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Vol. V

APRIL, 1872.

No. 2.

THE VOICES OF SPRING.

JAS. B. C. SMITH, (1st Rhetoric.)

In the dawning of the spring-time
Strayed we o'er the cushioned sod,
Holy nature round us scattering
All the richest gifts of God.
In the dawning of the spring-time
Rose the grass to kiss our feet;
While the many-tinted flowers
O'er us breathed their perfume sweet.

Followed we a rippling brooklet,—
Mirror meet for loving looks,—
Winding, sparkling, foaming, bubbling,
Smiling like the queen of brooks.
Now her pretty face is ruffled
By some rude, misplaced rock;
Now again her silvery laughter
All such troubles seems to mock.
Pause we 'neath a graceful willow
Clothed in robe of freshest green;
And Clorinda, lovely maiden,
Lends her charms to all the scene.
"Know'st thou aught of love, O willow?
Answer!"—and the leafy boughs
Bend them down, as softly whispering
Each to each their plighted vows.
The Voices of Spring.

Birds of tuneful note are singing
Many a carol sweet and clear:
Listen!—through their music ringing,
Words of love I seem to hear.
And the sunshine 'round them flickers,—
Guerdon meet of lovers' lays,—
"Sweet Clorinda, hear my music:
Be the sunshine of my days!"

Watch the snowy flocks around us,—
How they gambol o'er the meads;
On the dainty banquet feasting
Which the gladsome spring outspreads!
Buzzing round in happy labor,
See the tenants of the hive!
To their queen is all their service;
For their queen they seem to live!

Sweeter than the tender herbage
To the lambkins in the spring,—
Dearer than their guarded monarch
To the bees of busy wing,—
Is to me the 'witching maiden
For whose priceless love I strive:
O Clorinda, take my service;
'Tis for thee, my queen, I live!

Darkly falls the sudden twilight,
Overtakes us in the dale;
Casting love's own glamour o'er us,
Soft and light as silken veil.
And the balmy breeze of ev'ning,
Rustling through the leafy glade,
Seems to woo the vernal flowers,—
Seems to clasp the blushing maid.

But the silver moon is shining
O'er the spot where we must part;
And I bear a burden homeward
That is weighing on my heart.
The Foreign Policy of Washington.

Dare I toss that burden from me?
Answer, Voices of the Spring!
Say that maiden hearts are tender;
Say that wedding bells may ring!

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WASHINGTON.

J. S. RALEIGH, (1st Rhetoric.)

(Livered in the Exhibition Hall, Santa Clara College, on the occasion of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22d, 1872.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—It is with extreme diffidence as to my own ability that I appear before you this evening; a diffidence which arose with the first suggestion of my name as that of a speaker, and which has been rather increased than diminished by a contemplation of the important subject before me. For it is a subject which has occupied the attention of the most learned men of America; which is fraught with deep interest to every one of us; and which is moreover so intimately connected with our political welfare that it should ever remain green in our memory; aye even as long as America exists, and the name of Washington awakens a chord of patriotic feeling in American bosoms.

Volumes have been written, ere this, upon the sufferings, the hardships, the defeats and the victories of our noble ancestors, led by their still nobler general; and speeches without number, in eulogy of the private character of the Liberator of America, have been made and applauded. But few have depicted in sufficiently glowing colors the last, though far from least instance of his political wisdom; that instance, I mean, which more particularly distinguishes his occupancy of the Presidential chair; that to which we, his children, owe so much of the peace and prosperity
which have been our lot since his happy era; that which will forever be stamped in indelible characters, not only upon the hearts of the soldier and the politician, but upon those of the husbandman the citizen and the laborer: I refer to the Foreign Policy of Washington.

I will not, upon the present occasion, occupy your attention long; though to do this subject full justice, much time would certainly be required. A simple outline of Washington’s career as a politician will suffice for to-night.

Washington, who has been so justly styled the “Father of his country,” entered upon his duties as President, with a firm resolve to uphold the rising republic to the best of his ability. Unlike another noted man of his age, he did not “seek the bubble reputation even at the cannon’s mouth.” On the contrary, his mind revolted with disgust at the thought of its pampering and short-lived honors. He cared not for such trifles as the praise of men. His whole soul was bound up in one great object,—the welfare of his country. And it was with a heart beating with true patriotism that he embraced her infant form, and sought, by every possible means, to shelter her from those cold blasts of despotism which assailed her continually, even in her distant retreat.

How well he succeeded, history has told in letters of gold; while, notwithstanding this great success, the means which he employed in order to raise his country to the high standard to which he ever aspired, were at no time sullied with the least stain of dishonor.

From the moment when Washington cast off the red cloak of a general, to clothe himself in the peaceful robes of his presidential office, one of his first aims was peace. For that he was willing to make almost any sacrifice compatible with the national honor; for well he knew by sad experience, the desolation and misery which are the unfailing attendants upon the stern god of war. His fair country had just issued, bleeding but victorious, from a long conflict with one of the most renowned powers of Europe; and her green valleys had been crimsoned, again and again, with the blood of those noble heroes of liberty whose graves were now scattered over every hillside in the land. Was it strange, then, that Washington, with these bloody scenes fresh in his memory, should take for his policy, the peace of his country? Was it strange that, although himself so great a master in the art of war, the dearest object of his life should be that no foreign troubles might plunge her a second time into those miseries from which she had but just emerged?

Acting as he did upon these principles, it was almost a matter of course, that his foreign policy
should be, as in fact it was, eminently conducive to the peace and prosperity of America.

In an admirable letter to the people, written shortly after he became President, he thus expresses himself:

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible."

And again,

"Europe has a set of primary interests which, for us, have none or very little interest. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different policy. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the time is not far distant when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when bellicereat nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions from us, will not lightly hazard giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by reason, shall counsel. Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why leave our own, to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destinies with those of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, interest, rivalry or caprice?"

These are the noble words of Washington! This was the policy which he ever pursued, and which, in the end, made his name as glorious on the field of politics as on that of war.

But in putting this policy before the world, in expressing his firm conviction of its justice, and his determination to adhere to it as far as lay in his power, do you suppose that he met with no opposition? Far from it. Although beloved by the whole nation, and almost adored by those who knew him intimately, his Foreign Policy did not immediately meet with the appreciation which it deserved. Some of his warmest friends, although they did not directly oppose it, yet doubted its efficacy. And why? A short glance at the history of the European world of this period, will tell us.

During the American revolution, the one constant friend, the one great ally of the struggling States, was France; and the people of America loved France with a love second only to that which they bore their own country. Their generous hearts were inflamed with gratitude towards her for her share in the establishment of their liberty; and they burned with eager zeal to repay her for her former bounty. The time (as they supposed) had now arrived. France, in her turn, was struggling for what she called
The old line of monarchs had been rudely broken; and the King himself had been beheaded, together with his queen and family. Almost all the old nobility who had remained in the kingdom had shared the same bloody fate. The property of the clergy had been confiscated, and themselves either banished or put to a terrible death. The Christian religion had been persecuted; and in its stead was established the worship of the goddess "Reason." In fact the whole system of society had been turned upside-down, and the country was in the hands of a few blood-thirsty tyrants, who ruled supreme over thirty millions of unfortunate peasants. Yet this was what the French called liberty! This was what they heralded forth to the world as the acme of national happiness, and to uphold which they called upon all other nations for assistance.

Oh! what power there is in a name! The people of America were dazzled by the sudden blaze which had sprung up: they saw only the fall of monarchy; they heard only the cry of "liberty." They did not look downward, at the serpent which was crawling beneath their feet.

It was at this critical moment that France applied to America for assistance against the rest of Europe. And, to strengthen her demand, she referred to her past efforts in the cause of American liberty, and said that now was the time for Americans to show their gratitude; now was the time for them to pay back the debt which they owed to France.

This appeal to the people of America, immediately awakened in them a spirit of generous enthusiasm. They wished to precipitate themselves at once upon the foes of France. And what enhanced their ardor was that the principal opponent of republican France was England. England, whose increasing arrogance and presumption had become almost unbearable! They eagerly called for war.

But the moment had now arrived for the Foreign Policy of Washington to be carried out. This great man saw at once the trouble into which America would be plunged if he allowed the people to act upon their mad intentions. With a strong hand, therefore, he grasped the reins of government, setting himself resolutely against the destructive movement. Congress supported him by a small majority; and his policy was triumphant. France, as a matter of course, was indignant, and the American people at first displeased. But the attention of the former was soon directed to other and more important matters, and the latter soon saw the abyss into which they had been about to
plunge, and from which nothing but the genius of Washington had withheld them. His popularity increased ten-fold. They now more than ever appreciated his worth, and admired his genius. And when, shortly afterwards, he left the political arena, to pass the remainder of his days in private, the lamentation at his loss was universal.

But if he himself escaped for a time from public notice, his good works did not. They ever remained fresh in the minds of his countrymen. And his Foreign Policy, even more than anything else, was deservedly cherished among them; for it was by the great principle therein embodied that they had been saved in all probability from ending their national existence almost at its commencement;—had been saved from throwing themselves headlong upon a rock which would inevitably have dashed the nation to pieces, and left it but a scattered wreck of its former greatness.

The successors of Washington happily followed out his wise policy; which has always been the corner stone of our existence as a nation.

Let us then unite this day in the praise of Washington; as for his other undying works, so also for his Foreign Policy.

And though it does not apply to our present so much as to our former condition, it is still applicable to a very great extent, and therefore should still be remembered. And when ages have passed away, and the republic which Washington founded upon the scattered wrecks of '83 shall have developed into one of the greatest nations upon the face of the earth; when it shall have reached that lofty height towards which it is now progressing, so steadily yet so swiftly; then let not the name of Washington be forgotten; let not his Foreign Policy, which will have been the principal means of attaining such a height, be thrown aside;—but let its memory, on the contrary, be sacredly treasured up, in the depth of the national heart, to guide the footsteps of those who shall follow, in ages yet to come, the wise, the noble, the patriotic example of the Father of his Country.
LOVE OF NATURE.

WM. L. MARSHALL. (On Rhetoric.)

I love to roam at fancy's beck,
Through wild romantic vales;
And hear the rugged mountaineers,
Relate their stirring tales.

I love to walk beneath the light
Of the refulgent moon,
When earth reflects the silver beams,
That vanish all too soon!

I love to gaze upon the stars,
And watch them shoot and fall,
Until their glimmering light is lost
In morning's misty pall.

I love to wander o'er the meads,
And gather pansies sweet;
Anon beside the limpid stream,
To woo the cool retreat.

I love the music of the stream
That hurries by so fast:
I love to watch its bubbles whirl
In myriad eddies past.

I love to climb the rugged hills,
And on their summits rest,
And think of Him Whom all things praise,—
The Mightiest and the Best.
I love to sail the ocean wide,
And view its countless isles,—
The wonders lurking in its depths,
Among the coral piles.

I love, when softest zephyrs blow,
To skim the crystal lake,
Where comes the timid fallow-deer
His burning thirst to slake.

I love, beside the rivulet
That flows so sweet and clear,
To watch the fishes at their sport,
All ignorant of fear.

I love to wander in the vale,
Where birds and bees and brooks
Murmur their simple melodies
In cool sequestered nooks.

I love to rest on the blue lake's breast
At twilight's stilly hour,
And hear the tolling of the bell
From some old ivied tower.

I love to hear the bugle's note,
On summer breezes borne,
Reverberating through the vale,
To herald forth the morn.

I love to view fair nature's face
When sinking to repose,—
When undisturbed her placid rest
By storms, or wars, or woes.
Love of Nature.

I love to see the lightning’s flash,
When discord broods on high,
And scan the dark cloud’s misty form,
O’ershadowing the sky.

I love to watch the torrent fall,
With patter long and loud,
And hear the cannonade that booms
From many a thunder-cloud.

I love to rise at early dawn,
In this our beauteous land,
And view the glorious works of God,
And bless His mighty hand.

I love to think, if life should fail,
And naught of earth be left,
That, when all other hopes have flown,
Of Him we’re ne’er bereft.

I love to give Him thanks for this
And all His good to me;
And when before His altar-throne
I bend the suppliant knee,

I love to join the angel choirs
That hymn their Maker’s praise,
And so, from this poor sinful earth,
The heavenly song to raise.
THE SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

There is in man, as our own experience will assure us, an aching void that gives him a great deal of trouble; and all the varied pleasures of life were devised either to make us forget this emptiness, or to fill it up.

Sensible men neutralize beforehand, the effect of this vacant place, by filling it up with useful knowledge; to attain which some study in the quietude of the cloistered cell, and there, by continuous thought and earnest prayer, arrive at metaphysical and theological truth; while others enter upon a long and careful series of experiments, which ends with their finding out some beautiful law of nature which was previously unknown to the world. Among the men who arrive at truth by experiment, may be classed those who cross unknown seas, and traverse trackless wildernesses, in order to establish facts.

How admirable are the patience, the fortitude, and the perseverance of those who have spent their whole lives in exploring unknown lands and seas; who have plunged boldly into forests and deserts, and encountered wild beasts and wilder men; or launched out into the merciless ocean, and buffeted the angry waves;—who have sailed manfully into the ice-bound sea; or climbed lofty mountain-peaks, encased in perpetual snow; or wandered in a region of undying verdure; or skimmed along before the pleasant breeze upon the unruffled lake;—who have departed from their homes with brave and hopeful hearts and lofty thoughts, but have never returned;—who have found, perhaps, a watery grave in the depth of ocean, or have been left upon the desert a prey to beast and bird.

Such is the spirit of man, however, that he will endure all hardships, risk all dangers, and suffer all privations in order that he may make new discoveries. This principle seems indeed to be firmly embedded in the depths of his nature. Some go in search of new countries for the sake of gain and conquest; others for the sake of novelty and to satisfy a roving ambition; others again to acquire
fame and glory; but that man who is inspired with the true spirit of discovery, is actuated by higher and nobler motives: He casts these things aside, as beneath his notice, and undergoes all the trials and tribulations which either nature or his fellow man place in his path, for the sake of all his race. He seeks new lands and seas, not for his own profit, but for the benefit of present and future generations. He intends that others may extend his discoveries, and that they may thus prove a lasting blessing to all. With such principles have the world's greatest navigators and explorers been imbued; and therefore do we hold them in such high esteem, and render them such praise and admiration.

This spirit of discovery, however, which induces men to leave home, kindred, friends and country, is not the offspring of modern civilization; for we have instances recorded, in ancient history, of expeditions, both extensive and expensive, sent out for the sole purpose of making discoveries.

In the youthful ages of the world, when man was unlearned in the arts, when he had no other wants than those which led him to preserve his own existence, when he knew of no other place than that in which he daily rambled, the spirit of discovery had, of course, but a slight hold upon him. But, as the numbers of the human race increased, as men's wants grew more multitudinous, and their intellect received more cultivation through experience, observation, and intercourse with their fellows, this hitherto dormant spirit awoke, and inspired them with a desire for research. It was not, however, until the Phoenicians began to flourish, about fifteen hundred years before Christ, that it began to show itself with any degree of prominence. The enterprising citizens of Tyre and Sidon led the way in this noble cause; and their progress was indeed great, considering the innumerable difficulties with which they had to contend. The want of suitable vessels to withstand the fury of the ocean storms, the total absence of anything to guide them when they were out of sight of land, the peculiar notions they entertained regarding the "ends of the earth," —all these things and many more were against them; but still they persevered.

Pharaoh Necho, King of Egypt, in the year six hundred before Christ, sent out a fleet from the Red Sea in order to sail around Africa, or Libya, as it was then called. They followed the coast, landed, planted a crop, waited until it was ripe, when they reaped it, placed it in their vessels, continued their voyage, and after three years from the date of their departure arrived at the Nile. The sailors reported what they thought very wonderful, viz: that they had
seen the sun on the north of them, a thing they never saw before, for the reason that this was the first time they had been in the southern hemisphere. This would not be considered a very long voyage now; but a distance of ten thousand miles was no trifle to the "ancient mariner."

Even the ambitious Alexander was so moved with this spirit of discovery, that in the year 325, B. C., he ordered Nearchus, his admiral, to explore all the coast from the river Indus to the Euphrates.

But the nation of antiquity most noted for its discoveries, was the Carthaginian. The extensive commerce of this mercantile race, led them to visit lands which held out no inducements to other countries; and by means of the great number of their ships, which were sailing in every direction, they made many fine discoveries. They sailed out, for instance, into the Atlantic, and colonized Ireland, and discovered the tin mines in the Scilly Islands or Cassiterides, as they were then called. They sent Hanno down the west coast of Africa; and he brought back news of the new islands he had discovered.

The Fortunate (Canary) Islands had been discovered by them before Hanno's expedition.

But the most wonderful of their discoveries was that of America. That this discovery was a fact is proven by the writings of several of the ancients. Those who first saw the new world, brought home the most glowing reports of its fertility and beauty; and the senate, lest the republic should be depopulated, suppressed the news. These discoveries reflect the greater honor on the ancients because they labored under so many disadvantages, having neither compass, chart, chronometer nor sextant.

The same desire to trade, the same spirit of discovery, and the same love of liberty for which the Carthaginians were so remarkable, are now seen conspicuously in the Anglo-Saxon race. They have the largest commerce, the strongest navy and the most liberal governments; and they are the most forward of nations in making discoveries, especially by sea. As Carthage left colonies in the new lands she discovered, so England has colonies in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans.

In modern times nothing is left to be explored, except the scorching countries under the equator, and the dreary, solitary, frozen regions around the poles.

Central Africa is now the theatre of the principal land explorations. These researches are more arduous than those conducted towards the north pole; because they who travel in Africa, have to carry all they use in wagons, which precludes their carrying very much. Then, one can put on extra clothing to protect his body from cold; but the case is different with
regard to heat; for he may be naked, and yet roasting under the burning sun of Africa. The ship that sails towards the poles is at the same time the house, the carriage and the granary of its inmates. For such ships are fitted up with the utmost care, so that they may be comfortable to the explorer; and are also stocked with provisions to last for years.

The explorations northward, have been actuated of late not only by the spirit of discovery but also by the spirit of humanity. Sir John Franklin sailed on an arctic exploring expedition with two ships, the Terror and the Erebus. They did not return at the expected time; nor have they since. Immediately many humane individuals, both in the United States and in England, fitted out expeditions to go to the relief of the missing ones, who might, of course, be still among the icebergs, unable to return on account of the loss of their ships. Lady Franklin fitted out several ships herself, some of which brought home articles that had evidently belonged to the absentees,—some pieces of rope with the Woolwich mark on them, pieces of canvass with the Queen’s mark on them, and several beef and pork bones. But notwithstanding all the money which was expended, and all the years of diligent search, they were unable to find that martyr to the spirit of discovery—Sir John Franklin.

Lately, a man on this coast said he knew about him; and Lady Franklin came out here and saw the man; but his information amounted to nothing.

Although the spirit of discovery is most prominent in Englishmen, yet America is not altogether destitute of those who are led by this spirit. In 1850, two vessels, the Advance and the Rescue were sent out; and afterwards the Advance alone. Then there was a vessel sent out under Dr. Hayes, which returned just after the commencement of the Rebellion. There was also an expedition sent out under Capt. Hall. And last year, the steamer Polaris sailed (under command of Capt. Hall) to explore the frozen north.

The advantage of sending a steamer is great. Many good opportunities of reaching the “open polar sea” were formerly lost for the want of wind. Four hundred and fifty miles above where the whalers go every year, is the open polar sea; and though this distance could be steamed with ease in two days, no sailing vessel has ever yet reached it. We look for some fine results from the last expedition.
O, WHO can justly celebrate his fame
Who first through rough Atlantic's perils came,
To seek the lost Atlantis o'er the main,
Which through long ages all unknown had lain,—
To find a realm surpassing all the rest—
To snatch a world from stormy ocean's breast?

Or who shall read, without a kindling glow,
Of Franklin, lost amid the Arctic snow,
Who, home, friends, country left, and then began
A strife 'gainst northern storms, and died for man?

O let such names in burning letters shine,
Wherever learning builds her sacred shrine!
O let those heroes who have dared the wave,
Where northern seas the towering ice-berg lave,
Or traveled through a trackless waste of sand,
To die sad exiles from their native land;
Or pierced the woods, or climbed the craggy mount,
Or traced the mighty river to its fount,
Be still remembered when the pillars old,
On which the conqueror's bloody tale is told,
Shall all have crumbled to their former dust,
And swords and names alike shall in oblivion rust.
Of all the various and successive stages in the life of the young, there is none, perhaps, more important than that of College Life: I speak of Catholic youth; and I mean life at a Catholic College. It is there that a young man will learn sound and sublime truths; it is there that he will be taught the way to lead a good, religious and, if it please God, prosperous life,—to know, to love, and to serve God. But, unfortunately, few avail themselves of the opportunity to acquire this most necessary knowledge. They learn these things, indeed, after a fashion; but as soon as they have left College, worldly affairs resume sway over their minds and hearts. They devote their whole strength and their whole ability to amassing a fortune which is but transient; and they entirely neglect the most important obligation of all, that of saving their immortal souls; and thus gaining a fortune which will never be lost, and the possession of which will certainly prove more pleasing than any thing on this earth. What folly it is then, on our part, to refuse so precious a gift as that of a good education, or to suffer its religious and moral lessons to fade away from our minds, as so many of them do, almost as soon as they are inculcated!

If one is taught to do right, and does it not, can he expect to receive any reward from his allwise Creator?

I shall not here enumerate all the advantages derived from College life; for they are too numerous; but I will mention a few.

There is something, for example, very pleasant in the methodical order of affairs at College. Reason tends to order; and nothing is more conducive to intellectual advancement in particular than systematic order. After a boy has got into the routine of the College exercises, he will like it so well that he would not even wish to have it changed. Some who have not had experience of the fact, might think it would be monotonous, but this is far from being actually the case. Those students'
for instance, who live within the College walls,—and they are the great majority,—rise at six every morning; and I never heard any one say that the hour should be changed to five, "to give variety." The hour for breakfast is half-past seven; and no one says breakfast should be put off till ten. And so with regard to other points; no one wishing to change things of which he likes the order so well.

Discipline being thus pleasantly maintained, good behavior and polite manners are also pressed constantly upon the attention of the students. The practice of debating is carried to a high degree of excellence in the various Societies. To the study of both mental and natural philosophy, and (especially in our own College) to that of chemistry, much time and much care are devoted. Religious maxims are affectionately inculcated, and religious principles gently developed in tender minds. All, in fact, contributes to the temporal as well as to the spiritual welfare of the scholars. There are a few, certainly, who find college life a bore; and these are the drones of the hive. The whole secret of being healthy and happy at College is, "keep at work;" and, having no time to spare, you will hardly feel the passage of it. If you feel inclined to doze over your books, work your drowsiness off; and by this means you will escape ennui. Again, many have indulged in loud complaints, and many more in whispered murmurs against the Fathers, for the supposed injustices done them in the way of punishments, or refusals of favors; but, if they were to reflect well on the causes of these vigorous inflictions, they would in most cases be obliged to conclude that their Professors or Prefects were just in correcting them. Again, many raise their voices against the College itself, saying that they are "starved," or that nothing is given them but stale food, with many other such remarks, which all sensible hearers take for what they are, and no more. First of all, these things are simply untrue; and secondly, the very boys that speak in this way are sure to be those who have no better food at home. But though college life presents, as we have seen, many advantages, yet there is on the other hand, at least one great disadvantage attached to it: I mean the spirit of indifference with regard to religious matters, that even, in Catholic colleges, pervades the minds of so many of the scholars. There is a certain human respect which is not merely carried too far, but is altogether misplaced, and which quite prevents them from realising those mild and Christ-like virtues which especially characterise a good Christian. They seek only to be thought smart and witty, regarding it as a folly to be pious; when in fact, as all sensible boys
know, it is quite the reverse. The true fools are the would-be “smart” fools; who miss, after all, even the low mark at which they aim. Would to God that these, and such as these, would bear in mind the great saying of Christ:—“To whom much is given, of him much shall be required!” Would that they could see how much they owe to God, for having vouchsafed them the blessing of a religious education; or at least for having afforded them the opportunity of such an education, which they are blindly neglecting! What shall be their sentence,—what shall be the sentence of each one of us—at the day of Judgment? Shall we be among the elect? We know not! Surely, then, it is our duty to make such a use of our opportunities here as to qualify ourselves for doing God’s work in the world when we leave these walls, and consequently for receiving the reward due to us hereafter. And thus, if our “College life” at Santa Clara be lived aright, it may prove to us the “good seed” from which will spring, one day, the glorious and incorruptible fruit of “Life”—in the true sense of the word—in Heaven.

PEN AND SWORD.

M. J. WALSH, (Mental Philosophy.)

Upon the glittering Sword are plainly seen
Those blood-red characters which seem to mean,
“Yes:
I exterminate!”

And thou, O gifted Pen?—What dost thou show,
By which mankind thy wondrous power may know?
“This:
I perpetuate!”
JOHN PAUL JONES.

(A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.)

JOHN PAUL was born in Scotland, July 6th 1747. His parents, like those of most self-made men, were poor, but honest. His father was a gardener; and as soon as Paul was old enough to wield a hoe, he assisted his father in the garden. When about twelve years of age, Paul concluded that he was destined for something greater than a gardener. Making known his wishes to his parents, he was apprenticed to a gentleman engaged in the American trade. Soon after he had signed the articles, the firm failed. At that time there were many vessels being fitted out to engage in the then lawful slave traffic. Paul obtained the berth of third mate on board of one of these vessels.

While engaged in this trade, he commenced those studies which in after life enabled him to command ships.

Although he rose to be first mate of the slaver, he grew disgusted with his life on board of her, and resigned his position at Jamaica, where he engaged a passage home in one of the large sailing vessels then in port. When about midway between Jamaica and England, the two principal officers of the ship died, and Paul (then but twenty-one years of age) assumed command, and brought the vessel safely into port. As a reward, he received the berth made vacant by the death of the captain.

It was on this ship that Paul committed that dark act which, coupled with certain other transactions of his youth, caused him to change his name from John Paul, to John Paul Jones.

When about twenty-seven years of age, he sailed to America, to attend to some business of his brother's. Soon after his arrival, the Revolutionary War broke out, and Jones offered his services to the oppressed colonists. The offer was accepted, and he was made a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy.

His first services were rendered in the Alfred.

It is said that Jones raised the first American flag ever displayed on an American vessel. If this be true, then the Alfred should be considered an honored ship; for it
was from her mast that the flag was flown. The design of the flag was a pine-tree, with a rattle-snake coiled at its roots; with the significant words, "Don't tread on me," written underneath. We shall all allow that the flag which is now the emblem of the Republic, is far more beautiful than the one displayed by Jones; yet none can deny that the rattle-snake design is most significant.

From the Alfred, Jones was transferred to the command of the Providence, in which he made sixteen captures in six weeks; much to the joy of the Americans and confusion of the English.

In the year 1777, he was appointed to take command of the Ranger, with which ship he made several captures off the coast of Scotland, which so enraged the British, that they sent the ship of war, Drake, after him. The commander of the Drake, however, soon found that he had "caught a tartar;" for, after an engagement of a few minutes, the Englishman was compelled to lower his flag; and Jones took his prize into Brest, where he was received with great honor by the American consul.

About this time he began to wish for a larger vessel. The Ranger was dispatched to America, and Jones was left in France, without employment, for many months; though he never rested from his efforts to obtain a ship.

One day, while fretting over his disappointments, he happened to see one of Dr. Franklin's proverbs, which read:—"If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." He immediately acted upon this maxim, and proceeded to Paris, where he soon forced the American Consul to give him a command. The ship of war, Duras was given to him, the name of which he petitioned the minister to allow him to change to Bon Homme Richard, in honor of Dr. Franklin. In a few weeks all was ready; and he set sail from a French port, in company with the Alliance. He had, ere long, destroyed twenty-six vessels, and was creating great alarm among English merchants.

The campaign on land was drawing to a close. All had been disastrous; nothing had been accomplished. The whole campaign of 1779 had been favorable to the British. Jones was therefore all the more determined, that if victory was denied the Americans on land, at least their flag should fly triumphant on the seas.

Knowing that a large fleet of merchant vessels was expected from the Mediterranean Sea, he ordered the two vessels under his command to watch for them. The merchantmen were soon discovered, under convoy of two large men-of-war. Jones immediately ordered his ships to attack the convoys. The Alliance, being the fastest sailor, made for the Serapis; but
on nearing that large vessel, she bore away, the commander feeling sure that he would not be able to cope with such greatly superior force. Jones still continued the pursuit; and about half-past seven in the evening came up with the enemy, and closed at about half pistol-shot. Soon after, the action commenced, and broadside after broadside was exchanged. The firing was kept up for an hour, when there was a lull, during which the British commander hailed Jones and asked him if he had struck. “I have not yet begun to fight,” was the ever memorable reply of Jones. The firing then recommenced with renewed vigor. After considerable manœuvrevering the two ships came together, and Jones assisted with his own hand to lash them each to each. Then commenced a hand-to-hand combat which lasted for some time. The Richard was now in a very bad condition; but still the thought of surrendering had never entered the head of Jones. After a terrific action of three hours, the Serapis struck, and as the lashings were cut, the mainmast fell with a crash, carrying death and destruction with it.

In the morning, the condition of the Richard was truly deplorable. On fire in two places and her hold over half full of water. Jones decided that it would be impossible to take the vessel into port; so, taking everything of value from her, they left her to the waves, beneath which she sank, a few hours after being deserted.

Thus was Jones victorious in what is often now called “the bloodiest sea fight of modern times.”

When the action commenced, there were three hundred and seventy-five men on board of the Richard, able to do duty. When the fight was over, but seventy-five uninjured men remained.

On his arrival in France with his prizes, consisting of the convoys and merchant ships, he was received with great honor. The King presented him with a sword, and then decorated him with a military order of merit.

In 1791 he returned to America, where he was made quite a “lion” for some time. Congress presented him with a gold medal; and Washington wrote him a letter complimenting him on his victory.

I fear, however, that I am intruding upon the kind reader’s patience; so I shall not go into the rest of the particulars of this great man’s life. Suffice it to say that it was one of continued disappointments.

After wandering over Europe for some time, he finally settled in Paris, where, in 1792, he died in poverty and neglect.

Yes! the man who, when many were about to give up the great struggle for freedom, rekindled the fire of patriotism, by repeated victories on the seas,—died, with-
out the common comforts of life about his bed.

What shall we say of such apparent ingratitude! There is but one excuse for the American people: Jones was a proud man; and it may be he did not make known his poor condition to the world. We may well hope that such was the case; for bearing in mind the deservedly high character which is always attached to the people of the United States in such matters, it seems hard to realize that the neglect which John Paul Jones experienced at their hands can have been intentional or even conscious.

National ingratitude is indeed a fertile theme for declamation; and many are the instances of it with which history supplies us, in ancient times as well as in modern. America alone stands forth prominently as the great example to the world, of the one national virtue in which nearly all other states, and especially other republics, have failed. America alone, in all the world, can fairly claim the title of *benefactress to her benefactors*. It would be too great a digression from our immediate subject were we to make mention, in this place, of the numerous instances which occur to us on either side. The names of Themistocles and of Washington shall suffice.

And must we believe that the country which so honored Washington for fighting her battles on land, was really and consciously ungrateful to him who, at the same time, was winning, in her name, so many and such glorious victories at sea? We refuse to believe it!

Lamentable as were the poverty and neglect which clouded the latter days of America's naval hero, we refuse to believe that the name of *John Paul Jones* would not have opened every heart and every purse in th's his adopted country, had it been but publicly mentioned in connection with such words as "poverty" or "neglect."

But even if our hero's personal pride, or any other cause, obscured his necessitous condition from those who would have joyfully ministered, as in duty bound, to his needs, we must nevertheless honestly allow that the death of such a man, under such circumstances, involves some blame at least to the country for which he fought so bravely and so well. It should, doubtless have been the business of the American Government, on behalf of the American people, to keep itself informed of his condition and requirements. And we may trust that those who guide the destinies of our great republic at the present day, will take to heart the lesson which has been taught to every American,—in characters which "he who runs may read,"—by the glorious life and neglected death of *John Paul Jones*. 
BRIGHTLY the sun ushered in the 9th of March, 1872,—the birthday of our President,—a day long to be remembered by our students. The boys awoke with light and happy hearts, thinking over the day’s pleasures in store for them. They early donned their Sunday habiliments, boots shone with Mason’s blacking, and hair was redolent with different concoctions called hair-oil, the prettiest neckties were put on, and our students saw themselves in holiday attire. Our worthy President had engaged the horse-cars and skating-rink for our special use; and at an early hour we were on our way to San Jose, to indulge in the luxuries of skating. After remaining at the rink for two or more hours, we returned to the College just in time for luncheon,—a shadow of the royal repast that was soon to tickle our palates.

The rest of the day passed away without anything in particular occurring; and many were the eyes which watched the refectory doors for the appearance of the brother who was to ring the bell and call us to satisfy the inner man. At last the joyous notes came ringing across the “campus,” and, noiselessly but quickly, the students formed ranks and marched to the dining room, where the President and invited guests had already assembled. Soon the clatter of knives and forks testified to the justice which was being done to the edibles. Neat bills of fare, printed in the College by Mr. W. Wilson, the College typo, were strewn about; and “Pig à l’Anglaise” dashed around with the tender “Chicken à la Maître d’hôtel;” “Asparagus à la Parisienne” knobbled with “Pommes de terret à l’Italienne;” “Roast Turkey” reclined gracefully upon its china bed; and “Cotelettes de mouton grillées” appeared proud in the possession of fancy-colored scoloped paper affixed to them. Assorted pies and cakes, different fruits, wines, etc., went to make up the bill of fare. There were many delicacies of which we would fain make mention; but as we are not the happy possessor of a polyglot pronounced dictionary, and cannot rely on the strength of our right jaw, we refrain from naming them. Let it suffice to say that the banquet was such as might please
the most epicurean; and it not only pleased the palate but also the mind, for it was a dinner marked by the most friendly feeling. We saw dished “à la Française,” in friendly intercourse with “plats à l’Allemande;” English and Celtic dishes slid around together, etc. When the more substantial part of the dinner was done away with, toasts became the order of the day; and eloquence flowed from some of our youthful Nestors.

The first toast on the programme was, “The day we celebrate,” proposed by Mr. A. W. Kelly, and responded to by Mr. J. Poujade. This latter gentleman did not do himself justice, as he received very short notice of his being called upon to respond, and so he seemed, at first, somewhat flurried; nevertheless, his response was well given and was full of most sensible and well-timed remarks. Mr. H. Bowie proposed “The health of Rev. Father Varsi,” and called upon that gentleman to respond. The Rev. President spoke most feelingly to his students; showed how he always endeavored to act in a manner conducive to their welfare, and thanked them sincerely for their manifestations of love and goodwill. Loudly and heartily given cheers greeted him at the close of his remarks. Master B. Burling arose and proposed “Our invited guests,” calling upon Professor H. Dance to respond. This gentleman was called upon somewhat unexpectedly, but, nevertheless he was fully up to the occasion, and regaled us with a short, but well-chosen speech, which shone and sparkled with scintillating sparks of wit. “Santa Clara College” was proposed by Mr. H. Peyton and responded to by Mr. A Veuve. Mr. Veuve, on rising, seemed somewhat bashful; but this soon wore away, and we were treated to quite a rhetorical, yet unaffected speech, in which he dwelt quite eloquently on the organization, the progress, and future prospects of our “Alma Mater.” “Our College Societies” was the next toast. It was proposed by Mr. D. Furlong, and well responded to by Mr. J. T. Malone. Mr. M. Wilson then proposed “The Athletic Clubs,” and called upon one of our baseballers, Mr. W. Marshall, to respond. This young gentleman succeeded in giving us quite a brilliant production, wherein was set forth, in brightest colors, the physical and moral advantages to be derived from Baseball. His remarks were greeted with rounds of applause. Before leaving the dining room, the health of our respected Vice-President was proposed, and he was called upon to respond; but he refused, as the day was fast fading into night, and he informed us, that darkness was not all favorable to his oratorical effusions. It was then moved, seconded and carried, that the Rev. Father Varsi, should free all the unfortunate students
from the punishments which they had yet to perform. Rounds of applause, cheer after cheer, rent the air; and slowly the happy students filed out of the refectory, well pleased with the intellectual and physical treat they had just enjoyed.

In the evening we repaired to the College Hall, and were presented with a very neat and tasteful programme of the evening’s exercises. The stage was prettily decorated, and the taste displayed reflected great credit on the young decorators. The “ball was opened” by the College brass-band with the “Grand Aria” from “Nabuco,” —a difficult piece of instrumentation, but which was well performed by our College musicians. The dedicatory address was given by one of our younger students, Master C. Petersec, in a boyish yet heartfelt style. Masters R. Smith and J. Bisagno were next introduced, and played on flutes, with pleasing effect, a few selections from “Lucrezia.” Master W. Marshall then gave us a French speech, entitled, “Notre Amour Filial.” He read it in a voice rather low, so that many of his words were lost. His pronunciation was quite good, however, and altogether he is an honor to the French class of which he is a member. Next in order came Master J. Burling who, having made his salam, proceeded to favor us with variations on the violin, from the “Sonnambula.” He did very well in his fingering, a few of the notes only being a little indistinct. He was accompanied on the piano by Master B. Burling, who still more strengthened his reputation as a pianist, and his accompaniment, played in excellent time and with due effect, was entirely free from the excessive fortissimos which mar the accompaniments of many professionals, and which tend to drown the principal part. “The Trials of a Student,” an original poem by Mr. J. Poujade, was a very well written effusion. In it, he humorously alluded to the many troubles of the student, to the many difficulties encountered in the pursuit of knowledge. He pictured, in glowing colors, the despair of many a student who has been unlucky enough to have to wrestle with some merciless “Coi- sine,” and who, after fighting bravely, finds that he has been running after a wandering “tangent.” Mr. Poujade deserves great praise for his very humorous poem. Ere the last line of the poem had died away, the College band “stuck up” Balfe’s renowned “Then You’ll Remember Me,” in a style truly artistic, and in most delightful consonance with the heart-appealing sentiments of the piece. Master V. McClatchy followed, with a German production entitled, “Geburtstag Gentz,” which was applauded loudly by many of our students who cannot
speak the prospective diplomatic language of Europe. When the last “Yah” had faded away, Master Pierotich favored us with “Itala Terra Estiu,”—an Italian composition. More applause from our “non-linguistic” friends. Next on the programme came Mr. S. Martinelli, who treated us to a couple of solos on the E flat tuba. It is truly wonderful how this gentleman performs on this ponderous instrument. It would take the lungs of a Stentor to fill it; yet Mr. Martinelli made it roar and rear again, till it seemed as though the sea had broken in upon us, and, accompanied by the wind, in thunder-tones, was favoring us with the “Half-and-Half Polka.” Mr. A. W. Kelly followed, with “Moments with Momus.” Mr. Kelly read a selection from Dickens’ *Pickwick Papers*, choosing a dialogue between Mr. Sam Weller and his father, the reading of which was, as might have been anticipated from the difficulties of “cockerney” English, somewhat inadequate. The reader’s appreciation of his author’s humor was, however, fully evident. When Mr. Kelly had finished, the College Band gave us a beautiful production entitled “Quando di Sangue tinto.” Mr. H. Peyton then read an essay entitled “Our Progress,” and was followed by J. F. McQuade with the song “Thou art so near and yet so far.” Mr. B. Burling with “Le Jour de Joie.” Then came Mr. Del Valle with a Latin piece; Masters E. and C. Petersen with a German song; Master B. Bowie with a short Greek discourse; a set of Waltzes, composed by Mr. E. C. E. Vile, were so well rendered by the College String Band, that for some moments we felt as though our Hall had been metamorphosed into a ball room, as the swinging-like notes fell upon the ear. Mr. F. P. Pacheco gave a short Spanish effusion. Mr. J. Carrigan then rendered, with splendid effect, the beautiful morcean, “Bright Star of Hope.” He drew from his violin most exquisite notes, and seemed to enter so fully into the feelings of the author that his playing was flooded with the sentiment of the piece, and the fading, sympathetic tones, left a kind of softening spell about the heart. Mr. Carrigan received a well merited round of applause. “Another Year,” a poem, rendered by J. F. McQuade; and a “Grand Chorus with full Orchestra,” closed the evening’s entertainment. Altogether, everything passed off most pleasantly; and the students retired well pleased with the day’s enjoyment.

The Ætna Base-ball Club has dissolved, for reasons of which we are not aware.

On Friday, March 22d, we had considerable thunder and lightning. The heavens were darkened by
omilous looking clouds of steel-grey hue, which ever and anon were brightened with fitful flashes of lightning. A few drops of rain descended, and we felt that we were going to have a stormy night; but in a short time the sky became clear, and all looked bright again.

How often do we hear that Miss So-and-so is about to enter into society. How few think of the many traps that surround the young girl on her entrance into the pleasures of fashionable life,—into the mysteries of the “bon ton.” Little do fond mothers think of the dangers to which they expose their daughters; little do they think of the hardening effect fashionable life has on the heart of a young girl. Take whom you may. Take the most loving, the kindest and most dutiful daughter at home, and lead her into the mazes of fashionable life, and what—in many cases at least,—becomes of her? Slowly but surely her love of father and mother decreases; slowly but surely her homelike kindness fades away, and she forgets the duty she owes to a fond father and a loving mother. Place her in fashionable society, give her plenty of money, let her judge and act for herself, clothe her with costly dresses, and not seldom is her path to ruin opened. Love of admiration and flattery becomes her sole thought. All her tenderness passes away. To her there is no one but herself. She cares but to make conquests; to gain admirers. Now and then it is even worse than this. It sometimes happens her youthful modesty imperceptibly leaves her; that the true blush of innocence no more suffuses her cheek; that sin of which she once never dreamed, and would not harbor for one moment, now loses all its hideousness; and that the once beautiful, modest, loving girl, radiant with the holiness of her pure soul, sinks slowly down into the depths of vice’s degradation.

On the 10th of April, the College Dramatic Society will give an entertainment; on which occasion will be presented Shakespeare’s “Merchant of Venice,” and a farce entitled “The Mummy.”

Many proclaim against female society; and, with a wise look, pretend to say that it has a tendency to demoralize young men. By female society, we mean the society of cultivated, sensible young ladies. We have seen young men, who avoid this kind of society, turn out to be stupid,—to be men whose perceptive faculties become blunt; men whose ideas do not soar above mere animal nature, and who sneer at anything savoring of purity. Who are the truants from female society? They are dolts in almost every sense of the word. They are your billiard room
sharps, who stand sucking the butts of billiard cues. For these, beauty has no charms; poetry has lost its heavenly birth, music cannot touch nor soothe the hardened heart. Man may derive great good from true female society: He is bound to be respectful, and thus his morals are guided. This respect which he owes to woman, causes him to forget his egotism, and opens his eyes to the fact, that there is some one to whom he is bound to be polite at attentive. True female society is the charm which causes the wine cup to lose its sweetness; it is the star which guides many a young man in the path of truth; which shapes and refines his mind, cultivates his tastes, and causes him to curb his passions, and shun forever the numerous haunts of vice.

On Tuesday morning, March 26, at about twenty minutes past two, we experienced a slight tremblor. Being suddenly roused from sleep, we were not in a fit condition to judge in what direction mother earth was shaking, so we cannot tell whether it was from North to South, or from East to West. Suffice it to say that our editorial couch forsook its usual somnolent character, and for a short time performed a miniature “Can-Can.” A noble youth from the Bay, being aroused from wanderings in dreamland, leaped from his bed, gazed in mute admiration on the trembling lamps, and then suddenly broke out with the exclamation, “Keep quiet boys, ’twill soon pass.” We praise him for his charity in trying to quell the fear of his fellow students; but it happens that everyone was quiet at the time in the dormitory, and so his exhortation was quite unnecessary. Nevertheless his tragic attitude lent a charm to his personal appearance, flanked as he was by a snowy nether garment.

One of our youthful Isaac Walton’s met with a slight mishap a short time ago. He had gone to catch “shiners” with a pin, and little thought of the danger that lurked near by. Soon, however, he was awakened to a full and indubitable conception of an approaching enemy, for his ears were greeted with a most unmusical kind of a grunt, and towards him darted a young animal of the “genus porcus.” Our hero “went for” a tree, and, safely perched amidst its branches, he complacently viewed his bristling besieger below. He was about to give himself up for gone, when a companion appeared and bravely battled with the “porcus.” Short the fight. Pork was at a discount, and our young peccary retired in good order from the field. Our friend in the tree was saved.
THROUGH the kindness of Mr. A. Waldteufel, we have received the Catholic World, The Financial Chronicle, The Young Catholic, The Coal and Iron Record, The American Agriculturist, and the Waverly Magazine. Mr. Waldteufel will please accept our sincere thanks for the above.

A new amateur magazine comes to us from San Francisco, entitled Leisure Moments and we feel greatly pleased to place it on our exchange list. It is a neatly gotten up affair, and its typographical beauties are many. Its articles are well chosen, well written and well digested. It is far ahead of many of our Eastern exchanges, and, unlike them, it is free from straining-after-effect style. Altogether it is very creditable to its young managers. We heartily wish it success.

The Catholic Record comes to us from Philadelphia, replete with ably written articles. Its article on "The Church and Modern Civilization" is most interesting, and is full of theological reasoning; it is free from all unnecessary word painting; it aims directly at one point and does not diverge from the path leading to it, in order to indulge in any of those rhetorical tricks which many use to "startle the groundlings." "Modern Bible Makers," "Battle for Denominational Education," and "Ireland's Glory," are also notably good articles.

The March number of the Catholic World is one of the best that we have ever read. The article entitled "An Uncivil Journal," is really masterly. It was with heartfelt gusto that we read it; for it was sound in reasoning, beautiful in language, and its pointed and keen satire was most pleasing. It showed to the world the true worth of Harper's (detestable) Magazine. It plainly proved its two-faced nature, and clearly demonstrated its secession principles, its cowardly and vile proceedings. Want of time forbids a more extended notice, though we would fain give it.

A Sophomore of one of our dis-
tant Colleges thus describes the division of power among the deities of Grecian mythology:—"Jupiter reserved for himself the dominion of heaven, and gave Neptune the sea, and Pluto hell."—Cap and Gown.

From one of our exchanges we learn that a member of the Cambridge police has resolved to remove all the flowers from the Botanical Gardens because they carry pistils. He had better arrest Atlas for carrying a revolver.

An exchange says that the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom is—"hash."

A correspondent of a New York paper relates the following touching anecdote: "I found a cockroach struggling in a bowl of water. I took half a peanut shell for a boat, I put him into it and gave him two wooden toothpicks for oars, and left him. The next morning I visited him, and he had put up a piece of white cotton thread on one of the toothpicks, and set the toothpick upon end as a signal of distress. He had a hair on the other toothpick; and there that cockroach sat a fishing, fast asleep from exhaustion. The sight melted me to tears. I took that cockroach out, gave him a spoonful of gruel, and left. The animal never forgot that kindness, and now my house is chockful of cockroaches."—Ex. That's nothing. We knew of three fleas that were tossed into a cup of milk and left to drown. The next morning we went to that cup and found each flea floating around on a match, and singing "Life on the ocean wave."—[Ed.]

The Grand Duke replies to an invitation to visit Harvard, in the following native Russian:—"Orritold bustahs. Gityur rumanwhisiki anletzer citi bombers reddi, anian olecatacazy willbe downonyer likea neskemo onah reindeer." Hurrah! Oh, cutmanosoff!

The Spiritualists have heard from Jim Fisk.—He wants his thin clothes.—Ex.
WANTED.—Nine able-bodied jokers for the “Olio” department. No joke accepted that requires more than eleven pages of foolscap for the explanation.

Sitting in the horse-cars on the Alameda the other day, we witnessed the following: A very finely dressed and fastidious lady was sitting opposite us. The car was nearly crowded. A stranger came in and was looking for a seat, and as there was a little space near the lady, the stranger said: “Might I sit down, Ma’am?”

Fastidious lady.—“Do you chew, Sir?”

Stranger.—“Wall, no. I don’t chaw, myself; but I reckon I can get yer a chaw if yer hard up.”

That lady’s feeling must have been more easy to conceive than to describe.

SCENE IN HISTORY CLASS.—Professor.—Mr. X, can you assign any particular reason why it took such a long time for Alexander to conquer the Tyrians?

X.—Yes, Sir. Being tired he was obliged to work slowly.

Dionysius once gave the poet Philoxenus a drama to correct. The poet ran his pen through the whole of it. The offended tyrant sent him to the quarries. Afterwards, however, he was restored to favor, and the tyrant imagining that he would now find in him a more complimentary critic, invited him to attend the reading of one of his poems. Philoxenus, after enduring the infliction for some time, rose from his seat.—“Where are you going?” asked Dionysius. “To the quarries,” was the cool reply.

One of the corps of reporters of the Olio, “lets himself out,” on the late earthquake, as follows: (Isn’t it sublime?)

There was suddenly a rumbling,  
The old mother earth was grumbling,  
Out of bed were student’s tumbling.  
“Surely,” said they, “something’s breaking!”

Then there was a mighty rushing,  
Every one was forward pushing—  
Toward the door the crowd was crushing.

For, O fearful! was the shaking,  
Not e’en for their neckties caring,  
Though the gas was upward glaring  
And a light shone o’er the tearing  
Crowd that hasty flight were taking,  
Many a garment white was fluttering  
In the breeze, and many a stuttering  
Voice, left-handed blessings muttering  
On the earth’s confounded quaking.
For our juvenile readers we are preparing a series of "Mother Goose's Melodies, which are especially intended to instruct the youthful mind in the classics, by an easy and delightful process. The following are fair specimens of our book's contents:

Senex Mother Hubbard
Ibit ad cupboard
Ut obtineat poor dog a bone:
Quum venisset there
Cupboard erat bare
Et sic miser canis had none.

Eheu! diddle diddle
Felix est in fiddle
Cowque supersaltat the Luna
Parvulus dog risit
Videre how she missed it
Atque dish cucurrit cum spoon—ah!

Parvulus Jack Horner
Sedebat in corner
Edens a Christmass Ἀθ
Inseruit thumb
Et extraherit plum
Clamans quid sharp puer am I.

—Demosthenic Monthly.

Maiden Aunt.—(reprovingly)—My dear boy, do you not know that drinking coffee is very unhealth.

Hopeful Nephew.—Yes aunt; but then I like it so much. Your remark is very true, however. I once heard of a man whom coffee killed.

Aunt.—(triumphantly)—Aha!—then why don't you quit drinking it? But did you hear the circumstances of the case?

Nephew.—Yes. The man was loading a ship, and a bag of coffee fell on him.

One of the lower chemistry class denies, in toto, that Io died of the love of Jupiter, and affirms that it was her affection for another god that killed her. Science tells him Io-died of Mercury.

An English Clergyman says, "It is really difficult to over-estimate the value of a really good hymn." Many an old maid will bear him out.
### TABLE OF HONOR

Credits for the month of February, as read on Wednesday March 6th, 1872.

#### CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

1st Class—G. Bull, 75; J. Coddington, 70; J. Dunn, 80; S. Fellom, 100; F. Kellogg, 75; J. Poujade, 95; J. Radovich, 95; A. Veuve, 100; M. Walsh, 100.

2nd Class—A. Bandini, 85; N. Camarillo, 85; P. De Celis, 100; R. Del Valle, 100; A. Den, 80; D. Furlong, 85; V. McClatchy, 100; G. Pacheco, 70; N. Robles, 85; R. Soto, 100; L. Wolter, 70.

3rd Class—A. Bell, 75; R. Brenham, 86; M. Chevalier, 75; P. Cohen, 76; M. Donahue, 75; J. Goetz, 95; W. Geggas, 70; T. Hanly, 70; F. Murphy, 70; A. McCon, 75; J. McCarthy, 70; J. Nichol, 70; A. Pierrotch, 75; P. Soto, 100; J. Sheridan, 70; J. Sux, 80; G. Seifert, 70; R. Wallace, 70; J. Walsh, 75; J. Wolter, 70; G. Videau, 70.

#### ETHICS.

J. T. Malone, 75.

#### LOGIC.

J. C. Johnson, 87; A. Sauffrignon, 70; M. J. Walsh, 100; M. Wilson, 85.

#### NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

F. McCusker, 76; H. Peyton, 70; D. G. Sullivan, 75; A. Veuve, 70; M. Walsh, 100.

**CHEMISTRY.—2nd year.**

M. Walsh, 100; J. C. Johnson, 100; A. Sauffrignon, 92; D. G. Sullivan, 90.

**CHEMISTRY.—1st year.**

H. Peyton, 90; A. Veuve, 88; A Campbell, 75; J. Kennedy, 73; J. Chretien, 73; F. McCusker, 70.

#### MATHEMATICS.

1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 80; J. T. Malone, 80; M. Wilson, 80.

2nd Class—A. Veuve, 100; A. Sauffrignon, 100; J. Chretien, 100; J. Raleigh, 95; D. G. Sullivan, 95; L. Pinard, 90; A. Arguello, 80; J. Poujade, 80; P. Yrigoyen, 80; J. Carrigan, 75; B. Burling, 75; J. Radovich, 70.

3rd Class—G. Bull, 95; R. Del Valle, 80; C. Ebner, 100; J. Kennedy, 70; V. McClatchy, 100; F. McCusker, 98; J. Smith, 75.

#### GREEK.

5th Class—J. Poujade, 75.

#### LATIN.

2nd Class—R. Bowie, 83; A. Campbell, 70.

3rd Class—M. Walsh, 95; R. Del Valle, 78; E. B. Rogers, 85.

4th Class—G. Bull, 87; J. Burling, 88; C. Ebner, 90; T. Morrisson, 85; L. Pinard, 84; R. Soto, 86.

5th Class—J. Coddington, 89; T. Durbin, 70; V. McClatchy, 80; J. Poujade, 78; P. Soto, 80; B. Tunnell, 75.
<table>
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<th>Table of Honor.</th>
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<tr>
<th>RHETORIC CLASS.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>English Oration, History and Geography—J. Poujade, 82; J. Raleigh, 75; M. Walsh 100.</td>
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<tr>
<th>POETRY CLASS.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>English Composition, History and Geography—J. Judd, 70; V. McClatchy, 70; J. Radovich, 70; A. Veuve, 85; W. Marshall, 85; W. Hereford, 71; J. Coddington, 70.</td>
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<tr>
<th>1st. GRAMMAR CLASS.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Composition, History and Geography—A. Bandini, 83; G. Bull, 77; P. DeCelis, 87; S. Fellom, 75; F. Kellogg, 75; T. Morrison, 80; G Pacheco, 70; E. Rogers, 81; R. Smith, 70; R. Soto, 80; B. Tunnell, 75; L. Wolter, 80; P. Yrigoyen, 70.</td>
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<tr>
<th>2d GRAMMAR CLASS.</th>
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<tr>
<td>N. Camarillo, 80; G. Flavell, 70; T. Godfrey, 70; J. Goetz, 75; H. Martin, 75; J. Sheridan, 75; C. Stonesifer, 70; J. Walsh, 75.</td>
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<th>3d GRAMMAR CLASS.</th>
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<tr>
<td>W. Davis, 100; M. Donahue, 90; F. Murphy, 70; C. Petersen, 80; A. Pierotich, 70; J. Enright, 75; R. Enright, 70; J. Sax, 70; R. Spence, 78; J. Thompson, 80.</td>
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<tr>
<th>FRENCH.</th>
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<tr>
<td>1st Class—H. Del Valle, 100; C. Georget, 90.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2d Class—J. Radovich, 100; G. Bull, 92; T. Morrison, 72; A. Bandini, 70; H. Martin, 71.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d Class—P. Sansevain, 90; G. Videau, 80; J. Perrier, 85; J. Auzerais, 80; M. Donahue, 82; G. Norris, 70.</td>
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<th>SPANISH.</th>
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<tr>
<td>2d Class—N. Camarillo, 75; S. Fellom, 80; G. Pacheco, 70; R. Soto, 90; P. Soto, 75.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3d Class—L. Camarillo, 70; N. Robles, 70.</td>
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<th>GERMAN.</th>
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<tr>
<td>V. McClatchy, 90; H. Pfister, 70.</td>
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<tr>
<th>ITALIAN.</th>
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<tr>
<td>J. Bisagno, 70.</td>
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<th>ARITHMETIC.</th>
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<tr>
<td>1st Class—A. Bell, 80; J. Coddington, 70; P. DeCelis, 85; S. Fellom, 85; W. Hereford, 100; J. Judd, 100; F. Kellogg, 80; W. Marshall, 80; T. Morrison, 75; G Pacheco, 75; A. Raleigh, 80; R. Soto, 100; B. Tunnell 95.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d Class—T. Durbin, 100; D. Furlong, 70; Jos. Goetz, 80; H. Hubbard, 73; P. Sansevain, 70; J. Sheridan, 85; R. Wallace, 70; J. Walsh, 70; L. Wolter, 80; A. Bandini, 95; W. Cole, 95; G. Flavell, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d Class—J. Day, 75; Alph. Den, 90; J. Enright, 76; R. Enright, 78; W. Geggus, 89; D. Kidd, 80; W. Moson, 80; J. Nichol, 82; G. Norris, 80; C. Petersen, 78; E. Petersen, 90; A. Pierotich, 92; J. Sanroman, 75; C. Stonesifer, 90; J. Sax, 85.</td>
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<th>BOOK-KEEPING.</th>
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<tr>
<td>1st Class—R. Soto, 100; B. Burling, 100; F. McCusker, 95; J. Radovich, 90.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2d Class—J. Bisagno, 80; A. Bandini, 90; N. Camarillo, 98; S. Fellom, 95; Wm. Hereford, 95; W. H. Locke, 70; V. McClatchy, 100; P. Soto, 98; F. Trembly, 70; L. Wolter, 95.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d Class—T. Durbin, 100; C. Ebner, 80; T. Godfrey, 90; J. Goetz, 85; T. Morrison, 95; W. Moson, 80; J. Nichol, 75; E. Petersen; 80; A. Pierotich, 85; J. Sheridan, 95; C. Stonesifer, 75.</td>
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</table>
Table of Honor.

READING AND SPELLING.

1st Class, 1st Divis.—J. Day, 85; D. Egan, 70; S. Fellom, 75; F. Kellogg, 85; F. Trembly, 71; Jas. Thompson, 84.
2d Divis.—P. Donahue, 86; C. Ebner, 90; T. Morrison, 86; R. Soto, 77.

2nd Class—J. B. Chretien, 75; N. Camarillo, 70; A. Bell, 80; P. De Celis, 78; R. Enright, 79; W. Furman, 75; C. Gambill, 70; W. Geggus, 70; J. Goetz, 92; H. Martin, 75; J. McCarthy, 70; J. Perrier, 75; C. Petersen, 79; J. Petersen, 75; J. Piorotic, 78; N. Robles, 70; J. Sheridan, 75; R. Smith, 75; C. Stonesifer, 80; L. Wolter, 85; J. Nichol, 75.

3d Class—C. Arguello, 89; L. Camarillo, 70; W. Davis, 83; R. Dela Vega, 70; M. Donahue, 87; J. Enright, 85; F. Lacoste, 70; E. Hall, 72; P. Hill, 70; G. Martin, 75; P. McGovern, 80; F. Murphy, 97; G. Norris, 76; J. Sansevain, 86; E. Sheridan, 70; J. Sax, 74; G. Shafer, 70; J. Scully, 70; F. Underwood, 70; J. Ward, 70; J. Wolter, 90.

ELOCUTION.

1st Class—H. Peyton, 70; J. Poujade, 76; J. Raleigh 75.
2d Class—V. McClatchy, 85; A. Veuve, 88; W. Marshall, 91.
3d Class—A. Bandini, 70; D. Furlong, 90; L. Morrison, 70; E. Rogers, 70; L. Wolter, 80.
4th Class—J. Day, 78; D. Egan, 75; J. Fallon, 70; J. McCarthy, 70.
5th Class—W. Geggus, 80; C. Petersen, 70; J. Thompson, 75.

PENMANSHIP.

1st Class—A. Bandini, 75; J. Barenechea, 71; N. Camarillo, 86; A. W. Den, 86; S. Fellom, 75; J. Judd, 75; F. Kellogg, 85; T. Morrison, 90; G. Pacheco, 78; R. Soto, 86; P. Soto, 85; R. Smith, 72; J. Thompson, 72; R. Del Valle, 71; L. Wolter, 80.
2d Class—C. Norris, 72; J. Norris, 71; A. Piorotic, 77; E. Petersen, 76; R. Thorn, 78; G. Videau, 76.
3d Class—G. Ebner, 70; J. Goetz, 70; A. J. McCone, 75; F. Murphy, 74; E. Sheridan, 73; J. Sheridan, 70; C. Stonesifer, 70; R. Spence, 70.

LINEAR DRAWING.

V. McClatchy, 100; J. Chretien, 89; A. Arguello, 80; P. Donahue, 70; M. Donahue, 70; G. Videau, 70; P. Sansevain, 70; G. Seifert, 70.

FIGURE DRAWING.

J. Sanroman, 80; J. Fallon, 70.

J. Burling, 80.

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

1st Class—R. Bowle, 75; C. Ebner, 70; N. Camarillo, 70.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

C. Georget, 70.

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IMMATURE INFECTION
IN CATS

THE MUSEUM OF VETERINARY COLLOQUIA

 vow III

SAM HEMING

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1871.
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A MANIFESTO TO

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT

TO

THE ROLE OF TEACHING OBSERVATION

AOTIA

EDITED

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A Magazine; Edited by the Boys of Santa Clara College, Cal.

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Miscellaneous Notes and Book Notices;

Class-Standing

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in that of Educational Institutions. A reflex of the interior of one of its most promi-

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