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Santa Clara University student body

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THE OWL.

Vol. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

No. 1.

ADDRESS

OF

HON. Z. MONTGOMERY,

BEFORE THE GRADUATING CLASS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

Young Gentlemen of the Graduating Class of Santa Clara College.—I think that I hazard nothing in saying to each of you, that this is, and will ever remain one of the most eventful days of your life. This I assert without regard to the question as to whether the future that awaits you is to be one of prosperity or one of adversity. Should it be, which may Heaven forbid, that only disappointment and evil fortunes are to constitute your reserved earthly inheritance, this day's event will always remain as, at least, one pure fountain, sending its waters of pleasing and sacred memories sparkling down through the gloomy forests and

across the scorching deserts of life, marking your pathway to eternity's ocean with the choicest flowers of good examples and virtuous deeds, whose bloom fadeth not, and whose delicious fragrance but sweetens with the rolling centuries. On the other hand, should it be your destiny to tread the shining paths of fortune and of fame, until your now brightest anticipations shall grow dim amid the blazing glories of more resplendent reality, still you can never forget your beloved *alma mater*, nor the pure and unbought honors which she, this day, lavishes upon you. No! As easy would it be for a mother to forget the day when first she folded in

her enraptured arms her beautiful angelic first-born, as for you to forget the hour which closed your collegiate career, invested you with your first literary degree, and gave you a new birth in that world of science, on whose consecrated ground only the learned may tread, and whose choicest flowers and fruits are reserved for their enjoyment.

With this day, young gentlemen, begins a new era in the history of your lives. Heretofore, you have been as children; hereafter, you must take the part of men. Heretofore, it has devolved upon others to prescribe rules for your domestic economy, and the government of your lives; to fix for you the time to rise and the time to pray, the time to eat, the time to sleep, the time to study, and the time to play; even the company which you have kept, and the books and newspapers which you have read have been subject to the scrutinizing approval of either your parents or those who, like these good fathers, have stood in the parents' place. But as the young eagle, when quitting the parents' nest, must seek its own subsistence, and rely upon the strength and agility of its own wings to bear it onward and upward through the trackless air, far beyond the reach of its powerful but more groveling foes, so you, after leaving your college home, must begin the work of self-support, and learn to rely

upon the strength and trained activity of your own minds, aided by Heaven's gracious assistance, wherewith to lift yourselves into that bright, pure mental and moral atmosphere that rises high above the traps and snares which a thousand cunning and insidious foes will spread incessantly under your feet. In a word, heretofore, you have been governed by others; hereafter, you must learn to govern yourselves. This brings me to the subject of self-government, to which I beg leave, in a few brief remarks, to call your especial attention.

Once outside these college walls and beyond the reach of parental control, and you will find open before you a thousand tempting avenues, whose course is downward and whose destination is ruin. In order to ensnare those whom vice marks for her victims, she will sometimes assume the most charming form; put on the most fascinating habiliments, and present herself in the most graceful, attractive and bewitching attitude. Wealth and beauty often pay her obeisance, and the proudest monarchs of earth are found worshipping at her shrine. The world's choicest treasures she pours into the laps of her votaries, and she calls to her aid the whole circle of human arts and sciences. The lightning telegraph, the journalistic press, and even the historic page, are not unfrequently her subsidized ministers, while romance, poetry and painting, those

three most captivating mistresses of the human mind in the exercise of an unbridled license, hesitate not, at her bidding, to scatter broad-cast through all the realms of literature and art, the foul, polluting seeds of infidelity, and licentiousness.

At every step through life you may expect to find the apostles of vice, either within or without, industriously laboring for your subjugation; and rest assured th either you must govern yourselves in the interest of truth, honor and virtue, or else they will govern you in the interest of error, dishonor and crime.

But, in order to govern yourselves aright, you must prescribe rules for your own observance. Obedience to the laws of the State is not more essential for the good government of the State than is the observance of certain rules for the good government of the individual. Indeed, I venture to say that the danger to the State from a ruler who seeks to govern without law, or the danger to a ship sailing without rudder, chart or compass over the wildest and most tempestuous ocean, is not greater than is the danger to the individual who undertakes the voyage of life without any fixed rules and principles for his guidance. Of course some of the rules necessary and proper for the due administration of self-government are merely arbitrary, depending upon age, occupation, health, pecu-

niary condition and the like. Such are the rules which regulate the hours of eating, sleeping, business, recreation, etc. These self-imposed rules may properly be changed, modified or abrogated, according as time, place or circumstances may require. But then there are certain other and higher rules of conduct, dictated by the voice of Deity, and which depend not for their binding force upon human assent. These rules are applicable to all ages, countries and conditions. They are binding upon the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, the feeble and the strong. Neither the private citizen, nor the town council, nor the State Legislature, nor the Congress of the United States; neither parliament, nor king, nor emperor, can abrogate these rules or avert the terrible penalties which their violation incurs. I allude, of course, to the great, eternal, and immutable laws of right and wrong. Let these, then, form the firm foundation on which to build that code, destined for your own government.

Whatever may be your calling in life, let the law of right be the standard by which to test your every action. First, let this law govern you in choosing your vocation; and secondly, let it govern you in discharging the duties of that vocation. But what—you may ask—has the law of right and wrong to do with my selection of

a vocation? In this free country, have I not the moral right to select any trade, profession or occupation I may wish? I answer, No! most emphatically no! Is it morally right for a blind man, falsely pretending that he can see, to undertake for another the performance of duties which he well knows he cannot properly perform for the want of his sight? Is it morally right, on the trial of a cause, for a deaf man to thrust himself upon the jury and take a solemn oath to well and truly try the cause, and render a true verdict according to the evidence, when he well knows that he can not hear what the witnesses say? Or would it be morally right for an individual—like your humble servant, for example—who has not sufficient mechanical skill to carve a chicken, or even to pare an apple in a becoming manner, to hold himself out to the world as a surgeon, and undertake to perform those nice, delicate and difficult operations upon the human body, where a single awkward thrust might cripple his patient for life, or, perhaps, sunder the vital thread itself?

2 Let, then, your first care be—after studying well your own talents, tastes and acquirements, as well as the extent and fertility of the field of action which opens before you—to select that particular, legitimate calling, the best suited to your qualifications, moral, mental and physical. Having done

this, you will have made a good start on the journey of life; but still, you can not dispense with that great, that golden rule of right by which you must square your every action. Many will be your temptations to cast this rule aside and to substitute in its stead the false maxims of a venal and corrupt age, but you must for ever cling to it as the miser clings to his gold, or as the tempest-tossed mariner, on the wild waste of waters, clings to his compass amidst the darkness and the storm.

Should your calling be that of a physician, you will sometimes find yourselves confronted with a disease which you do not understand, but which demands immediate treatment, and for fear of exposing your want of medical knowledge by admitting the truth and suggesting the expediency of calling in an older or more experienced physician, you may, perhaps, be tempted to embark in the work of experiment. But pause, I beseech you, before you present to the lips of your patient that drug of doubtful results; pause, and ask yourself, "Is this right? Is it right thus to tamper with human life? Is it right that I, for no higher motive than the concealment of my own ignorance, should take the risk of absolutely murdering the man who has confidently placed his life in my keeping?"

Should you choose the profession

of the law, you will sometimes be urged for an opinion—perhaps too, in an important case—before you are fully advised of the facts, or had time to consult either your own deliberate judgment, or the authorities bearing on the questions involved, and it may be that the fear of being thought deficient in legal knowledge, or the apprehension of losing a fat fee, may tempt you to hazard a rash opinion. But before you venture that opinion, stop and ask yourself, “Is it right that I, for the mere consideration of either a false vanity or some pecuniary gain, should, at the great peril of my client’s rights, give as a reliable legal opinion what, after all, is a mere guess?”

Again, you may be applied to as an attorney to commence an important suit involving the title, we will suppose, to millions of dollars’ worth of property. After hearing a full statement of your client’s case, you are satisfied that he has no title to the property, and no just cause of action, but you are no less satisfied that either by spiriting away his adversary’s witnesses, or by the subornation of his own; or through some other dishonest and criminal appliances, aided by your assistance, he can win the suit, and thereby make both client and attorney millionaires for the balance of their days. If tempted by this attractive bait, again I would say, pause, and ask yourself, “Is this right? Is it right in the

name of law thus to murder both law and justice? Is it right to grow rich upon the spoils of perjury and fraud? Is it right to convert the temple of justice into a den of thieves? Is it right to poison the fountains from which society draws its heart’s blood, and upon the purity of which its very life depends?”

Again, those who make, as well as those who officially administer the laws, are surely not less bound to observe the rule of right than are the doctors and the lawyers. It is with reference to this great and immutable rule that Sir William Blackstone speaks when he says, that “Being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, it is binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at all times. No human law is of any validity if contrary to this, and such of them as are valid derive all their authority, mediately or immediately, from this original.”

Not alone the public officer and the professional man, however, but the merchant, the banker, the tradesman and the mechanic, require the daily application of this rule. Even the farmer, the gardener and the fruit grower should carry it with them into the garden, the orchard and the field, lest they be tempted, when packing their commodities for market, to put the largest and best on the very top of the package.

Not only should the question of moral right be kept constantly in

view, but in the investigation of every subject where it can possibly arise, it is, logically, the *first* question to be considered. If an enterprise be morally wrong, let that fact be first settled, and then you may and ought to stop your investigation.

If, as a physician, you be asked to administer a medicine for an immoral purpose, do not stop to debate with yourself or your patient how the unholy drug can be rendered the most palatable, nor what shall be the measure of your fee for doing the diabolical work, but let your prompt and unhesitating answer be an emphatic *No!*

If, as an attorney, you should be solicited to prosecute an action resting on fraud, so soon as you shall have learned that fact, spurn the villain from your office as you would spurn the foulest thing of earth. His very breath is pollution, and the touch of his detested gold will breed moral death. Let him learn, from your indignant countenance, if he will, or from the toe of your boot, if he must, that your time, your talents, and the Courts of Justice were made for higher and holier ends than to work out the vile schemes of cunning thieves.

In a word, whatever may be your calling, whenever an undertaking or enterprise is presented for your consideration, let your first inquiry be, is that undertaking, or that enterprise morally right? And if this inquiry elicits

from the voice of conscience, a negative reply, then dismiss the subject from your mind. Waste no more time with the foul and unholy thing.

While I maintain that self-government based on the principles just enunciated, is essential for all classes of society; for the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the learned, the private citizen and the public officer, it is, nevertheless, true, that a lack of such self-government—just as the lack of any other virtue—is attended with much more serious consequences to society, when found in a person of education and influence, than when confined to the ignorant and the lowly. For example: A poor street-scavenger, for want of self-control, falls, drunk, in a ditch at the dead hour of night, and is found a lifeless corpse in the morning. He is buried at the public expense, and a coroner's jury renders a verdict that a man, whose name is, to the jury, unknown, has died by visitation of Providence, and no more is thought or heard of the matter. But an Alexander the Great, owing to the same lack of self-control, dies in a drunken debauch, and a world-wide empire crumbles to pieces.

Again, they are the leaders of society who give tone to vices as well as to fashions. And you, young gentlemen, should learn hence the important responsibilities which await you. You stand

to-day, among the chosen few of California's most favored sons. Your fathers hold conspicuous places among the pioneers and architects of this young State. Out of the most diverse and incongruous elements of human character ever congregated in one country, their hands have constructed, or actively aided in constructing, our present governmental and social fabric, which—although by no means faultless—stands as a magnificent monument to the wisdom, patriotism and indomitable energy of its founders

But these, your pioneer fathers, are passing away; day after day, the crape on the door-knob, the solemn tones of the funeral bell, or the long, winding procession of sorrowing friends, tells that another pioneer has gone; another desk in the counting-house is vacant; another hammer in the workshop has for ever ceased its old familiar ring; another sturdy farmer is missed from his accustomed place at the old corner store, where, on Saturday evenings, he was wont to sit and talk over, with his neighbors, the current events of the week; another lawyer fails to answer when his client's case is called in Court, for behold the trial of his own cause, whereon hung his eternal destiny, has demanded his appearance before a higher Court; another judicial bench has been left vacant, for the judge has gone himself to be judged before that

dread tribunal where re-hearings are never granted; that tribunal whose decisions are never reversed, and from whose decrees there lies no appeal.

Aye, another sanctuary is draped in mourning for its beloved pastor, whose consecrated hands shall no more feed, with the life-giving bread, his faithful flock; whose eloquent voice of exhortation and prayer has resounded for the last time within those sacred precincts, and the last sound of whose gentle foot-fall upon the altar-step has died away forever.

Thus, one by one, the fathers and the founders of our young State are dropping into the grave; and who shall fill their places? Who shall re-invigorate, energize, and direct the agricultural, mineral, commercial and manufacturing industries of our country? Who shall shape our laws, administer justice and curb the fiendish spirit of Atheism, insubordination and crime, which, not only in California, but throughout the world, would defy authority, sunder the bonds of society, and bury for ever law, religion and social order deep down beneath the mad waves of universal anarchy?

To whom, I say, shall our young and growing State look for the faithful discharge of these high and important duties, if not to you, her first-born and most favored sons? To you, endowed by nature with clear heads and noble

quarters, and who, far removed from the dark and dismal haunts of ignorance and vice, have grown to manhood under the genial sunlight of science, and the purifying, life-giving rays of morality and religion?

To-day, you go forth from the field of preparation to the field of action, with minds and hearts radiant with the everlasting and unfading maxims of moral truth; rich in the treasured lore of ages, and buoyant with all the activity and energy which the study of the progressive sciences, under the very best masters, could inspire.

Go, then—with minds and hearts thus adorned and thus equipped for the great battle of life, and bearing

in your hands these diplomas, these precious and ever-to-be-remembered testimonials of your moral worth and high mental attainments—go, take your respective places in the ranks of society, and let the shining splendor of your virtues not less than the brilliancy of your intellectual achievements, shed imperishable honor on your beloved *alma mater* and her noble band of officers and professors; honor on your country; honor on your cherished fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters; honor on yourselves and your children, and your children's children to the latest generation. And, finally, may you so live and so die as to give honor everlasting to Him to whom all honor belongs.

BERNARDUS CLUNIACENSIS DE CONTEMPTU
MUNDI AD PETRUM ABBATEM.

[In a former number we gave a cento form'd of selections at will from a *translation* of the following poem. And so beautiful does it appear to us, even when rendered into a modern tongue, and disguised by a different metre, that we cannot but think our readers will thank us for giving them as we now do, the original lines of the holy Cluniac himself, which few of them probably would otherwise have an opportunity of seeing.

“The *subject* of the author”—as he says himself—“is the advent of Christ to judgment; the joys of the saints; the pains of the reprobate. His *intention*, to persuade to the contempt of the world. The *use*, to despise the things of the world—to seek the things which be God’s.”

And he adds the following very striking remarks, to which his English translator, the Rev. J. M. Neale, gives just prominence, and the omission of which would be an injustice at once to the poet and to his readers:—

“Often and of long time I had heard the Bridegroom, but had not listened to Him, saying—Thy voice is pleasant to Mine ears. And again the beloved cried out: Open to Me, my sister. What then? I arose, that I might open to my Beloved. And I said, Lord, to the end that my heart may think, that my pen may write, and that my mouth may set forth Thy praise, pour both into my heart and pen and mouth Thy grace. And the Lord said, Open thy mouth. Which He straightway filled with the Spirit of wisdom and understanding: that by one I might speak truly, by the other perspicuously. And I say it in nowise arrogantly, but with all humility, and therefore boldly: that unless that Spirit of wisdom and understanding: had been with me, and flowed in upon so difficult a metre, I could not have composed so long a work. For that kind of metre, continuous dactylic, (except the final trochee or spondee,) preserving also, as it does, the Leonine sonorousness, had almost, not to say altogether, grown obsolete through its difficulty. For Hildebert of Laverdin, who from his immense learning was first raised to the episcopate and then to the Metropolitan dignity; and Vuichad, Cannon of Lyons, excellent versifiers, how little they wrote in this metre, is manifest to all.”]

HORA novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus!
 Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.
 Imminet, imminet, ut mala terminet, æqua coronet,
 Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, æthera donet.
 Auferat aspera duraque pondera mentis onusta,
 Sobria munit, improba puniat, utraque juste.

Ille piissimus, ille gravissimus, ecce venit rex,
Surgat homo reus, instat homo Deus, a Patre Judex.

Curre, vir optime, lubrica reprime, prefer honesta,
Fletibus angere, flendo merebere coelica festa.
Luce replebere jam sine vespere, jam sine lunâ:
Lux nova, lux ea, lux erit aurea, lux erit una.*
Cum Sapientia, sive Potentia patria tradet
Regna Patri sua, tunc ad eum tua semita vadet:
Tunc nova gloria pectora sobria clarificabit,
Solvat enigmata, veraque Sabbata continuabit.
Liber et hostibus et domiuantibus, ibit Hebræus;
Liber habebitur, et celebrabitur hinc Jubilæus.
Patria luminis, inscia turbinis, inscia lstitis,
Cive replebitur, amplificabitur Israelitis:
Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis,
Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.
Tunc erit omnibus inspicientibus ora Tonantis,
Summa potentia, plena scientia, pax pia sanctis.
Pax erit omnibus illa fidelibus, illa beata,
Irresolubilis, invariabilis, intemerata:
Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine rixâ;
Meta laboribus, atque tumultibus anchora fixa.
Pax erit omnibus unica. Sed quibus? Immaculatis,
Pectore mitibus, ordine stantibus, ore sacratis;
Pax ea, pax rata, pax superis data, danda modestis,
Plenaque vocibus, atque canoribus atria festis.
Hortus odoribus affluet omnibus, hic paradisus,
Plenaque gratia, plenaque gaudia, cantica, risus;
Plena redemptio, plena refectio, gloria plena:
Vi, lue, luctibus aufugientibus, exule pœnâ:
Nil ibi debile, nil ibi flebile, nil ibi scissum;
Res ibi publica pax erit unica, pax in idipsum.
Hic furor, hic mala, schismata, scândala, pax sine pace;
Pax sine litibus, et sine luctibus in Syon arce.
O sacra potio, sacra refectio, visio pacis,

* Compare a beautiful hymn on the Theban Legion, which says:

“Dies sine vespera, nocte non sepultus:
Quem non sol per aera, sed divini vultus
Illustrat serenitas; tali fato fultus,
Quo senes sunt juvenes; nemo fit adultus.”

Mentis et unctio, nullaque mentio ventris edacis!
 Hac homo nititur, ambulat, utitur, ergo fruetur;
 Pax rata, pax ea, spe modo, postea re capietur.
 JESUS erit pius, et decor illius esca beatis,
 Pascua mentibus, hanc sitientibus, hanc satiatis;
 Et sitiens eris, et satiaberis hac dape vitæ;
 In nētro labor, una quies, amor unus utrique.
 Civibus ætheris associaberis, advena civis;
 Hic tuba, pax ibi, vita manens tibi, qui bene vivis.
 Hic erit omnibus una fidelibus ultima cœna,
 Tunc cumulabitur atque replebitur illa sagena;
 Denique, piscibus integra pluribus, integra magnis,
 Glorificabitur, hic removebitur anguis ab agnis.
 Per sacra lilia, perque virentia germina florum,
 Expatietur, ac modulabitur ordo piorum:
 Pectora plausibus atque canoibus ora parabit,
 Cum sua crimina, lapsaque pristina stans memorabit.
 Quo fuit amplior error, iniquior actio mentis,
 Laus erit amplior, hymnus et altior, hanc abolentis.
 Unica cantio tunc, miseratio plena Tonantis,
 Laus erit unica, pro stipe cœlica præmia dantis;
 Pro stipe præmia, pro cruce gaudia, pro nece vita,
 Illa tenebitur, inde replebitur Israelita.

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur
 Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur.
 O retributio! stat brevis actio, vita perennis;
 O retributio! cœlica mansio stat lue plenis.
 Quid datur et quibus æther? egentibus et cruce dignis;
 Sidera vermibus, optima soatibus, astra malignis.
 Cœlica gratia criminis omnia non modo donat,
 Sed super æthera suscipe viscera tanta coronat.
 Omnibus unica cœlica gratia retribuetur,
 Omnibus, omnibus ulcera flentibus accipietur.
 Tunc rosa sanguine, lilia virgine mente micabunt;
 Gaudia maxime te, pia lacryma te recreabunt.
 Nunc tibi tristitia; tunc tibi gaudia; gaudia quanta?
 Vox nequit edere, lumina cernere, tangere planta.
 Post nigra, post mala, post fera scandala, quæ caro præstat,
 Absque nigredine lux, sine turbine pax, tibi restat.
 Sunt modo prælia, postmodo præmia. Qualia? Plana:

Plena refectio, nullaque passio, nullaque pœna.
 Spe modo vivitur, et Syon angitur a Babyloae;
 Nunc tribulatio, tunc recreatio, sceptrâ, coronâ.
 Qui modo creditur, ipse videbitur, aque scietur:
 Ipse videntibus, atque scientibus attribuetur.
 Plena refectio, tunc pia visio, visio JESU:
 Hoc speculabitur, hœc satiabitur Israel esu;
 Hœc satiabitur, hunc sociabitur in Syon arce.
 O bone Rex, ibi nullus eget tibi dicere, Parce.
 Cor miserabile, corpus inutile non erit ultra,
 Nulla cadavera, nullaque funera, nulla sepulchra;
 Quodque beatius est, mala longius omnia fient:
 Ob tua crimina, jam tua lumina non madescent.
 Flendaque gaudia blandaque prœlia carnis abibunt;
 Fraus, proba, jurgia, quid moror? OMNIA prava peribunt.

Gens bene vivida, vitæque florida, fons David undans;
 Lux erit aurea, terræque lactea, melle redundans.
 Lux ea vespere, gens lue, funere vita carebit;
 JESUS habebitur, ipse tenebitur, ipse tenebit.
 Spe modo nitimur; ubere pascimur hic; ibi pane;
 Nox mala plurima dat; dabit intima gaudia mane:
 Gaudia passio, regna redemptio, crux sacra portum,
 Lachryma plaudere, pœna quiescere, terminus ortum.
 JESUS amantibus afferet omnibus alta trophœa;
 JESUS amabitur, atque videbitur in Galilœa.
 Mane videbitur, umbra fugabitur, ordo patebit;
 Mane nitens erit, et bona qui gerit, ille nitebit.
 Tunc pia sentiet auris, et audiet, Ecce tuus Rex:
 Ecce Deus tuus, ecce decor suus hic stat, abit lex.

Pars mea, Rex meus, in proprio Deus ipse decore
 Visus amabitur, atque videbitur auctor in ore.
 Tunc Jacob Israel, et Lia tunc Rahel efficietur;
 Tunc Sion atria, pulchraque patria perficietur,
 O bona Patria, lumina sobria te speculantur:
 Ad tua nomina, sobria lumina collacrymantur.
 Est tua mentio, pectoris unctio, cura doloris,
 Concipientibus æthera mentibus igris amoris.
 Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus es paradisus:
 Non ibi lachryma, sed placidissima gaudia, risus.

Est tibi consita laurus, et insita cedrus hysopo :
 Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia, clara pyropo.
 Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus :
 Est tua fabrica concio cœlica, gemmaque CHRISTUS.
 Lux tua, mors crucis, atque caro Ducis est crucifixi :
 Laus, benedictio, conjubilatio personat ipsi.
 Dos tibi florida, gemmaque lucida, Rex Nazarenus :
 JESUS, homo Deus, annulus aureus, hortus amœnus :
 Janua, janitor, ipseque portitor, ipseque portus,
 Ipse salutifer est tibi Lucifer, arra, vir, ortus.
 Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons, modo rivus,
 Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi Lapis undique Vivus.
 Ipse tuus DEUS est lapis aureus, est tibi murus
 Inviolabilis, insuperabilis, haud ruiturus.
 Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora,
 Primaque Principis oseula suscipis, inspicias ora.
 Candida lilia, viva monilia, sunt tibi, sponsa :
 Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa.
 Ars tua plaudere, munera vivere jam sine morte :
 Pax tua, prœmia ; conditor, atria ; crux sacra portæ ;
 Tota negotia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare,
 Tam mala debita, quam bona præbita conjubilare.
 Sors tua gaudia fine carentia, nil dare triste ;
 Lex tua psallere, gloria dicere, Laus tibi CHRISTE.
 Urbs Syon, urbs bona, patria consona, patria dulcis,
 Ad tua gaudia corda soles pia ducere, ducis.
 Jerusalem pia patria, non via, pulchra platea :
 Ad tua munera sit via dextera, Pythagoræa.

Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora,
 Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.
 Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,
 Quam socialia gaudia, gloria quam specialis.
 Laude studens ea tollere, mens mea victa fatiscit,
 O bona gloria, vincor ; in omnia laus tua vicit.
 Sunt Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre plena,
 Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena.
 Est tibi pascua mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis ;
 Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.
 Gens duce splendida, concio candida, vestibus albis,
 Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis.

Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine termine, sunt sine lite
 In Syon ædibus editioribus Israelitæ.
 Pax ibi florida, pascua vivida, viva medulla,
 Nulla molestia, nulla tragœdia, lachryma nulla.
 O sacra potio, sacra refectio. pax animarum,
 O bonus, O pius, O placidus sonus, hymnus earum !

Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita glorificandis,
 Tu bona viribus interioribus intima pandis ;
 Intima lumina, mentis acumina, te speculantur ;
 Pectora flammea spe modo, postea sorte lucrantur.
 Urbs Syon unica, mansio mystica, condita cœlo,
 Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc tibi lugeo, tristor, anhelio :
 Te quia corpore non queo, pectore sæpe penetro,
 Sed, caro terrea, terraque carnea, mox cado retro.
 Nemo retexere, nemoque promere sustinet ore,
 Quo tua mœnia, quo capitalia, plena nitore.
 Id queo dicere, quomodo tangere pollice cœlum ;
 Ut mare currere, sicut in aère figere telum.
 Opprimit omne cor ille tuus decor, O Syon, O pax :
 Urbs sine tempore, nulla potest fore laus tibi mendax :
 O nova mansio, te pia concio, gens pia munit,
 Provehit, excitat, auget, identitat, efficit, unit.
 Te DEUS expolit, angelus incolit, incolit ordo,
 Cui cubus additur, et sonus editur a deeachordo.
 Florida vatibus, aurea patribus es duodenis ;
 Clara fidelibus, esurientibus hic, ibi plenis.
 Sunt tibia lilia, pura cobilia virginitatis,
 Est rosa sanguine purpura, lumine sobrietatis.
 Teque patrum chorus ornat, habet thorus immaculatus :
 Sanctaque victima, sanctaque lachryma pœna reatus
 Rex tibi Filius unicus, illius ille Mariæ,
 Stirps sacra virginis, auctor originis ensque sophiæ ;
 Rex tibi præsidet, et tua possidet atria, magnus,
 Qui Patris unicus est, Leo mysticus, et tamen Agnus.
 O sine luxibus, O sine luctibus, O sine lite
 Splendida curia, florida Patria, Patria vitæ !

Urbs Syon inclyta, turris et edita littore tuto,
 Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto; saluto :
 Nec meritis peto ; nam meritis meto morte perire :

Nec reticens te go, quod meritis ego filius iræ.
 Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea, mortua vita,
 Quippe reatibus exitialibus obruta, trita.
 Spe tamen ambulo, præmia postulo speque, fideque;
 Illa perennia postulo præmia nocte dieque:
 Me Pater optimus atque piissimus ille creavit,
 In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, a lue lavit.
 Dum sua suppleo robor, gaudeo: cum mea ploro,
 Tunc sibi gaudeo, tunc mihi defleo, flere laboro:
 Diluit omnia cœlica gratia, Fons David undans:
 Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit, omnia mudans.
 O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarior auro,
 Agmine splendida, stans duce florida perpete lauro:
 O bona Patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo?
 O bona patria, num tua præmia plena tenebo?
 Dic mihi, flagito; verbaque reddito, dicque.—Videbis:
 Spem solidam gero: rem-ne tenens ero?—Dic,—Retinebis.
 Plaude cinis meus, est tua pars Deus, ejus es, et sis:
 Plauds cinis meus, est tua pars Deus, ejus es, et sis.

THE ETHICS OF DUELLING.

B. L. BURLING, (Ethics.)

WE have all heard of the unfortunate duel that occurred about seventy years ago, between two of the ablest statesmen our nation ever produced, in which Alexander Hamilton fell a victim to the insatiable and malignant animosity of Aaron Burr. We can all conceive what a gloom of sadness the death of Mr. Hamilton spread throughout the land.

Curses both loud and deep were heaped upon the head of the perpetrator of that murderous deed; and although he held the office of Vice-President of our Republic, society universally, man, woman, and child, shunned him as if there had been contamination in his touch.

Burr was universally condemned for sending the challenge; but few thought of casting blame on Hamil-

ton for accepting it. It appears, however, from the circumstances of the affair, that *both* were actuated by wrong ideas of honor; and in the present paper I will endeavor to show where each was wrong.

In order, then, that we may understand the subject of the duel perfectly, I will inquire into two questions: 1st—What is a duel? 2d—Is a duel lawful?

In answer to the first, I say that a duel is a fight between two persons, undertaken by agreement, for private causes, with weapons capable of wounding or causing death. It is a custom originating in the barbarity of some savage nation; and was adopted perhaps, in the first place, for want of laws and of magistrates to enforce them, or else from superstition. The custom has been cherished and kept up to our times by a fierce love of revenge, united to a sort of gladiatorial pride and to the fear of human contempt.

This mode of fighting was first adopted under the idea that by it the truth would be manifested through the intervention of Divine Providence; but at present it is used solely in defending one's reputation, and in avenging injuries against one's honor. It is undertaken by agreement, the place, the time, and the weapons to be used being pre-arranged, and witnesses and umpires being appointed, whom by a somewhat sacrilegious appropriation of the word they call

"sponsors."

Here it must be remarked that I do not speak of duels made for a public cause, or by consent and order of public authority in order the sooner to put an end to a war and save a greater loss on both sides. For whether this kind of duel may or may not be allowed by right of nature must be judged according to different circumstances.

In answer to the second question I say that *duels are by the law of nature entirely illicit*. This is my proposition and I shall prove it (I trust to the satisfaction of my readers) by the three following arguments: *Firstly*, it is not lawful directly to expose one's life to manifest peril without a reasonable cause. This requires no proof, as every sensible man can see the truth of what I say. Nor is it lawful to attack the life of another, except when compelled to do so by the necessity of self-defence.

Here I would say, parenthetically, a few words relative to the killing of an unjust aggressor. It is lawful to put to death an unjust aggressor on one's life, keeping, however, within the proper bounds of pure self-defence. These proper bounds are reducible to four:

1. Not to cause greater harm than is necessary to ward off the danger to one's life.
2. Not to use violence except during the very time of being assaulted: neither

before nor after. 3. There must be no means open to us of avoiding the danger; such, for instance, as a safe flight. 4. The person attacked should not aim directly at the aggressor, but only at the safety of his own life.

And now, to return from this digression, I hold that whoever accepts or offers a duel throws himself directly, and without a just cause, into evident danger of his life. For he does not take part in the combat by necessity, but goes into it willingly. Moreover, he willingly and by compact deprives himself of all means, whether of defence or of attack, which are not common alike to himself and to his adversary. He attacks the life of another without the necessity of self-defence; for this fight is not a defence of life, but a voluntary attack, maturely considered on both sides; and it is not at all necessary, either for the safety of life or for the defence of those other goods which may sometimes be defended by killing an unjust aggressor; because there are many other ways of self-defence, as for example, satisfaction, and reconciliation. Ergo we arrive at the conclusion that those who engage in such duels are certainly guilty of one or other of the two grievous crimes, suicide and homicide, if not of both.

My second argument is briefly this.

Nothing can be more absurd

than to undertake a duel in order to defend our honor, or to regain the honor which we think we have lost by injuries done us. For, to begin with, it is unlawful to put to death the assailant of our honor and reputation.

Either the calumny or the slander is already imputed to us, or we foresee that it is going to be imputed. In the first case, the killing of our detractor would not be self-defence, but rather vengeance; and "vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." In the second case, it would neither be defence against present danger, nor against *certain* future danger; for there would be a doubt whether men in general would believe him.

But furthermore, our own right to our honor and good name, when opposed to the right of our adversary to life, cannot prevail, whether we regard it in its intrinsic importance, or with reference to the good of society. For if it were allowable to defend our honor thus, the way would be paved to numberless deaths, which would be extremely ruinous to society.

Besides which, no means are more unfit to attain that end; for the honor of which we speak is surely that which is rendered us by wise and virtuous men, from whom honor can neither be obtained nor regained by such means. For they give honor only to virtue, and neither to that strength of body which we have

in common with the beasts, nor to foolish boasting and presumption, which are more calculated to excite their compassion and laughter than their esteem and admiration. To acquire from such men the name of brave, it is sufficient to show oneself ready vigorously to repel force by force when the need arises. There is no necessity for descending like a gladiator into the arena, to make a spectacle of oneself.

Lastly if you have been unjustly accused of acting unkindly or imprudently or shamefully or falsely, do you think that sensible men will consider you a kind, prudent, faithful or sincere person, because you have thrust a dagger into the bosom of your adversary? As for the honor which the wicked and vulgar give to acts contrary to virtue, it is not honor, but rather dishonor. Whoever seeks after *this* kind of honor, and dreads the scoffs of those brainless men who have no better honor to bestow, shows himself indeed—to speak plain English—a fool; that is to say, a person altogether devoid of common sense. We may therefore fairly draw the conclusion that by duels honor is neither preserved nor regained, but, on the contrary, lost.

My third argument takes a somewhat different form from the preceding. What has been said above holds good both for the natural and for the civil state. But in the civil state, duels are

against honesty; and that because they attack the very foundation of civil order.

For the foundation of civil order is, as we know, the authority of the civil power,—of that power which prescribes the laws, which pronounces judgments, and which inflicts punishments on those who injure the citizens. But those who fight duels throw contempt upon the laws; because they pretend that the true rules of justice are to be found in brute force, and not in the laws. They also do injury to the judicial authority; for they set themselves up as the judges of their own disputes. Finally, they take, as it were from the supreme authority, the sword with which it is armed; for they attribute to themselves the right of avenging, by force, the injuries they have received. Consequently, committing as they do so many crimes by one action, they deserve to be punished with all the severity of which the civil laws are capable.

I have now proved fairly, I think, though briefly, and I fear somewhat drily, the proposition with which I began. It is true, more arguments might be advanced; but I regard the three I have placed before you as sufficient; and I sincerely hope that I may have carried most of my readers with me to the conclusion that duels are, even by the law of nature, entirely illicit.

I cannot but expect, however, that objections will be raised to

what I have advanced; and I will therefore endeavor to anticipate some of the most probable. I am almost morally certain, for instance, that this will be one.

A military officer who shirked or refused a duel would be considered as a coward, and would perhaps be deprived of the position by which he maintained himself and those depending on him. In these circumstances duelling would seem to be allowable, for it is the only way of escaping a most grievous evil, viz: the loss of honor. And honor is so great a good, that sensible men justly prefer it to death itself.

To this objection I answer that the supposition is most unlikely to be realized, except among barbarians; for among all civilized nations there exist very severe laws against duelling.

And though the sharpness of the law may, certainly, be sometimes blunted by the foolish opinions which prevail among the mass of the people, and so by a kind of mistaken forbearance the duellists may be left unpunished, the fact, nevertheless, remains, that duelling is against the law. Therefore, though he who refuses to accept a challenge, may indeed be exposed to the raillery of light-minded men, at least he has not to undergo the consequences of a breach of the law.

If, however, through some exceptional injustice, a magistrate should deprive a man of office for refusing

to fight a duel, such an one must bear in mind two things: firstly, that by his death the same evil would have followed,—nay, a *greater* one, and that, whoever accepts or offers a challenge puts himself in peril of his life: secondly, that honesty and virtue are of such value that we are bound to sacrifice, for them, all the good things of this life; to sacrifice which on the altar of virtue is not really a loss, but a gain.

So much for the first part of the argument. As regards the second, we must consider, before we can reply fairly to it, what this word *honor* means.

Now, honor, professedly and strictly, signifies *a testimony of esteem*; but it is often taken for those qualities both of mind and body which bring us such a testimony; from which qualities it is that we must deduce what is to be held as true honor, and what as false honor.

True honor is surely that and that only which is attributable to virtue, whilst that which is sometimes bestowed upon rashness and temerity is false and vain. Now virtue, I fully admit, is preferable to all the good things of this life. But honor, although true, is *not* to be valued more than life. For life is an *intrinsic* good and the foundation of all the other blessings which we now enjoy; and besides this, it is desirable for itself. Honor, on the contrary, is what is call-

ed an *extrinsic* good: that is to say, it is not to be desired for its own sake, but only for the sake of virtue. If, therefore, even *true* honor cannot be preferred to life, still less can that false and vain honor which duellists praise so much.

But we have yet another prominent objection with which to deal. In a state of nature, it is said, and outside the pale of civil society, men are entirely *sui juris*, and consequently they enjoy the same rights as the supreme authority in society. But the supreme authority, both in defending its rights and in revenging its injuries, is allowed to wage war. In a state of nature, therefore, it is lawful to fight a duel; for the only difference between a war and a duel is in the number of the combatants.

Again, it is contended by many that in a disordered state of society, *i.e.*, one in which, on account of negligence or malice on the part of the magistrates, justice is openly denied, it is lawful, in order to defend oneself, to fight a duel. For in such a case as that of anarchy, the bond of civil society is dissolved, and each citizen becomes *sui juris*. To all this, it is obvious to reply, firstly, that the principal difference between war and duelling does not lie in the number of the combatants, but in *the end*; war being entered upon for the defence of the common good; the duel, on the contrary, for the defence of private good, and that good appa-

rent only and not real.

Besides which, there is another difference, and that of no small importance, which distinguishes a duel from an act of war; viz:—*the manner in which it is done*. For duelling is carried on by mutual agreement, whereas such is not the case with war.

In the next place, I deny that whenever a man believes that the state under which he lives is not well governed, or that his own rights are violated, he can take upon himself the office of judge and vindicator; for if so, neither civil order nor any social community could exist. But if, *really*, by the subversion of society, the authority of judges and magistrates were silent, then indeed it would be lawful for any one to defend himself against an unjust aggressor by force of arms. *But it would never be lawful to fight privately, by mutual agreement.*

Now, kind and gentle reader, and especially *fair* reader—if it be my good fortune to have met with such—I know you must be growing tired of this dry argumentative style of mine; but I have one more objection to refute which seems worthy of mention; stretch your patience thus far, therefore, and then I shall have done.

It will be objected that at least we may excuse those duellists who fight under the condition that as soon as one of them is wounded, or after a certain number of shots or

blows, the duel is to be stopped.

To this assertion I reply by flatly denying it. For the wickedness of the duel and the crimes that are involved in it are not removed by that condition. The only difference is—if even *that* much can be granted—that the combatants, instead of being guilty of a double murder are guilty of a *mayhem*, or grievous wounding, Wounds, however, cannot be inflicted according to a certain measure, especially when, as in cases like this, the mind is irritated by hatred and heated by anger.

Here I pause. I have endeavored, in all that I have said, to show, to the best of my ability, that duelling is not justifiable; and now, having proved my proposition, and in ending, I trust, carried all my

readers with me, I will apply it to the case of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, and see if they can stand the test.

Mr. Burr sent the challenge—as is a well known fact—and in the sending of it committed a crime, and in so doing violated the laws both of nature and of his country. Mr. Hamilton accepted the challenge, and in the acceptance of it committed a crime, the breaking of the laws both of nature and of his country; as I have shown above. And I am moreover fully convinced, and do assert that Aaron Burr committed the grievous crime of homicide in the killing of Alexander Hamilton, and that the death of Alexander Hamilton was that of a suicide.

THE HERMIT CRAB AND THE SEA ANEMONE.

A STORY FOUNDED UPON FACT.

BY J. P. O.

THERE was once upon a time a poor little defenceless crabling creeping along in a dejected manner at the bottom of a coral-reef, hiding in sea-weed arbors and looking furtively out from their crimson meshes, because he was afraid of being seen. For, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, he was compelled to go about in an unseemly state of dishabille; and he knew that if he were to appear in public in such a condition he would be attacked by a whole army of back-biters.

Whilst in this uncomfortable state of mind and body, he one day espied an empty shell which he thought would just suit him as a substitute for that covering with which unkind nature had failed to provide him. For nature, I should explain, had been in a spiteful mood when she made our crab, and had tried to render him as uncomfortable as possible; with which object she had tyrannically

denied him a shell. It is true she had plated his legs and head with armour; but his poor back was quite bare, being furnished only with a tail and a pair of pincers; so that it became his mission in life to go about seeking some empty sea-shell, where-in to ensconce his unfortunate body.

But among her other spiteful actions, dame nature had denied him the faculty of measurement. It was consequently impossible for him to reason according to the Aristotelian method, from the abstract to the concrete. He was under a constitutional necessity to proceed upon the experimental or Baconian system of philosophy, through life; this occasioned him a deal of trouble; as you will see;—for he had to try every shell on, before he knew whether it would fit him. Now, as soon as he discovered the particular shell to which I refer, he turned his head this way, and that, with an air of considerable anxiety, and seizing a moment

when he thought none of the fishes were looking, made a dart for his new home.

Alas, alas! It would not do at all! It was a great deal too large. It shut him up completely; and how was he to gain his living, as he had to do, by looking after those pretty little shrimps and mussels, when he could not even see out of his house? There was nothing for it but to go back to the sea-weed arbor: and accordingly back he went, and remained for some time as disconsolate as Mariana in the Moated Grange.

Presently he saw another shell, and plucking up his courage, made a raid upon it. Alas, alas! This was too small!

But it required a great deal of experiment to convince him of the fact; for the poor fellow, being desperately in want of a home, tried, by every means, to get into this apartment. He was not more than an inch long; yet he could not get in. He tried the shell on, first at one end, and then at another, and walked about for some time with it at the end of his back, making himself look as ridiculous as a large faced lady in a small bonnet; but he had to give it up, and return once more to the sea-weed arbor.

However, by dint of an unlimited amount of perseverance, he overcame his adverse fortune, and found a home at last; and now you would not have recognised, in *my Lord Crab* the poor god-forsaken

creature of former days, who has seemed afraid even of his own tail, lest, armed as it was with a pair of pincers it might take a notion of biting his poor defenceless back. The destitute misanthrope, horribly out of conceit with himself and the rest of his fellow-creatures, had developed into quite a different character, under more favorable auspices; for the owner of a fine house, built in the most approved style of marine architecture, fluted, and knobbed, and polished, till it looked like an exquisite piece of brown stone carving—whose inside walls were of a beautiful pink color, and hard-finished throughout,—was not, in his own opinion, to be despised.

The character of our hermit, then, was but an outer dress, placed upon him by the force of circumstances, and varying with varying fortune.

You should just have seen him, holding his house up with that useful pair of pincers above-mentioned, and gazing out defiantly on the world, confident in his well armed head. How you would have laughed, too, could you have witnessed the fashionable swagger with which he walked upon his armor-plated legs!

He soon became a noted duellist, and whenever his fellow-crabs crossed his path, invariably challenged them to mortal combat.

Such was Mr. Crabbling, when, one warm afternoon, he rested his

shell on the coral reef, and went inside for a nap.

Why, oh why, is it that the tenure of all sorts of property is so uncertain?—that even marine property is not exempt from risk of disturbance? You must know that while our Hermit was dozing, there came sailing along, something that looked more like a tiny piece of embodied rainbow than anything else; so beautiful, so brilliant, and so variegated were its hues. A bit of coloring matter had apparently slipped from Nature's pallet, and become endowed with life:—animal life only, however; for it was in fact nothing but a digesting-apparatus, furnished with innumerable arms—and being quite destitute of conscience, the newcomer deliberately jumped our friend's property, and squatted upon his roof.

'Twas quite a matter of indifference who was the real owner—Beauty came, saw, and conquered, as Beauty nearly always does; and it performed this piece of meanness, moreover, in so quiet a manner, that Hermit-Crab never discovered it till he took it into his head to go promenading; and then, finding his house heavier than usual, came out to see what was the matter.

Now judging from his known quarrelsomeness, and the pugnacious way in which he fought his fellow-hermits whenever they happened to cross his path, we expected to see him serve a process of

ejection forthwith upon the presumptuous intruder. But this only shews how little we knew of crab nature; for no sooner did Crabby find out the cause of the increased gravitation of his abode, than he proceeded to make friends with the new arrival.

Now as Crabby was not transparent, either bodily or mentally, we cannot tell his motive for this conduct. Perhaps he was a Marine Communist, and belonged to the International Society of the Deep, and therefore did not object to sharing his property with every fresh claimant. Perhaps it was the beauty of the creature which overcame him: for it is not only men that are subject to that kind of enchantment. Or perhaps, in spite of his misanthropy and pugnacious disposition, he found it a lonely thing to be a "hermit" crab. 'Tis hard to tell. But the fact remains that he proceeded to make friends with the captivating stranger.

The conversation between the two was conducted in the language of signs; and not having a key thereto, we cannot say what it was about. All we know is, that Briareus talked with his arms, and Crabby with his legs, and that after this conversation, the two always dined together. Sometimes Sea-Anemone (that was Briareus' proper name) sometimes Crabby furnished the dinner.

So they lived and throve to-

gether, till they grew too large for their abode. They then held a long consultation, during which the Hermit gesticulated a good deal with his legs, while Sea-Anemone waved his arms about, in a perfectly distracted manner, till getting fatigued he retired within himself;—and then Crabby went on a reconnoitering expedition in search of a new home; having found which, he proceeded to carry out what was evidently a preconcerted arrangement between him and Sea-Anemone; for he commenced tugging with all his might at his friend's foundation, in order to effect a removal. It was not to be, however. Anemone had grown to the house, and the house to Anemone, and there was no separating them.

What do you think Hermit-Crab did then? Did he draw up the new residence close beside the old one to enjoy the society of his friend? No such thing! Since his friend could not be comfortable, neither could; he so they just remained where they were before!

Here, again, we behold the force of circumstances bringing out new and unsuspected traits in our hero's character. Who would have imagined a Hermit-Crab capable of such unselfish friendship?

But self-denial, though it may superinduce great spiritual satisfaction, cannot be said to be productive of much material comfort; and the two lived on in a very

pinched condition for some time, till at last the state of things became unendurable. Hermit-Crab's back—a subject upon which he was very sensitive,—obtruded itself upon the public view; and Sea-Anemone rode the roof like a very tall man upon a very small pony. So Crabby sallied out once more in quest of a homestead. He had grown more intelligent as well as stronger, by this time, which was evident from his method of procedure; for he brought the new home close to the old one, and then with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull with all his limbs together, succeeded in detaching Sea-Anemone and carrying him “over the way;” after which, he proceeded to fix him by a friendly pressure of his claws, on to the new roof. Our Hermit then retired, in an exhausted state of bliss, to the interior of his dominion, and henceforth, this ill-assorted but happy couple—this Damon and Pythias of marine life—lived in a state of uninterrupted happiness.

Should any “unbelieving Thomas,” among our readers, smile sceptically at this our narrative, we bid him remember that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy, and that our tale is nothing more (as we have already hinted) than the enlargement of a fact which was recently stated to the public, through the medium of a well-known periodical.

PANCRATIUS.

BY AN OLD PHILALETIC.

THE morn broke light and frosty, o'er the hills
 Of Rome. The bright sun flung his golden beams
 O'er many a portico where sages met
 To hold deep converse,—o'er the lordly halls
 Where Cæsar held high court,—o'er pillared fane,—
 O'er lofty arch, that marked some victory gained
 In other days,—o'er wide and martial Campus,
 Long street, and busy forum,—bathing all
 The imperial city in a flood of glory.

The day wears on and Rome is all astir.
 From all her dens of infamy and crime,
 From lofty palace and from lowly cot,
 Men throng the streets, each in his best attire.
 The solid earth trembles beneath the tread
 Of Rome's fierce myriads hurrying, in their glee,
 Towards the Flavian Amphitheatre,
 Which, by degrees, sucks up the living stream;
 Like some huge monster gorging still its prey.

Within, the walls seem tapestried around,
 From top to bottom, all with human faces.
 The Emperor arrives, and takes his seat
 Upon his royal throne in the Pulvinar.
 The servile herd that fattened on his smiles,
 Called him *divine*, and worshipped him as God,
 Yet seemed he *demon* rather than a God,
 So fierce his look, so fiendish was his scowl.

Now, ever and anon, are heard the bellowing
 Of angry bulls, the growl of famished tigers,
 And eke the horrid roar of Lybian lions.

The games begin. The gladiators fight,
On the bright sands, their wonted bloody battles.
Sport follows sport; till all, at length, are sated,
And call for something more exciting still.

Sudden, one shouts, "*The Christians to the lions!*"
A hundred thousand tongues repeat the cry.
Then the Lanista, Master of the Ring,
Brings forth Pancratius, the Nazarene.
A tender boy was he, and nobly born.
Upon his placid brow sat Innocence;
A smile angelic dimpled his fair cheeks
And glossy ringlets fell in clustering curls
Upon his shoulders. At the entrance gate
A woman, closely veiled, accosted him.
Starting with glad surprise, the youth forthwith
Was folded in a mother's fond embrace!
Smiling, she kissed his cheek, and said, "My son,
"This is your hour of triumph. I beseech you,
"Look up to Heaven, and be a man to-day.
"Think of your father, who in this arena,
"Sealed with his blood his faith in Jesus Christ.
"Look to your Saviour, who amid the pangs
"Of Golgotha, gave you a second birth.
"Think of the crown which His right hand will place
"Upon your brow, there to remain for ever."
She could no more; the keeper thrust her back:—
The dregs of Rome were howling loud for blood.

The youthful hero took the place assigned him
In the arena. The beasts were now let loose.
Careering wildly round, they roared, and lashed
Their sides in fury; but no one, at first,
Approached the charmed circle where he stood.
Pancratius, wrapt in prayer, heeded them not:
His thoughts were far away in that bright land,
Where angels tune their harps to heavenly symphonies.

At length a goaded bull dashed madly forward
Upon the bloody sands. With neck bent low,
He pawed the ground, and gored it with his horns,

Then stopped in mid career, as though his head
 Had struck a wall of brass. The mob were frantic.
 "Provoke him, coward," roared the Emperor.
 Pancratius, roused as from a trance, looked up,
 Then waving both his arms ran boldly forward.
 The savage bull, as though he'd met a lion,
 Turning short round, rushed backward to his stall,
 And chancing on his keeper, near the entrance,
 Tossed him, as quick as lightning, high in air!
 A murmur, like to distant thunder ran
 From side to side through that vast multitude.
 "He has a charm around his neck," cried one.
 "A charm! a charm! He is a sorcerer,"
 Like howling wolves, yelled out the angry crowd.
 "Take off that amulet," the tyrant cried,
 "Or rougher hands shall do it for thee." "Sire,"
 Replied the youth, in tones of silver sweetness,
 "This is no charm I wear, but a memorial
 "Of my dead father, who on this same spot,
 "Won by his blood a martyr's glorious palm.
 "Like him, I am a Christian. Leave me, then,
 "This dear remembrance of a father's love.
 "Try again! A panther gave my sire his crown;
 "A panther, perhaps, may do the same for me."
 The crowd seemed moved to tenderness and pity.
 The martyr's graceful form and gallant bearing,
 The thrill'g music of his voice,—had struck
 A chord far down within their stubborn hearts.
 Pancratius quailed before their cruel mercy;
This feared he more than all their hate. He prayed:—
 "To-day, oh yes, to-day, dear, blessed God,
 "Is my appointed time! Delay it not!"

"The panther! Loose the panther!" is the shout,
 Re-echoed like the roaring of the sea.
 And then, as if by magic, rose a cage;
 And as it rose, its sides fell down; and forth
 A graceful panther sprang, the desert's pride!
 Though famishing with hunger, yet he played
 And frisked and gamboled round the wide arena.
 At last he saw his destined prey; and then

The fierceness of his nature all at once
O'ermastered him. A death-like silence reigned,
And every eye on that strange pair was fixed.

The holy martyr stood absorbed in prayer.
The panther, lowly crouching on the sand,
Came near and nearer yet, until he gained
The measured distance. Motionless he lay,
A moment: then a deep, fierce snarl was heard,
And shooting, like a catapult, through the air,
The beast descended on the fair broad breast
Of the young hero, and with fang and claw
Tore his white throat. Pancrätius stood erect
For one short moment; then he bowed his head
And slept the happy sleep of martyrdom.

Upon the Aurelian Way, a Christian church,
Which bears his name and still defies the touch
Of all-absorbing Time, stands o'er his tomb.
And in that far-off island of the sea,
Where Roman missionaries were yet to sow
The seeds of Christian faith—in stormy Britain—
Rises another church which also keeps
“St. Pancra's” name before a faithless world
In love and honor. Holy martyr, thine
Be the glad task to raise thy saintly hands
In prayer for Rome and Britain! For the first,
Marred as she is by sacrilegious hordes
Of infidel blasphemers, that the Lord
For whose sweet Name thou diedst, may restore
Once more her glory: for the last, that she—
Who once was called the “Island of the Saints,”
Yet, wandering helpless now in errors maze,
Scorns e'en to ask their prayers—may yet lay down
Her modern glories at the old man's feet
Who sits on Peter's throne. Be thine, sweet saint,
The task to win God's answer to such prayer.
This thy best monument! Sepulchral brass,
Or marble tomb with cunning sculpture dight,
Thou shalt not need. Thy name will live enshrined
In Christian hearts, till time shall be no more.

IDLE NOTES.

WE are sorry to note the changes by which this department has fallen to the present Editor *pro tem.* Mr. J. T. Malone, our late Editor-General who has been so long and honorably connected with the "OWL," and Mr. Jos. F. McQuade, the Idle Notist of last session, have graduated from the College. But we hope that although they are gone, they will not forget us, but remember us occasionally with communications.

THE 26th of May was a sad day for the students of the College; for it brought to them the news of the death of their old fellow-student, Martin Murphy. He was born on the 24th of June, in the year 1852, near the site of the present town of Gilroy, in this State. He passed several years of his life in this College, and was one of our most distinguished students. He had a noble bearing, and was possessed of a manly mind and a kind heart, which endeared him greatly to his fellow-students, all of whom, as well as his former professors, deeply regret his loss.

At the time of his decease, which occurred on the 25th of May last, he was residing at Washington, for the purpose of attending a course of lectures in the Law School of Georgetown College.

His body was embalmed in the East, and brought to Gilroy, where his funeral was very largely attended. It was, indeed, a sad task for his pall-bearers, his old fellow-students, to bear him, whom they had admired and loved so much, to the grave. Several of the San Francisco, San José and Santa Clara clergy were in attendance, and also a committee, appointed by the Philalethic Literary Society to attend the funeral.

The following resolutions were drafted by the committee of the Philalethic Literary Society, appointed for that purpose, and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS—Almighty God has deemed it fit to summon from this world, our beloved fellow-member, MARTIN J. C. MURPHY, and

WHEREAS, by his death we have lost one of our best and most distinguished members: therefore be it

Resolved: That we, the members of

the Philaethic Literary Society of Santa Clara College, declare our profound emotion and regret at his death.

Resolved: That we record our sense of his constant and deep interest in the affairs of this Society, and of the many excellent qualities, both of mind and heart which have endeared him to all our members.

Resolved: That we tender our earnest sympathy to the friends and relatives of the deceased, in this their hour of bitter affliction.

Resolved: That in token of respect for the memory of the deceased, the members of the Society wear crape for thirty days.

Resolved: That these resolutions be published in the "OWL," and also in the local and city papers, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

PROF. H. DANCE, }
ALEX. CAMPBELL, } *Committee*
J. T. MALONE, }

After the adoption of the resolutions, the Society adjourned, out of respect to the memory of their lamented member.

We append "A tribute of love by the Philhistorian Debating Society, to the memory of MARTIN J. C. MURPHY."

WHEREAS God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take to Himself our beloved friend and fellow-member, Martin J. C. Murphy :

Resolved, I. That we, the members of the Philhistorian Debating Society, do most sincerely regret his loss.

II. That we, in his death, have lost a kind and generous companion, and a most valuable member.

III. That we, as a Society, will ever cherish, kindly, his memory ; and that we will endeavor to imitate his many

true and noble traits of character. And as a token of our sorrow for the deceased we will wear crape for thirty days.

IV. That we deeply sympathise with his bereaved friends and relatives

V. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his family, and that they be published in the "OWL" and in the San José *Daily Mercury*.

J. B. C. SMITH }
H. B. PEYTON, } *Committee.*
D. G. SULLIVAN, }
J. S. KENNEDY, jr. }
JULIEN BURLING, }

EXHIBITION.—On the 3d of June, the College Theatre was again lighted up, and was once more filled with welcome friends, and joyful students. Often, during the past session, had the students filed into the Hall, but we venture to say that they never did so in a more pleasant humor than on this occasion. The Cecilian Society delighted the audience with some selections from *La Favorita*, after which, Mr. James H. Campbell introduced Master Alexander G. Bell. This young gentleman delivered an introductory poem, the author of which (through modesty) does not wish to be known. The poem was very pretty and appropriate, and the declaimer performed his part as well as could have been expected from so young a boy. Mr. F. McCusker was next presented to the audience, and delivered an original oration on "Benjamin Franklin." He treated the subject systematically, and his remarks were of a good sound cha-

racter. Mr. McCusker's delivery shewed careful training, but was, we think, a little too stately. On the whole, however, we can honestly say, that very few of our speakers, indeed, have done better than Mr. McCusker in their maiden attempts. Mr. B. L. Burling, already well known to the public as a good pianist, rendered "The Last Hope," very nicely. Mr. Wm. L. Marshall followed with an original poem, entitled, "The Hero of Pompeluna," which treated of the pious valor of St. Ignatius. This gentleman received much credit, of all of which he was deserving. Mr. John L. Carrigan then favored the audience with some well chosen selections from the "Barber of Seville," on the violin. After which, Mr. Alcide L. Veuve was introduced, and delivered an able oration on "Human Liberty and its Relations to Law." The subject is a very deep one, the handling of which by a young student requires a good deal of courage; but Mr. Veuve's manner of treating it was, nevertheless, very good. In his delivery he was perhaps a little too timid, although his voice was loud and strong. But then a little timidity is, we think, rather a good quality than a bad one, at the beginning of an orator's career. After Mr. Veuve had finished speaking, the College band again delighted the ears of musical critics, by its rendering of some selections from "Belisario," after which,

Masters V. McClatchy and T. Morrison spoke an amusing dialogue, the author of which is not known to us. Mr. R. Bowie then played Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso." His execution was very good. Mr. H. B. Peyton gave an original oration on "Republics," the literary merits of which were considerable. He was particularly strong in his denunciation of corrupt monarchies, and cited periods in the histories of Spain, England, and France, when these countries had been sadly misruled, and gave well known instances of the prosperity of republics. In his delivery, however, he was, we think, a little stiff. The band again "discoursed sweet music," and the literary part of the exhibition was brought to a close with some original verses by Mr. J. Poujade. These we cannot criticise on account of personal reasons.

On the next evening, Tuesday, June 4th, at 8 o'clock, the Scientific entertainment commenced. The audience was probably the largest that has been in the hall since the Exhibition of '71—there being about two thousand five hundred seated—and it was certainly a very appreciative one, especially when we consider the nature of the entertainment. The lecture was entitled, "The Physical Constitution of the Sun," and was in two parts, which were delivered by different gentlemen. It might at first seem somewhat strange, that two differ-

ent men should deliver one lecture; but the speakers were well chosen, and had worked together in such a manner, that neither one surpassed in the least on the province of the other; and, although their styles, both of writing and speaking, were almost entirely opposite, yet the two parts were joined together almost as neatly as if one speaker had written and delivered the entire lecture, which consequently formed, as it was intended to do, one single, harmonious whole. The lecturers were Messrs. M. J. Walsh and J. T. Malone. They were ably assisted by Messrs. Jas. Kennedy and A. L. Veuve, whose expertness in the management of the electric lights and magic lantern, showed that they fully understood the workings of those apparatus. There were two instruments for the electric light—the one used in the magic lantern being that of Duboscq, which, until lately, superseded all others, but which is now excelled by that of Serrin, said, by a celebrated German doctor, to be “the most perfect piece of machinery in the whole range of physical science”. This latter was used on the front of the stage to light up the house during the intervals. The light was very strong and bright, the current running through the carbon points being generated by a battery of sixty Bunsen elements. Although the light was somewhat softened by the translucent globe surround-

ing it, yet we dared not look full upon it, and we fear that many who had not had much experience of electric lights, repented on the following day that they had gazed so fixedly on the dazzling light. At the close of the lecture, the audience testified their just appreciation of it by the great number of bouquets which were thrown to the lecturers and their assistants. Master Chas. Ebner rendered “La Danse des Naides” on the piano, with a great deal of taste and skill, after which the “Snowed-in Gallop” was performed by the band. The Conferring of Degrees then took place. The degree of Master of Arts (A.M.) was conferred on J. H. Campbell, A.B., and J. T. Malone, A.B. The degree of Bachelor of Science (S.B.) was conferred on Messrs. J. M. Chretien, J. C. Johnson, A. F. Sauffrignon, D. G. Sullivan, M. J. Walsh, M. Wilson and Jos. F. McQuade. Mr. Jas. H. Campbell then delivered the Valedictory. We wished to have inserted it, but were unable to do so this month, we hope, however, to publish it at some future time. After the Valedictory, the band struck up that dear old familiar air, “Home, Sweet Home,” and we must say that we think it had a better effect than even the finest opera music would have produced. All the pieces played by our band were beautiful, and we could listen for ever to its delightful harmony, but the other pieces only gratified us with

a sensual pleasure, whilst that old tune—connected in almost every mind with happy recollections—touched the very hearts of those who heard it. The Hon. Z. Montgomery then delivered an address to the graduates, which will be found in another place, and which in style, no less than in matter, was worthy of the high reputation of its author. It may well be hoped that the gentlemen for whose benefit it was delivered, will take to heart the excellent and appropriate advice given them by so well qualified a mentor.

There were three extra prizes this year. The first was for the best historical essay on the question: "Was the Mexican War Justifiable on the part of the United States?" a gold medal, presented by A. Waldteufel Esq., of San José, was awarded to Herman B. Peyton; Mr. John S. Raleigh was a competitor deserving of mention. The second extra prize was a gold medal presented by H. Dance, Esq., of Santa Clara, for the best poem from the Second Rhetoric Class, and was awarded to Wm. L. Marshall; the competitors deserving of mention were, J. Radovich and Wm. Hereford. The third extra prize was a gold medal presented by T. Gleason, Esq., of San Francisco, for the "Best solution of problems in Trigonometry," from the Second Class of Mathematics, and was awarded to Alfred F. Sauffrignon; Mr. John S. Ra-

leigh was a competitor deserving of mention.

The distribution of Premiums followed, after which the audience dispersed, as well pleased, we hope, with the entertainment, as the students were at going home.

ON the 5th day of August, Professor John P. Pascal, died in the College. He had lived a long, useful and honorable life, the last twenty years of which were entirely devoted to education. He was one of the first professors in the College, and had been, when he died, connected with it longer than any other professor. He grew old with the College; but as it grew stronger and more flourishing, he who had cherished it so fondly in its infancy, gradually faded away, till death came and relieved him of all the troubles of this world. He had been standing on the verge of the grave, waiting, as it were, for the dark-winged messenger, for several years. But still, as long as he was able to walk, he might be seen daily traversing the yard, on his way to and from his class room, and this notwithstanding the frequent entreaties of his friends that he would quit teaching, and pass the few remaining years of his life in quiet retirement. With a pure, disinterested devotion to education, giving up home, friends and country to follow its cause, he labored on, following the path of the true

Christian, until he reached the Christian's goal. He was sincerely loved and venerated by all his pupils, and indeed by all connected with the College.

Although it had long been evident that he was ripe in age, and that his earthly end was approaching; yet, as we, his pupils, bore his body to the grave, we thought with renewed emotion and sorrow, that we should no longer see his old familiar face in the class room, nor hear his kindly voice give us the morning salutation.

We append the resolutions passed by the Philalethic Society with reference to his death:

WHEREAS God, in His wisdom, has been pleased to call to Himself, our venerated and beloved fellow-member, the late JOHN P. PASCAL

Resolved: That we declare the profound emotion and regret we feel at his death.

Resolved: That we regard him as having been, during the long period of his sojourn here, an honor, not only to the Philalethic Society, but to the whole College.

Resolved: That we appreciate the high principles of morality and honor which guided him through life, and that we admire his truly Christian death.

Resolved: That, as a Literary Society, we respect him as a friend of education, and venerate his memory for the many years which he spent in its cause.

Resolved: That we heartily condole with the relatives of the deceased in their present tribulation.

Resolved: That the members of this Society wear crape in respect to his memory, for thirty days.

Resolved: That these resolutions be published in the "OWL," and that a copy of the same be transmitted to the son of the deceased.

PROF. H. DANCE,
J. POUJADE,
B. L. BURLING, } *Committee.*

After the adoption of the above resolutions, the Society adjourned, out of respect to the memory of their late lamented member.

OUR thanks are due to Mr. Alcide L. Veuve, for the following list of officers of the Philalethic Literary Society, elected at the first regular meeting of this session, held August 22d:

President—Professor H. Dance, (re-elected unanimously); Vice-President—Mr. Jos. Poujade; Recording Secretary—Mr. Alcide L. Veuve; Corresponding Secretary—Mr. David Furlong; Treasurer—Mr. B. L. Burling; Librarian—Mr. R. J. Bowie; Censor—Mr. C. Friedlander.

THE first regular meeting of the Philhistorian Debating Society, was held on the 13th of August, Rev. J. Pinasco presiding. The following officers were elected for the ensuing half-session:

Vice President—J. B. C. Smith; Rec. Secretary—Jas. S. Kennedy, jr.; Cor. Secretary—H. B. Peyton; Treasurer—Wm. S. Hereford; Librarian—Matthew J. Walsh; Assistant Librarian—R. F. del Valle; Censor—Jno. L. Carrigan.

For the above particulars we

are indebted to the kindness of the Secretary, Mr. Jas. S. Kennedy.

THE Dramatic Society held their first regular meeting on August 17th, Rev. J. Pinasco presiding. The following officers were elected to serve during the coming half-session:

Vice President, J. T. Malone, (re-elected); Secretary, J. Poujade, (re-elected); Treasurer, B. L. Burling; Costumer, J. A. Waddell, (re-elected); Stage Manager, Mr. A. Raggio; Prompter, J. L. Carrigan; Censor, A. Arguello, (re-elected.)

Committee on cast of characters: J. T. Malone, J. Poujade, J. A. Waddell, D. Furlong, B. L. Burling.

The Committee on selection of plays, which is appointed by the President, consists of the three following gentlemen: A. L. Veuve, A. Arguello and J. L. Carrigan.

WE have, in the College, twenty Capuchin friars. They belong to the party of exiles of whom so much has been said by the San Francisco press. The "*Provisional Government*"—anarchy, we would rather call it—of Guatemala, after having first stated that it had never intended to molest the Capuchins, almost immediately, marched them from their own Convent, between two rows of bayonets, made them undergo incredible fatigue, from the effects of which one of them afterwards died, and oblig-

ed them, on embarking, to take passage direct to San Francisco. We have the honor of entertaining as our guests in this College:

RR. FF. Segismundo de Mataró, Superior, Antonio de Igualada, Vicar, Gabriel de Prats, Master of Novices, Pacifico de Montroix, Salvador de Aleixar Novice. Students—Gaspar de Montbuy, Cayetano de Igualada, Desiderio de Mataró, Baltasar de Savallá, Melchor de Tivisa, José de Calasanz de Llevaneras Olegario de Barcelona, Francisco Xavier de Areyns de Mar, Angel de Aviñonét, Estanislao de Reus, Santiago de Guatemala, Joaquin de Llevaneras. Lay-brothers—Domingo de Olot, Isidro de Tordera, Pelegrin de Sensuntepeque, Modesto de Torruella de Mongri.

The rest of the Capuchin exiles are staying for the present at St. Ignatius College, San Francisco. The list of them is as under:

RR. FF. Ignacio de Cambrils Professor, Esteban de Adoain, Buenaventura de Villafranca, Tomas de la Piña, Vicente de Olvant, José de Olot, Rafael de las Caldes. Students—Ramon de Mataró, Felipe de Sans, Fructuosó de Sensuntepeque, Luis de Valls. Lay-brothers—Felix de Cornudella, Fermin de Totonicapam, Prudencio de Chalatenango.

There were also eight Dominicans among the party. These were received into the Dominican Monastery at Benicia, where, we understand, they will take up their permanent abode.

For the expulsion of all these good men and peaceful citizens, the Government of Guatemala give the excuse that "reasons of a high political nature" caused them to act. But the question naturally

arises, what were those "reasons of a high political nature," for which they tore from the people their beloved fathers, and caused thousands of the citizens to go wailing through the streets, almost driven to despair? Why were these innocent men driven into exile without a trial? Why was this sin against God and man, against every law of nature and society committed? Well: we think that it must have been because of the "civilization of the nineteenth century," of which we hear so many public speakers say such fine things. But no; that *cannot* be! It must then have been because Guatemala has gained its *liberty*. The definition of this word will accordingly be changed in the next new lexicon, so as to read: "License conferred on a few men to tyrannize over many."

[NOTE. The ancients used it in a somewhat different sense, which has, however, in the course of time, become lost.]

ALTHOUGH all the complicated machinery of the College is now well in motion, the wheels running smoothly, and the students being fairly at work, we hear very little talk about Base-ball, except among the younger students, some of whom have begun in good season, and have already re-organized two of their clubs. But the elder students—those who have shown their skill "many a time and oft"

in that game—seem inclined to rest on their laurels. Let them be careful, however, lest they become so demoralized by long inactivity as to let some old, and perhaps almost forgotten antagonists suddenly pluck from them the honors for which they have contended so long and so bravely.

On Saturday, August 17th, the Excelsior Base-ball Club re-organized, with the following list of officers, for which we are indebted to the kindness of their Secretary:

President, Mr. R. Kenna; Vice-President, R. Brenham; Secretary, A. G. Bell; Treasurer, J. Ward; Censor, J. Newell; Captain 1st nine, W. Davis. The election of the Captain of the 2d nine was postponed.

On Monday, August 19th, the Young Original Base-ball Club re-organized, electing the following officers:

President, Mr. B. Calzia; Vice-President, V. McClatchy; Secretary, A. Pierotich; Treasurer, Jas. Walsh; Censor, Hyde Bowie; Captain 1st nine, J. Goetz; Captain 2d nine, R. Kifer.

From the regularity and strict adherence to rule with which both the above-mentioned clubs are practising, we think that we have every reason to hope that they will sustain the reputation which they have long possessed.

Since writing the above, we are happy to learn that another base-ball club has re-organized. The

Ætna Base-ball Club, for the past two years the champion club of the College, and also of Santa Clara County, have again risen up, weakened, perhaps, by the loss of some of their best men, but still possessing that strong recuperative power which is so characteristic of the club, and which has borne it so steadily onward and upward since its first organization, three years ago. At the first meeting of the session, held August 25th, the following officers were elected :

President, Mr. Calzia; Vice-President, F. McCusker; Rec. Secretary, B. L. Burling; Cor. Secretary, J. S. Kennedy; Treasurer, A. L. Veuve; Censor, Jas. Coddington; Captain 1st nine, A. L. Veuve. The election of the Captain of 2d nine was postponed till next meeting. For the list of officers, our thanks are due to the Secretary, Mr. B. L. Burling.

That the present Ætnas may continue to cherish that sound spirit of manliness and honor which has gained for the club its present high reputation, is the best wish—and the wisest—which Minerva's Bird can express on their behalf.

THE Parthenian Dialectic Society has not yet re-organized; but we hope soon to see it once more

active on the field of battle between right and wrong,—fighting once more the good fight in which it has so often been triumphant.

THE Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the direction of Rev. J. Pinasco, has elected M. J. Walsh, Prefect; A. Saufrignon, 1st Assistant; R. Bowie, 2d Assistant; J. Poujade, Secretary; D. Furlong, Treasurer; R. F. Del Valle, Sacristan.

THE Cecilian Society has not yet organized, but we hope that it will soon delight us again with its enchanting music.

WE are sorry to have to notice the departure of Mr. Testa, who left the College on the 21st. He has gone to the Theological College of Woodstock, in Maryland. He was for many years connected with this College, and leaves behind him numerous friends who will always feel a warm interest in his prosperity.

As we give this into the hands of the printer, we learn that the Phœnix Base-ball Club held a meeting, August 26th, and adjourned until after the Christmas vacation.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE notice, in the New York correspondence of the *California Farmer*, of August 22d, a long disquisition tending to prove that Communism, as yet, however, in a mild form, exists in New York. His theory is, that the trades-unionists will gradually increase in power, and raise their wages until capitalists can no longer afford to employ them. The shops and machinery then being unused, the Communists (trades-unionists) will confiscate them, and, we suppose, all the consequences of Communism are to follow. We think this question should receive attention.

The *Overland Monthly* for July, with its usual neat and substantial matter, as well as the lighter ornaments that so often season its pages, is as punctual as ever on our table. We notice a short copy of verses entitled "In Southern California" which are full of true poetry.

WE welcome to our list of exchanges, *Mauck's Weekly Herald*, published in Cheshire, Ohio. It is a neat family paper, both from a material and from a literary point of view.

THE Editor of the U. S. *Catholic Register* states that a couple of fine melons unaccountably came upon his desk, and after returning thanks for the wise dispensation of Providence adds the following quotation:

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above."

Now that editor may say what he pleases, but we wont believe that melons grow in editorial offices without an ocular demonstration.

WE notice in the New York *School Journal*, a very sensible article on "Good readers." Elocution which is closely connected with reading, does not seem to receive, in some schools, the attention it deserves. In our College, every encouragement is given to the art, but it seems that the students do not appreciate it to its fullest extent, We would remark,

that although a person may never be obliged to "make a speech," (which, however, is out of the question in our country) yet, by practice in reading and declamation, he will acquire an ease and confidence in himself which will serve him well in after life.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE AND TELEGRAPHY.—

From one of our English exchanges we extract the following :

A novel experiment in telegraphic reporting was made in connection with the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. In order to transmit a description of the race as it was rowed, arrangements were made by the proprietor of the *Central News* to pay out a cable from one of the steamers which followed the racing boats. Permission to place the cable and pay it out from the Cambridge steamboat was readily accorded by Mr. Goldie. There is no novelty in telegraphing through cables as they are being payed out; but there is no precedent for performing such a work at the pace of the racing boats. Moreover, whatever happened to the cable, a stoppage of the boat during the race was impossible, and therefore the most perfect arrangements were necessary to obtain success. These arrangements, so far as the cable was concerned, were carried out by the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, and the officer of the Postal Telegraphs gave every assistance in the use of land wire and the distribution of intelligence. The difficulties of the work were much increased by the fact that the final arrangements and reporting had to be done in the midst of an unusually severe snowstorm; but, in spite of this difficulty, all the leading facts connected with the race, including the varying positions of the crews and the times at which they reached well-known points, were telegraphed before the race was concluded. By this means it became possible to transmit throughout the kingdom, and to place before readers hundreds of miles distant more information respecting the race than was known to the spectators on the banks of the Thames.

THE *American Newspaper Reporter* (that regular and welcome visitor) is before us. Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. will permit us to join with the million in our appreciation of the *Reporter*

THE *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* comes to us filled with its usual amount of good matter.

ON account of the Summer vacation, not many of our college exchanges have come to hand. The *Iowa Classic* held out the longest, having made its appearance for July, while the first to greet us in the present session is the *Notre Dame Scholastic*.

SCOTLAND has a newspaper which is printed on the road from Edinburgh to Glasgow in a wagon belonging to the paper, which contains a printing machine, cases of type, and quick compositors. During the journey the edition for the provinces is worked off, with the addition of the news and telegrams received on the road.

WE come back this month from pleasant vacation to find our table laden with good things, which want of space forbids our mentioning in the present number; although we would gladly whet the appetite of literary epicures by a more extended notice of the "feast of reason" that is spread before us. We salute all our exchanges, and wish all the fraternity of college editors a session of success.



COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA,

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

THIS Institution, which is incorporated according to the laws of the State, and empowered to confer academical honors commenced its Twenty First Annual Session on Monday, August 21st 1872.

The Course of Instruction embraces all the branches of a thorough education.

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Entrance to be paid but once.....	\$15.00
Board and Tuition, per quarter.....	62.50
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Piano, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting form extra charges; but there is no extra charge for the **French, Spanish or German Languages**, nor for **Plain Sewing and Fancy Needlework**.

Payments are required to be made half a Session in advance.

Pupils will find it much to their advantage to be present at the opening of the Session.



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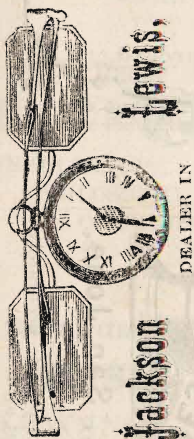
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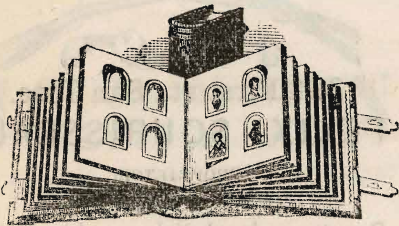
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