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The Owl, vol. 2, no. 6

Santa Clara University student body

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Vol. II.

MARCH, 1871.

No. 6.

THE OWL

DEVOTED TO

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.



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THE OWL

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

VOL. II. MARCH, 1871. NO. 6.

THE SUN.

A Lecture, delivered at the Eighteenth Annual Celebration of the College.

WE are well aware of the magnitude, of the grandeur, of our present undertaking. Truly 'tis great to roam amid the ethereal plains and vaults above, to cast about the silvery moon the fetters of our knowledge; to read the stars, and not content with this, to try to raise and transport ourselves to the very face of the dazzling "King of Day;" to gaze unshaken upon his splendor; to steal the secrets of this, the grandest and most sublime object in nature. But if, on one hand, the subject is rather an ambitious one, especially for young students; yet, on the other hand, to collect together, in a clear and simple manner, the most interesting facts that modern science has ascertained in regard to that luminary, to which, next to God its Creator, we are indebted for all the physical blessings we enjoy here* below, this indeed cannot be

otherwise than a most enticing and agreeable task. But we must proceed with regularity, and for this reason we shall consider: First, the distance from us to the sun; second, its size; third, its mass; fourth, the amount of heat and light given off; and fifth, its different movements.

When we seek to contemplate the vast distance between our poor world and the beautiful sun, we are at first lost in the magnitude of the thought. We see our own insignificance, and the greatness of that God who holds the Universe in His mighty hand. But we will not despair. We will boldly start forward, as true soldiers going to battle, ready to win or die. It seems preposterous to some, to think of measuring the distance from us to the sun. Nevertheless, by the time I have finished my discourse on the subject, I think that those present will

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have a firm belief that it can be done, and has been done. The apparent impossibility of measuring the distance of the sun, arises only from its being inaccessible to us. Yet nothing is easier to modern science than to measure the distance of inaccessible objects. In war, when the engineer wishes to hurl his missiles of death upon some distant building, what does he do that the shells may fall directly on the building? For this purpose he must know the exact distance of the building from the mortar. The building, enclosed by the walls of the besieged town, is to him an inaccessible point—just as the sun is to us—yet he finds no difficulty in measuring its distance. First, he lays down on the ground he occupies a base line, of which he measures the length. Then, from the extremities of this line he takes the bearings of the building in question, and by this means is enabled to calculate most easily the distance of the inaccessible spot. In a word, all that is necessary to measure the distance of an inaccessible object, is to form of it the vertex of a triangle whose base and adjacent angles are known. From this the other two sides of the triangle, or the distance from the two extremities of the base line, are most accurately obtained by a simple calculation. In measuring the vast distance separating us from the sun we proceed in the same manner. Imagine the inaccessible building now in question to be the sun, and the base line to be the distance of six thousand three hundred miles that there is between two astronomical observatories, placed on the same meridian; one in

the Northern, the other in the Southern Hemisphere of our earth. If two persons in these two observatories, at the ends of the base line, take the direction of the sun on the same day at its passage at the meridian, it is clear that with proper instruments they will easily find the angles at the base of the triangle formed by the sun and the two observatories. From this they are enabled to calculate the long side, or the distance of the sun from the two observatories; and a little additional calculation will soon lead them to conclude the distance of the sun from the earth's center. This method of measuring the distance of an inaccessible object, though so simple and accurate in itself, is, when there exists too vast a disproportion between the distance of an object and the base employed to measure it, subject to great inconveniences; because a very trifling error in the measured angles produces a great one in the results, and this is just our case with the sun. The sides of our triangle are here extravagantly out of proportion to its base. But happily science possesses another method, much more precise, still more refined in principle, by which the distance of the sun can be ascertained with great accuracy, viz: By the observation of the planet Venus at the time of its visible passage across the sun's disc. The necessary observations were made at the time of the last passage or transition, in 1769, and will surely be repeated on the next occasion, which will take place in 1874. It is thus that science has been enabled to find out that our distance from the sun is about ninety-five millions of miles.

Truly it is great! It is immense! It is fearful to contemplate. Ninety-five millions of miles! 'Tis a great height to the summit of the highest peak of the Himalayas. 'Tis great to roam in the airy ship of the aeronaut, above the storms that lash the earth. But the highest point ever reached is only six miles. But what is this distance when compared to that of the sun? We gaze with admiration upon our noble "iron-horse," when with his bright and massive form, bridled with bands of iron, breathing fire and smoke from his wide, distended nostrils, he wildly dashes o'er his iron threads, through valleys and across rivers, diving into the bowels of the earth, sweeping madly on in the darkness, then emerging from the gloomy tunnel, shaking his tawny mane and still thundering on, and, ere an hour has come and gone, forty miles has he left behind him. Yet our noble iron-horse, going at an average rate of forty miles per hour, would have to sweep on uninterruptedly for two hundred and seventy years before he could reach the sun. A cannon ball shot forth from a cannon, tearing along with fearful rapidity at the rate of four hundred yards per second, would take thirteen and a quarter years to reach the sun, and the sound of the explosion would arrive one half a year later.

Even light, traveling as it does at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles per second, takes nearly eight minutes to come to us from the sun.

Now that we know the distance of the sun, to measure its size presents no serious difficulty. We are all

aware that the greater the distance the smaller an object appears to us. But if we know exactly how far it is from us, we can always from the *apparent*, calculate the *real* size. The apparent size of the sun is very accurately measured by means of an instrument called the *Micrometer*. From the results given by this instrument, and from the known distance of the sun, astronomers have ascertained that the real size, or diameter, of the sun is eight hundred and eighty-two thousand miles. We have therefore to conceive the sun not as a globe of one foot in diameter, as it appears, but as an immense orb, so extravagantly large that the distance from any two opposite points of its surface measures in round numbers nearly nine hundred thousand miles. Our poor earth is only eight thousand miles in diameter—the sun is therefore one hundred and ten times greater.

We know that the moon goes around the earth at the distance of one quarter of a million of miles. Let us suppose for a moment that the earth, with the moon swinging around it, were placed at the center of the sun, that glorious "King of Day" would not only take in the earth and moon, but would extend two thousand miles outside the monthly orbit of the moon. From this we can form an idea of the immense size of the sun. But let us go a step further. From the knowledge which we have of the diameters of two globes, we can easily conclude their respective bulks.

What, therefore, must be the bulk of the sun? Its diameter being one hundred and ten times greater than

that of the earth, the cube of this number will give us the bulk of the sun relatively to that of the earth taken as a unit; and so we discover that the bulk of the sun must be one million three hundred and thirty-one thousand times the bulk of the earth. Hence, to make a globe of the bulk of the sun, it would be necessary to roll one million three hundred and thirty-one thousand globes like our earth into one; and if we were to take all the planets and satellites that travel at different distances around the sun, and mould them into one single globe, they would hardly form one five hundredth part of the sun's bulk. Our globe, if laid upon the sun, would not cover more than one thirteen thousandth part of the sun's surface. But science has not stopped here.

No, undismayed by the great work before her, she calmly but surely picks her way amid the diamonds that glitter in the ebon vaults above. Worlds dashing around her impede not her progress, and she does not only possess the means of ascertaining the distances and magnitudes of those inaccessible objects and vast globes that shine in the heavens, but she has a balance of the most unerring exactitude in which to place and poise those vast orbs, and so with the unfailling levers of her immortal Newton, she has rolled the majestic sun into the balance of her might. But, some may say, where is the enormous weight to be found which will counterbalance the immense sun? This seems to be a great objection, but it is easily answered.

The sun, we know, has many important parts to play in the great drama

of the Universe. He has not only the size, but he has also the strength of an immense giant. The first and most important office the sun has to perform is at the centre, and as the central force of our system. The Almighty has placed him at the head of our great planetary family; he has given unto him the care of those majestic globes whirling amid the spaces. The sun, conscious of his trust, keeps these revolving worlds under his watchful care; with a powerful hand he holds them in the path assigned to them, that discord may not come between, and so he preserves in his great family a perfect union. Were the sun simply extinguished the planets would still continue to revolve around him, but in cold and darkness. But if he were annihilated then would destruction follow, and on the wings of lightning, away on a long journey would they fly through the infinite spaces, and wander on century after century in the awful abyss which separates us from the fixed stars. The great command which the sun exerts over the planets, and the great force which enables him to hold together the noble planetary system, is that invisible and mysterious power called "gravitation," first shown to the world by that great genius, Newton. But what is this gravitation?

It is an attractive force imparted to all particles of matter in the beginning by the Creator, and it is exerted at all times, amongst all bodies, according to two fixed laws: First, It acts directly as the masses; and second, it acts inversely, as the square of the distance separating the attracted from the attracting body. It is by this

force that the sun regulates the movements of our earth and all the planets around him. It is by this force that the earth keeps the moon swinging around us, and it is the effort to counterbalance this force which constitutes the weight of bodies at the surface of our globe; and it is also the knowledge of the laws of this force which supplies to science that wonderful balance which is to weigh even the sun. Astronomers, by their knowledge of the laws of gravity, have been led to calculate most exactly the amount of force exerted by the earth and sun respectively upon different bodies revolving around them at a known distance and time; and, by close investigation, they have found that the attractive force exercised by the sun upon any body is greater than that which would be exercised by the earth upon the same body, placed at a like distance, in the proportion of three hundred and sixty thousand to one. But as we know that these attractions are in fact produced by the respective masses or quantities of matter composing the sun and earth, it follows that the mass of the sun, or what is the same, its weight, is three hundred and sixty thousand times greater than the mass or weight of the earth; so we must conclude that the sun is three hundred and sixty thousand times heavier than our globe. Or in other words it would be necessary to agglomerate into one, three hundred and sixty thousand globes like our earth to form a body as heavy as the sun.

By this, ladies and gentlemen, we can easily conceive an idea of the strength of that giant that whirls about

his flaming throne the globes that swing on high, and also of the powerful attraction he necessarily exerts on bodies at the surface of his domain. If a pound of lead were transported to the sun's surface, it could not be raised by an effort short of what would here be necessary to lift thirty pounds. So, also, if a man could be placed on the sun, it would be impossible for him to stand; he would be like a man having the weight of twenty-nine men bearing upon him—he would, if so I may speak, be really flattened out by his own weight. You will all, ladies and gentlemen, quickly acknowledge that giant size and giant strength are but brutish qualities, if they are not directed by a true beneficence—a true charity toward the rest of creatures. The sun not only guides the worlds which round him hang like heavenly lamps, but he has a far greater—far nobler duty to perform. The Creator, in all His love and wisdom, has delegated the sun to shed his golden rays in all their genial warmth and brightness, and thereby to be the immediate source of all our comforts, and we may say the very possibility of our existence on earth; for would that golden orb once refuse to lend his rays of life, destruction would dwell triumphant, and ere three days would have passed away, all animal and vegetable life would be no more. In forty-eight hours after the sun's extinction, deluges of rain and avalanches of snow would fall upon us; a most intense universal frost would set in, of a temperature between two and three hundred degrees below zero—a degree of cold really terrible, and more than

sufficient to destroy all vestige of life.

We may imagine our earth to be very large, and that it must require a great deal of heat and light to warm and illuminate its whole surface; yet, great as it may seem, it is but a trifling surface for the sun to shed its light upon. Our earth occupies only one seventy-five thousandth part of the space of the circumference described by it around the sun; so that seventy-five thousand of our globes, placed side by side, would all be equally well warmed and illuminated by the sun, and yet this is in only one part of the whole sphere of diffusion around the sun. Moreover, it has been ascertained that our earth takes for its share only one two-thousand-millionth part of the whole supply of heat and light given off by the sun. The earth we know is a globe, which, taken on an average, is constantly drawing to itself as much heat and light as would a flat circular body of eight thousand miles in diameter placed perpendicularly to the rays of the sun. This flat circular body has an area of fifty millions square miles; so that at each and every moment, on the whole earth, there falls fifty million times as much heat as on a square mile of the hottest desert, under the equator at noon day. Now, it has been determined that such a heat at such a place would melt fifty-eight millions three hundred and sixty thousand pounds, or, in round numbers, about twenty-six thousand tons of ice per hour, and this only on one square mile; so that to give the effect produced on a diametral section of our globe, that vast mass has to be increased fifty million fold. This, ladies and gen-

tlemen, may somewhat startle us—it may lead us on the wings of thought far above the glorious sun—we may be wafted to heaven, and there, in thought, gaze and meditate upon the grandeur, the power, of that God who rules the universe.

To stand 'neath the burning rays of sun at the equator, perhaps would make us faint; sunstroke might be our lot; our bodies might yield to the great heat and die. Yet, what is this heat when compared to the degree of warmth at the surface of the sun? It is as nothing; for it has been found that the heat at the sun's surface is at least seventy thousand times greater than the equatorial heat; and it is now held as certain in science, that everything in the sun is at a temperature of no less than five millions degrees centigrade. We are all conscious that we cannot hold our bare hand in boiling water, even for one short minute. But boiling water has a temperature of only one hundred degrees centigrade, what then must be the terrible heat at the surface of the sun? What then must be the amount of life-giving force stored up in his blazing furnaces? The light of the sun is by no means inferior to his warmth. Many pride themselves on the strength and endurance of their eyes, but where is he that can gaze unflinching on the direct light of the sun? Where is he that can gaze steadily on his beauties, and not have his sight overpowered by his splendor?

The lime light and the electric light are truly dazzling; the strongest eyes weaken before their brilliancy. Indeed, the sun's light is such, that the

most intense artificial lights that can be produced are as nothing when compared with it; and bright and dazzling as are the lime and electric lights, if either of them be held between the eyes and the sun, and so enfeebled as to allow their being looked at together, it will appear as a black spot on the surface of the most brilliant sun. Moreover, by means of careful photometric experiments, science has revealed to the world the fact, that the brightness and intrinsic splendor of the Drummond light are only one hundred and forty-sixth part of that of an equivalent surface of the sun; so that a Drummond light as large as the sun would send forth only one hundred and forty-sixth part of the amount of light given off by the sun; or, it would take one hundred and forty-six Drummond lights of the size of the sun to radiate as much light as the solar orb.

This light of the sun is quite as necessary as its heat to the preservation of the animal and vegetable worlds; for experiments have proved that animals in total darkness rapidly lose their health and strength, pine away, and die a slow and miserable death. Plants soon become destitute of their different colors, turn white or a deathly pale yellow; their fragrance no more refreshes us; they refuse to bring forth their beautiful flowers—they wither, and ere long pass away. It was formerly believed that the rising and setting of the sun were due to a real movement on the part of that luminary crossing with gigantic speed the heavenly dome. Science, however, has discovered that such a movement is only an apparent

one, due in reality to the daily revolution of our earth about its axis. The sun, however, has been proved of late to have a two-fold movement. By the observations of the spots that can be discovered with the aid of the telescope on the sun's surface, it became known that the lord of our planetary system rotates on his axis, but with majestic gravity, for it takes him nearly twenty-five days seven hours and eight minutes to complete a single revolution. By this we can see that the sun is rather slow in rolling himself around—rather sluggish in turning on his axis. The sun, however, has another movement through the spaces, called "Movement of Translation."

As far as we have gone, we have only considered the sun as the centre of our planetary system, and as such we may regard him as almost immovable. There is another duty which he has to perform; he must not sit calmly on the throne of his greatness; no, he must be up and active as a part of a community whose members are like himself. The sun is not only a sun, but he is also a star, and one not so great as might be supposed, for he is very diminutive, when compared for instance to the star Sirius, which is large enough to form three or four hundred such bodies as the sun.

Among the starry diamonds that stud the heavens, the sun swiftly sweeps along with the whole of our system, in a path which is just beginning to be known, the direction of which, however, is known almost exactly; and it has been discovered that it approaches the star "Lambda,"

of the constellation of the "Hercules." Science has gone further still; she has even calculated the rate of the sun's movement, which has been found to be no less than four or five hundred thousand miles per day. Think of the terrible distance the sun has passed over from the time of Hyparcus, he who first formed an almanac of the stars, two thousand years ago to the present time. Yet, although the sun has traveled for two thousand years at the rate of four or five hundred thousand miles per day, still he has passed over a space comprising only one sixtieth of the distance to the nearest star.

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, we have gazed and dwelt upon the grandeur of the sun; we have con-

plated the terrific distance between us and the king of light; we have taken him from his fiery throne, and with the measure of science have measured his immensity; we have weighed him in the balance; we have almost transported ourselves to his blazing home, and there grasped the heat and light darting from his golden form; we have followed him across the heavenly plains. What must be the grandeur, the power, the love, the infinity of Him whose word called this magnificent orb from the abyss of nothingness? Power is His; in His hand rests the fate of this grand whole, and if that protecting hand be once withdrawn, behold complete annihilation rules!

MARSHAL MURAT.

THERE is a certain class of men who have an innate love of glory from their youth, and who live more in their imagination of the by-gone days of knighthood, than amid the practical scenes which surround them. Longing eagerly for the field where great deeds are to be accomplished, they cannot be forced into the severe physical and mental labor that is necessary for the achievement of anything great in peaceful times. To such men ordinary life is distasteful, because destitute of the brilliant

exploits which their imagination pictures. In peace they dream away the greater part of their time; while the other part is made up of nothing but blunders, and alternate good and bad impulses. But in agitated times they become marked characters; for the doubts and mutually opposing reasons which cause the minds of others to hesitate, have no influence over them.

At the head of this class, as a warrior, may be placed Marshal Murat, the brilliant King of Naples. In the

midst of the French Revolution, when madness filled the breasts of the Parisian populace; when reason had fallen from her throne; when the cry of blood was echoed and reëchoed through the streets of the French capital by Danton and his blood-thirsty accomplices, 'twas then and there that Joachim Murat, side by side with the young Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, commenced his brilliant career. With the words "honor and the ladies" engraved upon the blade of his sword, he passed through many a bloody battle field, and faced death in a thousand different ways, until at length, he stood on the topmost pinnacle of his fame, and became King of Naples.

The three distinguishing characteristics of Murat were high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and almost unparalleled coolness in the hour of peril. Add to this, that nature herself seemed to have lavished her choicest gifts upon the mere physical man. His form was tall and manly, his tread like that of a king, and the cold piercing glance of his fiery blue eye, such as few men could bear. His enemies have always condemned his gay and imposing style of dress, as though it were an evidence of folly. But it was in perfect keeping with the character of the man. Those who beheld him only at a review, or riding along in front of his soldiers, on his brightly caparisoned charger, dressed in his usual gorgeous costume, might feel like smiling; but if once they saw that gayly decked animal bearing his rider through the thickest of a fight, trampling upon the bodies of the dead and dying, and charging

right up to the cannon's mouth amid the awful rain of shot and shell that swept around him; or if they watched the progress of the towering white plume as it floated high o'er the thousands and tens of thousands who struggled beneath it—a constant mark to the bullets that whistled around—they would never think of smiling at him again. And when they saw that rich uniform of his riddled with bullets, and singed and blackened with powder, and the strong war-horse which carried him, covered with blood and foam, and reeking with sweat, they might almost be inclined to take him for the god of war rather than for a mortal man.

That white plume of Murat's was always as good as a banner to the host he led. As long as it could be seen floating above the field of battle, whether half hidden by the smoke of the artillery, or shining amid the hostile sabres, whose strokes fell like lightning on every side, hope never for an instant departed from Napoleon's breast. Whenever they told him that Murat was still advancing, however adverse for the moment the battle seemed, he always felt confident of success.

The enemies of Murat have gone so far as to say, that there rested not within his breast one spark of virtue or religion. But at the battle of Mount Tabor, hemmed in as he was by a large body of Turkish cavalry, so that, look where he would, nothing met his eye but a mass of turbaned heads and flashing scimitars; when his solitary white plume was seen waving, like a rent banner, over that blood-thirsty throng; when his strong

war-horse reared and plunged amid the sabre strokes and the awful bursts of artillery; aye, even in the hottest of that terrible fight (as he afterwards said), he thought of Christ and His Transfiguration on that same spot, nearly two thousand years before. What a flood of light that single fact throws on the character of that daring man! And what visions of glory does it show us, arising before him, amid the roar and shock of battle!

It is at the battle of Eylau that Murat as a soldier, and more especially as a cavalry leader, appears in his most terrible aspect. On the morning of the seventh of February, 1807, seventy-five thousand men on one side, and eighty-five thousand on the other, arose from that frozen field to battle for a continent. Through the thick snow storm that fell that morning, the enemy charged upon the lines of Napoleon, and not until the storm cleared away, did he see the critical position in which his army was placed. Nothing could now save him but Murat and his cavalry; and upon these he called. Emperor and empire trembled in the balance, while "the handsome swordsman" prepared to lead his squadrons to their rescue. How confident was the smile that passed over the countenance of Napoleon as he saw those brave men, with their invincible chief at their head, press on to battle! The earth groaned and trembled as they passed; the rattling of their armor, and the muffled thunder of their tread, drowned all the roar of battle, as in firm set array, they bore down with their terrible front upon the foe.

The shock and crash of the opposing ranks as they met in battle, was like the sudden fall of some pent-up torrent from a mountain top. Then came the awful hand-to-hand fight, in the front of which Murat raged like a bloodhound let loose, amid the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry, and the lightning flash of the sabre strokes that were falling about his head—the lofty white plume of his never once down, while ever and anon, it was seen glancing through the smoke—the star of hope to Napoleon, as showing that the strong arm of his great cavalry leader was still uplifted, and striking for victory! In that terrible charge the enemy received a check which sufficed, of itself, to save the day. Such was the battle of Eylau; fought in the midst of a snow-storm, and in which the cavalry charge of Murat was like the descent of an avalanche. In this battle fifty-two thousand men fell within the short space of six miles. Six thousand horses were scattered amid the dead and dying, some stiff and cold in death, others rendering the awful scene still more horrible by their shrill cries of pain, which mixed from time to time with the shrieks of the dying soldiers. Every form of wound, every modification of woe were there. No modern war had hitherto exhibited such carnage, and where Murat's cavalry had charged, there the slain lay thickest.

Between Napoleon and his chivalric brother-in-law, there existed the strongest friendship. Murat loved him with extreme devotion, submitted to his sharp rebukes, bore with his frequent irascibility, and even, at

times, dissipated it by his good humor. But once, Napoleon irritated him beyond endurance. Murat foreseeing the result of a march to Moscow, told him of the many dangers that would threaten the army; the lateness of the season, and the inevitable ruin in which the winter, then so close at hand, would involve them. The Emperor, more passionate than usual, because he knew that Murat was in the right, gave him a short insulting answer, which stung him to the quick, so that he simply replied, "A march to Moscow will be the destruction of the army;" and spurred his horse straight into the fire of the enemy's batteries. He had been wronged; and he was determined to wipe out the disgrace with his death. Having ordered all his guard to leave him, he dismounted from his steed, turned his breast full upon the deadly fire, and calmly waited for the ball that was to strike him dead. Never was there a finer object for the painter or the sculptor, than he exhibited whilst in that attitude. There stood the highly mettled and richly caparisoned charger, with arched neck and dilated eye, giving ever and anon, a slight quiver, as each burst of artillery plowed the ground at his feet; while beside him stood Murat, dressed in his finest attire—his tall white plume waving to and fro—his ample breast turned full upon the enemy, and his proud lip curled in defiance, the personification of calm courage and heroic daring! At length, turning round, and seeing one of his generals standing beside him, he asked for what he was there. The reply was, "As every man is

master of his own life, and as your majesty seems determined to dispose of your own, I must be allowed to fall beside you." The faithfulness and love of the noble heart moved Murat; and he turned and galloped out of the fire. The fidelity of a single man could move him, when no power of the enemy could do so.

Napoleon trifled too much with his affections, seeming to expect more from him than from any other of his marshals. Once, when Murat had gone to Paris to offer his congratulations on the birth of the Duke of Parma, the Emperor suddenly told him that he must resign his throne. He was allowed till the next morning to give his answer. But no sooner had he left the imperial presence, than he mounted his horse, and rode night and day till he reached Naples, which he immediately put in a state of defence. Being summoned by a messenger from Paris, to come and give up his crown, he replied, "Go, tell your master to come and take it; and he will then find how well sixty thousand men can defend it." But Napoleon knew better than to go thus to open war with one of his bravest generals; and, rather than undertake such a war, allowed him to remain undisturbed.

Afterwards, when Napoleon was battling for his empire on the plains of Germany, Murat was there to help him. It was by that help, indeed, that the battle of Dresden was gained, and that Blucher was driven over the Elbe.

At a later period, when the allied powers were about to decide whether they should allow Murat to retain his

throne, Europe was thrown into sudden consternation by the announcement that Bonaparte was again on the shores of France. Murat immediately declared for him, and attempted to rouse Italy in his behalf. The Neapolitan army, however, deserted their French king, and he was obliged to fly for his life. In disguise he reached Corsica, where he was received with the loudest acclamations of joy. Once more he resolved to return to Naples, and do battle for his crown. Being, however, again deserted by his followers, he was taken prisoner, tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot. When the dreadful sentence was read to him, he showed no signs of agitation, but immediately sat down and wrote an affectionate farewell to his wife. Having finished and sealed his letter, he arose and walked out to the place of execution. His tall form was drawn to its loftiest height, and the piercing blue eye which had flashed so brightly over a hundred battle fields, now rested calmly on the soldiers who were to be his murderers. When all was ready, he kissed a cornelian which he held in his hand, and on which was engraved the head of his wife, and then, fixing his eyes steadily upon it, he made that speech, so characteristic of the "beau sabreur" of happier days: "Save my face; aim at my heart." A volley of musketry answered, and Murat was no more.

As a cavalry leader, he has been rarely equaled. His men were the terror of Europe; taught to believe themselves invincible, and never employed till a crisis came, it was not

their duty to struggle, but to conquer. The eye of Napoleon always brightened as he saw that magnificent body begin to move; and he would watch the progress of the single white plume with the intensest interest. Where it went, he knew, were broken ranks and trampled foes; and while it continued in motion, he knew that defeat was impossible. Murat had, indeed, acquired the reputation of being invincible; and when he ordered a charge, both friend and foe knew that it was to be the most desperate that human power could make. And then, the very sight of twenty thousand horsemen coming down at a dead gallop, led by such a man, was enough to send terror through the ranks of any infantry.

The self-composure of Murat was wonderful, especially when we remember what a creature of impulse he was. In the most appalling dangers, under an artillery fire the most terrific, alone, erect, amid his dead and dying followers, with bullets whistling around him, and piercing, from time to time, his gay uniform, he would sit upon his steed, and watch every discharge with the coolness of an iron statue. A lofty feeling in the midst of danger, bore him above all fear; and through the smoke of battle that wreathed about him in clouds, and amid the roar of five hundred cannon, he would detect at a glance the weakest point of the enemy's line, and rush down upon it like a thunderbolt.

Both as a man and as a king, Murat failed sometimes. It often happened that he yielded his more deliberate judgment to the impulse

of the moment; and hence, he was both generous to a fault, and kind and indulgent towards his people. But his want of education in early life, combined with this impulsive disposition, rendered him unfit for statesmanship; which is, perhaps, the less to be regretted, because, had his impulses been less strong, he would not have been—what Napoleon truly called him—“the best cavalry officer in Europe.” It is mainly, indeed, to that impulsive readiness of his to expose his life for others, and to sacrifice everything he had, in order to render those around him happy, which makes us love his character as we do. No one, surely, who pretends to any degree of impartiality, can fail to regard his ignominious death as a disgrace of the deepest kind to the monarch by whom it was permitted.

If there be any now-a-days, who, like that narrow-minded king, are incapable of appreciating the nobleness of Murat's nature, and regard him still as “a scourge of his race,” let them but ask unhappy Poland what she thinks of him—that Poland which still vividly remembers her former struggles for life and liberty, against the countless thousands of Cossacks who covered her soil. Let them ask

her what happened when, in the darkest hour of her long sorrow, the hug of the Northern Bear of despotism compressed her throat well nigh to suffocation, and when his ruthless claws were tearing out her very vitals, did not the strong arm of Murat then strike bravely for her liberty; and strike again, too, and again, until his very exhaustion made it drop the bloody sword?

From all, then, who love and sympathize with Poland (and their name is legion), we claim, as a matter of right, the tribute of respect and admiration for the gallant soldier who so nobly helped her in the time of her need. But do we claim it from them only? Nay, surely not. Wherever there lives a brave man who can appreciate daring, or a generous one who can admire the grandeur of another's generous nature, or a tender-hearted woman who can love those who render to her sex that chivalrous devotion which the noble-minded know to be its due; there—and among all who sympathize with them, throughout the world—shall we find admirers enough, and to spare, of the “handsome swordsman” and chivalric commander, Joachim Murat.

DISTRESS AND JOY.

THE scene of my story is in the Austrian capital. The sun is just rising over the horizon, gilding the housetops with its cheering rays, and dispelling the mist that hung like a pall over the sleeping city. "The cocks' shrill clarion" breaks the stillness of the morn, calling upon the inhabitants to arise from their slumbers and commence their daily toil.

In one of the many parks of the capital, the emperor, Joseph II., was taking—alone and incognito—his accustomed walk, disguised in the plain garb of a citizen. His step was slow and dignified; his head inclined slightly forward, and his eyes cast down. It was evident that, regardless of the beauties of nature and art which surrounded him, he was busy with his own thoughts. His reveries were interrupted by the mournful voice of a youth. "Oh! Sir, won't you give me some assistance?" The Emperor, turning, saw beside him a small lad, apparently but twelve years of age, whose youthful countenance bore the marks of care and sorrow. He was clothed in a scanty attire, shivering with cold, while the tears were chasing one another down his cheeks.

"What brings you out on this cold morning?" inquired the Emperor.

"My mother is sick," answered the lad, "and we are poor, and destitute of the most necessary comforts of life. For two days we have not felt the warmth of a fire under our roof."

"And where is your father?" asked Joseph.

"In the grave," replied the child, sorrowfully. "He died upon the battle-field, fighting bravely for his country. My mother received a pension from the Government, but for some reason which I know not, she has not received a florin for several months. If our gracious sovereign knew how heartless and cruel are some of his officers, and how they retain the pensions of the poor for themselves, I feel certain that we would not be in our present state of want. I came out this morning in search of a kind benefactor who would have pity on us, and give me a small sum to relieve my sick mother. For myself, I would rather starve than beg, but I cannot see my mother suffering without trying to assist her, even by becoming a beggar. Oh! sir, did you ever have a sick mother in distress and want? Ah! no. Rich people do not know our lot!"

"What caused your mother's sickness?" asked the Emperor.

"When she saw that the pension failed to be paid, she strove to gain a livelihood by sewing. But constant labor (having often to sit up far into the night) greatly impaired her health, though she never enjoyed good health after she received the news of my father's death. She is getting worse and worse every day, and I cannot summon medical aid, having no money."

"Your mother shall be attended to, my lad," said the Emperor. "Here is a small purse to relieve your present wants. And now tell me where you live?"

The boy received the purse with emotions too great for utterance; but the expression of his face spoke more eloquently than words the gratitude which he felt. Tears started from his eyes, and slowly trickled down his cheeks; but they were tears of joy, not of sorrow; joy at the thought of the relief he could procure for his mother.

At last he found words to murmur his thanks, and a blessing on his kind benefactor, and, after telling him where he lived, he set off, with a light heart, towards home, to cheer his mother with his good fortune.

In a neat little room in a cottage on the outskirts of the city sat a woman in an easy chair, while her son was busy placing the scanty furniture in order. Her face, pale and careworn, betokened the great sorrow that had blasted her bright hopes.

"Frank," said she, as she kissed the cheeks of her loving child. "Who gave you this money?"

"I do not know, mother. I met a gentleman in the park early this morning. Benevolence beamed on his countenance. Confident that he would listen to me, I addressed him, telling him my tale of sorrow. It moved his heart to pity, and"—

Here he was interrupted by a sound of carriages and horses stopping before the door. Running to the window, he saw, with surprise, the Emperor's carriage, followed by a retinue of mount-

ed guards. Frank, with cheeks flushed and throbbing heart, ran back to his mother, and exclaimed, "The Emperor!" In a few moments the door of the little room was thrown open, and the Emperor entered, his attendants remaining outside. For a moment he remained speechless, gazing upon the pale face of the astonished mother, and on the trembling form of her son, who was hiding his face in his mother's bosom.

"Well, my lad, do you not know me?" at length inquired the Emperor.

Frank looked up with surprise, and saw that it was indeed the kind benefactor who had befriended him in the morning.

"Oh, sir!" said Frank, falling upon his knees before his sovereign. "I beg your majesty's pardon for my rudeness this morning; but I did not know to whom I was speaking. Do not be angry at me and my mother."

Joseph, raising up the lad, said, "Fear not my displeasure at your conduct. It was noble, and I love you for it. May there be many such as you in my empire."

"Madam," said he, addressing the mother, "you should be proud of such a son."

Then, seating himself by her side, he inquired into the history of her husband. Accordingly she related how her husband had enlisted as a private, how he was successively promoted from the ranks till he reached the captaincy, and how he fell while leading his company to victory, animating them by his many examples of bravery.

"But for your majesty's timely aid this morning," she continued, "I do not know where we would have procured

food for to-day. We had not a morsel of bread in the house, nor a florin with which to buy some. Receive, then, my most sincere thanks for your assistance."

"No thanks are necessary, madam," replied the Emperor. "I only performed the duty which I owe to my people. In conclusion, I have a favor to ask of you. Give me the charge of your son, that I may educate him at my own expense, as a reward for his noble conduct. As for yourself, you shall be no longer in need."

The widow bowed her head upon her hands, remaining silent, while the

tears trickled through her fingers. In a few moments she raised her head, saying :

"May God bless you for your kindness, and keep my son in the path of virtue, ever the joy of his mother and the pride of his benefactor."

Years rolled on, and the boy was appointed to an office of the government. He lived the life his mother wished him to live, and proved to be the pride of his country, and a blessing to his mother in her old age. Nor did the Emperor ever repent of having rewarded filial affection.

A RIDE FOR LIFE ON THE PLAINS OF TEXAS.

THE little incident which I am going to relate happened far down in the southwestern wilds of North America—far down on what was then the very outskirts of civilization, and what many termed the "jumping-off place;" for, they argued, that when a man reached that destitute point of creation, life thenceforth became to him a burden, and he was perfectly willing, without one "fond regret," to "shuffle off this mortal coil," on a single moment's notice. This, they say, is the reason why there have been so many reckless characters in that far-famed land. But those days are passed, and from

a trackless wilderness, it has bloomed into one of the most lovely States of which our proud Union can boast.

For several years before Texas declared her independence, people had flocked to her fertile plains from every State in the Union. Every city, every town, and every village was there represented; each had some wandering, restless son, who had "silently folded his tent," and started for the land of the Spaniard; there either to make a fortune, or to better his name—far the greater portion had this latter motive in view. These, like the invading hosts of Prussians, penetrated into that eternally-stretch-

ing prairie; disturbing the solitary haunts of the deer and the wild horse, by the noise of shouting teamsters, as they slowly urged onward their weary and foot-sore animals, or by the crack of some unerring rifle, whose sound for the first time broke the solitude of those desert plains.

The hardy Missourian, with his sallow complexion and clay-colored hair; the thriving Yankee, with his lank form, his calculating eye, and New England twang; the Kentuckian, the pioneer of America; and the proud Virginian, all rushed to Texas. Each had a different motive in seeking to establish a home in that buffalo-pasture of the southwest.

The Missourian and Kentuckian, those descendants and imitators of the immortal Boone, sought that country for the simple reason that in their old homes the light of civilization was beginning to shine too brightly. They could not endure those illuminating rays, and were thus forced to seek a more genial clime—a clime where they could wallow in idleness, and live on “hominny and hog.”

The Virginian left his native halls probably on account of his extreme popularity. His chivalric deeds had made him a little too notorious, and so, for the sake of tranquility and peace, he was forced to start life anew in some country where his fame had not yet reached. The Yankee left his parental roof, under which he had “milked the cows and done the chores” for the first thirty years of his life, and went to Texas simply because others went. He was afraid they would reap benefits, in which he

would have no share. It also being a new country, he there might have a better chance to speculate or trade; and, if everything should fail—if fortune would not smile upon him—he could follow the Yankee’s last resort—be a public instructor; “teach the young idea how to shoot.” He knew arithmetic and writing “tolerable;” for him there was no such thing as fail. So the universal cry, from Maine to Florida was, “Ho! for Texas.”

Such a number of men born and raised beneath the “star spangled banner” in the land of the free and the home of the American eagle, naturally wished to continue under the same form of government. The manner in which the *Hidalgos* ruled, did not exactly suit their taste; so as soon as they found themselves firmly settled on the Spaniards’ land, they resolved to throw aside their “bull-fighting” rulers, and form a republic of their own. The incident which I am about to relate happened at this time.

The Texans were in arms, resolved to fight for their independence, and the Mexicans were equally prepared to suppress what they called the foolish rebellion of their American subjects. Both parties were rife with a most bitter hatred. An American’s life was not worth a Confederate greenback did he chance to fall into the clutches of a party of enraged Mexicans; and the followers of Cortez shared a fate but little better, did a Texan sight him with his rifle, or get within reach of him with the bowie.

The scene opens at an hour before sunrise. I shall not attempt in flow-

ery rhetoric to describe the beauty of the scenery, but shall simply say that the first gray streaks of dawn were just beginning to light up the prairie that stretched for miles and miles away, until its distant outline was blended in the dim morning light.

At first glance, this ocean-like expanse seemed perfectly deserted. No living being appeared to break its solitary aspect. But, as the light increased, you could see small droves of nimble-footed antelopes, that filed across the plains in search of their daily food; or a herd or two of deer, nibbling at the dewy grass, stamping the ground in their impatient manner, whilst the spotted fawns skipped and played around their more sedate parents. At some distance from these, was a man who had just risen from the ground, where he had passed the night, with his saddle for a pillow, and the starry canopy of heaven for his only covering. Near him grazed his horse, busily engaged in clipping the abundant and luxurious grass, as if determined to prepare himself for a day's hard ride.

The man was tall and powerful, whilst his neat and compact frame showed every sign of great strength and agility. He was dressed in the Spanish costume, which but added grace to a figure already lavishly endowed by nature. His complexion had been fair, but was now bronzed by long exposure to a southern sun. His black and piercing eyes, shaded by a large "*sombrero*," sparkled with an intelligence not often seen, and their merry twinkle, showed that he could play the lamb when at rest, and the lion when angry.

He stood for a few moments looking intently across the prairie, as if in an instant to scan every foot of ground between him and the Rio Grande, that neither friend nor foe might escape his sight.

"By George," he exclaimed, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, "It is a wonder that some of those 'Dons' are not somewhere in this neighborhood by this time; I heard yesterday that they intended making this place a rendezvous for a few days, in order to plan an attack on our lines; however, I shall not go back to report yet a while, but will see whether I can gain anything more definite."

As he muttered these words, he gave a sharp whistle, and his horse stopped eating. He called him by name, and the noble animal came walking rapidly toward him, nipping at any select bunch of grass that chanced in his path.

"Hidalgo, old fellow," said our hero, as he placed the bit in the horse's mouth, "we must not let ourselves be surprised by a party of those dastardly Mexicans; for, if they but get sight of us, they will be down upon us like a pack of hungry wolves, and you will be obliged to show them your heels in your most lively manner," which fact to judge from appearances, the animal was fully capable of doing; for "he looked as though the speed of thought were in his limbs." His wide-developed chest, his light but well-built form, and well-muscled limbs, all told of speed and endurance.

We have seen from the foregoing exclamation in what light our hero regarded the Mexicans; and that he

did not at that moment particularly desire their acquaintance, but would rather defer the introduction to some more favorable time. He was an American, and one fighting for Texan independence—battling for the “rights of man;” women’s rights were not so much the fashion as they are at present; had it been so, there is no doubt but that he would have flung away the sword, and espoused the cause of that poor, trampled-on, oppressed and much-abused portion of the human family—at least long enough to raise a regiment of Amazons, that he might fling the gauntlet down at the very gate of the city of Mexico itself, and in one campaign proclaim Texas an independent nation.

Our hero belonged to the famous company known as the “Texan Rangers.” Those brave and daring fellows, whose many acts of gallantry and their famous uniform, a “straw hat and a pair of spurs,” will be remembered forever on the sunburnt, buffalo-trodden plains of Texas.

In a few moments he was riding slowly along the edge of the thick chapparal, casting rather suspicious glances into that dark cover, where a regiment of horse could well be concealed, and thinking how fast he would “make tracks” for the fort, could he but discover anything of the kind. Our Texan was a brave man, there is not the least doubt of it, but who would not feel a little nervous under the circumstances?

He had not gone more than half a mile, when his horse suddenly began to show signs of fear—the animal pricked up its ears, snorted in that

manner peculiar to the mustang, and seemed inclined to stop.

The rider gently urged him forward. I will not say what his imagination pictured, but I will add that this warning, though it was slight, was not totally disregarded.

The ranger was not altogether unarmed, but was prepared to fight—if forced to do so; for in his belt could be seen the glitter of a pair of silver-mounted pistols, while in his holster were a couple of revolvers of the largest size, and three or four bowie knives, the Texan’s childhood companion, were no doubt secreted on some part of his person; so, if he resolved upon it, he could sell his life dearly.

By this time the Texan had just turned a corner of the chapparal, where, to his surprise, he saw before him two Mexicans, seated on the grass, smoking their cigarettes. They saw him at the same time, and sprang to their feet, pistol in hand. Each party knew at a glance that they were enemies, and that desperate work would be the consequence. When the Texan saw that there was no chance to test the fleetness of his steed, but that he was compelled to fight his way out, though there were two to one, like a true son of the chivalric south, he did not shrink from the task. They fired nearly at the same instant, one of the Mexicans dropping dead, with a bullet through his heart. The struggle was short, but desperate, and terminated in favor of the Texan, as the remaining Mexican was stretched, groaning, upon the ground with a broken shoulder.

The ranger providentially escaped

unhurt, though he issued minus a lock of hair, so close had a bullet come to his curly cranium, and he was just congratulating himself upon his fortunate escape, when he heard a rushing noise in the air above his head, which he knew could come from no other cause than a "lasso" thrown by a skillful hand, but before he had time to guard off the coil, it was around his waist, and the next moment he was lying on the ground where, a short time before, he had stood, "monarch of all he surveyed."

The Texan knew full well into whose hands he had fallen, and that his chance for life was a desperate one. The two Mexicans whom he first saw were only sentinels to the main body, some forty or fifty in number; who were but a short distance off, eating their breakfast, preparatory to making an excursion in the direction of the American lines. It was one of this number, who, on hearing the first pistol shot, had galloped to the scene, and, with his ever-ready lasso, had placed the victorious enemy *hors de combat* before he could make further resistance.

In a few moments the whole band was standing around our now prostrate hero, and, to judge from their threatening gestures and scowling glances, no pleasant fate awaited him. He probably might have fared better had his shots been less lucky, but surely now he would forfeit his life on account of his certain shooting.

After they had, in a manner, satiated themselves with looking at their captive, he was securely bound, and taken to the place where they had their camp. Though the ranger was

overpowered, he was not subdued or intimidated by the many imprecations they heaped upon him. Though his blood boiled at the insults, he saw the impossibility of resenting it, or of effecting an escape at present, and so concluded not to waste his strength in fruitless efforts, but to wait patiently for some more favorable opportunity.

The captain of the party was a dark-skinned, heavy-bearded, thick-set individual, who looked as though he would just as soon cut a person's throat as not. He had none of the noble bearing which usually characterizes a Spaniard of the higher class, but there was a repulsive look about him which inspired a natural dislike at first sight.

He approached the now helpless Texan, and with a smile of fiendish triumph, said to him:

"So, American, you are one of the fanatics who are fighting for what you call your rights!"

"I am trying," proudly replied the Texan, "to rid my country of a set of rascals, of which you, I see, are a fair specimen."

"Beware of what you say," fiercely answered the Mexican, "or by Heaven, I will shoot you as I would a thieving coyote; you Americans are overfond of talking of your strength, your power and superiority over every other nation, but you will find out some day that you are not so powerful as you think."

"Now is the time to show your power: carry out your threat, if you dare. I know that the mortal dread you have of the "boasters" overcomes you. You could not boldly and openly kill a man; treachery would first

have to nerve your arm ; so I may yet live to serve my country."

"Cease your foolish talk, you disgust me. You know very well that it is not for your country, or your liberty, as you call it, that you are fighting, but for our land. Had you plenty of land and plenty of money, you would care very little for the form of government. But, if you wish to serve your country so much, you shall have the pleasure of doing so ; you shall serve as an example to the rest of your land-grabbing tribe, for I intend letting you swing from the first tree."

"Here, Ramon," he said, addressing a man near by, "take this fellow to where the horses are tied, and, mind, you keep a sharp eye on him ; these Americans can outcheat the devil himself. Come on, comrades, let us finish breakfast, and then we'll settle our friend's business."

So our Texan soon found himself, much to his relief, with only one sentinel. He well knew that his moments in this life were short, unless some unforeseen accident turned the balance of power in his favor. O, that a dozen of his dashing comrades could only drop down upon them ! But, no, this was a vain hope, they were too far away. And must he die thus, far away from home and friends, without one single sympathetic soul near, to console him in his last moments ? No ! he must make some effort, some struggle. Life was too sweet to be given up without one trial. What if he were killed in the attempt ; it would not be a worse death than the one to which he knew he was doomed.

Such thoughts as these passed through his mind, as he sat upon the

grass a few feet from his guard, who, at that moment, seeing one of the horses break loose, ran to catch it, thinking that his prisoner would be safe enough until his return. Now was his chance for life ! now was the time, if he was ever to be free. If he could but free his hands and get his knife, which, fortunately, they had not taken from him, he could soon cut the thongs which bound his feet, gain the horses, mount one, and fly for life. All this flitted before him in an instant, and he struggled with all his strength to break his bonds. The blood rushed to his face, and seemed as though it would burst through the veins ; every sinew was concentrated in that one effort for freedom, but all to no use, he was still as securely bound as before, and his only reward was to feel the blood dripping down from his lacerated wrists.

The Mexican had caught the horse by this time, though he was nearly a hundred yards distant from the prisoner.

"One more trial," exclaimed the prisoner, as he saw his chance slipping from him, when to his inexpressible joy he found that the previous strain had so loosened the cords that he could now nearly slip his hands out. He tried again, with renewed hope, succeeded, and, in an instant, with knife in hand, he had cut himself free. But now that he was in reality free, all the dangers of escape flashed before him ; but there was no time for thought, he had to act and act speedily, or his chance for life was gone. So he sprang to his feet. The Mexican saw him and fired, but was at too great a distance to do any damage. The

Texan mounted the first horse he could find, a large iron-gray, and plying the whip with all his might, he fled like the wind.

The report of the Mexican's pistol brought the whole party to their feet. They fired at the retreating Texan in the hope of wounding either him or his horse, but he only waved his hat in defiance, and kept swiftly on.

The Mexicans were determined not to lose their man so easily as all this, and in less time than it takes to relate it, they had mounted and were in hot pursuit of the exultant ranger.

Now began the race for life. Before him stretched for five or six miles a level and unbroken prairie, behind him, fifty men resolved to take his life. From the first bound the "gray" made, the rider knew that he had a horse of great speed, and he thanked Providence that he had been so fortunate. But on, on they dashed; there was no time for thought. He could plainly hear the clatter of the rushing cavalcade, as they whipped, and spurred, and shouted.

Many were now left far behind, and turned back in disgust, but the majority still kept on. But between the few who were foremost, the "gray" could not lengthen the distance, despite the encouragement he received from the Texan, who saw that his life depended on the endurance of the animal he rode.

When they had ridden thus for about four miles, he glanced over his shoulder, and to his relief, saw only five remaining. But what horseman was that on the dark bay, who was now the foremost? "By Heaven!"

he cried, "'tis my own bay 'Hidalgo,' and that cowardly captain, and he will be upon me before I can reach that large clump of trees which are fully two miles ahead; at any rate, if Hidalgo outstrips the other horses, I will give the Mexican a hard time before he takes me, though the rascal has his pistols."

All this time he was buoyed up by the thought that every step brought him nearer to the Texan line, and thus increased the chance of meeting some of his comrades. He cast an eager glance in the direction of the trees, in the hopes of seeing means of escape, but could see nothing, as the foliage shut out the view from beyond. They were within half a mile of the trees now, and he felt certain that a crisis had at last come, for, as he looked back, he saw the bay far in advance of the others, and almost within pistol range. "Curse that horse!" he mentally exclaimed. "I can never reach those trees; this one is completely blown, and that bay could keep on for an hour." At this instant he heard the report of a pistol, and saw the dust fly up close by his side. Another followed still closer. "It is of no use, I must fight it out," he said, as he reined in the exhausted gray, who seemed willing enough now to stop. His panting sides, his wide-stretched fiery nostrils and trembling form showed that his days were over.

The foremost Mexican, seeing the Texan stop and dismount, also reined up, as if not willing to encounter alone that one determined man, but would prefer to await the approach of his companions, who were some distance behind; but the uneasy glance

he cast in the direction of the wood told the Texan that he had not stopped for his comrades. In an instant the Mexican turned, and rode back as fast as he had come, at the same time motioning to the others to follow his example. The Texan was much bewildered by this unaccountable turn in affairs, but was soon placed at ease by what sounded to him like sweetest music, a distant halloo, and he knew that friends were at hand.

It was a party from his own company, who had been resting beneath the shade. The pistol shot had roused them, and in a moment they

were rushing down at a wild gallop to meet their rescued friend.

Many were the congratulations he received upon his fortunate escape ; and when they heard of the indignations that had been heaped upon their companion, they wished to have immediate revenge. But our friend persuaded them to desist for the present, as they were by no means equal in numbers to the Mexicans, besides, when they did take vengeance, he wanted to be of the party, and he could not join them to-day, as he had already had more riding than he relished.

“MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.”

AN ADDRESS, AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE HALL OF THE PHILAETHICS,
JANUARY 25TH.

*Rev. President, Invited Guests, and
Gentlemen of the Philaethic Society :*

AFTER the eloquent remarks of the gentlemen who have preceded me, I think I may say, without any risk of being charged with affectation, that my heart beats not a little quickly for the effect of my own attempt at speech-making. When one is conscious that there are many older and wiser heads than his own around him ; that his sentences, if heeded at all, are judged with too much justice to be pleasant to so deficient and so unpracticed a speaker ; and

that the very subject of his remarks might in more justice be the basis of a sermon to, than an oration by him ; when, I say, one is conscious of all this, it is not with any great degree of confidence that he can address his audience.

I hope you will not think that I desire to impress upon you the idea that I possess the quality of modesty to any commendable extent, when I say that the hopes I entertained of in any way contributing to your edification this evening have been considerably damped as I have listened to the

able productions with which mine is to be contrasted. I shall feel entirely satisfied if what I say to-night serves as a pastime for the elder portion of my hearers, and impresses the smallest fraction of the younger among them with the necessity of "Making hay while the sun shines."

When Sir Isaac Newton was asked how he made the discovery of the law of gravity, he answered, "By continually thinking about it." And so in everything else, success is gained only by activity. As "Rome was not built in a day," neither is the top of the hill of your ambition reached at a bound. Its arduous and slippery heights are surmounted only by labor, and by that constant watchfulness which takes advantage of every lull in the storm of opposing circumstances; in other words, by "making hay while the sun shines." This, I repeat, is the only way! Fortune, perhaps, may grant its favors; genius in cases of emergency may sometimes triumph; but untiring activity is the way—the only way—which leads unerringly to the summit.

As the little squirrel takes advantage of the season of plenty to lay up its stores of food for the season of want, so man should not look only to the present, as though he were driven to action by the scourge of existing necessity alone, but should provide for those future emergencies which are sure to come, by laying up stores of useful knowledge while fortune grants him an opportunity. Then, if misfortunes come upon him, he will be provided with everything necessary to struggle nobly through them.

"Make hay while the sun shines."

It is a short sentence, but it holds the talisman of power—the magic-lamp of victory. It acts the "open sesame" to the storehouses of knowledge and wealth; and it is the "Eastern star" that guides wise men along the glorious highway of success. If this is not so evident but that it requires proof, then read the lives, and examine the chosen course of those men who have left their "footprints in the sands of time," and you will find that while the sun of opportunity was shining they sowed the seeds of prosperity and reaped the harvest of success. If examples are necessary, I refer you to every man whose name is associated with greatness. History tells us, for instance, that Sesostris spent all the years of his youth in mastering the requirements of his future position as a monarch and warrior, allowing no difficulty to daunt him, no opportunity to escape him; and so he made Egypt the mightiest power of her day, with half the Asiatic world her tributary. Demosthenes spared no pains, and missed no occasion of perfecting himself in all that could add to the effect of his strong and fiery eloquence; and though two thousand years have died over his grave, the world yet sees and hears, and admires him.

Napoleon Bonaparte in youth was an enthusiastic student, in manhood an untiring laborer, and he marched through Europe, defeating armies, destroying kingdoms, dethroning princes and creating empires, until now, though half a century shuts him out from existence, the nations of Europe still tremble at the mention of his name. And should he appear (if

such a thing were possible) at the head of the French armies to-morrow, his very presence would raise the siege of Paris and scatter the invading hordes of Germany.

But, perhaps you will say that it is genius to which great men owe their triumphs! Not so! That genius is the material of which labor can make the noblest man, is true; but as surely as bricks and mortar will not arrange themselves spontaneously into a building for which they may be designed, so surely genius unassisted will never come prominently before the eyes of the world. The richest soil must have some work; the purest diamond will never flash if the rough crust which covers it be not removed.

A moderate amount of talent, combined with a disposition to make the best possible use of it, is better than the genius of a Bonaparte with laziness for an ally. Who would exchange a good and comfortable dwelling-house for the mere materials which compose a palace, when he knows that his own uselessness will forever prevent him from putting them together?

Let your own observation teach you which is the better, talent or application. Who among the students of this college get the honors at the end of each month? Or—better still—who carry off our medals and premiums, at the end of each year? Are they those to whom nature has been most lavish of brains, or are they those who possess the most application? If you have not already noticed it, let the next distribution prove to you that those come out triumphant “who make hay while the sun shines.”

Fellow-students: I have endeavored to show you that those men succeed who work most arduously for the attainment of their ends. I have pointed out to you the state of things among yourselves, in order to prove what labor will do in competition with natural parts. Let me now assure you that each and every one of you has it in his power to succeed. And, if nature has not been so kind to some of you as she has been to others, still if you make the best use of what talent you do possess, success is certain.

And if some have the gem of genius, let them not dream of a bright career if they are unwilling to bestir themselves to insure it. Let them remember that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but that a just God makes victory depend upon desert. If you have talent, then, do not let your consciousness of that fact betray you into idleness; but rather be doubly anxious to improve the advantage which fortune has given you.

Some say that nature preserves an equilibrium, by making laziness the companion of talent; others, that talented persons, knowing their superiority, become like the hare in the fable. One thing, however, is certain; the majority of persons gifted in the way of intellect are wofully careless of improving themselves. As to the question whether the former or the latter of the two reasons I have mentioned is the true one, opinions may differ; but I think it may be well maintained that there is no such thing as constitutional laziness. One man is born no lazier than another. Laziness is mere idleness grown into a habit. Such habits can, and must be

conquered. Our duty calls for their utter annihilation; and, considering everything, there is no excuse for a talented boy, who, with the advantages afforded him in Santa Clara College, does not quit these walls an honor to the institution. Here we have everything before us—the sun is shining—the soil of our minds is ready—our books, the implements of labor, are in our hands; we have the example of the successful who have preceded us to assure us; the certainty of like success to cheer us—let us to work. We must; we shall succeed!

Gentlemen of the Philalethic Literary Society: Our society, since the commencement of its existence, has been considered as numbering among its members the pick and flower of the college. More is expected from the Philalethics than from any other set of students in the institution. Shall these expectations be disappointed? No! If the society has deserved praise before, let it deserve such praise still more hereafter. This day should be the commencement of a brighter epoch in its history. This upward step should give us courage to proceed with new vigor. We have it in our power to make this association more than it has ever yet been, and I am sure we shall do it.

Let each individual member recol-

lect, that those men whose names are associated with our country's greatness, once trod the same path which he is pursuing. If he has natural disadvantages, the knowledge that they can be overcome, should give him courage. "Poeta," it has been said, "nascitur; non fit." But let him remember that *orators*, unlike poets, *are made*. No difficulties should daunt him. He should have it always before his eyes, that Burke, as a boy was weak and delicate; that Curran was at first awkward and diffident; that Demosthenes stuttered, and that all who have distinguished themselves in the field of oratory have had obstacles to encounter.

And now, gentlemen, in conclusion, may we all "make hay while the sun shines!" May we all, at the end of each year; yes, at the end of our lives, be able to look back and say: "I have spent my time well." And for the society, may it ever be the pride of the old college! May it ever count among its members the flower of our students! And, as in France at one time, it was sufficient to say of a soldier "He belonged to the army of Italy," so, in Santa Clara College, may it ever be considered as expressive of admiration, to say "He is a Philalethic!"

AN AGE OF PROGRESS.

THE present age seems, indeed, to be an age of progress. Whatever we see or meet with at once exhibits to us, in the most vivid light, the truth of this great fact. In our many new and startling discoveries in the natural sciences; in our countless inventions; and in our splendid triumphs and achievements in the domain of Nature, we palpably behold the marks and indications of an age of progress.

Progress in the present century is, in reality, rousing up everything. It breathed upon the nations of Europe, and they were made great and strong; favored America felt its quick impulses, and she became glorious and powerful; the jealous land of the Chinese heard its voice, and she immediately opened her ports to communicate with the other nations: its influence, in fine, was caught even in the far secluded islands of Oceanica, and "where Australian brooks wash down their sands of gold."

But in spite of all this, we are far from thinking, as some modern critics do, that we deserve the palm as the most advanced of all ages. Our reasons for this will appear from the following observations, which we offer in the present paper, on the progress of our "enlightened nineteenth century." That in the knowledge of the natural sciences we are far superior to any other age, is a fact which nobody can deny. In this respect we

stand alone, unrivaled in the annals of mankind.

Who has not marveled at our astronomers, who nightly point their magic glass towards the blue vault of the heavens, to wander through the unlimited abysses of immensity in search of unknown constellations; who penetrate into the deepest recesses of the "vast abrupt" to discover and explore new worlds, and unfold the laws to which they are subject; whose prophetic vision reads in the appearance and motion of the heavenly bodies, the things that must be witnessed on earth, or the decrees of God to the universe? How often have we not admired the sagacity of the chemist, who, as he makes his deep inquiries into the nature of things, finds, with admirable accuracy, the laws by which the material world is governed, the relation and affinity which exist between the minutest atoms of one element and those of another, and the numerous substances to which their combination gives rise; who sees in the crystal drop countless multitudes of beings favored, like himself, with the breath of life; finds in the neglected lime a main constituent of the body of man, and perceives through the black of a piece of charcoal the glitter of the spotless diamond?

Yet, these are but a few instances of our immense progress in the natural sciences. We can trace still more

astonishing evidences in the almost miraculous works which our knowledge of them has enabled us to perform. Without looking at the numerous railroads, steamboats, and ships, which we have built, and which so majestically traverse every land, river, and ocean, transporting millions of pounds of produce and merchandise from land to land and sea to sea—without even mentioning these, what other works have we performed? Let him who would see them, go and seek them where once the Isthmus of Suez joined two great portions of the Eastern continent; let him seek them in lands where the “red-eyed lightning” has been compelled to submit to the will of man and serve as his messenger, or where the mistress of the seas bids her “storied Thames” open, beneath its sweeping current, a dry-land walk for her princes and princesses.

And now with all these evidences and proofs before our eyes, of the fact that our age is really a progressing one, who could, at his peril, say the contrary? Let him who would be so rash beware, lest the spirits of Herschel, Levenier, Bailey, Lavoisier, Olmsted, Cuvier, and Adams, feeling indignant at the outrage, come to trouble him in his sleep, and reproach his skepticism.

But with regard to the fine arts and polite literature—with all the deference due to our painters, sculptors, architects, and writers, we are bound to acknowledge that we are far behind some other ages. What are the causes of our neglect of these arts, is more than the limits of our paper allow us to discuss. The fact, however, is cer-

tain, that in these branches our highly refined century makes a very poor comparison with other ages; and to say that we have masters in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, like Pharhasius, Phidias, Apelles, Raphael, or Michael Angelo, would simply be a downright falsehood. It is true that we have many brilliant specimens in these arts, but when we bring them into comparison with the productions of the artists whom we have just mentioned, they sink into insignificance, and all their beauty vanishes as the beams of the moon before those of the sun.

As to literature, we also bitterly lament its swift decline. It is truly astonishing that an age, as ours, so proud of its high enlightenment, should have overlooked this most humane of all arts. Every one must have naturally expected that in an age like this, when the sciences were to win victories so astounding, literature, their inseparable sister, was likewise to receive a great improvement. But unhappily the facts testify that this is not the case. Whether this arises from the little profit or gain which we, in our pecuniary speculations, find in the cultivation of such an art, or whether it rather proceeds from our want of taste or genius, is a question which we do not intend at present to consider. One thing, however, is true, that we have produced neither orators, nor historians, nor poets, who might compare to advantage with such men as Demosthenes, Cicero, Herodotus, Livy, Homer, Virgil, and Horace. With but few exceptions, the writers of our day are little less than mere imitators, who plume them-

selves on their dexterity in stealing their arguments and ideas from the ancient authors, or on being able, every now and then, to detect some slight blemish in the writings of their illustrious predecessors.

Comparing, then, the nineteenth century with other ages, can we impartially decide in its favor? When we consider its great and important triumphs in the natural sciences, and witness the numberless problems and enigmas of Nature which it has solved for us; when we count the numerous superstitions from which it has freed us, and, in a word, behold the wonderful works which have been undertaken and executed during it, we are ready, at any time, to admit the assertion, so often made, that it is an age of progress. But when we examine the good or evil which has resulted to society, at large, from such achievements, and find that only a few rich capitalists can profit by them; when we discover that the improvements are merely in the material order, not

in the social, intellectual, or religious; and that avarice and personal interest have been the ruling motives of those who have performed them; we cannot but think that the world is really gone back a thousand years. Again, when we see that, although with the experience and teachings of nearly twenty centuries before it, and the powerful aid of the press, our age, instead of having made any real progress in polite literature, has rather declined; when we behold the little regard it has paid to the observance of public right, of the moral law, of the laws of nations—how little heed it has given to the gentle ministrations of real charity, though it is loud in its professions of philanthropy; and, lastly, when we consider how little the lot of the poor has been bettered, we are grieved to say, no matter how much others may boast of our progress and civilization, that we are far from being superior to all other ages.

THE FATE OF AN ENGLISH CŒLEBS.

Aldermanic in paunch
 Was Sir Tweezer Balaunch,
 That master of banquets and revels;
 Yet, spite of his fat,
 He found life very flat,
 And was horribly bored by blue devils.

On health fully bent,
 To a doctor he went,—
 (A very important M. D., sir!)—
 Who glanced at his tongue,
 And said, “Go and be hung!
 Yes, hung on the very first tree, sir!
 Don’t come with your croakings to me, sir,
 On such a ridiculous plea, sir,
 As that of a little ennui, sir,
 You’ve nothing the matter, Sir Tweezer:
 Your story’s all fiddle-de-dee, sir!—
 Forgive me: perhaps I’m too free, sir?
 Well: go if you like to the sea, sir!
 A fortnight at Brighton,
 Your ailments may lighten—
 What? more? Then a month let it be, sir.
 It’s time you grew steady:
 Look out some young lady,
 And do your endeavor to please her;
 Nor let your formality freeze her;
 For you should get married, you see, sir,
 And have some one to pour out your tea, sir.
 Good day, sir; good day;
 If you’re going away!
 Excuse me; I can’t take a fee, sir!”

Off flew Sir Tweezer Balaunch, in accord with the medico’s *fiat*;
 Off by the Brighton Express, in a clatter, a shriek, and a riot;
 Off like a galloping Arab in chase of a rich caravan, sir;
 Off like a shot from a rifle;—a regular marrying man, sir!

Slowly glides the train at last,
 Nearing Brighton Station;
 Off Sir Tweezer's cares are cast;
 All is animation:
 Shore, and boat, and ship, and mast
 Tell of renovation:
 Azure demons of the past
 Yield to recreation;
 Through the brain flit, thick and fast,
 Dreams of conjugation!

Then he goes off, dodging
 All about, for lodging.
 Tries in Brunswick Square—
 Nothing finds he there;
 Sees no fit abode
 Empty in King's Road;
 Elbowed by "the million,"
 Reaches the Pavilion;
 Sad, and sore dismayed,
 Searches the Parade;
 Takes a dismal face
 Into Eaton Place;
 Seeks repose from bustle
 In the square called Russell;
 Plods with wearied feet
 Crescent, terrace, street;—
 But the town is *so* full
 That he waxes woeful.

"Nay, despairing stranger, tarry; here, at least, a welcome find!"
 Thus, in mute, expressive glances, spake a widow fair and kind;
 Spake a widow fair and courteous, at an open door who stood,
 Looking blandly at Sir Tweezer, with the eyes of widowhood.
 "LORDS" gleamed, in fancy letters, through the brightly burnished panes;
 And her features seemed expressive of a disregard of gains.
 Need was none for tedious parley, ere the hot and wearied knight
 Took those very snug apartments, of the buxom Mrs. Bright.
 Ready lay a leg of mutton, on a table-cloth of snow,—
 "Which I cooked it for the gent, as, unexpected, had to go;
 Apple-pie, too," said the widow, "with a slice or two of quince;
 Better no man ever tasted, from the navvie to the prince."

Hungry grew the knight
 At the sight—

"Thank you, Mrs. Bright!
 That is quite
 Accordant with my sentiments of right—
 At such a luncheon,
 Truly,
 I can munch on,
 Duly,
 Until both pie and mutton vanish quite;
 And in affright
 The parlor-maid proclaims my appetite
 Not slight."

Days rolled on, Sir Tweezer living
 Still at Mrs. Bright's;
 She, much time and trouble giving,
 Put his clothes to rights.
 He'd a cough, or cold—(which was it?)
 Straight with warming-pan,
 White-wine-vey, and treacle-posset,
 She attacked the man.
 Prostrate soon that widow laid him,
 Under her command;
 Offer plump next day she made him
 Of her plumper hand.
 Disappointed belles of Brighton,
 Are your chances gone?
 Will this "Admirable Crichton"
 Be the prize of none?
 Of subscription balls, and soirées,
 Will he spurn the charms?
 In your hearts will he no more raise
 Jealous love's alarms?
 Are your plans of matrimony
 Thus to come to naught?
 By that party no ways bony,
 Is Sir Tweezer caught?

Yes; raise his dirge,
 Damsels of Brighton!
 When widows urge,
 Worry, and frighten,
 Men run away,
 Cowed and despairing;
 Or, if they stay,
 Rue such vain daring.

Vainly the knight
 Growled and resisted,
 Plump Mrs. Bright
 Gently persisted.
 "Let me be staunch,
 Though the fight hard be:
 "LADY BALAUNCH"
 Will on my card be."

Such the thought for ever flitting
 Through her brain, as she was sitting,
 With her feet the fender hitting,—
 All her work upon the floor;
 While the persecuted Tweezer
 Would have jumped like any flea, sir,
 Could he but have made her cease her
 Schemes, and show him to the door;
 For he dared not,—(no! not he, sir!)—
 Think of making off before:
 Water-gruel *oes se* floor!

Then she murmured very slowly,
 With an air of *melancholy*,
 (For the luck was with her, wholly,
 And she sought to raise her score);
 "We are safe from each beholder;
 O support me on your shoulder!
 I am faint, and I feel colder
 Than I ever felt before:—"
 And she meant he should have told her
 Thus to lean for evermore;
 But he said, "*Oh! what a bore!*"

Here Sir Tweezer somewhat rash is;
 For, like Phoenix from its ashes,
 Up, at once, the widow dashes,
 And with metaphoric *roar*,
 Like a lioness, she pins him;
 Like an angered parrot, dins him;
 Like a love-bird woos and wins him;
 He's a bachelor no more!
 And his lady quickly thins him
 By a stone,—or two,—or four;
 Letting no blue-devils bore!

* * * * *

Who, once, was more grand than Sir Tweezer Balaunch,
 With his diamond studs, and his alderman's paunch?
 With purse in his pocket, incessantly full,
 And coat of perfection, the triumph of Poole?

Who now, than Sir Tweezer looks thinner or worse?
 What latch-keyless wretch has an emptier purse?
 "Than Lady Balaunch," such his sentiments are,—
 "Ten thousand blue-devils were pleasanter far!"

* * * * *

Sad is the poet's task whose hero sinks,
 Untimely, 'neath the falchion of the foe,
 Ere yet his spurs be won; and yet, methinks,
 His task is sadder who must undergo,
 As must the bard from whom these stanzas flow,
 The pain of hinting at such sore mishaps
 As those our captive knight is doomed to know,
 Who now, ensnared in those false female traps,
 Leaves us who still are free, to mourn his dire collapse.

MORAL.

Ye bachelors of England, who are living at your ease,
 Beware of towns like Brighton; for they swarm with Mrs B's;
 Beware, beware of widows spare; and more of widows plump;
 And if connubial joys you dare, O look before you jump!!

THE BEGGAR OF VALAVERDE.

"It made me laugh to see the villain run."—K. HENRY VI, Act II, Scene I.

THE sun shone brightly one clear and beautiful morning, upon an old Catholic city. From the festive appearance of the inhabitants, and the quick and merry way in which they moved, one could see that there was exemption from labor. It was Sunday, and the people of Valaverde, in holiday attire, were wending their way to church.

By the church door sat a beggar. His features were hard, and of an almost forbidding aspect. He appeared to be of low stature, and his bent form would have caused a careless spectator to think him close upon old age. A handkerchief, both dirty and worn, concealed his forehead, from beneath which a couple of restless, black, cunning eyes peered suspiciously forth in a manner which at once fixed the attention of the passer-by. His dress consisted of a black suit, much patched, and motley in appearance, a high crowned hat, and a pair of unnecessarily capacious shoes, while close to his side lay some roughly-made crutches. As the worshippers entered, he held forth from time to time his rough and dirty hands, showing his ugly claw-like nails which no knife blade had touched for many a day. His hair was dark and coarse, and had been cut very short.

A fair girl passes: her light hair hangs down in a profusion of golden tresses, and her blue eyes, her pearly

teeth and cheeks tinged with rose, make so charming an *ensemble* as to give the beggar courage, and holding forth eagerly his coarse and loathsome hand, he asks in pitiful accents for alms. The maiden drops him a coin, and with a light and graceful step, passes on.

A French soldier next follows. He is tall and muscular, and his brown and weather-beaten visage seems to tell us he has fought under the scorching sun of Algeria, as well as in the cold, damp trenches before Sebastopol, or on the bleak and dreary plains of Krim Tartary. His eyes are large and clear, and his look intelligent. Pausing a moment, as if in thought, and stroking his beard unconsciously, while he does so he gives the beggar a searching look, and enters.

A bright little boy about ten years old, neatly dressed and with well-curled hair, is about to pass, when he meets the pitiful look of the beggar, and, though he tries hard, cannot resist giving him the trifle with which he had intended to purchase some toy or other small luxury.

A portly gentleman, accompanied by a child, now approaches. He is handsomely dressed, and carries in his hand a gold-headed cane, swinging which in a careless manner, he is about to enter, when the entreating look of the beggar strikes him, and, taking out his purse, he gives

him several coins. "Thanks, generous sir. May God reward you!" says the beggar in low accents, and as the gentleman enters, a smile crosses the hardened features of the recipient of his charity. But who and whence is this beggar?

He was born and bred in the village of Clarence, a pleasant hamlet, situated among the cool shades of Brenta, some twenty miles north of Valaverde. He was the son of a farmer of moderate means, and from his youth he had evinced a strong penchant for the "dolce far niente." He was unwilling to work or even to help others in the smallest things. At the death of his father he lived for a short while upon the farm; but not having a very strong love for money, except as the instrument of pleasure, he gradually disposed of the little he had inherited, spending his days in idleness at the tavern. He was somewhat of a wag, and this quality, combined with his free and easy manner, made him a great favorite among the tavern-frequenters of the village. But money so used will not last forever, and our friend soon found his pockets empty, and himself fairly puzzled as to what means he should employ for the obtaining of more. Being a stranger in Valaverde, and having a natural facility for twisting his limbs in various positions, he resolved to adopt the profession of a beggar. The business paid well. Every day he was at the church door, while in the evenings he sat in the tavern, drinking at the expense of the duped.

To return: On the following Sunday the same portly gentleman came again to the church as usual. Draw-

ing near to the portal, he perceived the beggar.

"Where's my purse?" he exclaimed. "Ah! here it is."

"My father! you are not going to give that beggar alms again?"

"Certainly, the poor fellow is in need and cannot work."

"He is not in need, father, you are only wasting your money. You had better give it to me, for I can make better use of it."

"My son, do you not know that charity precedes everything?"

"Yes, but I do not think giving that rascal money is charity. Why, see his wicked-looking eyes. I am sure he is deceiving us."

"Mere childish ideas, son, mere childish ideas."

"Perhaps, father; but you will see that he will turn out an impostor."

"Child, do not judge rashly of others. You may become poor some day and be obliged to beg in the same manner," and dropping the coin into the beggar's hand, he was again thanked, and lavishly.

A few days after, the boy, returning from an errand, happened to pass a tavern where some rough merry-making was at its height. Wine flowed freely, and the revelers, heated with its fumes and growing excited, sang songs and rendered their applause in loud tones. The voice of one rose above the rest, and the boy stood a moment, for it seemed to him that he had heard the tones before. "Can it be the beggar?" he asked himself; and as he drew nearer to satisfy his curiosity, the peculiar black eyes which he had before noticed met his gaze. Was it possible that that tall, well-built,

handsome man and the decrepit, loathsome beggar of yesterday were one and the same? It was so, most certainly, and notwithstanding the excellence of the disguise, the cunning eyes of a boy had seen through it.

The urchin waited no longer, but hastening home, found his father sitting in his library, perusing, perhaps, the evening news.

"O father, I told you the man was no cripple. I have found him!"

"Found him? Nonsense, child!"

"No, father, it is he; I am sure of it."

"It may be some one else bearing a slight resemblance to him."

"Oh, no! It is the beggar-man. He is in the tavern now, and I have no doubt his crutches, his old clothes and his tattered hat are hanging up in some corner. Do come, father; you will not be disappointed."

"Well, give me my hat;" and donning that article of apparel, he took his cane and started with his son for the tavern. Arriving, he found everything just as the boy had described it, and taking a good look at the beggar, now from the door, now from the window, he was satisfied. "Yes;" he exclaimed, "that is the man."

The beggar was surrounded by a crowd of tipsy friends, and his eyes seemed to flash fire. "Come, boys, we'll have another toast. Here, fill your glasses to the brim. Here's to all charitably-inclined persons! Long may they live!" Glass touched glass, and the liquor was quaffed. "Let us fill up again. We'll be jolly while we can. Now, to that portly old fool who gives his money so freely at the church. Many happy returns of such

folly to him, and may I be there to see them!" and the glasses rang, and singing and shouting were once more the order of the day.

When the old gentleman reached home, he paced up and down his room, rubbing his hands, whilst a smile occasionally crossed his jolly red face. "Just think! Ah, the rascal! Who would ever have guessed such a thing? He has had his turn; it is mine, now. I will fix the black-guard! I will make him pay dearly for his fun!"

On the succeeding Sunday morning the beggar occupied nearly the same place, and gathered in coins for the night's revelry.

The generous old gentleman was a little inquisitive this time, and seemed desirous of knowing something of the beggar's early life.

"My good man, you seem to be in a helpless state."

"Yes, sir. I have been a cripple from my birth, and it is only with great labor that I make my way to this holy place."

"Have you never applied to any of the famous physicians of this enlightened age?"

"No, sir, I never have. You know their charges are great."

"They would certainly cure you for charity's sake, my friend."

"No, sir. They are not kind-hearted enough to do that."

"Why do you not make application to some of them? You can but try. Are you not desirous of recovery?"

"Oh, sir, if it were only possible! If I had all the gold the earth ever yielded, I would give it willingly could I but recover the use of my limbs. I

remember how, when a boy, I envied my companions who could run hither and thither, and enjoy the various scenes of nature, while I, a poor cripple, was compelled to be an idle spectator of their sports. *Desirous!* Oh, sir, ask me not that!"

"Your case interests me. To tell you the truth, I am somewhat of a physician myself, and have had much experience in cases similar to yours. If you will put yourself under my care I will cure you."

"Cure me? What? give me the free use of my limbs, so that I shall be able to walk without these hateful crutches?"

"Yes, but you will have a great deal to suffer."

"Oh, sir, I can suffer anything—anything!"

"Very well. I will be back in a little while."

In about half an hour the service was over and the "Doctor" came out with his coat closely buttoned.

"Now, my man, get ready. I am going to perform the operation," and drawing forth a strong "rawhide," he threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and laid on lustily.

The beggar twitched and turned, and gave vent to various exclamations as the blows fell, now upon his back, now upon his limbs, now upon some less honorable part. It was only when the old gentleman was exhausted that he listened to the cries continually emanating from his unlucky victim of "Oh, do stop, sir! you are killing me?"

"Oh, no, my friend! Couldn't be a better cure. I never fail in such cases," and his "jolly red face" growing visibly redder, he laid on the lash with even more vigor than before. The beggar bore his punishment bravely for a while, but the blows came too fast and fell too heavily for long endurance; and, deeming discretion the better part of valor, he threw aside his crutches, tore off his disguise and made good use of his legs—leaving the crowd looking after him in dumb surprise. Nor did it occur to anyone to complete the parallel between this case and that of *Saunders Simpcox*, by crying "a miracle! a miracle!"

The next day, no beggar was seen at the church doors of Valaverde.

IDLE NOTES.

AS announced in the last Owl, the inaugural exercises of the new hall of the Philalethic Literary Society came off on the 25th of January—too late for an account in the last number. As the affair created quite a little stir in the college, our readers will pardon us if our description be somewhat detailed.

At seven in the evening the new hall was pretty well filled with the members of the Philalethic Society, and their invited guests. Besides the Philalethic Society there were present the members of three other college associations—the Philhistorian Literary Society, the Parthenian Dielectic Society, and the Dramatic Society. The Faculty, and a few specially invited gentlemen, completed the audience.

The assembly was called to order by Mr. J. C. Johnson, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, who acted as master of ceremonies; and the same gentleman immediately nominated Rev. A. Varsi as presiding officer for the evening. This nomination being unanimously ratified by those present, the reverend gentleman proceeded to occupy the Chair. In a few words he thanked the house for the courtesy shown him; expressed his continued friendly feeling toward the Philalethic Society; spoke of the eagerness with which he had marked its progress, and of the expectations he entertained from its in-

fluence in the college; and in conclusion, exhorted every member to pursue with unflagging zeal the object for which he had joined the society, *i. e.*, the development of oratorical talent, and by this simple means to secure the success of the society. After the applause which followed these remarks had somewhat subsided, Mr. Charles F. Wilcox came forward and delivered the inaugural address. A brief outline of the history of the society was given, in the course of which the speaker had occasion to relate many highly amusing incidents connected with the memory of its earlier members. The position and efficiency of the society in the college was next touched upon; and after urging his Philhistorian brethren to "bury the hatchet" that had so long disturbed the peace of the two societies, and enter the lists as honored rivals, not as inferiors, the gentleman, amid a hearty applause, resumed his seat. A well prepared oration on "History," by Mr. J. T. Malone, followed. "Make Hay while the Sun shines," came next on the programme. It was an able oration, by Mr. Peter Byrne. Mr. James V. Coleman was expected to deliver a poem on the occasion, but being unable through illness to fulfill the appointment, his place was filled by Prof. D. Dance, who read a laughable poem, entitled "The Fate of an English Cœlebs," which appears in this number. Sen-

sible extempore addresses were made by members of the society, as well as by some of their guests, to a late hour in the evening, when the house adjourned. The intervals between the addresses were filled up with excellent music. "Music, and her sister, Song," a duet, was given in first-rate style, Mr. J. F. McQuade taking the tenor, and during a subsequent rest "Vi Ravviso" was sung by a gentleman present to a thundering encore.

On the 21st of January the college regulations were read to the assembled students in the New Exhibition Hall. It has been customary heretofore to read the rules once every session, a few weeks after the commencement of the scholastic year. The college authorities thought it well to give a second reading after the holidays, both that the transgressions of new-comers through ignorance might be effectually prevented, and quite as much to refresh the memory of older scholars, which is commonly very defective regarding the aforesaid ordinations. The students were counselled to diligence and good order by the President, who also took occasion to point out the inevitable consequences of evil doing, if persistently continued, namely, disgraceful expulsion. After the conclusion of the reading the President graciously responded to the evident desire of the students, by proclaiming an immunity from studies for the remainder of the morning.

In many of our higher classes the monthly credits are wholly determined

by monthly written competitions, the recitations during the month going for naught. This method of fixing the class rank, though highly satisfactory to some, is by many deemed to be not only unsatisfactory, but even (under existing circumstances) somewhat unfair. They defend their position in this way: To base the credits for the whole month on a single competition is, they say, equivalent to basing it on a single recitation, since the competition amounts to very little more. Moreover, the class time—one and a quarter hours—is too short for such written competitions as are usually given. The consequence is, that those who have a greater facility in the mechanical conveyance of thoughts from head to paper possess a decided advantage over their slower, but perhaps equally studious neighbors. It has happened not unfrequently that some who during the month had evinced a thorough acquaintance with the text passed over, would, at the end of the month, rank lower than they deserved, simply because they were unable to finish their task in the allotted time; while others, whose only superiority lay in their chirographical dexterity, were placed above them because the answers of the latter, though perhaps less perfect, were more complete. Such a system makes class honors depend in no small measure on mere mechanical expertness, whereas it should depend *entirely* on brains and diligence. But, respond its advocates, You will not deny that these competitions do a great good by necessitating every month a careful review of all the class has studied during the

preceding month? Certainly not, re-join the persistent opponents, we have no wish to abolish competitions; on the contrary, we are fully alive to their advantage, but we deprecate the determination of class standing solely by such means; and express our opinion that, where practicable, daily recitations and exercises should, in all classes, be taken into account in judging of the relative proficiency of students.

Foot-ball completely monopolized the spare hours of the "boys" for a few weeks, but has been already thrown aside. Base-ball is beginning to revive in the college, after some months of torpor. The chief Club of the college—the Phoenix—have not yet organized. The President has afforded a stimulus which may infuse new life into all the Clubs. He has offered a beautiful silver cup, to be contested for under the following conditions:

First, Any college Club, duly organized and registered, shall be allowed to compete.

Second, No game shall be considered a match game unless it be played for the championship, or for a ball or bat.

Third, These match games must not be played between members of the same Club.

Fourth, The time for competition extends from the 22d of February to the 17th of May, inclusive.

The prize will be awarded on the 18th of May. There has been but one match game played by a college Club since the beginning of the term. On the 4th of February the Opposi-

tions encountered the Columbian B. B. C., of Santa Clara. The game resulted in a victory for the Oppositions. We give the score:

Oppositions.	Runs.	Outs.
Dunne, C.	1	4
Marshall, P.	0	5
Judd, I B.	1	3
Reale, 2 B.	3	1
Morrison, 3 B.	1	3
Rhodes, S. S.	1	2
Temple, L. F.	2	2
Martin, C. F.	2	2
Vallencia, R. F.	2	2
Total.	13	24

Columbians.	Runs.	Outs.
Dibble, C.	1	2
Mendenhall, P.	2	2
Wythes, I B.	1	4
West, 2 B.	0	3
Thompson, 3 B.	0	4
Kifer, S. S.	2	3
Stow, L. F.	1	3
Corpstein, C. F.	2	2
French, R. F.	1	1
Total.	10	24

Fly Catches.—Oppositions: Temple, 1; Martin, 2; Morrison, 2. Columbians: Dibble, 5; West, 4.

Umpire.—J. W. Drown, of Ætna B. B. C. Scorer.—Walter Walsh.

Time of game.—One hour and twenty minutes.

The semi-annual election of the Dramatic Association of the college began January 28th, and was completed at the following meeting, February 4th. Following is the list: President, Rev. E. Young; Vice-President, James V. Coleman; Secretary, W. P. Veuve; Treasurer, James M. Byrne; First Censor, Chas. F. Wilcox; Second Censor, S. M. White; Third Censor, James H. Campbell; Stage Manager, R. L. Cochrane; Costumer, Mr. Cialente; Assist. Costumer, John Waddell; Prompter, B. L. Burling; Assistant Prompter, H. J. Harrison. Committee on assignment of parts, Rev. E. Young, James H. Campbell,

Jas. M. Byrne, S. M. White, Charles F. Wilcox, R. L. Cochrane. Committee on plays, (appointed) P. Byrne, James V. Coleman, J. T. Malone.

The names of the contributors to the last OWL were unintentionally left out. As we presume our readers would be pleased to know who were the authors of the respective articles, the index is here given complete:

"History of the Pious Fund of California," John T. Doyle, Esq., of San Francisco.

"The Ainslies," J. T. Malone.

"The Adventures of Ali Mahmoud," Professor D. Dance.

"Nature and Art," Wm. Newhall.

"A Bulgarian Hymn," Professor D. Dance.

"A Little More Cider," Charles F. Wilcox.

"The Cottage by the Sea Shore," H. B. Peyton.

"Ambition," Stephen M. White.

"Tobacco," Stephen M. White.

"Historical Society for the West Coast of America," John T. Doyle.

"Idle Notes," James H. Campbell.

"Report of Examination, December, 1870."

"Olio," Joseph F. McQuade.

It will be observed that the second act of the "Talisman," a drama, commenced in the January number, is wanting in the last OWL. The severe illness of the author, Mr. James V. Coleman, rendered the omission unavoidable.

We learn that Mr. A. Waldteufel, whose name is so frequently men-

tioned in these columns as a generous patron of our college, is about to change his quarters. The store he has hitherto occupied is altogether insufficient to accommodate the large stock of goods he has constantly on hand. He will remove to one of the ample rooms beneath the Music Hall, First street, San Jose. We wish him increased success in his new establishment.

ERRATA.—We have been jocosely accused of altering the calendar, because, through some unaccountable blunder, it was announced in our last number that the 22d of February, Washington's birthday, would fall on *Sunday*, instead of *Ash-Wednesday*, as it should have been.

The dramatic entertainment promised in the last OWL came off, as specified, on the 21st ult. The gods seemed unpropitious to the drama, for during the whole afternoon and evening the rain came down in torrents. The audience was larger than could have been expected under such unfavorable circumstances. The performance was, generally speaking, very good.

In "Damon and Pythias," Mr. J. T. Malone as *Damon* carried off the palm. *Pythias* was very effectively rendered by Mr. J. A. Waddell. Mr. S. M. White as *Dionysius* was also very good. Perhaps the part best represented, after those already mentioned, was that of *Fourth Senator*, J. H. Campbell. The part was not long (two words), neither was there anything very startling in it; but the

majestic boldness of mien with which that personage arose, and in loud, firm tones declared his unyielding opposition to the tyrant's schemes was simply sublime.

N. B.—I have asked the opinion of some others touching the last part of the above critique, but am sorry to find that they do not altogether agree with me. However, they were actors, and therefore their opinions on this point is not entitled to consideration, they being too deeply interested to judge dispassionately of others.

It was stated in the February number of the OWL that "Damon and Pythias" would be followed by "Handy Andy," but the latter play was afterwards laid aside for the "Seven Clerks." The gentlemen, deserving particular mention for their performance in this play, are Mr. H. J. Harrison, who as hungry *Simon* greatly

amused the audience; and Mr. Peter Byrne, who, as Hans, also contributed to disturb the risibilities of the assemblage. The gay and chivalrous *Adolphe* met with full justice at the hands of Mr. Charles F. Wilcox. *Victor*, the miser's son, was well sustained by Mr. B. L. Burling.

On the evening of the 22d, Washington's birthday, literary exercises, consisting chiefly of patriotic poems and orations, were given in the college hall. The entertainment was good, though not altogether free from the monotony that usually attends such exercises when continued for several hours. The band discoursed sweet strains between the exercises; it was several times relieved by Mr. Peter P. Yrigoyen, who favored the audience with some beautiful performances on the piano, to which the latter responded by loud encores.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR EXCHANGES.—Papers: Notre Dame Scholastic, Annalist, College Courier, Index Niagarensis, College Days, Cornell Collegian, Harvard Advocate, Cornell Era, College Times, Georgia Collegian, College Journal, Madisonensis, Trinity Tablet, Cap and Gown, Dalhousie College Gazette, College Review, Heald's College Journal, College Herald, College Argus, Acorn, Simpsonian, Yale Cou-

rant, College Courant, University Review, School Reporter, College World, Western Collegian, American Newspaper Reporter, Catholic Sentinel.

MAGAZINES: Wabash Magazine, Yale Literary, Beloit College Monthly, Little Corporal, Young Crusader, Denison Collegian, De La Salle Monthly.

The first number of the *College World*, a sprightly sheet sprung from

the ashes of the Griswold Collegian, came to us a short time since. We gladly add it to our exchange list.

The *Western Collegian* is the title of a large, handsomely printed eight-page paper, published at the Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio. The number at hand contains many interesting articles.

The *College Journal*, printed on paper that seems emblematic of the smoky city from which it hails, (Pittsburgh), is a well written sheet now in its second volume.

The *College Review* for January, publishes some curious items of information concerning Cambridge University in England, and Harvard and Yale in our own country. We are sorry to say that our limited space forbids us to make extracts.

The *Acorn* is a modest, meritorious little periodical, conducted by the students of Newburgh Institute, Newburgh, N. Y.

The *School Reporter*, a neat monthly paper, filled with creditable essays written entirely by the scholars, is sent to us from the Santa Clara Public School.

The *Wabash-Magazine* is a college monthly from Crawfordsville, Indiana. It is equal to the Owl in size, and its articles in general evince careful preparation.

We welcome the *Denison Collegian* to our exchange list. It is a 30-page monthly, conducted by the Calliopean and Franklin Societies of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

The *De la Salle Monthly* comes to us marked X. It is filled with choice reading matter, and its typographical execution is excellent. In the Feb-

ruary number, the article on "Long-fellow" is especially entertaining.

A writer in the *Yale Courant* of January 18th, advocates the use of the classics with notes, and brings forward some well founded arguments in support of his views. We agree with him that explanatory notes are desirable when they render only that assistance which intricate constructions frequently require. By historical notes, the text may be made both more agreeable and more improving. It is to be wished that such editions of the classics were more plentiful. Many of the text books commonly used abound in notes that contain a large part of the translation of the text, freely rendered. Such notes are not only unprofitable, but we think positively hurtful. The translation is usually too paraphrastical to give the student that precise knowledge of the text which is so essential, in all cases; while it certainly does much to promote laziness, by affording a way in which the student may spare himself much labor and yet manage to retain a respectable position in his class. It were better to procure one of the many literal translations that are now published, than to use *such* notes.

Our exchanges for the most part seem to have contracted a fever for producing mongrel verses—half Latin, half English. A few of these effusions are clever, but many of them are simply disgusting. As a specimen of the better sort, we give the following, taken from the *Simpsonian*.

CARMEN.

"Cano carmen sixpence, a corbis plena rye,
Multas aves atras percocatas in a pie:
Ubi pie apertus tum canit avium grex:

Nonne suavis cibus hoc locari ante rex ;
Fuisset rex in parlor, multo de nummo tumens ;
Regina in culina, bread and mel consumens ;
Ancilla was in horte, dependens out her clothes,
Quam venit parva cornix demorsa est her nose."

The articles on travel and philology in the *Cornell Era*, for several numbers back, are very entertaining. Speaking of this excellent college paper, we would express an appreciation of the general manner in which it is conducted.

Amherst College, Mass., has erected a new college building at an expense of \$125,000.

Harvard is to have two new halls, one of which will cost \$75,000.

The graduating class of the University of Iowa, has placed upon the college grounds a boulder weighing 6,000 lbs with the class records cut thereon.

The students of the University of Georgia at the close of class examinations, are required to sign a paper, certifying that they have not received aid from any source whatever.

At Cornell University they have a class in Swedish.

Of the 400 students at Dartmouth, 300 are engaged in teaching.

Racine College has a billiard table and smoking room.

The chapel bell of Williams College is doing good service ; they ring it fourteen times a day.

The average expense of a student at the University of Iowa is estimated to be \$200 a year.

A Tutor in one of the Galesburg colleges has lately fallen heir to \$75,000, left him by an East Indian uncle.

Gen. Howard says that within two

years he expects to see 1,000 students at Howard University, Washington, D. C. The University commenced three years ago with five students. It has now over 400.

It is stated that the public library of Dubuque, Iowa, owes its eight thousand volumes mainly to the efforts of a lady—Miss Martha Chad-dock.—*University Reporter*.

The *Williams Review* has twenty editors. The *Cap and Gown* has fourteen.

Nearly 4,000 American boys are prosecuting their studies in European schools and colleges.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt from Mr. Waldteufel of the first number of *St. Peter*, a Catholic paper lately started in New York. It is of the largest size, spirited in style, and is issued at \$4.00 per annum. In the first number there is an account of the anti-papal meeting in New York, which contains many expressions not only extremely distasteful to all sensible Catholics, (and much more so to Protestants), but directly antagonistic to the spirit of the Church, which delights not in loud imprecations on her enemies. The strong terms so recklessly employed in this article, such as "Satanic King," "old bigot," etc., serve only to create embittered feelings between Catholics and Protestants, particularly as the latter generally look upon such papers as *St. Peter* as being a faithful mirror of the Catholic mind, which is far from being always the case.

TABLE OF HONOR.

Credits for the months of DECEMBER and JANUARY, as read out on WEDNESDAY, February 1st, 1871.

Christian Doctrine.

- 1st Class—P. Dunne, 90; W. Fallon, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; A. Saufrignon, 85; M. Walsh, 85; J. Poujade, 80; J. C. Johnson, 75; J. Drown, 75.
 2d Class—T. Tully, 96; A. Veuve, 80; S. Fellom, 76; J. Burling, 70.
 3d Class—P. Donahue, 100; T. Morrison, 100; F. Trembly, 100; C. Walsh, 100; N. Camarillo, 80; J. Harrington, 80; J. Kennedy, 75; H. Martin, 75; J. McCarthy, 75; C. Ebner, 70.

Ethics.

- J. H. Campbell, 85; C. F. Wilcox, 82.

Logic.

- J. T. Malone, 85; S. White, 85; S. Rhodes, 85; J. Byrne, 80; H. Harrison, 75; R. Cochrane, 70.

Natural Philosophy.

- M. Walsh, 95; S. White, 93; J. Campbell, 90; J. T. Malone, 90; J. Johnson, 90; J. Poujade, 70; E. White, 70.

Organic Chemistry.

- J. T. Malone, 90; J. Campbell, 90; S. White, 85; E. White, 85.

Elementary Chemistry.

- A. Arguello, 70; M. Walsh, 92; J. Johnson, 88; O. Dobbins, 75; M. Wilson, 70.

Mathematics.

- 1st Class—M. Walsh, 95; C. F. Wilcox, 90; J. H. Campbell, 85; W. Veuve, 85; J. M. Byrne, 70.
 2d Class—S. White, 97; J. T. Malone, 95; J. Johnson, 94; M. Wilson, 93; S. Rhodes, 92; H. Harrison, 86; R. Cochrane, 80; P. Byrne, 75; J. F. McQuade, 73; H. Newhall, 70; E. White, 70.
 3d Class—D. G. Sullivan, 95; A. Veuve, 95; J. Poujade, 95; W. Newhall, 95; J. Malarin, —, J. Chretien, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; A. Saufrignon, 90; L. Pellier, 90; J. Waddell, 90; A. Levy, 85; L. Burling, 80.

Greek.

- 1st Class—J. T. Malone, 70; A. I. Kelly, 70.
 2d Class—H. Harrison, 80; J. H. Campbell, 70.
 3d Class—S. Rhodes, 80; W. Veuve, 70.
 4th Class—H. Peyton, 71; J. Chretien, 70.
 5th Class—G. Bull, 71; M. Walsh, 70;

Latin.

- 1st Class—A. I. Kelley, 80; J. T. Malone, 80.
 2d Class—S. Rhodes, 80; J. F. McQuade, 78; S. White, 75.
 3d Class—J. C. Johnson, 90; W. Veuve, 90.
 4th Class—M. Walsh, 75; P. Byrne, 72; H. Peyton, 71.
 5th Class—W. Fallon, 75; L. Burling, 70.

English.

- 1st Class—J. Johnson, 100; O. Dobbins, 75; P. Byrne, 80.
 2d Class—H. Peyton, 100; H. Bowles, 90; P. Dunn, 90; J. Poujade, 90; M. Walsh, 80; J. Smith, 80; J. Ralieggh, 80; J. Drown, 80; F. McCusker, 70.
 3d Class—J. Kennedy, 75; H. Maison, 70; A. Veuve, 70.
 4th Class—E. Richardson, 91; Morrison, 88; T. Tully, 87; T. Durbine, 81; C. Ebner, 81; P. Colombet, 77; C. Walsh, 77; P. Donahue, 70; T. Kellogg, 70.
 5th Class—

French.

- 1st Class—A. Sauffrignon, 100; H. Maison, 90; L. Pellier, 80.
 2d Class—J. Poujade, 70.
 3d Class—G. Bull, 80; H. Peyton, 79; J. Radovich, 78.

Spanish.

- 1st Class—J. Smith, 80; J. Byrne, 75; P. Byrne, 75; D. G. Sullivan, 75.
 2d Class—
 3d Class—N. Camarillo, 75; S. Fellom, 73; J. Judd, 71.

Italian.

A. Reale, 70; J. Reale, 70.

German.

C. Ebner, 80.

Arithmetic.

- 1st Class—F. McCusker, 90; E. Udell, 80; P. Dunn, 75; G. Bull, 75; H. Maison, 75.
 2d Class—W. Marshall, 85; T. Morrison, 80; E. Newhall, 78; Palmer, 78; A. Raleigh, 74; S. Fellom, 76; T. Egan, 73; W. Walsh, 70; R. Smith, 70; J. Judd, 70; J. Flood, 70; J. Dunne, 70.
 3d Class—

Book-keeping.

- 1st Class—L. Burling, 80; J. Radovich, 70.
 2d Class—F. McCusker, 100; E. Udell, 100; P. Dunne, 95; E. Newhall, 95; S. White, 75.
 3d Class—N. Camarillo, 99; F. Kellogg, 99; W. Den, 90; R. Smith, 88; W. Walsh, 88; C. Walsh, 86; T. Tully, 80.

History.

- 1st Class—J. Johnson, 90.
 2d Class—P. Dunn, 100; M. Walsh, 95; F. McCusker, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; H. Peyton, 75; J. Burling, 90; J. Drown, 70.
 3d Class—J. Judd, 100; W. Fallon, 75; A. Levy, 75; J. Kennedy, 75; H. Maison, 75; W. Marshall, 70.
 4th Class—T. Tully, 100; E. Richardson, 98; T. Morrison, 90; P. Colombet, 88; R. Smith, 88; F. Kellogg, 80; T. Durbine, 80; P. Donahue, 70.
 5th Class—J. Temple, 70.

Geography.

- 1st Class—J. Johnson, 85.
 2d Class—P. Dunne 100; M. Walsh, 90; J. Burling, 85; H. Peyton, 80; J. Raleigh, 75;
 F. McCusker, 70; H. Bowles, 70.
 3d Class—H. Maisón, 100; J. Judd, 100; A. Levy, 75; J. Kennedy, 70; W. Fallon,
 70; W. Marshall, 70.
 4th Class—C. Ebner, 78; T. Tully, 75; Wallace, 75; F. Kellogg, 74; A. Deck, 70;
 W. Den, 70; T. Morrison, 70.
 5th Class—D. Egan, 70; T. Scully, 70.

Orthography.

- 1st Class—P. Dunn, 100; J. Dunne, 100; W. Walsh, 100; J. Burling, 90; F. Kellogg,
 75; C. Ebner, 74; A. Raleigh, 74; E. Richardson, 70.

Reading.

- 1st Class—W. Walsh, 100; A. Raleigh, 90; J. Dunne, 85; E. Jaujou, 76; J. Judd, 75;
 J. Kennedy, 74; J. Burling, 73.

Elocution.

- 1st Class—P. Byrne, 90; O. Dobbins, 84.
 2d Class—I. Malarin, 90; J. Poujade, 90; F. McCusker, 80; J. Smith, 70; H. Bowles,
 70.
 3d Class—W. Marshall, 70.
 4th Class—T. Egan, 99; L. Palmer, 75.
 5th Class—D. Egan, 85; J. Day, 82; P. Dore, 80; J. Thompson, 80; W. Furman, 80;
 A. Bell, 70.

Penmanship.

- 1st Class—W. Fallon, 75; G. Bull, 74; A. Saufrignon, 71; A. Rowland, 70; P. Dunne,
 70; J. Kennedy, 70; A. Veuve, 70.
 2d Class—T. Morrison, 75; J. Temple, 71; F. Kellogg, 70; W. Walsh, 70; J. Judd,
 70; J. Thompson, 70; D. Eagan, 70.
 3d Class—J. Arguello, 75; C. Walsh, 71; L. Palmer, 71; F. Richardson, 70.

Piano.

- 1st Class—L. Burling, 80; H. Newhall, 70; C. Ebner, 70.
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Brass Instrument.

- J. Smith, 70.

Drawing.

- Linear Drawing—J. Chretien, 75; A. Levy, 75; F. McCusker, 75; W. Newhall, 75; P.
 Donahue, 70.
 Figure Drawing—G. Auzar, 75; W. Marshall, 75.
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- J. Burling, 70.

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