de perdre leur beau français.

— Brosseau maigrira, dût-il pour cela garder l'infir-merie jusqu'à Noël.

— P. Les... et Ed. C. qui se sont si bien acquittés de leurs charges aux examens du Couvent, l'an passé, ont dû tenir table pendant le dernier bazar... Deman-dez-le à Amb. G....

— Depuis que A. Riv.... est allé à l'Erable, il ne parle plus de revenir au collège après Noël.

— F. Hébert laisse à *savoir* à ses amis qu'ils le rever-ront bientôt au Collège ou au....

— Le Marquis de Lorne a répondu en français à l'adresse qui lui a été présentée par le Maire de Québec, à l'occasion de son départ. Quand son Excellence eut fini, quelques voix crièrent: "In English! In English!" Mais l'ex-Gouverneur se contenta de saluer, comme s'il eut voulu dire; Faites, comme moi, apprenez le Français, puis rentra dans le wagon qui disparut bientôt.

— Le Marquis de Lansdowne, le nouveau Gouverneur du Canada, parle parfaitement le Français. Ses auditeurs québécois ont été charmés de constater qu'il pre-nonçait leur langue comme un Parisien. Il est français par sa mère, la Comtesse de Flahaut.

— Rev. J. Lesage Curé de St. George, dont la géné-rosité est bien connue, a fait présent d'une croix en or qui doit être portée par l'élève qui écrit la meilleure composition française. Il y a lecture des listes toutes les deux semaines et la croix est alors donnée publiquement à l'heureux concurrent, en même temps que les autres croix d'honneur.

— Le "College Journal" de Georgetown annonce qu'on vient de fonder un cercle littéraire français au collège de Woodstock sous le nom de *Société Philologique*; en faveur de l'élément canadien français qui prend un développement considérable dans l'Etat du Massachu-sets.

— Nos lecteurs apprendront avec plaisir que le très Rév. P. Gonet, Supérieur Général des Clercs St. Via-teurs et le Rév. F. Saulin, qui ont laissé ici un si agréable souvenir, ont fait une heureuse traversée. On dit que par suite de son long séjour aux Etats, le F. Saulin a grande difficulté à se faire comprendre de ses confrères. Tantôt il leur lance un *All right!* tantôt c'est: *Don't you forget it! I am going back to Bourbonnais!* Le Rév. A. Bélanger, C. S. V., qui accompagnait nos Vénérables Visiteurs et dont la santé laisse beaucoup à désirer, commence à prendre des forces. Nous faisons des vœux pour qu'il se rétablisse promptement.



because the weather is chilly should be "fired".

— P. J. W's knee breeches are lineal decendants of "O'Brien's high water pants".

— The two Pauls have been monopolizing the infirm-ary of late but are now convalescing.

— Captain W. F. Goltra of Bourbonnais is now at Memphis, Tennessee with the United States Survey Co. Owing to lack of space an interesting letter received from him has been omitted till next issue.

— Dr. Bergeron of Kansas 75 is visiting his brother and mother in the Grove.

— Owing to the fact that, the office of 2nd. Srgt. was made vacant by the departure of the officer formerly elected all officers lower in rank were promoted one grade, and Mr. Ambrose Granger, elected 4th. corporal. Drills will hereafter take place on Sundays and Tuesdays.

— *St. Patrick's Society* was organized Thursday last, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

Director.....	Prof. D. B. Toomey
President.....	Mr. F. E. McAuliffe.
Vice President.....	" F. J. Quinn.
Secretary.....	" P. Lesage.
Treasurer.....	" P. Tierney.
Sergeant-at-arms.....	Ed. Knierly.
Literarian.....	J. Cusack.

Messrs. Foxx, Sullivan, Granger and Knierly will declaim at the next meeting, many names were proposed for membership, and will be acted upon the next meeting.

The *Thespian Association* was reorganized on Tuesday eve. Nov. 1st. The following officers were elected.

Director.....	Prof. D. B. Toomey.
Stage Manager.....	" J. P. Murphy.
President.....	Mr. F. J. Quinn.
Vice-President.....	" F. E. Mc Auliffe
Secretary.....	" P. Lesage.
Treasurer.....	" J. Cusack.
Green-Room-Manager.....	Glenn Park.
	} Mr. E. Foxx.
Stage carpenters.	} Mr. P. Sullivan.

It was decided to give an entertainment, on Dec. 12th. (The anniversary of the organization of *St. Patrick's Society* if possible) several new members were enrolled.

— The *Philharmonic Orchestra* under the direction of Father Oser practices every Tuesday, and Thursday eve. *St. Thomas' Society* has been organized with the following set of officers.

President.....	Prof. D. B. Toomey.
Vice-President.....	" J. P. Murphy.
Secretary.....	" M. A. McGavick.
Treasurer.....	" J. McCann.

The members of the Grammar classes should follow the good example given by the Rhetorics and organize *St. Stanislaus society*.

The society of the Sacred Heart and also *St. Aloysius Society* will be shortly organized, and should have a full list of members.

The Prominent visitors since our last issue are the following.

Vicar General Brouillette of Oregon, Alderman Walsh of Chicago, Mrs. Willey, Page, Bohn and Harbour of Chicago, Miss Hartley of Chicago, and Mr. Halloran of Shelbyville, Indiana.

A handsome lithograph 20x30 inches of *St. Viateur's College* is ready for sale at the "Journal" office.

Besides it contains two beautiful portraits of Very Rev Fr. Beaudoin president and Fr. Roy first Rector of the College.

The parochial church and residence can be seen in the back ground.

A lithograph sent to any address postage prepaid on receipt of \$1.00

Now is the time to procure a handsome lithograph of *St. Viateur's College* and surroundings. Every student should have one.

## PERSONALS.

Thomas F. Ryan '83 is stopping at his home at Emmet Mich.

John E Hogan '83 has begun a course of medicine at the college of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ills.

Philip Moran '79 has determined to become a machinist, and for that purpose started last week for Schenectady N. Y.

Joseph Lamb '83 is attending the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

James Fitz Maurice '76 has become head shipping clerk for the P. D. & E. R. R. at Peoria, Ill.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

In China the Catholic church has 41 Bishops, 1,006 priests (425 native Chinamen), 64 colleges, 34 convents and a catholic population of 1,092,000.

Archbishop Feehan of Chicago had several conferences with Cardinal Manning, since his arrival in London, one of which took place at Windsor Hotel, and lasted two hours.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan left Chicago for San Francisco the 5th. inst.

Rev. Joseph E. Keller S. J. has been elected assistant of the English Assistancy, which includes England and America. This is the first time that an American was ever elected to the position.

In three months time Cardinal McCloskey will have



completed the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. He has been a Bishop thirty-nine years.

Mgr. Capel is to visit Washington as the guest of the bankers, Corcoran and Riggs, and stay long enough to see congress in session.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Professor J. A. Lyons, A. M., L. L. D., of Notre Dame University, Indiana, has just given to the public, a sixth edition of his excellent work on elocution under the title of "The American Elocutionist." It contains a clear and precise explanation of voice, its producing and modifying apparatus. Voice culture, register and expression, as also emotion and gesture, are treated at length in a masterly and pleasing manner.

The work is the result of earnest and long experience on the part of the worthy Professor. The selections in prose and poetry are of the first order. The production speaks for itself, and, taken as a whole, we have no hesitation in saying that it will fully meet the demands of the most exacting critics. It contains over four hundred pages of reading matter. The book is nicely gotten up and neatly and serviceably bound in cloth. Schools, Academies, Colleges and private individuals wishing copies will do well to address the Professor at Notre Dame, Ind.

#### EXCHANGE.

The *College Index* of Kalamazoo, Mich., has undergone a change in the editorial board as well as in the make up of the paper itself. The *Index* now devotes more space to essays than heretofore, a change which ought to merit the appreciation of its readers. The articles of this Journal are as a rule up to the standard.

The local editor of the *Index*, however, appears to have turned his department into an advertising medium. This is not quite as it should be. We expect to acquire a knowledge of the doings about the college through the local column, and are disappointed when we are informed instead as to where it will be to our advantage to buy, boots, hats, confectionary etc.,

The *Stylus* from Boston College, is one of the neatest and most attractive of college journals. It is neatly printed on excellent paper, and is replete with interesting reading matter. We naturally expect a great deal from a college journal published in the "city of culture;" but the *Stylus* fully satisfies our expectations, and we only regret that it is not published oftener than once every two months.

The first and second numbers, vol. 3, of the *Adelphian*, Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, have reached us. The *Adelphian* is a bright, spicy journal, whose various departments are handled with skill. The last number, among other things worthy of notice, contains a short sketch of Seath's poet, Burns, and a really excellent

article on a subject which should receive the attention of every college student, namely, Physical culture.

Few of our exchanges present a neater appearance, fewer still contain so much reading matter, and perhaps none at all are so entirely devoted to essays as the *Hamilton College Monthly* Livingston, Ky. All the departments of the monthly evidence the work of able hands. The literary articles are written in a clear and pleasing style, and contains many thoughts worth preserving.

The *College Chronicle* is the title of a newsy eight-page sheet published monthly by the students of North Western College, Naperville, Ills. Judging from the *Chronicle* North Western College is a lively place and has a large attendance this year.

#### NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

##### ROLL OF HONOR.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

##### CONDUCT, DEPARTMENT, NEATNESS.

1st. DEGREE.—Misses H. Cleary, M. Duggan, M. Kingdon, N. Eagle, J. Lenoue, E. Berard, M. Granger, A. Manni, C. Betourne.

2nd. DEGREE.—Misses V. Gravelin, L. Fleming, M. L. Palement, M. Hoy, E. Sweetland.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

##### CONDUCT, ETC.

1st. DEGREE.—A. Henderson J. Periolat, I. Lamontague.

2nd. DEGREE.—Misses M. Barron, A. Roach, A. Devine, M. Legris, C. Brault, E. Sanasack, R. Betourne, J. Monast, J. Cyrier.

##### APPLICATION. SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

##### ENGLISH CLASS.

Misses K. Cleary, M. Kingdon, V. Graveline, J. Lenoue, A. Manni, N. Eagle, M. Granger, M. Duggan.

##### FRENCH CLASS.

Misses V. Graveline, M. Palement, J. Lenoue, L. Graveline, A. Mannie, D. Rivard, F. Sweetland, M. Duggan, M. Granger.

##### APPLICATION. JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Barron, A. Roach, A. Devine, A. Cyrier, D. Rivard, M. Legris, A. Henderson, C. Brault, I. Lamontagne, L. Laroche, N. Legris, D. Legris, V. Marotte, Al. Prairie, A. Caron.

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COACH No. 2. leaves Kankakee for Bourbonnais  
 at 8:00 A. M., 11:20 A. M., 2:10 P. M., 7:30 P. M.;  
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 1:00 P. M., 3:10 P. M., 8:30 P. M.

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