

# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

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## OUR COUNTRY.

"Sweet clime of my kindred, blest land of my birth!  
The fairest, the dearest, the brightest on earth!  
Where'er I may roam—howe'er blest I may be,  
My spirit instinctively turns unto thee!"

As musing I walked by the bank of a winding river, I suddenly paused, and, looking about, saw the bright sun in his noonday splendor shedding his golden rays on the beautiful world around. The lofty mountains, covered with rich green velvet; the vast prairies, dotted with human habitations, and mighty forests, whose trees, spreading their lofty branches abroad, covered with variegated foliage, presented a scene far more beautiful than the grandest palaces of kings. The waters before me smoothly rolled along—

"Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,  
Wave succeeding wave, they go  
A various journey to the deep,  
Like human life to endless sleep."

Admiring the beauty of the scenery and likening it to the destiny of our country, I earnestly thanked God that I had been born under the genial American sky—in the land of freedom where we can breathe the pure air of liberty untainted with tyrannical oppression and feudal dissensions. If there is a country on the globe where we may live with ease and contentment; where the heart of man can adore his creator with true freedom of conscience; where the private rights of citizens are respected; where the peasant enjoys the same advantages as the millionaire, it is here. Here we reap the full reward of our industry, our property and our rights, without any distinction of class, are held most sacred. Authority is everywhere upheld, and is always considered supreme. Intelligence and wealth are widely diffused, and are each day making marked and rapid progress. Institutions, for the education and advancement of the poor and wayward are established in almost every city in the country. Universities and Colleges, for more advanced training are quite numerous. In the West, the sturdy miner delves in the bosom of the earth, seeking its hidden treasures; the farmer peacefully follows his plough through the field while the herdsman guards his flock on the wide rolling prairies. In the East, is heard the constant clang of the hammer, the noisy clatter and click of the loom, com-

merce is greatly facilitated by a net work of rail-roads, and by navigable lakes and rivers.

We might go on enumerating the many advantages and improvements, but they are so numerous and we are so well versed in them, and they are so widespread and well known as to make every true born American love and revere the land that gave him birth. Let us for a moment view some of the countries of Europe, and compare their political and social status with ours. In sunny Italy, where, in times gone by, the Popes ruled with the righteous scepter of St. Peter, where religion and politics went hand-in-hand, anarchy is day by day rapidly increasing under the sway of the adherents of Victor Emanuel and Humbert. The people of Ireland cry for mercy and justice only to be answered by oppression and misrule; in vain do they appeal to England for their most sacred rights; poverty stares them in the face, but still she continues to crush them with her most unjust and inhuman laws. The Russian Empire may boast of all its wealth, its power and its vast domain, but not of its love and strict observance of the laws. The Czar, whose voice should silence all others, and whose person should everywhere be respected, is in constant fear lest his powerful enemies the nihilists, may deprive him of his life. His palace is constantly surrounded by bands of soldiers, and he never dares to appear in public without a numerous body-guard; his office as supreme magistrate, which should be to him a source of happiness, is, on the contrary a source of much uneasiness.

The "vine-clad hills of France," once the abode of science and religion, are now the dwelling places of anarchy and dissension: many places of religion and learning where formerly the true God was worshiped with all the ardor of pious souls, are dedicated to immorality and impurity. France, during the reign of Louis XIV was one of the best governed countries on the earth. Literature, religion and politics went hand-in-hand. "In a word" says Fredet "the reign of Louis XIV was, in every respect a reign of taste and genius; one, during which the capital of France seemed to have become another Rome or Athens, so as to render that age, if not superior, at least equal to the most brilliant ages of antiquity." But after the death of Louis his manly exertions were destroyed; Voltaire and his false philosophy ap



peared, and, in consequence, virtue and all true sense of justice disappeared: contempt for the laws became the prevailing opinion and this earthly *paradise* was, like Italy, converted into what we now see it: a blot upon the name of governments. So likewise with other countries of the old world, their civil and religious liberties have vanished like mist; their splendor and glory exist only in the history of the past. But not so with our country, we have still that sublime respect for the laws; we have preserved unsullied by treason or rebellion, the constitution as it was bequeathed us by our forefathers. Our constitution promotes a spirit of fraternity and equality, without which no society can long exist. From the shores of Maine to the Pacific coast the greatest brotherly love everywhere prevails. We see no abatement in our power or prosperity, nor shall we, while we thus remain faithful to the instincts of freedom, love of order, and respect for authority. Kingdoms may be destroyed, nations may be obliterated, dynasties may fall, sovereigns may be sent into exile, but we, true to our country, and true to our God, will float adown the stream of time, guarded well from rocks and shoals by those honest sons of Justice who stand by and direct our helm of State.

### CRITICISM.

The lack of sound value in current literary criticism, both in this country and Europe, is notorious. It is so much the work of cliques and schools, or so much the office of men who have a chronic habit of finding fault, or so coarse in its personalities, or so incompetent in its judgements through haste and insufficient examination, that it is rarely instructive, either to the authors reviewed or to the public. The average column of book notices in a daily paper is quite valueless, by necessity. The reviewer seems to forget that all the influence of the Journal for which he works stands behind his hastily written words, and that sensitive men and women are to be warmed or withered by them. Just a little more conscience, or a more candid consultation of such as he may have, would teach him that he has no moral right to give publicly an opinion of a book of which he knows nothing. In so small a matter as noticing a book before a competent examination of it, the chances are that he will mislead the public and do injustice to those who nearly always have some claim to the good opinion of the reading world. Publishers expect impossibilities of the daily press, and are largely responsible for what is known as the "book notice;" but the daily press ought to declare its independence, and absolutely refuse to notice any book which has not been thoroughly read. The best and richest of the city press has already done this; but the country press keeps up its column of book-

notices every week, written by editors who never have time to look beyond the preface.

In England, criticism is probably more the work of partisanship than it is here. The interests of parties in Church and State, and of cliques and schools of literary art, seem to determine everything. It appears to be perfectly understood that everything written by the members of a certain clique will be condemned, and if possible killed, by the combined efforts of another clique, and *vice versa*. Criticism is simply a mode of fighting. Mr. Blank, belonging to a certain literary clique, writes a volume of verses and prints it. He sends advance copies to his friends, who write their laudations of it, and communicate them to sympathetic journals and magazines. So, when it is published, the critiques appear almost simultaneously, and the public is captured by the stratagem. The condemnations come too late to kill the book, and the clever intriguers have their laugh over the result. It is not harsh to say that all criticism born of this spirit is not only intrinsically valueless, but without conscience. The supreme wish to do right and to mete out simple justice to authorship is wanting. The praise is as valueless as the blame.

The old and fierce personalities of English criticism, which so aroused the ire of Byron, and crushed the spirit of some of his less pugnacious contemporaries, have, in a measure, passed away; but really nothing better in the grand result has taken their place. Men stand together for mutual protection, fully aware that they have nothing to expect of justice and fair dealing by any other means. We do not know why it is that the ordinary courtesies of life are denied to authors more than to painters or sculptors or architects, expect, perhaps, that painters and sculptors and architects, are not judged by their own co-laborers in art. We presume that these, and that singers and actors would fare badly, if all the criticisms upon them were written by their professional brethren; and this fact suggests the animus of those who criticise current literature. It seems impossible to get a candid and conscientious judgment of a literary man until after he is dead, and out of the way of all envyings and jealousies and competitions. It seems impossible, also, until this event occurs, to separate a man from his works, and to judge them as they stand. There is no good reason, however for the personal flings dealt out to authors, whose only sin has been a conscientious wish to deserve well of the public, except what is to be found in the meanest qualities of human nature. The lack of personal, gentlemanly courtesy in current criticism is a disgrace to the critical columns of our newspapers and magazines.

The majority of those who write are sensitive to a high degree, and could not possibly be notable writers



were they otherwise. They do the best they can, and that which they do is the record of the highest civilization and culture of their country and period. They publish trembling to think that what they publish is to be pounced upon and picked to pieces like prey. Their best thought and best work are not only treated without respect, but they find themselves maligned, chespened, maliciously characterized, or summarily condemned. All this they are obliged to bear in silence, or suffer the reputation of being thin-skinned and quarrelsome. There is no redress and no defence. They have published a book, in which they have incorporated the results of a life of labor and thought and suffering, with the hope of doing good, and of adding something to the literary wealth of their country; and they have in so doing committed a sin which places them at the mercy of every man who holds a periodical press at his command. It is said that the greatest literary woman living fled her country at the conclusion of that which is perhaps her greatest work, in order to be beyond the reading of the criticism which the book would call forth. The woman was wise. It was not criticism that she feared: it was the malevolence and injustice of its spirit, to which she would not subject her sensibilities.

There is but one atmosphere in which literature can truly thrive, viz; that of kindness and encouragement. A criticism from which an author may learn anything to make him better, must be courteous and conscientious. All criticism of a different quality angers or discourages and disgusts him. Our literary men and women are our treasures and our glory. They are the fountain of our purest intellectual delights, and deserve to be treated as such. All that is good in them should have abundant recognition, and all that is bad should be pointed out in a spirit of such friendliness and courtesy that they should be glad to read it and grateful for it. If many of them become morbid, sour, resentful, impatient or unpleasantly self-asserting, it ought to be remembered on their behalf that they have been stung by injustice, and badgered by malice, and made contemptuous by discourteous treatment. It is not unjust to say that all criticism which does not bear the front of personal courtesy and kindness and the warrant of a careful conscience is a curse of literature, and to the noble guild upon which we depend for its production.

J. G. H.

#### LOCALS.

- Rostrum
- Whateley's apples!
- Indeed they will!
- "There's nothing like it!"
- Did you steal them Kniery?
- When did you see the ghost last?

— If you want to know how many days till Christmas, ask E. O'Malley.

— Have you seen the "Dude's" mustache?

— For second hand "Nickel Libraries" call on E. Gallet, he has a large stock on hand.

"O my ain't he a daisy" was remarked of our friend Lebrun the other day.

Oh! isn't this river beautiful!

Prof. M. is busily engaged preparing a work entitled the Life of the Lizard

"Four eyes" are becoming very popular of late, Brennan has just joined the ranks.

Where was Kniery when the light went out? Halligan says under the rostrum.

— We don't like to contradict you Frank, but ten feet is pretty tall for a man.

— Prof. D——commenced to sing "only as far as the gate." John grabbed his hat and feebly uttered "abemus".

— McAuliffe intends declaiming "Rum's Maniac," St. Patrick's Day. We know Mc. has the natural abilities and will succeed.

— Boys we all know you can't shoot anything and since there is danger of your going on a "toot" we think you had better stay home.

— The Powerful "dude," can get 10 in Christian Doctrine and 15 in U. S. History.

— When will the Robbins nest again?

— Can you play cards? No but I can build a toy house with "blocks."

— "Sic trinsit gloria mundi"—how are your corns?

— Grass is grass hay is hay, we're here to-morrow and there to-day.

— Who gave a receipt in full for a note? Ask Park.

— Have you seen P. C. Conway's seal skin hat? H. will exhibit at request.

— Why didn't our agents to Springfield secure some "ambition" says Henry M——

— Are you going roller skating this evening? no not this evening Sat-eve Dec. 22nd.

— Does the proprietor of the "zoological garden" get as many corn receipts, quack doctor's ads and circular as he used to?

— Billy Caron is now an uncle.

— Willie Reaume would like to know if a man can walk a square rod.

— E. O'Malley says he never knew a wheel spoke.

— Quinn has become the capital note forger, of the Book-keeping class.

— "If there be one among you who dare face me on the bloody sands let him step forward" exclaimed Donahoe after knocking Garland out in three straight heats.

— Prof. D. E. McGrath spent Thanksgiving with Fr. Foster in Chicago, needless to say turkey and cranberry sauce caught fits and the Prof. had a good time.



— The members of the Book-keeping class according to the practical business system manifest great interest in the study.

— Brennan is impatient for the fray and confident of victory. Quinn is growing weak and thinks he will let his part.

— Rev. J. Ballman paid us a visit last week and as usual brought a plentiful supply of cigars for his many friends.

— The Thespian association is practicing "Waiting for the verdict"—a drama in three acts which will be rendered together with a farce "Initiating a Granger," about Dec. 20th.

— Kniery is perhaps one of the most accommodating students in the house. He says in order to see the debate come off he will rent Quinn the upper story of his hat for the occasion.

— Ed. O'onnors says he spent nearly three months in Ireland, saw the "Giant's Causeway, kissed the Blarney stone, caught salmon in the Liffey, met the McGullicuddies of the Reeks and saw turf burn, but never drank any Irish "pot-heen."

— Rev. J. J. Clancy called upon us Thanksgiving and left five dollars for the "JOURNAL." Fr. Clancy is our own and we feel proud to see him so prosperous and generous.

— Prof. Toomey and Frank Quinn spent a few days in Springfield last week where they went to secure arms for the military company. Where they met many of Frank's friends who left nothing undone to make their stay in the City a pleasant one.

— Prof. T. W. Cosgrove started for St. Meinrad's Seminary Indiana where he will enter on a retreat preparatory to ordination. We are sorry to lose so genial a friend, yet we congratulate him on his entrance into the holy ministry.

— The most agreeable affair which has taken place in our midst for some time was the celebration of Prof. Murphy's twenty-seventh birthday by the professors of the house. A congratulatory address was read by Mr. Conway after which they repaired to Bro. Bernard's quarters where general greetings were exchanged etc. In the evening an oyster supper was given by our friend Quinlan of Chicago, which of course we attended, and must say the oysters were immense.

— Messrs T. D. and E. Walsh, Flanagan, Gubbins, Devoy and Hoff spent Thanksgiving with their parents in the "Garden city."

— M. J. Marsile and Prof. Murphy spent Sunday with Fr. McGair of Gilman.

— P. J. Hickey of '81 & '82 who has been pursuing a theological course at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels has returned to be numbered among our seminarians.

— We understand that T. Gibbons, P. C. Clifford, C. M. Golden and J. E. Hogan intend visiting us soon. Don't fail to come boys and we will receive you as of yore.

— The other day we received a letter from our esteemed friend Rev. H. Boeckelman of Fort Wayne Indiana. He sent his congratulations and a donation of thirteen dollars to the "JOURNAL" for which we tender him our thanks. It is only a few years since Father Boeckelman left us and has already become quite popular in the diocese of Fort Wayne.

— We all know of Dean *Swift* but very few heard of "Dean Slow."

— "Grand" Fox has at last found his vocation as he has become an expert in twisting the stick and throwing pennies.

The singing on the occasion was most artistic.

— Why didn't you serenade the academy St. Cecilia's Day, boys?

— Thanksgiving was celebrated here in much the same manner we suppose as at all colleges. The weather being pleasant, the campus presented quite a lively appearance until the bell summoned all to the refectory where a substantial meal was served consisting of all the good things which our large hearted Bro. Bernard could secure. All did justice to the dinner and felt satisfied that they eat enough turkey for one month.

— Among the new features lately introduced by way of amusement is the "dude brigade" the following are the officers:

W. Powers.....	Drill master.
P. Wilstach.....	1st. Captain.
E. Bernier.....	2nd. "
J. Le Brun.....	1st. Lieut.
W. O'Connor.....	2nd. "
Geo. Gubbins.....	1st. Sergeant.
T. D. Walsh.....	2nd. "

Further returns have not been received up to the present writing.

— Gus Mosset is passionately fond of hunting and he thinks he would soon become as famous with the rifle as his illustrious country-man Daniel Boone only he is afraid to shoot a gun.

— Latest College visitors—Judge Weil, Bent city, Wis., Rev. Martel, St. Anne; Revs. Clancy, Bollman, Langlais C. S. V. Mrs. Makay, Loyd, Keegan, Gallespie Healy. Alderman Walsh, McGuerren W. Roach, McDermott. Gallespie.

— A full account of our pleasure trip to Gilman at the kind invitation of Rev. P. A. McGair shall appear in our next issue. The Rev. gentleman just held a very successful Fair which realized the handsome sum of \$400.00.



# ❖ LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS ❖

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Vendredi, 9 Dec. 1882.

No. 2

## MON LIS.



A l'aurore, quelle rosée  
Te couvre, ô lis, ma blanche fleur !  
Quelle tiède pluie amassée  
Dans ton calice, dans ton cœur !

Comme tes corolles d'opale  
Exhalent un suave encens !  
Et comme sur chaque pétale  
Étincellent des diamants !

Un ange dans sa pure ivresse  
A-t-il laissé tomber des cieux,  
Ainsi qu'une tendre caresse,  
Ses doux pleurs sur tes plis soyeux ?

Que ta fraîcheur est ravissante !  
Oh ! crains un soleil trop ardent.  
Vite, ô fleur tout étincelante,  
Referme ta coupe d'argent.

Mais voilà que la flamme ardente  
A bu le céleste élixir,  
Et la fleur, pâle, languissante,  
Se penche déjà pour mourir . . .

Que j'en ai vu de ces fleurs blanches,  
Pleines de grâce et de candeur,  
S'épanouissant sur leurs branches,  
Comme un sourire de bonheur !

Ames, chefs-d'œuvre d'innocence,  
Chaste floraison de l'autel,  
Purs regards dont la transparence  
Réflétait l'image du ciel !

Mais, hélas ! trop vite exposées  
Aux feux du plaisir séducteur,  
Ces fleurs, sans célestes rosées,  
Sont bientôt mortes de langueur . . .

O fleurs virginales, fanées  
Au soir de votre premier jour  
Ames candides, profanées  
Quand vous souriez à l'amour !

Votre beauté sitôt flétrie  
M'accable d'une âpre douleur ;  
Je pleure, en mon âme attendrie,  
Votre irréparable malheur !

Et je ne puis plus voir l'enfance,  
En sa printanière fraîcheur,  
Sans que je frémisse d'avance  
Sur la perte de son bonheur.

O blonds chérubins, têtes d'ange,  
Reflets de la divinité,  
Bientôt la plus impure fange  
Souillera tant de pureté !

Vous trainerez vos blanches ailes,  
Impuissants à prendre l'essor,  
Vers les régions éternelles,  
Où pour vous brille un trône d'or.

Alors sur vos lèvres de rose,  
Plus de sourires gracieux,  
Et sur vos fronts, déjà se pose  
Le vice aux traits luxurieux . . .

Hélas ! que de beautés souillées !  
Que de rians espoirs déçus !  
Que de fraîches fleurs effeuillées,  
Belles à parer les élus !

Seigneur, si votre main moissonne  
Les germes et les fruits naissants,  
Si le crime prend la couronne  
Qui pare le front des enfants,

Où reposer sur cette terre,  
Qu'attristent déjà tant d'horreurs,  
La désolation amère  
De nos regards et de nos cœurs ?

Dieu ! Sur cette triste vallée,  
Gardez donc aux lis éclatants  
Et leur blancheur immaculée  
Et tous leurs parfums enivrants.

Oh ! gardez surtout à l'enfance,  
L'éclair rayonnant de ses yeux,  
Les charmes de son innocence,  
Son sourire qui vient des cieux !



## LUTHER ET LE PROGRES LITTERAIRE.

On vient de célébrer dans tous les pays protestants le quatrième centenaire de la naissance de Luther. La presse retentit encore des louanges qu'on a décernées au père du protestantisme. A son titre de réformateur, on a joint celui de sauveur des lettres. C'est à lui, dit-on, que doit être attribué le progrès littéraire des nations modernes. La proclamation du libre examen aurait été, selon ses admirateurs, le *fiat lux* du seizième siècle, aurait mis fin à l'esclavage dans lequel le Catholicisme avait tenu jusqu'alors l'intelligence humaine. Quoi de plus faux et de plus absurde!

Est-ce que l'Eglise n'avait rien effectué pour l'avancement des lettres avant ce temps là? Après avoir sauvé les chefs-d'œuvre de Rome et de la Grèce du naufrage de la barbarie, n'est-ce pas elle qui fonda les universités de Paris, d'Oxford, de Salamanque, de Bologne qui furent comme autant de centres d'où la lumière rayonna sur toute l'Europe.

N'a-t-elle pas encouragé les arts et les sciences, lorsqu'elle élevait les incomparables cathédrales du Moyen Age et qu'elle dirigeait la voile de l'immortel Christophe Colomb vers les rives d'un monde nouveau? Et qui, plus qu'elle, accueillit avec empressement les savants, chassés de Constantinople par les fils du Prophète? N'est-ce pas à Rome, cet asile ouvert à toutes les infortunes comme à toutes les gloires, que se réfugièrent ces illustres héritiers de la Grèce?

Quand le Protestantisme naquit, tout ce qu'il y a d'inspiré, d'original et de suréminent en fait de lettres avait vu le jour. St. Anselme avait écrit des méditations que Descartes n'avait pu surpasser; St. Bernard avait enflammé l'Europe aux accents de sa mâle éloquence, St. Thomas avait résumé les choses divines et humaines dans sa Somme immortelle; le Dante avait enrichi la poésie de ses conceptions sublimes. Quel pas ces grands génies n'avaient-ils pas fait faire à l'esprit humain!

Jusqu'alors l'étude avait été une œuvre de patience. Des moines passaient leur vie à transcrire les ouvrages de l'antiquité. Mais voilà qu'un jour Gutemberg dote les lettres de sa grande invention et tous les trésors que l'Eglise avait accumulés depuis des siècles deviennent alors le partage de tous. Une nouvelle ère va naître, c'est l'âge célèbre de la Renaissance. Mais où ce grand réveil se manifestera-t-il surtout? Ce sera dans la catholique Italie, sur la terre des Papes! La munificence des Souverains Pontifes a été comme un soleil dont les rayons vivifiants ont fait éclore les génies des Michel-Ange, des Raphaël, des Arioste, des Cajetan et des Lascaris. Léon X, marchant sur les traces de ses prédécesseurs, se place à la tête de son siècle, domine les intelligences, lègue à la ville éternelle des chefs-d'œuvre qui feront l'admiration des âges futurs.

En a-t-il été ainsi de Luther? Non. La croisade

qu'il prêcha contre les indulgences s'attaquait à l'art même. Ces aumônes que l'Eglise demandait étaient destinées à élever un temple qui devait être, par la beauté et la grandeur de ses proportions, le monument de la foi et de la civilisation catholique. Le moine apostat a paru comme Attila suivi de ses hordes barbares. Rien n'a résisté à sa marche dévastatrice. Il abolit toute la pompe du culte qui est la poésie de la religion. A bas les chefs-d'œuvre de la peinture, de la sculpture et de la musique! Il ne laisse au monde qu'un temple vide et un livre que ses disciples foulent aujourd'hui aux pieds au nom même de la raison. La nudité des temples protestants est l'image fidèle du vide que la doctrine de Luther a produit dans le temple de l'intelligence humaine.

A quel prix cet acte de vandalisme intellectuel n'a-t-il pas été exécuté! Les monastères et les couvents, si favorables aux hautes méditations de la pensée, furent renversés. Leurs richesses littéraires et historiques furent réduites en cendres et jetées aux quatre vents du ciel. La patrie de Luther fut changée en un immense champ de carnage et il lui fallut des siècles pour réparer ses pertes en tous genres.

Quelle différence entre l'Allemagne et la France Celle-ci, restée fidèle à l'Eglise dont elle est la fille aînée, est reconnue au dix-septième siècle la reine de la civilisation. Les autres nations reçoivent d'elle leurs inspirations et les têtes couronnées, dédaignant leur propre idiome, s'exprimeront dans la langue harmonieuse de Racine. Le *Grand siècle*, le siècle des Bossuet, des Pascal, des Descartes "est sorti des entrailles du Catholicisme et fut étranger et antipathique au Protestantisme même jusqu'à la proscription."

L'Histoire prouve incontestablement que le Protestantisme a nui au mouvement de la Renaissance au lieu de l'aider, tandis que le Catholicisme a toujours favorisé les lettres et compté comme siens les cinq siècles littéraires des temps modernes: celui de Léon X, à Rome; de Laurent le Magnifique à Florence; de Charles V, en Espagne; de François I et de Louis XIV en France.

La Providence, dit Balmès, a voulu, ce semble, confondre à l'avance les calomnieux. Le Protestantisme s'est présenté en un temps où, sous la protection d'un grand pape, se déployait le plus vif mouvement dans les sciences, dans les arts et dans les lettres. La postérité qui jugera nos disputes prononcera une sentence bien sévère contre ces prétendus philosophes, dont l'effort constant est de prouver que le Catholicisme embarrasse la marche de l'esprit humain et que le progrès scientifique fut dû au cri de liberté poussé dans l'Allemagne. Oui, pour les hommes judicieux des siècles futurs, il suffira de dire que Luther a commencé à propager ses erreurs dans le siècle de Léon X.

Phil. Lesage.

Rhétorique.



## LA SAINTE CECILE.

Aujourd'hui, partout où la croix projette son ombre, le monde musical s'éveille sous le charme d'une même émotion, se rencontre dans les joies d'une unanime pensée au pied des autels de son auguste Patronne, Ste. Cécile, pour lui faire hommage de ses inspirations, de ses chants et de ses accords. On dit que cette illustre vierge, qui eut la gloire de verser son sang pour la défense de la foi, aimait à égayer les jours sombres de son terrestre pèlerinage des charmes célestes de la musique, qu'elle se plaisait, en chantant les louanges du Très-Haut, à accompagner sa voix des doux accords du luth ou de la harpe. C'est pourquoi l'Eglise, amie et protectrice des beaux-arts, l'a donnée aux musiciens pour reine et modèle,

Il est beau, il est consolant pour nous, fils de l'Eglise catholique, dans ce siècle d'universelles accusations contre notre Mère, de la voir à ce sujet comme dans tant d'autres débats, sortir victorieuse des attaques de ses ennemis, de la contempler, assise sur le trône que lui ont élevé les beaux-arts, tenant dans ses mains les palmes de l'éloquence et de la poésie, son auguste front couronné par l'ange de l'harmonie! Oui, c'est pour la beauté, la pompe de son culte que les cathédrales gothiques ont élané jusque dans les nues leurs tours majestueuses, que le marbre et la toile se sont soudainement animés, que l'orgue, ce roi des instruments, a exhalé des sons plus doux que le chant de l'oiseau sous la feuillée, plus mélodieux que le bruit cristallin des cascades sonores, plus puissants que les sublimes roulements de la foudre dans les airs!... C'est sur la terre autrefois si chrétienne de l'Italie, à l'ombre de la Papauté que la musique moderne est née, qu'elle a grandi et a ensuite rempli le monde de ses échos harmonieux. C'est là que Guido d'Arezzo, dès le dixième siècle, inventa la gamme, ce clavier immortel, qui donna un si rapide élan à la science musicale. C'est là que Palestrina, à l'époque de la Renaissance, mit au jour des chefs-d'œuvre qui sont au nombre des trésors de la basilique de St. Pierre à Rome. C'est là que Mozart et Haydn vinrent se perfectionner dans cet art qui devait rendre leurs noms à jamais illustres, à jamais mémorables.

Et pouvait-il en être autrement? Notre divine Religion s'harmonise trop bien avec les besoins et les aspirations vraies de notre nature pour qu'elle ne se plaise à enchanter nos oreilles de ses mélodies sacrées, comme elle sait aussi toucher nos cœurs des secrètes inspirations de la grâce et éclairer nos âmes des lumières d'en haut. D'ailleurs notre Foi elle-même n'est qu'harmonie: harmonie entre les trois personnes de l'adorable Trinité, harmonie dans l'union de la nature divine avec la nature humaine: harmonie dans l'œuvre de la création où tout est disposé avec poids et mesure:

harmonie des fleuves et des mers, harmonie des forêts et des bardes ailés, harmonie de la terre et des soleils de l'armée céleste, concert ineffable, éternel, qui remplit les immensités de l'univers et s'élève de monde en monde jusqu'au trône de Dieu!

On peut donc dire avec vérité qu'il y a des doctrines plus musicales les unes que les autres, et ici, comme on le voit, la victoire appartient à la Foi catholique. Le Protestantisme, ayant rejeté le sacrifice prédit par les Phrophètes, a rompu l'accord entre la loi ancienne et la loi nouvelle, dépouillé ses temples d'imposantes solennités, tari pour ses artistes la source des plus nobles inspirations. La grande musique protestante, c'est la guerre religieuse allumée pour des siècles au sein de l'Europe, la division de la chrétienté autrefois unie comme une famille sous le sceptre des Papes, la ruine des sanctuaires sacrés de la vertu et de la science. Le Catholicisme, au contraire, pendant qu'il rétablissait partout l'ordre social renversé par le Paganisme, faisait naître la sublime épopée des croisades, créait l'unité des nations modernes, allumait à son divin flambeau le feu du génie dans la pensée de ses artistes et faisait vibrer leurs âmes comme des lyres célestes; ce sont les splendeurs de notre culte qui ont inspiré à Allegri son touchant *Miserere*, à Mozart ses messes toujours nouvelles, à Rossini son *Stabat* si sublime de douleur.

De même que la musique de chaque croyance est marquée d'un cachet spécial, de même chaque nation a une musique qui lui est tout-à-fait propre. Il semble que dans ces chants et ces hymnes, on sente frémir l'âme de tout un peuple. On croit entendre tour à tour les grandes voix du passé, les refrains brûlants du patriotisme, les fiers accents de la liberté, les acclamations cent fois répétées de la victoire. On reconnaît là toutes les familles de la race humaine; elles s'y peignent si bien avec leurs sentiments et leurs goûts, leurs amours et leurs haines, leurs luttes et leurs souffrances; leurs triomphes et leurs revers. La musique de l'Italie est mélodieuse comme les vagues qui viennent caresser ses rivages, celle de la France gaie comme son soleil radieux, celle de l'Allemagne, mélancolique comme son ciel couvert de nuages, celle de l'Irlande, gémissante comme la voix d'une nation captive, comme les accents plaintifs de sa harpe enchaînée.

La musique est encore à naître dans ce pays. Le peuple a bien ses airs nationaux, mais aucun morceau d'éclat, aucun chef-d'œuvre n'a encore été produit. Le peuple américain a déjà fait d'immenses progrès dans l'ordre de la civilisation, mais les beaux-arts n'ont pas pu recevoir toute l'attention et l'encouragement qu'ils méritent. Il est à espérer que bientôt la musique, la peinture et la sculpture s'uniront pour que rien ne manque plus à la gloire d'un peuple dont le rapide développement sera un des spectacles les plus étonnants de l'histoire.



CUEILLETES.

- Noël!
- Bazar!
- Une chance?
- Des *malchances*!
- Les tables sont déjà retenues.
- Coméré vendra des *peanuts*.
- Prairie tirera des horoscopes.
- Lebrun vendra de la petite bière à un sou le verre.
- On se voit bien à la cuisine, excepté Desplaines qui regarde de travers.
- Excellentes! les "fameuses" de Mr. Souigny, répète encore le Prof. Murphy.
- Attendez que Cam... soit "instruit," Edouard, et la partie sera chaude alors.
- Moïse ne parle plus que de Baker-City où il compte aller, l'année prochaine, en qualité de professeur de musique.
- Hervé peut échanger une croix pour une montre d'or, quand il le voudra; mais la difficulté pour lui c'est d'obtenir une croix.
- Dick, lors de sa dernière visite au bureau du JOURNAL, a fait un pâté sans pareil au chef de l'imprimerie; tout autre présent serait mieux reçu.
- On a tout lieu de croire que A. Sénessac sera nommé à l'unanimité capitaine de la nouvelle compagnie militaire: il a déjà le ton du commandement et tout l'air martial de son frère.
- Le chœur sous la direction du Fr. Rivard fait des progrès sensibles. Il a découvert de charmants solistes. Qui n'a pas remarqué les voix fraîches des jeunes Messieurs Correa, Page, O'Connor et Frazer?
- Mangeons ses bonbons, dit l'autre jour, Phil. a qui on venait d'en envoyer avec force gracieusetés— Quant à répondre aux compliments, je ne me fie pas à moi; j'enverrai *Gnognon*: ils se comprendront bien.
- La Ste. Catherine s'est passée sans la tire traditionnelle. Encore une coutume de nos pères qui tombe dans l'oubli. C'est la faute des Philosophes qui ont échangé la Vierge d'Alexandrie pour l'Ange de l'Ecole.
- Personne n'a encore goûté le gibier que nous promettons depuis si longtemps Réaume, O'Connor et Fournier; leur préfet soutient qu'ils se servent de poudre de perlimpinpin pour tirer sur les canards.
- L'Abbé Ouimet vient de faire un voyage de cinq semaines au Canada. Il a prêché à St. Jérôme, sa paroisse natale. Le Nord parle en termes élogieux du sermon que le jeune prédicateur a prononcé en cette circonstance.
- La Ste. Cécile a été dignement célébrée. La fan-

fare a séréнадé le Supérieur, le Président et le Vice Président. Le P. Beaudoin, qui avait chez lui plusieurs Visiteurs, a su gracieusement faire payer plus d'une traite aux jeunes musiciens.

— Le club dramatique français promet de nous donner cet hiver, le joli drame de *Tarare*. Cette tragédie est moitié opéra. La partie musicale est l'œuvre du regretté Rév. G. Paul, C. S. V., et sera complétée pour l'occasion par le Directeur de l'Orchestre qui, cette fois comme toujours, nous fera entendre de la belle musique.

— Forvilly a eu encore une attaque... peu s'en est fallu, cette fois, qu'il se rendit à l'Asile, où il se serait, sans doute, trouvé en pays de connaissance... Bohn, qui est, comme on le sait, plus pesant, n'a pas été plus loin qu'à l'intéressant établissement qui avoisine la cour des élèves. Quand il s'aperçut qu'on recherchait la surtout le poids, il crut prudent pour sa personne de reprendre le chemin du collège. Bien lui en prit, car on dit que Zéphir appareillait déjà son couteau...

— Nous sommes heureux d'apprendre que le supplément du JOURNAL a été bien accueilli par les élèves tant anciens que nouveaux. Plusieurs, à ce sujet, nous ont adressé de vives félicitations. Entre autres, les R R. Boeckelman, Bollman, J. Laporte, F. N. Perry et Clermont. Ce dernier nous a écrit, en nous envoyant un billet de cinq dollars, que *Le Cercle Français* a fait assaut à sa pauvre (?) bourse et l'a emporté d'emblée... Conciliez cela maintenant avec l'opinion de ceux qui soutiennent qu'on ne fait de l'argent qu'avec l'Anglais!

— Mr. J. W. Wilstach, avocat distingué de Lafayette, écrivait dernièrement à son frère Paul, pour l'inviter à étudier le Français. Nous extrayons ce qui suit de son intéressante missive. "La langue française est la clef des Arts, de l'Histoire et des Sciences. Elle possède la plus belle littérature qui soit au monde, parce qu'elle s'est enrichie des trésors littéraires des autres nations. Lisez le Français et vous pouvez dire que vous connaissez tous les chefs-d'œuvres de l'esprit humain. C'est la plus douce, la plus flexible, la plus éloquente de toutes les langues." Comment ne pas aimer notre langue quand un étranger l'apprécie de la sorte?

— On apprendra avec plaisir que les cinq Clercs de St. Viateur qui nous ont fait visite, lors de leur passage à Chicago, se sont heureusement rendus à Baker-City. Tous sont enchantés de leur nouveau poste, et ne s'ennuient nullement. La ville est au milieu d'une grande vallée, tout entourée de montagnes dont plusieurs sont couvertes de neige. "Nous faisons, depuis notre arrivée," nous dit le Rév. Père Manseau, "les offices comme au Canada, avec encens à la messe et aux vêpres, le chant dirigé par les frères. A l'office du soir, l'église se remplit de juifs et de protestants qui viennent entendre le nouveau chœur et voir les nouvelles cérémonies. Courage et succès aux missionnaires de l'Orégon.



## CATHOLIC NOTES.

Five dignitaries in the United States bear the title of Monsignor, namely: Monsignor Doane of Newark, N. J. Preston and Quinn of New York, Benoit of Fort Wayne Ind. and Mgr. Batz of Milwaukee.

The C. T. A. U. of America has issued in circular form the admirable address of the Rev. Jas. M. Hagan, President of the Chicago Union, on Father Mathew.

The Right Rev. Bishop Richter ordained Messrs Crumley and Irwin to the priesthood, on the 1st. ult., in the cathedral at Grand Rapids, Mich. Father O'Connor of Sandwich Ont. preached.

Two new Catholic churches are soon to be erected in Denver, Col.

Sir Stafford Northcastle and Chief Justice Coleridge have each a brother in the Catholic priesthood in England.

Galvestan, Texas is to have a Catholic paper.

St. Michael's church, Milwaukee was dedicated on the 26 of Nov. by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Batz.

The order of catholic Knights of America has already over 320 branches and 13,000 members all over the United States. They pay \$2,000 at the death of a member.

The catholic population of the Western continent is estimated as follows: British America 2,500,000; United States 8,500,000; Mexico 10,000,000; West Indies and Central America 5,000,000; South America 29,000,000.

The Rev. C. Collard Adams, a Protestant well known in Iowa, was recently received into the Catholic Church.

The Rev. Dr. Edward F. McSweeney, rector of St. Mary's church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has been appointed to a Professor's chair at Mount St. Mary's Theological Seminary Emmitsburg, Md.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Times of Charles XII.," the third volume of "The Surgeon's Stories" will be published in a few days by Jansen McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"The History of the Church of God"—Part I., Bible History, by Rev. J. L. Spalding, brother to the learned Bishop of Peoria, is already admitted to be one of the finest and most completed text-books of sacred history that has yet appeared. This book requires only to be seen before it is introduced into all our Catholic schools.

The Protestant church of Germany is rudely disturbed by a vigorous attack from Janasseu, a Catholic professor of Frankford-on-the-Main, who aims to show that the Reformation was the greatest calamity that ever befell Germany and Europe; that Luther is the spiritual father of revolution and Rome the protectress of order in church and state; that before the Reformation the condition of

the civilized world in religion, morals, science, and art, had reached an unexampled height, and that the steps of the new movement were marked by decay and corruption everywhere. In a few moments after publication, 14,000 copies of the book were sold.

Lord Lytton's autobiography is, it is said, introduced by a few words from his son, the present Lord Lytton, known to literature as Owen Meredith. The exact date of his father's birth is not given in the autobiography because it was not known by him. "If some impertinents are anxious to know in what year of our Lord that event took place let them find out for themselves," he says in the autobiography; and when questioned about it he would laughingly reply, "It is a cretan mystery."

## NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

## CONDUCT ETC. SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses K. Cleary, M. Duggan, N. Eagle, M. Kingdon, M. L. Palement, J. Lenoue, D. Rivard, M. Granger,

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Henderson, J. Periolat, J. Cyrier, J. Monast, L. Marcotte, D. Legris, M. Legris, M. Marcotte, A. Prairie, A. Sanasack, L. Graveline, A. Dandurand, L. Laroche, A. Laroche.

## APPLICATION. SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses K. Cleary, V. Graveline, M. Kingdon, N. Eagle, M. Duggan, M. Granger, J. Lenoue, M. L. Palement, D. Rivard, M. Hoy.

## APPLICATION. JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Henderson, J. Periolat, J. Cyrier, J. Monast, A. Sanasack, L. Graveline, L. Laroche.

## FRENCH.

M. L. Palement, V. Graveline, E. Sweetland, M. Duggan, D. Rivard, M. Hoy.

The Holi-days are anxiously looked for at the Academy.

Thanksgiving day passed off most pleasantly. There were present several visitors from abroad to add eclat by their presence to the festivities of the occasion, among whom were Misses M. Healy, R. Keegan and A. Blackstone of '82.

In the evening an entertainment was given by the members of St. Catherine's Literary Association which was a grand success and reflected no small credit upon those who participated. An essay read by Miss. K. Cleary entitled the "First Thanksgiving" was especially appropriated and manifested no small amount of literary taste.

Two beautiful Tableaux were presented, one representing the "Thanksgiving" of Colonial times and the other that of our own day. Recitations of more than ordinary ability were given by Misses Hoy, Duggan and Eagle.

The festivities of the day closed with the rendition of several choice, instrumental and vocal selections by Misses V. Graveline, E. Sweetland, M. Barron and K. Morgan.



The son, however, has been the curious impertinent to solve the cretan mystery for he has discovered by reference to the register of the parish church of St. Mary-lebone, Middlesex, that Edward Lytton Bulwer was born on the 25th. of May 1805, but he was not baptized until the 15th. of March, 1807.

### PERSONALS.

In trying to find out "where are the friends of my youth gone" we learn with pleasure that Rev. N. N. Gosselin '82 who has been stationed at Ashland, Ky. since his ordination, was lately promoted to the pastorate of Verona. May it be ever thus.

The many friends of Dan. Healy '82 will be pleased to learn that he is now first book-keeper for a leading business firm in Butte City Montana.

Those desirous of addressing Rev. E. G. Griffin '82 will now find him located at Belvidere, Ill. to which place he has been recently appointed. Father Griffin has ever been a staunch supporter of our little paper and through its columns we extend to him our best wishes for his success.

Among the many young men who are regarded with pride by their Alma Mater, few, perhaps, there are more worthy of such esteem than is our time-honored friend, T. F. Gibbons Com'l '83, who is now travelling through the U. S. in the employ of J. E. Caven & Co., Chicago. We understand from reliable authority that Tom is still an admirer of *the bells*.

Theo. Grandpré '83 is employed by the I. C. R. R. Co. as operator at Tucker Ill. where, in a quiet sort of way, he is of considerable aid to the College.

By a letter lately received we are informed that Rev. J. O'Rourke, whose pleasant company we enjoyed a few months of this year, was recently ordained by Rt. Rev. Bp. Spalding of Peoria, and is now stationed at Champaign, Ill. May his career in the ministry be ever happy.

After a careful and thorough search for our old friend Geo. Bernard '80 at last we find him directing a large farm in Beloeil, Canada. This is the last place we would expect to find George; but no doubt he understands the necessity of pure air and exercise for one of his physical condition.

Last week we received the sad news of the death of Prof. N. Saindon '75 who, for the past few years, has been the faithful Principal of the public schools in St. Mary's Ill. He was at one time directing the Commercial course of our college and while thus employed we learned and admired the beautiful characteristics of his nature.

He was sick only eight days and when death came it found him ready and satisfied to leave this world of woe. May he rest in peace.

### EXCHANGE.

Among the many exchanges that we have had the pleasure to put on our list recently are several well known catholic Journals such as the "Western catholic" of Chicago, the "Catholic Chronicle" of Bay City, Mich. An extended notice shall be given them in our next issue.

The College Index of Kalamazoo, side from its sentiments of sectarianism so frequently displayed usually contains a fair amount of Co-educational ability.

The article entitled "Characteristics of the Irish" in the last issue is so grossly absurd, so false in its statements that we must regard it as the outpourings of a brain, filled with Satanic cunningness when referring to Catholicism, and saturated with constitutional English hatred towards the Irish race. We can not understand how an enlightened staff of a College paper would tolerate such an article to appear in print. We look upon it as a specimen of that tallow-candle brilliancy that emanates from the *Temple of Ignorance* that decorates one of the hills of this Michigan town. Poor humanitarians of the "Index" weep not for the Irish nor their religion, but for yourselves and your children.

The following exchanges have been received since our last issue. The Sunbeam, The Notre Dame Scholastic, Hamilton College Monthly, The Record, Horae Scholasticae, South Chicago Tribune, The Chaddock and Valparaiso Herald.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

### CLASSICAL COURSE.

Joseph Kelley.....Gold Medal.  
Philip Lesage.....1st.Silver "  
Patrick Tierney.....2nd. " "  
Francis Quinn.....3rd. " "  
Distinguished—John Meagher, John Golden, Patrick Byrnes, Robert Carr, Francis Conroy, William Convey, Charles Baker.

### COMMERCIAL COURSE.

George Roy.....Gold Medal.  
Thomas Hughes.....1st.Silver "  
Augustus Frazer.....2nd. " "  
Michael Koch.....3rd. " "  
Distinguished—Michael Naughton, Edward Gallet, James Roach, Amedee Grampre, Philip Hoode, Arthur Hoode, Joseph Dupuis, Francis Moseley, Alfred Sanasack, Francis Nolan, John Hoff.

Guilfoyl Medal for English Composition merited by Patrick Tierney, Ambrose Granger and James Cusack; drawn by Patrick Tierney.

### GOOD CONDUCT.

Fred. Dandurand.....Gold Medal.

### POLITENESS.

ALEX. Granger.....Gold Medal.  
Distinguished in Deportment—H. Auerbach, E. Bernier, G. Bergeron, C. Baker, A. Besse, P. Byrnes E. Brady, J. Bonville M. Byrnes, E. Brown, E. Caron L. Chauvin W. Convey R. Carr, G. Correa, J. Cusack, F. Conroy J. Danahoe J. Deveney, Devan, P. Fahey, A. Frazer E. Fox C. Fay, Fortin, G. Gibbins A. Granger, Alex. Granger E. Gallet, J. Golden, J. Halligan T. Hughes, J. Holloran, E. Kniery J. Kelly, P. Lesage S. Lockwood J. Lebrun, M. Lancaster, J. Larkin, J. Morrissey, F. McAuliffe, J. Meagher, H. Mathieu, W. Nagle, M. Naughton, F. Nolan, E. O'Connor L. O'Hara, L. Page, F. Quinn, P. Sullivan W. Soulligny, P. Terry, F. Willey P. Wilstach.



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