

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. FRIDAY, Feb. 1 1884.

No. 19

FOLLY OF MAN.

Man, though possessing a vital spark of heavenly flame, though endowed with a power that is capable of controlling the very lightning of heaven, considered in his external bearings towards his fellow-man and consequently towards his Creator, is a strange phenomenon of inconsistency, if not of folly. Appreciating the fact from the maxim that *the proper study of man is man*, whilst pondering upon the truth therein contained a few evenings since, the above characteristic stood out very prominently made manifest by so many specimens that daily present themselves before the eyes of even the most careless observer. Looking, at this period, away back into the twilight of history, glancing at his primitive condition as he stepped forth fresh from the creative hand of God perfect in form and in beauty, breathing the fragrance of transcendent endowments that at once constituted him king of the universe—and watching him from his fall from grace to wander forth to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, up to the present moment—what wonderful works has he performed, but alas! how few of them can lay claim to permanency, can lay claim to stability, can lay claim even to a name that posterity may know or reverence a few centuries hence.

From the transgression of Adam in the garden of Paradise down through the countless succeeding generations in each and every age do we find innumerable evidences of this foolishness. For centuries the alchemist labored to convert the rude mineral into gold, hundreds of years have been spent in searching for the *philosopher's stone*, man in his folly attempted to scale the golden gates of the city of God when Babel's tower was raised on high and confusion of tongues and the scattering of the tribes was the immediate result. Like fabled Icarus soaring aloft on the wings of unholy ambition, we find man continually directing his course upwards relying on his own mental strength, but he too when the zenith of his glory is reached, must fall, and fall swiftly and surely to sink beneath the waves of time and be lost amid its dashing surges. Where is Palmyra and its ruined palaces where grandeur frowned where

pleasure smiled? What now remains save the memory of senselessness and shame? Nothing—

“It stands to tell
A melancholy tale, to give
Awful warning; soon
Oblivion will steal silently
The remnant of its fame.
Monarch and conquerors there,
Proud o'er prostrate millions trod,
The earthquakes of the human race,
Like them forgotten where the ruin
That marks their shock is past.”

Where is Troy the scene of Greek and Trojan combats, where steel clashed with steel in deadly battle, where Achilles fought where Petroclus and Hercules fell? Of it and these the immortal Virgil sings, and his own words, the epitaph of that ill-fated city are the most appropriate response—“Ilium fuit! Where is Carthage the Queen-city of the seas the rival of Rome in commerce and wealth? The sad voice of some lone traveler standing on some imaginary turret of fallen Troy gives back the reply “unknown”! Where is Athenian and Spartan grandeur? Where is Balbec, where is Ephesus, where is Thebes with its mighty columns? All—all have disappeared; the owl seated on some broken fragment is now the only occupant. Where is the Rome of bygone ages with its four millions of souls? Whither have departed those trumpet voices that summoned foreign potentates to the mistress of the world to kneel down and adore at her altars?

Where is the Pantheon? Where is the Colosseum with its spacious walls—with its resounding voices of singing thousands—whose wild and savage huzzas rent the air, filled as they were, with delight in witnessing the gladiatorial combats? Where are they who built this bloody circus to satiate the imperial appetite? Where are those who butchered a son in whose veins flowed the purest blood to make a Roman holiday, and who glutted and feasted upon the mangled, bleeding corpse of him whom Byron so graphically and touchingly describes?

“I see before me the gladiator lie
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death but conquers agony.

And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
 And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
 From the red gush fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone

Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the
 wretch who won."

The buzz of eager nations has long since died out either in murmuring pity or yielding applause. These dead walls are now crowned with hanging ivy; and when the rising moon begins to climb their topmost arches and gently pauses there, when the stars twinkle in the firmament and cast as it were a faint ray of pity down upon their sepulchral forms, they resemble the ghosts of the departed stalking to and fro at midnight,—the most demonstrative evidences of man's variety, of man's folly in building monuments on the quicksands of time, *nisi Dominus edificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui edificaverunt eam*, is an incontrovertible truth, otherwise, when the winds come, and the rains fall and the snows melt, the structure must tumble, its fragments following the current's course borne along from rapids to rapids, from crag to crag, till at last they are hurled headlong—

"As a weed

Flung from a rack on Ocean's foam, to sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempests
 breath prevail."

From all these the inevitable conclusion must follow that nothing on this earth is imperishable, that man's sublimest works sooner or later, like his name, will be forgotten, while these things alone shall survive that come directly from God, or that had the reverence of His holy name for their object when they were called into existence. While the Nile shall continue its changeless way these lofty pyramids hard by shall fall, and the spot whereon they stand shall be searched for in vain amid the wreck of ages. The spot where the wandering Arab's tent flaps in the desert blast, once the sight of Salem's haughty fame towering towards heaven with its thousand golden domes, the scene of murder, rapine, slavery and lust, all to soothe a dotard's vanity, has long since fallen into oblivion. The names of those fiends who taught that the God of nature and benevolence had given a special sanction to the trade of blood are fading and faded away. These columns, these long and lonely colonades through which now wanders the pale ghost of Freedom, were the result of human pride. The foolish ingenuity of man gave them birth, they were the children of his creation, and they too like himself have fallen beneath the ravages of the advancing hordes of time. "*Sic transit gloria mundi*" might well be inscribed upon the few surviving fragments. The bright sun, once lighting up with splendor these glittering and dazzling

palaces still continues in his daily course; but his evening tints now falling upon these masses of decay only serve to show more visibly the terrible storms that have swept by:—and in those chaotic halls where music's sweetest strains so often swelled forth in sublimest harmony, the melancholy winds alone murmur their evening requiem. Where sat the king in curule chair, now grows the fragrant moss: where reclined the guests to gormandize their brute natures, stone upon stone now rests. Now all is abandoned, all is still, all is terribly gloomy, and the wanderer amid these scenes may well exclaim

"I feel like one who treads alone

Some banquet hall deserted

Whose lights are fled—whose garlands dead

And all but he departed."

Such we repeat, is the history of man gathered from the world's ruins. Though endowed with reason and placed over the universe as its protector and guardian, he may be said to be its real despoiler, its real enemy. He becomes his own enemy when he loses sight of that creative hand that assists him in the morning of life, down through the meridian of his manhood, even to the last period of his decay when the sun of another world breaks upon him, and when at war with himself, he battles against the world and its inhabitants. Nor can we hope for any change for the better, men in our times are as self-grasping, eager for opulence, anxious for magnificent mansions, intent upon the depression of the poor and the exaltation of themselves as in any other age. They look upon themselves as a diminutive *Cosmos*, whose beauty shall never fade, whose stability shall never be wanting; and hence we find them toiling and grinding away day by day, building and rebuilding, seeking pleasures lawful and unlawful in every shape and form. They are continually fluttering about like ephemeral insects, like little gnats dancing in the noonday sun, apparently unconscious of the fact that the curtain shall soon descend that shall cut them off from the view of the most admiring, loving friends. Hence the folly and vanity of men. From the testimony of ages, from the teachings of our holy religion, let us at least endeavor to gather up treasures in heaven where moths enter not nor rust consumeth.

J. P. M.

GRATIS.

"What kind of writing would be acceptable on your paper?" A modest youth stood in the doorway of the editorial sanctum and scarcely ventured to look up as he spoke this little speech, whilst his well worn hat did

duty as a duster across his shiny pants, in the region of the knees.

The man of deep thought raised his eyes one quarter of an inch from the desk at which he was writing. His look was not savage: it was not a condescending, O come in my poor boy kind of a look. It was not a pleasant glance, neither was it mild: nor was it pitiful but it was a sort of combination look, a kind of cynical how do you presume sort of a quarter inch stare, that withered the intruder and dispelled any thoughts, if he had any coming up the rickety stairs, of ever becoming a contributor to the "Bungtown Clarion." "Young man!" The editor spoke: "We want contributors; yes! we want 'em. Have you anything to offer?" The youth thought for a second that he had been struck by lightning. But he tottered to the great man's desk. A manuscript of note paper, closely written in a careful hand, was opened by the B. C. Editor. He read, folded the manuscript; looked at the would be and vouchsafed the following: "Not that young man, not that; you have yet to acquire the secret of our art. Yours is a poor composition. You must not be so concise, or, venture to be so terse and crisp in your writing. Facts amount to nothing. The B. C. looks for generalities, verbosity, spread-eagleism. Why all you bring us would scarcely cover a column. We want articles two and three columns long, on subjects that have been written up before, by some one who has published them in book form. Books you know, are hard to get. Did you know that young man?" The youth looked up but ventured no reply. The Editor drew a long breath and sat back in his chair. As he did, he bestowed the remaining inches of his optics on the would be. The latter slowly backed out of the B. C. office, muttering to himself—yes, this is good advice. The B. C. only indorses generalities, bald headed plagiarism; it discards facts as trash, it wants columns instead of paragraphs, platitudes instead of breezy suggestion. Well! I'll try some place else. And he did and succeeded. The other office wanted originality combined with labor and literary excellence. The youth became a contributor and in time editor of a first class metropolitan Daily. The Bungtown Clarion's Editor some years afterwards went to a Sunday School Picnic and Committed suicide by eating too much cake and ice-cream.

LOCALS.

- Steam!
- All go!
- Examination!
- My kingdom for a horse.
- The Michiganders take the "cake on ice."
- Our exchange editor seems to have considerable trouble with his "tu lets."

— Mr. A. Rising of Champaign called to visit his friends here last week. He could stay but a short time as he had to see *another fellow* in Momence.

— Last week W. Nagle received a telegram calling him to Milwaukee where his father is dangerously ill.

— Paul Wilstach has returned armed with a Jackknife and says: Death to the Journalist who couples his name with "Pickwick's fat boy."

— Dean says he will not pay as much attention to elocution this year as last, his time being taken up with the more abstruse subjects of Theology, Grammar and music.

— P. J. Walsh has a chum now in the person of Edmond Burke—and it is to be hoped that they will soon become as famous as Pec's bad boy and his chum.

— The ice on the river was never in better condition for skating than at present and the boys seem to understand that now is the time and the ice is the place for fun.

— Profs. McGrath and Maher spent Sunday with friends in Wilmington returning in the evening. They report sleighing superb and liberal people, having sold one hundred and twenty tickets for the gold watch.

— We are happy to learn that Mr. McCann is convalescing and will soon be on duty again.

— Prof. Murphy who has been suffering from a severe case of poetical enunciations, is rapidly recovering and will ere long make his usual perambulations.

— By a profound mathematical calculation Mr. Leggett has discovered that the sun was half an hour behind time last Sunday morning. We have no desire to contradict his statement nor detract from the merits of his watch but we must say he is about thirty minutes out of the way.

— Be it known to all who desire knowing their proclivities and propensities that we have a phrenologist of no mean ability in our midst. He has already examined the bumps of many of us and in all his revelations has been most correct. For further information apply at this office.

— We have never had a better winter for sleighing than the present and yet there has not been a general ride. In the good old days when we were young two inches of snow would give us the fever but it takes a "Dakota Blizzard" to move the students.

— Quinn is vainly trying to convince Brennan that the Deveney medal scheme was all a fraud.

— The best thing by way of amusement which has taken place for some time was the wrestling match between Brosseau and Brennan. Messrs. McAuliffe and Granger acted as referees deciding two falls out of the possible three for Brennan. Brosseau's friends say there was foul play and talk of another meeting.

— The infirmary is constantly filling and we do not

doubt, if something is not done to lessen the influx, that during the examinations we will be all on the sick list. Boys it won't work, *you will be examined.*

— The election of debaters for the "Hagan Debating Medal" took place Friday (Jan. 18th.) The following gentlemen were elected, F. J. Quinn first affirmative, F. E. McAuliffe first negative, P. J. Lesage second affirmative, P. J. Tierney second negative.

The subject for debate is "Resolved that Columbus was a greater man than Washington." This calls upon the gentlemen to go to work and we have no doubt they will treat us to a very fine argumentative discourse.

— The French dramatic Association is practising the drama "Tarare" which they will render soon—under the direction of Rev. M. J. Marsile. The musical portion by Paul is under the charge of Frs. Oser and Mainville. We have no doubt the entertainment will be a rare treat to all but especially the French people in this vicinity.

— The raffle for the gold watch took place Tuesday afternoon January 22nd. Great excitement prevailed during the drawing but especially towards the close and high prices were offered for the last five tickets but the holders would not sell wanting the watch or nothing. Only one could win it and the lucky man was Philip Lesage. His success was loudly applauded by all the students who carried him in triumph to the store where he "did the nice thing." Many thanks Philip!

— Our exchange editor wishes to return thanks to S. P. McClain of the K. K. K. "Times" for hospitality and the many fine sights shown him while in the city.

— Dame rumor has it that Geo. Lavery of K. K. K. is about to enter the matrimonial list.

— Moses Roy returned from his Canadian tour on Friday last; he is looking as hale and happy as ever. Welcome home Mose!

— Messrs. Killeen and Quinlan are deserving of much praise for attention and services rendered to the interest of the JOURNAL. Our head printer finds them valuable assistants.

— Again "our old home is what it used to be" enjoying the presence of Rev. Bro. Bernard. For the past three weeks the greatest anxiety for his safe return was felt by students and professors, but now that he is among us the gloom which has so long overveiled the house, gives place to joy and pleasure. About six weeks ago the good brother thinking a trip to the scenes of his childhood would improve his health, went to Canada but contrary to his expectations, the severity of the weather augmented the violence of his disease. Though sick and unfit to leave, his heart yearned to see Bourbonnais once more and he attempted to return. At Montreal he was again ill, and for three weeks his life was despaired of, but kind Providence heard our earnest

prayers and spared our benefactor and friend. Thursday our beloved procurator and treasurer, yet weak but out of danger, arrived at the college where he was received with every demonstration of joy. Now that we have him home again we will take care that he will remain for the remainder of his life in the bosom of his friends who love him so well.

— We return our sincerest thanks to Rev. Fathers Coté, Reardon, Chouinard and Langlais for donations sent to our late Bazaar, as well as to Rev. James Kehoe for \$5.00 contributed to the support of the Journal.

— The Anderson Brothers and Eddie Walsh returned to school last week.

— We are in receipt of two volumes of Lawyer Wilstach's translation of Virgil's complete works for which we thank the honorable gentleman. Time will not permit us at present to speak of its merits as a translation but we will notice it another time.

THE GOSSIP.

How people can become scavengers, even allowing themselves sometimes to develop into sewers for the reception of every idle tale, is beyond the ken of men of principle. Unintelligible as it may seem, yet, it is a common practice in this very common age. Pandora still lives. The impulse that made her break the fatal box is the inheritance of millions. Nor does the female sex monopolize the gift. Some men are almost as curiosity-loving as women, and seeking to pry into things that do not concern them, seems their only stock in trade. Not unfrequently the male gender's barbed tongue, whetted from a savory dish of scandal, will do more harm in five minutes than his brain will good in twenty years.

The gossip is generally an idler. A bird of carrion, only foul and noisome viands satisfy the cravings of his palate. At bottom he's foul himself. Into his composition no sweet breath of charity ever enters to bring sunshine and peace. He lives in an element of intestine war. A confirmed coward, he brings up the rear of the army, but in the front, where drums beat and banners wave, he is never found. The gossip falls upon a small community like a wasp. He is to be found everywhere. Certain places however he particularly patronizes. He delights for instance to invade the smoking room of an ocean steamer. He likes to sit at the captain's table. He is proud to strut on the promenade deck. But where honest Jack lives, in the fore-castle, he never enters. The man of horny hand and tar ropes would throw him over the bulwarks. He is found in Sunday Schools, at church doors, in church choirs, at evening parties, at dinner tables, in the corridors of colleges and convents, always alert, striving to pick up the last scrap of good news—

no!—dirt— and then, with an alacrity that would honor a better cause, he speeds to retail abroad the well browned hash, made ten times more spicy, when dished up with sauce *à la* gossip.

To say nothing of the evil of merely idle gossip, what untold evil does it not entail when downright scandal or detraction runs off the gossip's tongue and a neighbor's personal and private affairs are bartered in the market place like old clo' in a pawnshop. The gossip is a nuisance. He should be banished from decent society. His absence is preferable to his company. War on gossip! Hail gentle charity! Every man in this country has enough to do to mind his own affairs, and that commandment called the "Eleventh" of American invention, "Mind your own business," will, if observed, fill the whole bill in every household.

ST. CYRIL'S DAY.

Monday we celebrated St. Cyril's Day, patron saint of Very Rev. Fr. Fournier, Superior Gen. of the order of St. Viateur in the United States. Sunday evening the students and faculty of the house anticipating the day in style with vigil waited on the Very Reverend gentleman at the Novitiate. After a selection by the band Mr. Quinn read an address congratulating him on the happy return of his feast-day and wishing him many more, to which our beloved Superior responded in a few appropriate remarks, exhorting all to imitate the virtues of that saint whose feast-day they were about to celebrate, closing by granting a grand "conge" which all received with every manifestation of good will. Fr. Fournier has been among us only a short time, yet his virtue, piety and amiable disposition have gained him the affection of all, and we hope that each returning 28th. of January will find him the same untiring advocate of Catholic education, loved and respected by all under his charge.

THE GIFT.

I saw him open the letter. Carefully folded, lying with its new green face bright between the leaves, was a government token. The denomination was not high. Merely a *One*. His eyes danced. To him it was a fortune. Perhaps she who sent it thought so too. She had earned it hard. How hard! Conceive it, neighbor, when it sometimes takes a whole day to count *one* and hands and brain must strive and strain and only a *one* rewards the toiler when the painful hours are spent. Only a struggle with the hard things of life can measure a *one* at its just value.

Hold it fast my boy, lest a puff of wind blow it from

your hand. It's not heavy but it's worth having, for it cost her perhaps a load of care to earn and get it. I saw him fold the bill and put it away. What he thought I know not, nor, do I care to know. What *she* thought who earned and sent it—only a *One*—to her boy, not near her but far away at school, the orphan boy she was toiling to educate and make happy, for whom she was glad to treasure from out her scant earning, even a *one*—what *she* thought, I think I know. It's worth knowing.

But what of that? She only sent a trifle. Only a *One*. She was his mother *though*. He was her treasure, her boy. She sent all she could. He had a fortune—in a *One*.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

There are thirty prelates in Ireland to four million Catholics.

A Catholic pilgrimage to the Holy Land proposes to start from New York the 27th. of February.

Mgr. Capel is said to be giving instructions to twenty or more ladies at Washington, who, it is rumored, may possibly enter the church.

Monsignor Dominicus Mauncy, Vicar Apostolic of Brownsville, Texas, has been created Bishop of Mobile.

The Propaganda has ordered printed copies to be made of the decisions of the American Bishops for the guidance of the Baltimore council,

Mr. J. C. Flood's Christmas Gifts to the orphan asylums, etc., of San Francisco aggregated \$6,000, Protestants, Catholics, and Hebrews being treated alike.

The remains of Rev. Thomas Hogan, of Petersburg, Ill., were interred in the Seminary grave-yard at St. Francis, Wis. last week.

Bishop Ryan of St. Louis has been made Archbishop. He arrived in New York on the 29th. ult.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Owing to absence, many of our worthy exchanges coming to hand during the holidays have been left unnoticed. To one and all, though the hour is late, we wish the customary annual felicitations.

The Notre Dame Scholastic of the 12th. Inst. is, as usual, filled with very interesting matter. The second of a series of papers on the "French Revolution" manifests no small acquaintance with the history of that terrible period. The paper on "Hebrew Grammar" is very readable, but objectless so far as the average student is concerned, and consequently out of place.

The Hamilton, Canada, "Port" seems to be strong in its attack upon us owing to some casual remark made concerning its get-up by our worthy predecessor. Now dear exchange editor-ess do not let your angry passions rise in that manner till your country becomes annexed

to ours, when you can rave all you wish, But perhaps your anger and disdain are beyond our comprehension, as you would put it, and if so, we do not want to fathom their depth by any possible attempt. Recollect that we do not belong to the *Duelistic School* but if challenged our Illinois pride will certainly compel us to put on our armour and advance to meet your "*He art master*" and thus settle our little difficulties in the barren plains of the "*to lets.*"

The last issue of the Crescent, as usual, contained good reading matter relative to the school it represents. The article "My unknown Neighbors" was exceedingly absurd. The author "*Satis*" should have signed himself—*Mijor quam satis* and should have stopped at the end of the first sentence.

The Illini comes forth for the year '84 in a new dress and contains two sound and suggestive articles on "Influence" and "Literary Associations." May our neighbor ever prosper with that prosperity it deserves. It is always a welcome visitor.

The College Message is as usual filled with choice reading matter. "My Pictures" has certainly been a most interesting letter. "All is not Gold that glitters" is very apropos and well written.

The Academian is up to the usual standard. "Opening the mail" and "Kind words" are thrown off in nice shape.

The Philomathean Review—should change its name—or awake from its monotonous ding-dong of society reports.

The Speculum is on deck and as appreciable as usual. Haunted Mansion and American Dialects are passable papers in the last issue.

The American Prelates at the late conference, according to the glowing reports of the American secular press, produced a most favorable impression in Rome. Why not? No one knowing the common sense and practical business habits of the American Bishops, expected anything else. The details of the "favorable impression" have been pretty generally manufactured to suit the correspondent who wired his respective journal, supposing the public all the time soft enough to swallow all he cabled. *What* impression the distinguished Prelates made, is best known in Theological, Philosophical and Catholic Rome. Of one thing however, we, on this side the water, may feel assured without any rose-tinted correspondent's aid. The Bishops strictly attended to business, were perfect gentlemen and knew what they were about. In their deliberations they honored themselves, their dioceses and Catholic America. Nothing extraordinary in this. The Prelates were Catholic Bishops, also, American citizens.

ROLL OF HONOR.

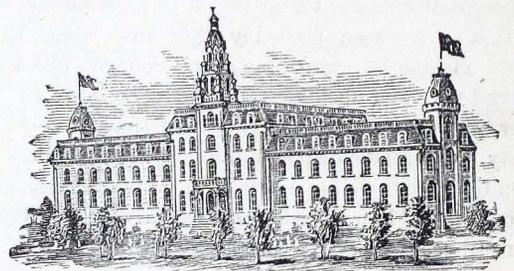
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CLASSICAL COURSE.

Francis Quinn.....	Gold Medal
Joseph Kelley.....	1st. Silver "
Patrick Tierney.....	2nd. " "
John Golden.....	3rd. " "

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Thomas Hughes.....	Gold Medal.
Amédée Grandpré.....	1st. Silver "
Andrew Gillespie.....	2nd. " "
Robert Carr.....	3rd. " "



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ERRATA: On the first page 2' col. 15th. line, read Patroclus and Hector for Hercules. On page 144, first col. 16th. line, fourth word, read rock.

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