

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, March 15 1884.

No. 2

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1:20 P M (lve)...	Gilman Passenger..	(lve) 7:25 A M

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ARRIVE.		LEAVE.
5:20 P M.....	Passenger.....	11:05 A M
11:55 P M (north)...	Bloom. Pass. (north)	12:10 P M
1:20 A M (south)...	Bloom. Pass. (south)	7:05 P M

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VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS GROVE. I

HEAVIER THE CROSS

Heavier the cross, the nearer Heaven:
No cross without, no God within—
Death, judgment from the heart are driven
Amid the world's false glare and din.
Oh! happy he with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the cross.

Heavier the cross, the heartier prayer:
The bruised herbs most fragrant are.
If sky and wind were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star.
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the cross, the easier dying,
Death is a friendlier face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying.
From life's distress one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified! the cross I carry,
The longer, may it dearer be;
And lest I faint while here I tarry,
Implant thou such a heart in me,
That faith, hope, love may flourish there,
Till for the cross my crown I wear.

Translation.

ONE TALENT.

One talent well cultivated, deepened and enlarged is worth a hundred shallow faculties. The first law of success to-day, when so many matters are clamoring for attention, is concentration; to bend all the energies to one point, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It has been justly said that a great deal of the wisdom

rate was supported by a faithful black servant, who begged for him in the streets of Lisbon. Vagelas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts as far as the money would go. Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress. Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold. Spencer the charming died in want. The death of Collins was through neglect and mental derangement. Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds at three payments and ended his life in obscurity. Dryden lived in poverty and distress. Otway died of hunger. Lee died in the street. Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law. Fielding is buried in a wretched burying-ground in Lisbon, without a stone to mark his grave. Savage died in prison being confined there for

a debt of eight pounds. Butler lived a life of penury and died poor. Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune destroyed himself. Sure consolation here for men of literary aspirations.

Time and Right are the Almighty's agents and those who trust to them will not be disappointed.

He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power. *Richter.*

The greatest treasure of life is contentment; the greatest ease sleep and the best medicine a true friend.—

The most intolerable of traveled folk are those who have come back from every where without having been anywhere.

No organ in the body is liable to be overworked as the heart. When the whole body sleeps, it keeps up its perpetual motion. Care it.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little opening that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years. *Ruffin.*

No system of religion, of morals, of politics may ever expect permanent existence unless prepared to challenge the broadest and widest discussion, the fullest scrutiny, the most generally diffused intelligence.

If you want to know just what the world thinks of you try to borrow a five dollar bill. That is the crucial test of public opinion and one that is likely to open your eyes unless you were born blind. If you are rich the world will take you at your own estimate of yourself; but if you are poor, it will put its own valuation on you. Not many people in this narrow world have five dollar's worth of sympathy for any one—

CHARACTER.

The character is formed by the personal habits of daily life as much as by the thoughts and principles inculcated. The careless and unmethodical in action will scarcely be accurate observers, reliable authorities or steadfast supporters. The loose ends of daily habits repeat themselves in the character. Graver virtues than the prosaic qualities of method, order, regularity and the like follow on these habits of forethought and observation which, elder people try so hard to inculcate on the young, and which, the young try so hard not to learn. No one can exaggerate the importance of daily combating the evils that most easily beset us. To give way to-day to a fit of inconsiderate selfishness, unfounded suspicion, irrational anger makes control all the harder to-morrow and the folly committed now all the easier to repeat them. The character is not formed by great leaps, by one strong impression, by a few striking experiences, but by small repeated touches; by the constant rippling of daily thoughts, the minute shaping of daily habits.

GOLD COIN

Wilful waste makes woful want.

The first duty of youth is to be young.

The age of the world is also its youth.

The youth of a nation is also its antiquity.

What can be done at any time is never done.

By proclaiming a gift its fruit perishes—*Menu.*

It is better to suffer than to do an injury—*Plato.*

Discourage cunning in a child; cunning is the ape of wisdom—*Locke.*

It is beauty's privilege to kill time and time's privilege to kill beauty.

The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs—*Bacon.*

❖ LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS ❖

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 15 Mars. 1884.

No. 5

L'ADIEU.

D'où viennent ces accents ou plutôt ces sanglots,
Semblables aux accords des harpes qui se brisent ?
Entends-je l'ouragan qui soulève les flots,
Ou la voix des mortels alors qu'ils agonisent ?

C'est le cri du départ ! C'est le chant des adieux !
C'est le funèbre glas dont la plainte expirante
Vient partager mon âme en ce jour douloureux,
Et briser de ma main l'étreinte caressante ! . . .

Cruel adieu ! tu viens comme l'aigle descend
Sur sa proie, assaillir de tes coups les doux charmes
De nos affections ; et tu pars, ne laissant
Que du deuil dans le cœur, et, dans les yeux, des larmes.

Ah ! que j'ai rencontré de visages amis,
De cœurs tout débordants d'amour et d'innocence !
Célestes visions de mes obscures nuits !
Astres d'or se levant sur ma triste existence !

Mais à peine, au banquet de la franche amitié,
M'étais-je assis, joyeux et des fleurs sur la tête,
Que déjà le destin m'arrachait sans pitié
Le calice enivrant de l'ineffable fête . . .

Faut-il donc tout laisser ? Mes rêves de bonheur,
Ceux-là que j'appelais les âmes de mon âme ?
Dans ce monde si froid, faut-il que dans mon cœur
Ne s'allume jamais aucune pure flamme ?

La vie est une chaîne, une chaîne d'amour,
Brisée à chaque nœud : des anges, à l'aurore
Accompagnent nos pas ; avant la fin du jour,
Hélas ! l'isolement renaît plus grand encore . . .

Il n'est donc ici-bas que séparation !
J'ai vu le fruit laisser la branche verdoyante,
L'étoile, le ciel bleu, l'épi, le frais sillon,
La brise du printemps, la rose souriante !

J'ai vu l'esquif laisser la vague qui frémit,
L'oiseau, son nid moelleux, le buisson, sa couronne,
Le jeune enfant, sa mère, et l'ami, son ami !
J'ai vu cette heure amère où tout nous abandonne ! . .

Pourquoi rompre, ô mon Dieu, tous ces chastes liens,
Ces germes qui croissaient sur une même tige,
Et disperser de ceux dont je me ressouviens
Avec ravissement, jusqu'au dernier vestige ?

Ah ! c'est pour nous donner, de ce triste vallon,
L'éternel rendez-vous au séjour d'allégresse.
Pour nous faire goûter de la réunion
Les délices sans fin, l'intarissable ivresse !

Car il est, par delà les soleils enflammés,
Une plage riante où l'amour nous convie,
Où fleurissent les cœurs sous des regards aimés.
C'est là qu'est le bonheur ! C'est là qu'est la patrie !

M**

SEANCE ACCADEMIQUE

LE BONHEUR.

LE PRESIDENT. — Mesdames et Messieurs,

Il est un sentiment qui inonde l'âme de félicités ineffables, qui fait épanouir le cœur de l'homme comme la fleur aux premiers rayons du matin, et dont le nom seul est une harmonie plus douce que la lyre et la voix de l'oiseau qui roucoule sous le feuillage, ce sentiment, ce charme, cette mélodie, c'est le bonheur ! Oui ! le bonheur. Qui n'a pas au moins, une fois dans sa vie, éprouvé ce

sentiment délicieux, qui n'a pas trempé ses lèvres à cette coupe d'ambrosie? Il n'en est pas un. Tous tant que nous sommes, un jour de notre existence, nous avons vu cette heure, nous avons ressenti cette extase de l'âme, écho lointain des joies futures; et voilà pourquoi toujours et partout l'homme n'a soupiré qu'après une chose, le bonheur, tous ses efforts n'ont tendu qu'à un but, le bonheur. Pour l'obtenir, il n'a rien épargné, travaux, sueurs, veilles prolongées, voyages sur les mers, courses dans les cités et dans les solitudes vierges: il a tout vu, tout interrogé, mais ses recherches ont souvent été faites en vain.

L'homme sur la terre est semblable au voyageur qui traverse les déserts: épuisé de fatigue, brûlé par le soleil, mourant de soif, ses regards demandent à tous les points de l'horizon de l'ombre et de l'eau, mais attendez: voici la blanche nappe d'un lac, de la verdure et des fleurs. Salut, belle oasis! Enfin il a trouvé un doux repos sous ces arbres touffus, au bord de ces ondes rafraîchissantes; mais, ô surprise! ce riant paysage fuit, fuit sans cesse devant lui; et lorsqu'il a atteint le lieu où il dévorait des yeux ces flots, ces ombrages, tout s'est évanoui! Seule la plaine sablonneuse s'étend devant lui, immense et plus embrasée! Amère illusion! ironie poignante de la nature! cette île était fantastique, et la baguette féérique qui avait fait surgir cette merveille du sein des sables ardents, c'est le mirage, triste et fidèle image du bonheur ici-bas.

Pourquoi le bonheur fuit-il ainsi loin de nous? Pourquoi, lorsque nous l'appelons de tous nos vœux, ne répond-il pas à nos désirs et à nos inquiétudes? Pourquoi, lorsqu'enfin nous croyons le saisir, nous échappe-t-il soudain, disparaît-il comme la fumée? Ah! c'est que trop souvent, on le cherche où il n'est pas, c'est que les yeux se laissent éblouir par de trompeuses apparences, qu'on s'égare dans un dédale d'inextricables, de vaines pensées et de songes irréalisables... Mais nous, nous ne voudrions pas être les jouets d'une telle erreur. Encore au matin de la vie, nos yeux errent avec délice sur le monde, tout nous paraît rose et doré. Cependant avant de vous engager dans ces mille routes fleuries qui s'ouvrent devant nous, nous voudrions nous assurer laquelle pourra nous conduire le plus sûrement au but de nos aspirations, nous voulons aujourd'hui nous demander: où est le bonheur? Un d'entre nous a été choisi pour décider la question, nous apporterons à l'éclaircissement du sujet toutes les lumières que nous permettent nos études, oncore bien incomplètes. Cependant nous osons nous flatter que vous voudrez bien nous accorder, comme par le passé, votre indulgence et votre sympathie.—

1er. Orateur.— Mes dames et Messieurs,

On vous l'a dit, le bonheur est l'unique mobile de toutes les entreprises de l'homme: le riche comme le pauvre, le puissant comme le faible, le

jeune homme comme le vieillard, tous le cherchent à travers toutes sortes de dangers et de difficultés sans nombre; et moi aussi, au milieu de nos jeux bruyants, dans le silence de l'étude et le calme des nuits, j'ai fait des rêves de bonheur je me suis senti invinciblement attiré vers un bien, seul capable de combler les puissances de mon cœur, et ce bien, qui pour moi constitue le bonheur, c'est la possession du pouvoir, l'indépendance complète, le commandement sous toutes les formes: commandement par l'épée commandement par la parole, voilà pour moi, l'idéal du bonheur!

En effet, messieurs, quoi de plus heureux qu'un homme libre et puissant: rien ne s'oppose à sa volonté souveraine, ses désirs sont aussitôt réalisés que formés et s'il rencontre des obstacles ce n'est que pour en triompher; tout se plie à ses ordres; ses semblables ne semblent nés que pour le servir et la terre l'écoute en silence.

Qu'il est beau cet homme, ce fils de la victoire. Voyez-le paraître à la tête d'une armée: son front resplendit de l'auréole du génie; son épée brille dans ses mains comme les feux de l'éclair, il s'avance comme un homme, qui, d'un pas, va d'un monde à un autre, et ses légions le suivent plus rapides que les feuilles que roulent en automne les aquilons furieux. Où va-t-il? Une nation a osé lui disputer la première place. Ah! tremble, infortunée, et pour toi et pour tes enfants. Il va fondre sur tes remparts comme l'aigle sur sa proie. Quoi! tu as osé te soustraire à son autorité: le voici le fort, l'invincible, le dominateur! Déjà son souffle a dispersé tes bataillons et renversé tes forteresses. Rien ne résiste aux coups de ses mains victorieuses qui scellent de nouveaux empires du sein de la foudre et des éclairs. Et puis, après avoir soumis des peuples indomptés, agrandi les limites de son royaume, vengé l'honneur de la patrie, il reviendra en triomphateur: les drapeaux qu'il a conquis dans le feu des batailles le précéderont comme une garde d'honneur; il lira partout ses victoires gravées, en caractères impérissables, sur tous les monuments comme dans tous les cœurs; il fendra les flots d'un peuple admirateur, semant les fleurs et l'encens sous ses pas, et faisant retentir les cieux de mille acclamations!

C'est ainsi qu'allait et revenait Alexandre, à trente ans, maître du monde! C'est ainsi qu'allait et revenait César, après avoir rangé sous ses lois, toute la terre! C'est ainsi qu'allait et revenait Napoléon, traînant à sa suite toutes les têtes couronnées de l'Europe.

La plénitude du pouvoir ne réside pas seulement dans le sceptre des conquérants ou sur le trône des rois: il repose sur les lèvres fortes et inspirées des législateurs, dans la parole tonnante des princes de l'éloquence. Entrez dans cette enceinte où se tiennent les conseils,

des nations. Voyez-vous cet homme ou plutôt ce colosse qui se dresse dans toute sa hauteur ? Sa chevelure se hérissé, ses yeux lancent des flammes, ses gestes puissants ébranlent, jusqu'aux fibres les plus intimes, cette multitude suspendue à ses lèvres. Entendez-le : il formule des lois qui fixeront les destinées d'un empire ; et par l'empreinte de sa pensée dans la conscience nationale, il fera un peuple à son image, à sa ressemblance. Oh ! écoutez ! il vient de prononcer le nom de Patrie : il a évoqué les souvenirs du berceau et de la tombe, déroulé devant les regards la vision resplendissante du ciel natal, fait passer le cortège triomphal des gloires des ancêtres : et toutes les âmes ont vibré comme les cordes de la harpe frémissante, et tous les cœurs ont volé vers lui dans un irrésistible élan ! Mais soudain sa voix s'est courroucée, elle gronde maintenant comme le tonnerre dans l'espace ; il a secoué des chaînes qui meurtrissaient depuis des siècles, une nation héroïque ; il a crié vers Dieu : vengeance ! et tout un peuple, dans un formidable cho, répète : vengeance ! vengeance !!!

C'est ainsi qu'ont parlé les Desmosthènes et les O'Connell qui ébranlèrent, des foudres de leur éloquence, les trônes des tyrans ! C'est ainsi qu'ont gouverné jadis les Licurgue et les Solon, qui firent sortir du moule de leur pensée les immortelles républiques de Sparte et d'Athènes et de nos jours les Ximenes et les Richelieu qui formèrent les deux plus grandes monarchies modernes : celles de Charles V. et de Louis XIV.

Celui qui possède le pouvoir a donc tout ce qu'il peut désirer par ce qu'il peut tout ; Mais ce contentement qu'il goûte, il peut aussi le communiquer à d'autres ; il peut jouir du plaisir de tous les grands cœurs, celui de faire des heureux. De ses mains puissantes, il comblera de largesses les souffrants et brisera le fers des opprimés. Sa sagesse éclairera les royaumes et leur donnera des lois qui seront le germe de leur grandeur future : son épée ne sortira du fourreau que pour revendiquer les libertés et les droits de l'humanité ; et un jour les générations le porteront dans leurs bras, en chantant l'hosanna de la reconnaissance et lui, comme demi dieu, prendra place pour toujours, au Panthéon des nations !

M**

LA PRIERE DU PETIT JEAN.

Jean était alors âgé de six ans. Il avait de beaux yeux bleus qui essayaient parfois un sourire, quoiqu'ils eussent beaucoup pleuré déjà. Sa tête était comme encadrée par une chevelure blonde et bouclée et si épaisse qu'on en aurait pu coiffer deux jolies fem-

mes ; mais il était très pauvrement vêtu : il portait un chapeau déchiré, une veste élégamment taillée mais qui tombait en lambeaux, des pantalons troués aux genoux, dans un pied une bottine de fillette, dans l'autre un soulier d'écolier. Là dedans il avait froid. Il avait faim aussi, car il n'avait pas mangé depuis deux jours ! Dans sa détresse il veut envoyer une lettre à la Sainte Vierge. Mais comment faire ? Il sait ni écrire ni lire.

Un peu en dehors de la ville il y avait une échoppe. Jean en avait déjà entendu parler, mais il ne savait pas où elle était. N'importe. Il se met en route ; il va d'une place à l'autre, s'informe, enfin il la trouve. Il aperçoit celui qu'il cherchait à travers son chassis—il fumait sa pipe en attendant l'ouvrage. Son nom était Bouin. C'était un vieux soldat, un homme sérieux avec un visage un peu malin, son cœur était un peu froid, mais Bouin n'était pas bigot, ah ! non.

Le petit Jean frappe.

"Entrez" répondit d'un ton sévère le père Bouin.

La porte s'ouvre.

"Bonjour, mon petit, fit le vieux soldat. As-tu besoin de quelque chose ?

"Oui monsieur, répondit Jean."

"Eh bien ! qu'est-ce que c'est ?"

"Je voudrais faire écrire une lettre."

Je charge dix sous, as-tu de l'argent ?"

"Non je n'en ai point, monsieur, pas même un sou. Ma pauvre mère est malade et nous n'avons pas mangé depuis deux jours, ni elle ni moi, et je voudrais écrire à quelqu'un pour demander un petit morceau de pain."

Le vieux se sentit ému. "Ce n'est toujours pas dit-il dix sous et ma feuille de papier qui me rendront plus pauvre, il faut bien faire la charité sur cette terre."

Il ôta sa pipe de sa bouche et prit sa plume. Il écrivit en haut de la page le nom de la place.

"A qui veux-tu écrire, Bibi ?"

Jean ne répondit rien.

"Est-ce à un monsieur ?

"Non monsieur."

"Est-ce à une dame ?"

"Non,—oui, c'est toujours à une dame."

"Mais à qui alors ?"

Jean rougit : ça le gênait de dire à qui. Puis enfin, tremblant, il dit : "A la Sainte Vierge."

"Moucheron ! fit le vieux, viens-tu ici pour rire de moi ? Passe la porte."

Jean baissa la tête, tourna sur ses talons et sortit. Mais le père Bouin pensa un peu : "Il a pourtant l'air d'un bon enfant." Il ouvre la porte et l'appelle : "Reviens ici, petit." Jean revint.

"Comment t'appelles-tu ?"

"Jean."

"Jean qui?"

"Rien que Jean."

"D'où viens-tu?"

"De Paris."

"As-tu des parents?"

"J'ai une pauvre mère: elle dort depuis ce matin et je voudrais bien trouver quelqu'un pour l'éveiller; moi, je ne puis pas."

"Comment as-tu fait, lorsque tu as essayé de la réveiller?"

"Comme d'habitude, je l'ai embrassée."

Jean sourit et le sourire le faisait bien beau.

"Respirait-elle?"

"Je ne comprends pas, mais quand je l'ai embrassée, ses lèvres étaient froides, car nous sommes sans feu dans notre maison; ses mains étaient croisées sur sa poitrine et elle était si belle et blanche!"

Avant de s'endormir, elle me disait toujours qu'elle n'avait pas faim et elle m'a donné sa part de pain sec.

"C'est donc bien vrai qu'il y a de la misère dans ce Paris." Moi aussi pensa le vieux soldat, j'avais une mère et je me rappelle bien lorsqu'elle est morte. Elle était étendue sur une pauvre paille, un crucifix de deux sous pendait à la couchette et ses yeux entr'ouverts étaient tournés vers le ciel."

Deux larmes coulaient sur les joues du père Bouin.

"Pourquoi pleurez-vous dit Jean?"

"Je ne pleure pas, les hommes ne pleurent pas; c'est toi qui vas pleurer." Soudain il se leva de sa chaise, "Jean, dit-il, ta lettre est écrite, envoyée et rendue; mène moi chez ta mère."

Il prit l'enfant dans ses bras, le caressa et le serra à étouffer.

Cette rencontre avait à la fois donné un père à Jean et un cœur au père Bouin.

P. Lesage.

VARIETES.

Un bienfait reproché tient toujours lieu d'offense.

Racine—Sphig.

L'homme est de glace aux vérités—Il est de feu au mensonge.

Il n'y a point de sots si incommodes que ceux qui ont de l'esprit.

Les attaques du monde et ses outrages nous déconcertent parfois. Nous ne suffirions pas à relever toutes les injures; il en est du reste qu'il faut laisser à terre, c'est leur place naturelle.

CUEILLETES.

— Vent de l'Est!

— Où est la neige?

— Adieu! les patins! Bienvenue à la balle!

— Tarare n'est plus! Seul *Calpigi* vit encore.

— Tous s'accordent à reconnaître que le blanc va très bien à Prairie, tandis que Souligzy soutient que le noir lui va à ravir.

— Ed. Caron a pu remplir tous ses rôles, malgré le grand nombre qu'on lui ait confié.

— Il n'y a rien de plus déconcerté qu'un attrappeur attrappé.

— L'ancienne habitude avait ramené sur le théâtre, l'autre soir, trois acteurs de Tarare. La représentation devait être toute privée, d'après ce qu'on nous a rapporté. Mais où n'y a-t-il pas des trouble-fête?

— L'auditoire qui assistait à notre dernière séance était un des plus considérable qu'on ait vu depuis longtemps. Tout le monde a paru bien satisfait. C'est une des meilleures représentations françaises qui aient été données ici depuis plusieurs années. Mrs. Amb. et Alex. Granger, Phil. Lesage, A. Rivard et A. Frazer se sont surtout distingués. Le chant et l'accompagnement d'orchestre ont donné un caractère tout à fait nouveau à la pièce. Merci à qui de droit.

— Le Rev. A. Bergeron a été nommé curé de N. Dame de Chicago. Le Rev. P. Chouinard le remplace à Mantino.

— Rev. A. Bélanger C. S. V. Supérieur de l'institution des sourds-muets à Montréal est arrivé aujourd'hui à Bourbonnais. Bienvenue, à notre Confrère!

ERRATA. Vu une grave inlispotion du Rédacteur du "Cercle Français," les dernières épreuves n'ont pu être revues et plus d'une erreur s'est glissée dans notre dernier numéro. Il y a répétition de l'expression *jeunes sauvages*. Le mot *socioux* doit suivre *rapports* et non *conclusions-ci*. Il faut ajouter *Je suis fermement convaincu* au dernier membre de la dernière phrase du Dialogue. *Mahométan* s'écrit sans *t* etc.

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to teach French and German in the household of an English nobleman. Only one obstacle at this time came in the way of the unhappy exile—his health—that mainstay of the unfortunate in all their journeyings, gave out, and sorely distressed, ailing in body and in mind, kind charity had at last to provide a bed for him in one of the wards of the public hospital. When after a tedious illness of more than four months, he emerged from this retreat, Gustave de Noyer found himself a vagrant; found himself, as in Paris, once more penniless, and knew not what to do. At this time, by application to the French minister, he might have obtained a passage back to France. But a new idea haunted his brain from the day he left the hospital. Could he once reach New York, he argued to himself, he would succeed. There he would be sure to find, if not fortune, sympathy at least, for his loneliness, and appreciate compensation for honest work. Good luck again came to his rescue. A friend supplied him with necessary funds to purchase a steerage passage, and this scion of the ancient nobility of France whose wealth and position might once have commanded a vessel, for the mere asking, came among the poorest and in the cheapest way to the great city. Heaven only knows what he endured in this transit of the Atlantic; but, like many others, he braved it all uncomplainingly, that he might reach the land of the free.

He was at last in New York. The first place, after many vicissitudes, where the noble De Noyer found employment in the metropolis, was on the stage of a prominent theatre. He became captain of the supers, as the term goes. In time he no doubt would have advanced to something better, for his rare intelligence, his extraordinary ability, transparent even in his humble sphere singled him out as a man of mark, and far beneath his rightful position. The managers of the theatre discovered his talents.

One day after a long rehearsal had been dismissed, the captain of the supers was summoned to the stage office.

"You are going to be promoted," said the manager, "Messrs.—are well pleased with you and are going to do something in your behalf."

"I thank you, sir," replied De Noyer, "but with due respect allow me to say, and please inform the managers that I am about to promote myself."

"How is this? Have you means? What are you going to do?"

"Since coming here, I have saved some money. A friend advanced some more, and I shall open a gentlemen's shoe store. The place has been secured, and I know I can make money in the city of New York."

"You think so; how?"

"Well, I never told you that I knew several lan-

guages. I shall advertise in all these. There is a large emigration to this city, and many foreigners will become my customers. I may now give you notice that I shall leave in a week. You may come to my place at No.—Nassau street, and there you may find out if I speak the truth."

Gustave established his little store. It was situated below Fulton street, on the right hand side, and not as far down as Maiden lane, and there are New Yorkers who may remember it to-day, though the Frenchman's place has long ceased to be a landmark. The managers of the theatre where Gustave had been employed visited the store more than once. Indeed, they were among the first and best of his customers, and the profession generally knew him well. The store was advertised, as its proprietor said he would advertise it, in many languages. In a few years the stranger built up an extensive trade. He became well known in the French colony in New York, and though forming but few associations and giving his confidence to no one, he was well liked and lived in good style.

At the breaking out of the war in April, 1861, De Noyer was doing a splendid business, and from all appearances, many surmised he had amassed quite a nice independence.

The enthusiasm pervading all classes of the community in the first days of the Rebellion is something to be remembered. No class shared it more than the French colony in New York, and they quickly responded to the President's appeal for troops. When Sickles organized the "Excelsior" Brigade, among the first to enlist was the hero of our story, Gustave De Noyer. He had previously put all his affairs in order, had disposed of his business and left a detailed memoranda of his intentions, including a will, with a well-known banking firm on Broadway. He went to the war with all the enthusiasm of a Frenchman. The blood of the De Noyers had been shed before on many a hard-fought field in old France, and the spirit was not yet dead in the self-exiled son of as noble a line as ever wore the star in Brittany. De Noyer made a good soldier. In 1863 his regiment was attached to the Old Third Corps, commanded by General Sickles, which took part in the second day's fight at Gettysburg. That was a memorable day, and many a brave man who went upon the field strong and valiant never returned to tell the tale of slaughter.

De Noyer was not among the killed, but he was among the wounded. A minnie ball, early in the day, had pierced his left breast, and he lay for many hours unconscious upon the field. Toward evening of that 21st. day of July, sometime after the terrible fighting had ceased, as a company of soldiers were passing on their rounds to look after the wounded and the dying, they came up-

on a mound of the slain and the wounded together, in the famous Peach Orchard, where the terrible hand-to-hand conflict had raged in the morning between the Blue and the Gray. De Noyer with three more of his companions, was carefully lifted up, placed in an ambulance and removed. The surgeon did all that could be done under the circumstances, and the men were sent back to the Baltimore Pike. Here a temporary hospital had been provided. Here General Sickles himself had given up his leg, which had been almost shot from his body early in the day.

For the second time in his life, De Noyer found himself in a hospital, but how different were his surroundings. In London he was penniless, and charity itself had provided him with a bed. After Gettysburg he was a hero, and his adopted country, in which he had succeeded almost from the first, stood watching by his suffering pillow. Kind hands ministered to his needs, and if he died here, he would die without regret, since like the noble ancestors from whom he sprang, a soldier's death would be his crown.

He had been carried to the hospital at night, and not until next morning did he recover full consciousness of his whereabouts. In the meantime he had been well provided for. From the neighboring convent at Emmitsburg, a body of sisters had been detailed to act as nurses and minister to the comfort of the wounded and the dying.

Gustave lay upon his bed suffering intense pain. The ball had penetrated his left lung and all attempts of the physicians to extract it had proved so far unavailing. His eyes were closed. The sister who came to his bedside could do little to help him. She pressed a cooling draught to his lips and wiped the perspiration from his brow. As she looked into his face she drew back for an instant; a pallor as defined as that upon the face of the sufferer overspread her countenance. Involuntarily she drew back, then she came nearer, almost bent down to the pillow, as if seeking recognition through the veiled lids.

"Gustave! mon Gustave!" she whispered to herself.

And this was the silent meeting between brother and sister after years of separation. This was the same girl that had appealed to him years before not to leave their father's house—the girl that in his mad desire to return to Paris, he had pushed aside, and now they met again. He was prostrate, she was strong; he was near the end of his life, she was in the bloom of her career.

After her father and mother died, she entered a convent. A desire to serve in the foreign missions brought her to America; chance led her to Emmitsburg, and the good luck that favored Gustave in all his wanderings, brought the only member of his family living, to close his dying eyes.

On the morning of the second day after his coming to the hospital, Gustave was somewhat easier. He had entirely recovered consciousness.

The faithful little sister stood by his bedside.

"Sister" said the patient calmly, "I am going to die."

She made no answer.

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Angela," quietly replied his nurse and the foreign accent was almost music in the sufferer's ears.

"Angela! that means an angel. You must have been the one I dreamt of last night; for it seemed to me, in my dream, that an angel was before me, telling me to look up to heaven and pointing the way."

The sister was growing pale, her hands shook with nervousness; and she drew a chair near, to relieve her tottering weight.

"You are not an American!" and the wounded man looked into the blue eyes fixed upon his face.

"No; I am French,"

"France! from where?"

"Brest, in Brittany."

The soldier almost leaped from the bed, and put out his hands upon the sister's shoulders.

She gently laid him back in his recumbent posture and resumed her seat.

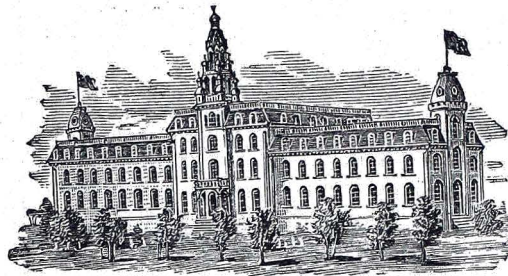
He closed his eyes for a moment, then opening them wide—"You are Elanie?" said he. *Mon Dieu! ma sœur!* Elanie! and he fell back fainting on the pillow.

When he revived, his nurse was no longer at his side. A friend had resumed her place. But she soon came back; for the soldier's hours in this world were drawing to a close, and he would not die until he saw her again. When she returned to his bedside, the quiet that generally precedes death was upon Gustave. He told Elanie the story of his life. She told him how his father and mother had died; how his father forgave him and blessed his name before breathing his last; and the poor exile was made happy in the end.

Elanie received his last breath and closed his eyes. Before dying, he took from a small morocco case hanging about his neck a package of letters. Among them she found his last written directions in regard to what he owned; and what disposal he had made of his property. A half blotted daguerreotype was there too. It was the face of a young man whose age might be about twenty-five. Scrolled on the back of it, as if a pin had been used, was the name "Charles Du Guerin!" She buried it with him; though she never knew her brother's friend. It was all that remained of a noble name. And though the name of Elanie's brother is forgotten now, and Elanie herself is dead, the soldier's fame lives on, for he died a soldier of the Union.

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