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THE OWL

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

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CONTENTS:

THE HOLY CITY ................................................................. 329
JERUSALEM ................................................................. 330
IRISH ELOQUENCE .......................................................... 334
THOUGHTS BY THE SEA .................................................. 341
FRANCE AT THE CONQUEROR'S FEET .................................. 342
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SLIP OF PAPER ............................... 343
THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF HENRY CLAY ......................... 350
GALLIA DEBELLATA .......................................................... 354
A TRIFLE ABOUT THE PLAY-GROUND .................................. 356
THE WANDERER:—A SOLOQUY ............................................... 358
IDLE NOTES ................................................................. 360
EDITOR'S TABLE ............................................................ 363
OILIO ................................................................. 365
TABLE OF HONOR .......................................................... 367

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THE HOLY CITY.

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

FROM out the fleecy heavens
A blessed host look down,
And guard with ever watchful care
An old and time-worn town.

For twice three thousand years they've gazed
With eyes that never dim,
And still upraise, in wakeful praise,
To God their guardian hymn.

A barren cliff that town upbears,
Amid the Syriac sands;
Yet fitter station holds it there
Than if in brighter lands.

Full oft thy rocky fastnesses
Have rung with hostile steel;
Full oft thy golden palaces
Have felt the victor's heel:

But still thou strugglest onward,
O Salem, through the night;
By yon bright seraphs guarded,
Who hover o'er thy site.
Oft weep they when thou yieldest,
Oft smile when thou art free;
They shield thee from all evils
Their jealous eyes can see.

O mayst thou live and prosper,
And time's strong current stem;
Till God restore thy glory,
Thou blest Jerusalem!

JERUSALEM.

M. J. WALSH, (Mental Philosophy.)

WHEN unoccupied by business, one is sometimes struck by thoughts relating to some well known fact, which are so plainly evident that one wonders they never entered his mind before.

The city of Jerusalem, for instance, presents, in its history, the exact record of a Christian man's life.

Jerusalem was taken from the idolaters by the chosen people of God, who built their temple in this city. By the saving waters of baptism, we are rescued from the power of the Devil, into whose dominion we had fallen by original sin. Baptism makes our souls perfectly spotless and immaculately white, and thus renders them, in the truest sense of the word, "temples of God."

Then we see the hand of God shielding His city from a multitude of evils for many years; just as a person is helped in so many trials...
and temptations, after baptism.

Now let us come to the time when Christ, Our Lord, rode in triumph into the city of Jerusalem. The people were in ecstasies. They knew no bounds for their joy and veneration. They took the clothes off their bodies, and with them carpeted the road by which Our Saviour passed, riding on an ass—a humble position for the Creator of the world.

The Christian is all love, all joy, at his first communion, when he receives Christ under the form of bread and wine—a humble position for the Son of God.

Napoleon, after winning one of his greatest battles, was asked by one of his aides if that was not the happiest moment of his life. He replied in the negative, and affirmed that the happiest moment of his life was when he received his first communion.

But how long did Jerusalem continue to honor Jesus? Not one week. Its people have listened to the voice of the wicked; and now they mock, deride, buffet, crucify the very God Who gave them life, and Who might by a single thought hurl them into the innermost depths of an eternally burning and tormenting hell.

The same is the case with the Christian man, who is led into sin by evil companions, and as a result of such misdeeds, is “gathered into bundles” together with his hellish friends, “and cast into the fire,” there to burn and never to be consumed; just as Jerusalem is left, not a stone upon a stone, and never shall be rebuilt.

What a glorious future Jerusalem might have enjoyed, if she had listened to the voice of God! What a resplendent life is in store for him who dies at peace with God!

Painters have made the canvas that passed beneath their magic brush, show forth such a dismal picture of hell, that one cannot help shuddering when beholding it. Poets, too, have given us, by means of their inspired pens, many a picture in burning words, that gives us a most forcible idea of the infernal depths. But all the paintings of artists and writings of poets put together, can give us but a faint and indistinct idea of the ravishing joys of an eternal heaven.

Many of us have seen, side by side, in shop windows, two engravings, one representing the terrors of the last day, the other, the “valley of heaven.” And which was the better picture? The one representing the last day. One would have thought that the one intended to represent the highest degree of pleasure would be the best; but the reverse was the case, and why? Because we are not capable of forming the remotest conception of heaven. “Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things which God hath prepared for those
that love Him."

And in describing—or rather in remotely hinting at—the glories of the life to come, what are we describing, or at what, in reality, are we hinting? At Jerusalem still. Not at that earthly Jerusalem, it is true, to which our remarks have hitherto been confined; but at Jerusalem, nevertheless. At the true Jerusalem: at Jerusalem the "celestis urbs," the glorious, the golden.

Thinking of it, and speaking of it, our analogy rises into fact; for we have reached the anti-type of the Jerusalem with which we began, and the heavenly Jerusalem is in deed and truth the Christian's future home.

"Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light:
Send hope before, to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!

E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en here thy walls discern:
For thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced:
The Saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

O mine, my golden Sion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With the laurel-girt battalions,
And the safe victorious fold:

O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?

I have the hope within me,
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!"
IRISH ELOQUENCE.

J. T. MALONE (Ethics.)

(Delivered in the Exhibition Hall, Santa Clara College, on the occasion of the Fifth Grand Annual Meeting of the Philalethic Literary Society. May 1st, 1872.)

Of the multitude of topics which have presented themselves to my mind as appropriate to this occasion, that which I have chosen, seems to me, to possess the most numerous points of interest. It is a subject, moreover, which is intimately connected with the end and aim of such societies as ours; for it bears a close relation to those principles of Truth and Right which we, as Philalethics, are bound to seek and cherish.

I shall attempt, in a few words, to set before you, an image of the beauty and the greatness of that genius for oratory, which has distinguished the children of one particular nation of the earth, beyond all others,—the charms of that eloquence which has rendered immortal, the names of Burke, Curran, Grattan, and others of their fellow-countrymen,—THE ELOQUENCE OF IRELAND.

It is not, indeed, without serious misgivings, that I enter upon the consideration of a theme like this; for so vast does the field appear which it presents to my view, and so numerous and striking are the examples which history furnishes in illustration of it, that my mind almost desairs of doing it justice. But, should I fail to attain my object;—should I fail to show you how really sublime is that peculiar trait of the Irish character:—its native, inborn eloquence; I shall at least have the satisfaction to know, that I have raised my voice in a noble and a holy cause.

It is not necessary for me to enter into any explanation of the nature of eloquence. You all know well how to distinguish the truly eloquent both in speaking and in writing. I may surmise of all of you that you have felt the workings of
that mystic power, which, as it carries conviction to the soul, calls up the unbidden tear, or makes the heart tremble, and the blood run cold, or mantle the cheek with crimson. I will content myself with showing you how the spirit of true eloquence has lived and flourished among the Irish people.

Ireland, as a nation, it is true, has long been blotted from the world’s catalogue; but the spirit and genius of her people, have not been as easily extinguished as her nationality. That spirit, and that genius are the same to-day as they were when the foot of the invader first touched her shores,—even though she has since passed through an ordeal, scarce less fearful than beneath which the entire fabric of Roman civilization sank.

The Irish are, by nature, a poetical race; and they are, besides, as their history bears witness, a people of strong impulses and quick sympathies: doing what they undertake with their whole heart, and willing to shed their life’s blood in defence of Right. They love with a strong love; and their hates are not less positive. Like Byron’s “Girl of Cadiz:”

“If they love, or if they hate,
Alike, they know not to dissemble.”

Still no people in the world are more ready to forgive a wrong, or to acknowledge an error. They love virtue for its own sake; and they hate vice, for its very hideousness. In the words of Lord Macaulay, (a historian who gives the Irish character as little praise as he possibly can,) “they are an ardent and impetuous race, easily moved to tears or to laughter, to fury or to love. Alone among the nations of modern Europe, they have the susceptibility, the vivacity, the natural turn for acting and rhetoric which are indigenous on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.”

The introduction of Christianity, effected with so much difficulty and under so many persecutions in other portions of the world, was, with the Irish, a comparatively easy task. When the great apostle, Patrick, came among them in the fifth century, his efforts were followed by immediate success; and he lived to see the whole of Ireland, Christian, with scarce the shedding of one drop of blood. Among such a people as this, it is no marvel that enlightenment should make rapid way. So, when we see Ireland, in a short time after her conversion to Christianity, the centre of Christian learning; when we see her scholars welcomed in every Christian court; when we see Emperors and Kings paying tribute to the eloquence of her sons; when we see these things, I say, and seek a reason for them, we are compelled to honor the people who possess such noble attributes.

It is among such a people as this, that we might naturally expect to
find eloquence best cultivated and understood; and if we add to these characteristics the influence of their history and literature upon the Irish people, we have a nation among whom it is almost impossible not to find orators.

To be eloquent, man must derive a certain aptitude from Nature; and he must, besides, possess certain advantages of education. That the Irish possess a certain aptitude for eloquence, is a fact patent from their whole history. That once they had the assistance of noble educational advantages, is also well known; for Irish schools and Irish scholars were, in their time, the first and best in Europe.

But it was not in the days of her prosperity that Ireland's eloquence shone the brightest. Orators she had, but their works have been lost. Indeed, the whole history and literature of ancient Ireland, has been almost entirely destroyed in the continued calamities that have stripped her of all her riches and her treasures, and left her but her name, and—the undying love of her children. The storm which swept down from the icy mountains of the North upon the sunny plains of France and Italy, did not spare Ireland in its devastating course. Her shrines of religion and learning were too rich to remain long unseathed by the cupidity of the pirate Vikings, and the avarice of her scarce less cruel neighbors.

Yes, it was only when Ireland fell a victim to tyrannical oppression; when her hands were shackled in a despot's bonds; when she lay, stripped of her royal robes, at the feet of her conquerors, that the native eloquence of her children burst forth in all its power, to declare to the world the story of their wrongs, and to hold up to mankind, in all its frightful colors, the iniquity of her unjust enemies. This, Irish eloquence has done, and done well; and, unhappily, this has been, for centuries, almost its sole office.

What greater names can any school of eloquence display, than those of the brave Irishmen who stood up to defend their country at the bar of English oppression? Ireland's history, from the time of its subjection to English rule, whilst it is filled with recitals of the cruellest wrongs that fanaticism and hate have ever inflicted in the name of justice, not only affords brilliant examples of brave men and warriors, but gives us a multitude of eloquent pleaders and statesmen.

Between the beginning and the close of the eighteenth century, Ireland gave birth to more eloquent speakers, and more able writers, than any other nation of the earth has ever, in the same lapse of time, produced.

My time will not allow me here to give you extracts from their works. Indeed, I do not wish to
do so, for extracts would not do justice to those works which speak for themselves far more forcibly than any words which I could use would do. But allow me here to refer in a short manner to some of the greatest of Irish orators.

The names which come most readily to the mind, and which are the most truly representative of Irish eloquence, are those of Curran, Grattan, Burke and Emmett. It is remarkable, as I have said, that these men lived in the time of Ireland's greatest troubles. It was during the eventful years that preceded and followed the unfortunate failures of '98, that Curran, that prince of orators, poured out his fiery eloquence against the enormous injustices which his unhappy country was obliged to undergo. It was in defence of Ireland's defenders, tried for their lives by Ireland's oppressors, that this royal-hearted Irishman made those efforts of eloquence which are now, and will remain for ever, monuments of his genius, which are at once the sad memorials of his country's wrongs and the witnesses of her worth. You will recognize in Curran's speeches for Alexander Rowan, Peter Finnerty, Oliver Bond, and the widow and children of the murdered Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the magnificent effects of a master mind.

Scarcely inferior to Curran, was his companion and compatriot, Henry Grattan. I can use no better words to describe his powers and the greatness of his eloquence, than those of one of his biographers:—

"He carried with him, through every experience, an impresible nature, easily roused sympathies, and a fancy which adapted to itself and steeped in its own hues and colors everything he saw or heard or touched. He was possessed of a strength capable, under the Prospero wand of his energy, to arouse the storms that slumber beneath the calm, sluggish exterior of an oppressed people—to use the invoked whirlwind of resonant wrong—to marshal its gusty currents against the battlements of the oppressor—to ride on as well as rouse the elements and to suffuse the veins of a distracted and disunited people with the hot tide of purpose, passion, patriotic ardor, and armed and belted pride."

Such, indeed, is the character of Grattan, as portrayed in his works. His speech in the Irish House of Commons, on the Declaration of Right, was a triumph of eloquence, and in invective he was unrivalled, irresistible. Of Emmett, we have but one effort, his last speech and self vindication; but that, alone, is enough to entitle him to a place in the highest rank of Irish orators;—for that effort is certainly one of the finest bursts of eloquence in the English language.

Less an intense patriot, but more a statesman than either Curran or
Irish Eloquence.

Grattan, was Edmund Burke—"the philosophical orator," as he has been styled. His speeches in the British Parliament are full of power and an eminent ability. His charge against Warren Hastings is almost unequalled in any tongue.

But of Irish orators, the one who has, perhaps, held in his hands the greatest power, by his eloquence, is Daniel O'Connell, the great Emancipator. His eloquence differed widely from that of Burke, and his predecessors, Curran and Grattan; not in being less nervous but in being more argumentative. He wished to see Ireland free; but he depended upon his own mouth to free her: whilst others would have depended only on the mouth of a cannon.

Beside O'Connell, we find Richard Lalor Shiel. By many, Shiel is not placed second to O'Connell, in power of eloquence. His was certainly more like the eloquence of Curran and Grattan, than was O'Connell's; but it seemed to lose somewhat, in its ornateness, of the fire and energy of the former.

Comparing these two orators, an Irish writer says: "One was as the commingled voices of the rapids lashing over the rocks, and throwing up beautiful and brilliant spray in profuse diamonds; the other, in a word, the broad cataract."—O'Connell was impassioned solidity—Shiel inspired restlessness.

Following fast upon the days of '98, came those of '48. Whilst yet the eyes of the Irish people were wet with tears in memory of Curran and Grattan, they were awakened from their grief by the voices of O'Connell and Shiel; and ere these had ceased to speak, they were joined by such men as Mitchel, Davis, Magee, Meagher, Thomas, Devine, Reilly and those of that patriot band of '48, whose efforts ended only in exile or in death.

But not to Ireland alone is Ireland's eloquence confined. No! Too unhappily, there is scarcely a spot of the earth that has not heard the whispered story of Ireland's wrongs, from the lips of the Irish exile. Poor unhappy patriot! Perhaps, now, the barren deserts of Australia, or the cold steppes of Siberia, or the Indian jungle, or the African wilds, are whitening with your bones. Or, if civilization has afforded you an asylum, you have carried your wearied spirit there, not to rest, but to seek in new fields of labor, forgetfulness of your wretched country's fate. For, wherever you may go, you will carry with you your Irish principles, your Irish love for Ireland; and you will not lose, in exile, one jot of the spirit that quickened your heart when you stood upon your green native sod.

America took up arms to defend herself from wrongs of the same kind as those which Ireland had to suffer. America succeeded; Ire-
land failed; America enjoyed her freedom; but Ireland saw her children exiled, or hung, or starved for daring to follow American example. Irishmen fought in American armies, and won victories for America. America, free, opened her arms to the unfortunate and oppressed of all nations. Is it any wonder that Ireland should feel a bond of sympathy between herself and the country that had fought and won the same battle, which she had fought and lost? Is it any wonder that Irishmen should flock to find, in the freedom of the new world, that rest and peace and safety which they despair to find in their own? Is it any wonder, then, that American history should be so full of Irish eloquence and Irish deeds of valor? No! The only wonder is that a people who glory so much in the principles of the Declaration of Independence—in the principles of emancipation,—should forget that they were the same principles for which Tone and Emmett died disgraceful deaths—for which Fitzgerald was murdered—for which Curran, Grattan, O'Connell, Shiel, and their illustrious and unsuccessful comppeers, raised their voices in the Irish parliament, and at the Irish bar. The wonder is, that the people who have succeeded under the banner of rebellion should join with Ireland's enemies in crying shame upon her unfortunate people for attempting to follow in the same path.

Irish eloquence, like the Irish nature, is full of earnestness, and energy, and strength. It abounds in lofty sentiment and grand, poetic thought; and it has a clear, firm and logical character, that never fails to carry conviction to the mind.

Some schools of eloquence are full of ornament, abounding in bright, shimmering, silvery sentences, that dazzle by their splendor, but produce no more effect than the sparkle of a fountain in the sunlight. Others are heavy, solid, stern, unornamented, almost gloomy, and strike the soul with awe.

The Irish school goes to neither extreme; but most happily combines the two in a beautiful, and pleasing harmony. The Irish orator, whilst he uses no more words than are simply necessary to convey the sentiments of his mind, yet combines in a well rounded period a happy elegance and a convincing force.

You can easily recognize Curran, in the strong, nervous, energetic passionate sentences of his speeches; and in the solid, deep and philosophical periods of Burke, stands out boldly the giant nature of the man himself.

The Irish orator breathes out his very soul in every word he utters, and merges his whole personality in the cause he advocates; and thus he cannot help being
truly eloquent: for when Nature speaks in Nature's way, no artificial eloquence can go beyond her.

Another characteristic of Irish eloquence is, that it is intimately interwoven with the history of the country. Ireland, suffering under her wrongs, was the great fountain-head and source of her own eloquence; and to this fact, no doubt, is owing much of its perfection; for men are sure to be most eloquent in defence of persecuted Right. Then the heart speaks through the tongue with all the energy of which the soul is capable.

When we consider all these things we cannot be surprised to find the works of Irish orators the standards of true eloquence wherever the English language is spoken. Scattered, in exile, over the broad face of the globe, the Irish people have carried with them, the germs of a matchless eloquence. In spite of all obstacles, those germs are growing and maturing; and, as they bud and blossom beneath foreign skies, they give assurance that they will not disgrace the soil from which they sprang—that they will be the means of transmitting Ireland's history, Ireland's wrongs, and Ireland's virtue and honor to all ages yet to come. And, God grant that Irish eloquence may yet achieve that end for which it has toiled so long—that right which it has so often demanded with breast bared to the bayonets of its foes—unawed by poverty and hunger and exile and death—IRELAND'S EMANCIPATION.
THOUGHTS BY THE SEA.

W. M. L. MARSHALL. (3d Rhetoric.)

GOLDEN memories full of sweetness,
Memories bright and gay and fair,
Set my restless fancy voyaging,
Fill my mind with visions rare.

As I gaze upon the ocean,
Dazzling pictures haunt my brain;
All my dreams of youth come o'er me;
Olden days return again.

All the tales I heard in childhood,
In my home beside the sea,
Flash like lightning o'er my mem'ry,
Calling back the days to me,

When I heard the boatmen telling
Of the vessels lost at sea
And the bloody pirate schooner,
And the marked cave and tree.

Back they come, as here I listen,
To the ever sounding sea;
As upon the shore it dashes,
With its rolling melody:

As it tells its mournful stories
To the ever listening strand,
And its restless waves are washing
E'en the spot whereon I stand.

These and such like thoughts come o'er me,
Filling all my soul with pain;
For though childhood's dreams may cheer me,
Childhood's virtues ne'er again.
NATIONS, like men, have their periods of prosperity and adversity, strength and weakness, wealth and penury, happiness and misery; and in the end, all of them, and all that was connected with them passes away, leaving nought behind but their histories and memories. We have numerous examples of this in history, which may well serve to remind us that everything human is mortal. ...And more: if we but look around us, we daily see this illustrated in all the transactions carried on among the human race.

One of the best examples of what I say is “France at the conqueror’s feet.” A few months ago France was one of the most powerful nations of the earth.

“Now none so poor to do her reverence.”

The history of that short time, which was sufficient to prostrate her at the feet of her foe, is among the most wonderful and astonishing that the world has ever seen. One short twelvemonth ago, Europe trembled at the voice of Napoleon III.; his empire and influence extended to every quarter of the earth; France stood among the foremost of nations; her armies were numerous and powerful; her navies rode on every sea; her people were happy and contented; her finances were prosperous; her welfare and influence were increasing; and she was a great and happy nation.

But one rash and imprudent step was enough to cast her complicated fabric to the ground. That step was the cause of those imnumerable and irremediable afflictions which have since wrung her heart. That step called in a vast army of foreigners who killed her sons, outraged her daughters, ruined her cities, and ravaged her fields. That step caused her to be subjected to a foreign power, to beg humbly for mercy, and to accept any terms that her enemies imposed upon her.

“France at the conqueror’s feet,” may be looked upon as justly suffering for her offences against the will of the Almighty. She had a noble
office to perform, that of protectress of His Church. Yet, after fulfilling this trust for a few years, she ceased to perform it any longer.

Again, her people had become corrupt and licentious; and many of them totally ignored all religion; and that after the grace had been vouchsafed them of belonging to the true church.

In His infinite justice and mercy, God has thought fit to humble the pride of the French, and call them again into the right path; and this is the reason, I believe, why we now see France at the conqueror's feet.

AUTobiography OF A SLIP OF PAPER

ALCIDE VEUVÊ, (2d Rhetoric.)

(Concluded.)

"A LAS, thought I, when shall my troubles cease? When will my remorseless persecutors grant me the poor boon of spending my days in solitude? When will my mind be set free from the terrible suspense occasioned by this uncertainty with regard to my fate? How long will these clouds of misfortune intervene, to shut out from my longing eyes the bright and happy future for which I sigh?

"But to return to my history. I had not remained long in the factory ere I was taken to a bath, which felt very comfortable, after the filth and dirt of the street in which I had been lying.

"Next I was torn into shreds, and reduced to a pulp by a large hammer.

"After being pounded long enough to suit the malice of my torturers, I was passed through rollers, which operation had the singular effect of transforming me from a misshapen mass to a thin sheet, of regular outline; then I was exposed to the heat of the sun to be dried; and then—it makes me shudder to think of it—
I was pressed between two iron plates; a torture greater than which cannot be invented by the malice of man.

"At the end of all these painful operations, I found myself converted into a fine piece of writing paper, which transformation compensated in some degree for the pain I had undergone. The part of my history immediately following is of no importance; suffice it to say that I was conveyed, after a short stay at the factory, to a stationer's shop.

"I soon tired of the dull monotony of life in such a place; and I earnestly desired some novelty, to deliver me from the settled ennui into which I had fallen. My desire was partly gratified one evening, at a late hour, when I heard a hundred angry bells awake the echoes of night with their brazen tongues. Then came the sound of feet hurrying along the pavement, and the rattling of engines as they rushed along the stony streets, mingled with the shouts of the assembled multitude; whilst the red glare that shone through the windows bespoke the outburst of a great fire.

"Next morning, at a very early hour a man entered the store in haste, and hurriedly asked for paper. His clothing was disordered, his face blanched as with fear; whilst every now and then he cast around the furtive glance of one who dreaded pursuit. My curiosity was aroused; and I hoped to be chosen as his purchase, that I might have the opportunity of learning the cause of his strange behavior: Fortune favored me; and my wish was fulfilled. He immediately wrote upon me the words which I bear at present, placed me in an envelope, and then mailed me.

"I could not see beyond my prison; but I was conscious that I was hurried onward in some direction which I had no means of ascertaining. At length my journey came to an end; and I found rest, for a time, within a post office.

"My repose, however, was of short duration; for shortly after my arrival, a person whose voice sounded strangely familiar, enquired for letters, and I was handed to him. He tore open, with a trembling hand, the envelope in which I was enclosed, and dragged me forth; when what was my surprise, to find myself again in the possession of my former master, whose companion I had been whilst in the form of a handkerchief!

"When he read the communication which I bore, his face paled, and he trembled with excitement; whilst at the same time he cast around him sundry furtive glances, like those which I had noticed in his companion, and which seemed to bespeak the presence of guilt.

"He placed me in his pocket, and turned from the post-office. When again brought to light, I found myself in this room, which
he used for the same purpose as
that for which you use it now;
namely, for an office. Again he
read the writing, lingering over it
long and thoughtfully; whilst a
smile of mingled fear and satisfac-
tion overspread his countenance.
'The warehouse is burned, and the
goods are safe,' muttered he to
himself, reading the message.
'Now I shall be able to discharge
my immediate debts with the
money derived from my insurance
policy; and when I dispose of the
goods saved from the fire in some
private manner, I shall be able to
stand upon a somewhat firmer
basis than I do at present, and to
prosecute my plans of gain with
greater hope of success. To-mor-
row, Marston will be here by agree-
ment to give his testimony before
the underwriters, when it will ap-
pear that it was no fault of his,
(although he was on guard) that
the accident occurred; and it will
also appear that no goods were
saved from the burning building.
Consequently the company will be
obliged to make good my supposed
loss. But should we be discovered?
—No, no! It cannot be! We
have laid our plans too deeply to
leave room for the least possible
fear of detection.'

'Nevertheless, the thought that
he might be exposed, evidently
made him uneasy and restless; for
he soon withdrew from the room,
leaving me, in his forgetfulness,
upon his desk. He had also left
the window open and a strong
gust of wind entering thereby, I
was carried by its force into the
closet where you found me.

'Long and thoughtfully I pon-
dered over the facts I had discov-
ered about my previous master,
and the truth forced itself upon me,
that he was implicated in some
perilous and dishonest undertaking,
with a view to regain his rapidly
diminishing fortune.

'Anxiously I awaited the com-
ing another day, the disclosures of
which would probably either con-
firm my suspicions, or cause me to
reject them altogether. Next morn-
ing, at a very early hour, my mas-
ter entered the room, took his ac-
ccount books and peered long and
ardently over the ponderous vol-
umes, evidently for the purpose of
acquainting himself fully with the
true state of his affairs.

'At length, after two long and
weary hours, he closed with a loud
bang, the book on which he was
engaged, and began to pace excit-
edly up and down the room.

'Oh how I pitied him! His
pale and haggard face told more
plainly than any words could do,
that he suffered the most terrible
mental agony. His eyes, too, were
wild and blood-shot—the conse-
quence, as I thought, of a guilty
mind, laboring under a weight of
crime;—and the weary expression
of his countenance betokened a
sleepless night.

'He continued his hurried walk,
until a knock at the door interrupted him, and he opened it to admit one whom I recognized as my purchaser at the stationer's.

"Ere the door had closed again, my master exclaimed; 'Marston, you have come at last! Last night was a sleepless one for me; and in my anxiety it seemed to extend itself to weeks. I thought the day would never dawn. But is all safe? Is there no fear of discovery? Do not keep me longer in suspense! Answer me.'

"Well, I will, if you will allow me time. Where shall I begin?"

"Anywhere, so that I am answered."

"Well, then, I will simply relate what occurred from the time of our meeting till the present moment.

"You know that at our meeting we made the bargain that the goods contained in the Syren should be stored in the warehouse of which I was the guard; and that the building should be burned to the ground by some accident; but, before the burning, the goods were to be removed in secret to some secure hiding-place; and they would thus escape the flames, whilst you would receive the insurance money for their supposed loss. For carrying out these plans I was to receive the sum of £1,000.

"In accordance with this agreement, as soon as the Syren touched the wharf, that part of her cargo consigned to you was conveyed to the warehouse, for safe keeping, apparently, until they should be re-shipped for London.

"One night, scarcely a week after, the weather being dark and gloomy, I thought I had a favorable opportunity for the execution of our designs. Accordingly, procuring a wagon from a neighbor, upon some imaginary pretext, I entered the warehouse and conveyed your goods, which were not very bulky for their value, to the cellar of my own dwelling.

"Returning, I again entered the building and collected a heap of rubbish in one corner, upon which I poured some turpentine in order to aid the combustion. Applying a match it blazed up with an alarming fury, soon catching the timbers of the building, and obliging me to retreat through the door which I locked after me.

"Raising a cry of fire, I soon gathered a large crowd of men around the burning building. Their efforts, aided though they were by fire engines, proved of no avail. My work had been too sure; and the flames only died away at last, for want of fuel in the smouldering ashes.

"Next morning I penned the note informing you of the success of our undertaking; and, waiting that day, to give my affidavit before the authorities, (whereby it appeared that the cause of the fire was the bursting of one of the lamps within the building) I start-
ed the next morning for London, and have lost no time in presenting myself before you.

"Such is my story; and, as you may judge there is no fear of detection, unless there was one upon the premises during the time when I was engaged in conveying the goods to their hiding place. This is not at all likely; as the appearance of the sky presaged a heavy storm.

"There can be no danger; we must be safe," replied my master; who, by his musing tone of voice, appeared to be addressing himself.

"Then ensued a long silence, unbroken save by the heavy breathings of my old acquaintance, who, not being hardened in crime, already felt the remorseful stinging of an outraged conscience.

"Suddenly the door was thrown wide open, and in walked two officers of the law.

"The two guilty men, taken completely by surprise, paled and trembled in the excess of their fear; but Marston soon regained his self-possession, and inquired in a calm voice what might be their business.

"Since you have heard this man's story," replied one of the intruders, addressing my master, "please be so kind as to listen to mine, which will give you a few additional facts.

"On the night of the fire, a messenger was sent to a physician in the city, to request him to attend the bedside of a person taken suddenly ill. Leaving the medical man to repair to the patient's house alone, the messenger set out by himself, on his return. When passing the warehouse, he observed that the door was open, and that a wagon was standing before it. Surprised at a circumstance so unusual at that hour of the night; he waited and watched until he saw Marston appear, who was just then engaged in the process of loading. Although he thought it strange that the guard should remove goods at such an unusual hour, still he knew that the owner of the building reposed full confidence in his employé, and consequently that it was no business of his to doubt the propriety of the transaction. He therefore continued on his journey; but had not proceeded far ere he heard the alarm of fire, and saw the flames leaping towards the heavens. He was at too great a distance, however, to distinguish what particular building it was which was on fire; nor indeed did he ascertain the point until the day of Marston's departure; having been, during the interval, in attendance upon the sick person before mentioned: and the suspicion then arose in his mind that you (turning to Marston) were not totally ignorant in regard to the cause of the fire.

"The above facts having been mentioned to the authorities, an investigation was instituted, which
elicited the information that you had acted without proper authority in removing the goods from the warehouse; and thereby the suspicions of the messenger were confirmed. Accordingly a warrant was issued for your arrest; and, taking an express train, I alighted from the cars at the depot, not a half an hour after your arrival at the same place. After a little inquiry I traced you hither. And now, sir, consider yourself a prisoner.

"Whilst he was speaking, Marston sat as rigid as a statue, with fear depicted upon every feature; but the last words of the officer aroused him to a true sense of his situation; and springing from his chair with the leap of a tiger, he sought to escape by the open door. The vigilant officers were not, however, taken by surprise; and the criminal was at once secured and placed beyond the possibility of further resistance.

"Allow me to finish my story," continued the officer; "I was saying that I followed Marston to this house; well, I knocked at the door and inquired for the master, but was informed that he was busy with a stranger and was not to be disturbed. On showing my authority, I was at once conducted by your trembling servant to this door, before opening which I heard the word "fire," mentioned in your conversation. This made me pause to listen; and thus I learned the whole plot. So you, sir, (still addressing my master) 'must also accompany me, that you may answer for what you have done before a Court of Justice, where your guilt will be made public, and your crime receive the punishment which is its due.'

"At these words my master sprang from his chair, with his eyes starting from his head, and his face horribly distorted from the terrible mental anguish which he suffered; and, with a shriek which sent an icy chill through my whole frame, his reason fled, leaving him a raving maniac."

And now my "slip of paper" began to moralize;—an unusual course it must be admitted for a piece of paper to adopt; and yet so accustomed had I become to hear its gentle, unobtrusive voice addressing me in tones of friendly interest, that I felt no surprise whatever at the good advice which it proceeded to give me. I listened, indeed, to my somewhat peculiar little monitor, with almost as much respect, and certainly with much more patience than I should have evinced under the infliction of a similar lecture from my parish priest. "In all this," continued the quiet little moralist, "see the fatal effects of speculation and be warned in time. Here we have a young man of ample fortune and superior talents, devoting his whole life to the gratification of an inordinate desire of gain. Nor is he
the only example of such criminality and folly. There are many at this moment, who are sacrificing all their time, all their resources, and all their talents, for the attainment of an end which, instead of that happiness which is so often considered as its inevitable accompaniment, will yield nothing but unrest and sorrow. In the anxiety occasioned by the thought that their hardly earned gains may pass away at any moment, they lose their peace of mind, their hair is whitened before they pass through the summer of life, and they descend at last into untimely graves. How inconsistent it seems that man should strive so earnestly after the goods of this world, which must for ever remain on this side of the grave, and not seek to gather a store of those meritorious deeds which are the only true riches, and which alone will be of any avail to procure for him a happy eternity!

Seek then the Kingdom of Heaven and its glory, and all things else shall be added unto you."

Here my worthy little interlocutor—whose high moral sentiments I could not but admire—came to a pause, apparently for the purpose of taking breath; and with the words of his last solemn sentence still wringing in my ears, I—awoke, to find that I had been dreaming!

And yet the dream appeared so real, and had consequently such an effect upon my mind, that it caused me to give the subject a mature and prayerful consideration, which ended in my renouncing for ever those avaricious plans which I had formed when starting in life.

From that time forward, I have endeavored, by the blessing of God, to follow, so far as in me lay the teaching of those sacred words which ended my ever memorable dream; bearing in mind also those other words which fell from the same divine lips, and which refer to the same all-important subject: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"
THB LIFE AND CHARACTER OF HENRY CLAY.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, (Mental Philosophy.)

(Delivered in the Exhibition Hall, Santa Clara College, on the occasion of the Fifth Grand Annual Meeting of the Philalethic Literary Society, May 1st, 1872.)

It has been said that "the deeds of men live after them." While our great men are struggling with the cares and troubles of this world, we are not so apt to acknowledge and appreciate their greatness. Not until a great man has been taken by death from our midst, do we become sensible of the immense services rendered by him, not only to the people of his own generation, but to those of all future times.

This may be said with especial truth of our great American orator and statesman, Henry Clay. Whether we consider him as the leader par excellence of American lawyers, the far-seeing statesman or the lofty patriot, we shall find his whole life, whether public or private, characterized and influenced by the purest of motives and the highest sense of truth and justice.

But in order that we may have a proper conception of the genius of this man, and that it may serve as an example to those of us who are about to pursue a similar course, I shall give a brief notice of his life, his character, and the qualities of his mind and heart.

Henry Clay was born on the 12th of April, 1777, in a district commonly called the "Slashes," in Hanover County, Virginia. Here, after the death of his father, which occurred in the year 1781, he was placed under the tuition of one Peter Deacon, then the only schoolmaster for miles around. His studies were steadily and actively pursued, until he reached the age of fourteen, when he left his home with nothing in the world but a small piece of money. His aptness and uncommon intelligence, however, secured for him a clerkship in the office of Chancellor Wythe. Remaining here for five
years, he availed himself of all the advantages offered for the proper study of his profession; after which he became a student of law in the office of Robert Brooks, the Attorney-General of Virginia.

He had scarcely remained here one year, when he was admitted to practice in all the courts of that State.

Then it was that his reputation as a rising criminal lawyer began to establish itself; nearly all his great efforts in the criminal cases entrusted to his care being crowned with success. Such interest, indeed, would be manifest in all the affairs of his clients, that his practice, which at first was confined to his own state, now became general throughout the land. In the year 1799, he removed to Lexington in Kentucky, where he fairly commenced his legal career. He always took the greatest care to acquaint himself with even the minutest details of a case; so that whenever he spoke, either in a deliberative assembly or in a Court of Law, his elucidation of a subject would be complete.

His fame soon became general. He was elected in 1803 to the legislature of Kentucky; but was shortly after sent to the U. S. Senate from that state.

From that time his life became a public one. For forty years he continued to hold positions of public trust, now in the Senate, now in Congress, and now on foreign missions, until, in the year 1823, he was raised to the dignity of Secretary of State, an office which he held until 1827, discharging its duties with diligence and vigor.

To enumerate his long and useful services would be to write a detailed history of the Government. He died, regretted by all, on the 20th of June, 1852.

Such was the life of Henry Clay, whose name, and fame and character will be as enduring as the Republic that gave him birth.

As a lawyer, he stood at the head of his profession. His love for truth and justice was one of the most prominent features of his character. Eager to defend the innocent, and to deal out the penalties of the law upon the guilty; he showed a zeal for, and a devotion to his profession, which were truly admirable. Rich and poor clients were all treated alike by him. His deportment towards them was that of a refined gentleman; and his course in all his dealings with them was honest and upright. His strong sense and sound judgment on complicated questions of law, enabled him to elucidate all obscurities, and to present his arguments in such a clear and forcible form as to leave no doubt as to the correctness and truth of his conclusions. Even when his cause was weak, he contrived to give it an appearance of invulnerable strength.

No difficulty could weary or
withstand his energies. Like the Carthaginian in the passage of the Alps, he kept his place in front of his comrades, putting aside, with giant efforts every obstacle that opposed his way, applauding the foremost of his followers, or rousing those who lingered behind by words of encouragement or reproof, until he succeeded in placing them upon a moral eminence from which they could look down to the region where their prowess was to meet with its long expected reward.

But it is as a statesman that we are called upon to admire him most. His mind and heart were thoroughly leavened with the spirit of human liberty and the principles of free government. His noble efforts in favor of the liberty of his own country are well known. Up to the very last moments of his life, his thoughts and desires were directed to her welfare. His constant prayer was, that America might prosper—that she might increase in power and influence—and that finally she might stand alone, in glory and happiness, the pride of the civilized world.

Would to God, O illustrious statesman, that thou hadst lived to witness thy country’s present prosperity! Would to God that thou hadst lived to behold her preservation in her perilous moments, through the mighty influence of thy wise counsels!

The public career of Henry Clay is a matter of history. In all his measures, from first to last, he was actuated by a sincere love of his country. All his well pondered designs, all his eloquent speeches, whether delivered in the Senate or in the House of Representatives—which at that time contained such men as Webster, Calhoun, Randolph and Hayne—had but one aim: the preservation of our liberties and the welfare of the country. Never was he actuated by personal motives; all he did was done for the general good.

At one time, when the stability of the Union was threatened by the agitation respecting the tariff, when the constitution was about to be violated, and when these United States were to become only a thing of the past, Henry Clay, influencing, as he was enabled to do, both the contending factions, effected a compromise, honorable alike to himself and his country, by which modified protection to national interests was established as a principle.

At another time, when selfish partisans sought to create that dissension and distrust between the North and South, which gave rise to the memorable debates on the Nullification Act, and which for a short time threatened even the very existence of the Union, the mighty influence of a Clay once more interposed itself, and again effected a compromise which will be a lasting monument of his fame.
The question of slavery was being agitated. The North advocated its abolition; whilst the South contended that its existence was a necessity. Henry Clay, regarding it as a foul blot upon the national honor, and ever ready to espouse the cause of suffering humanity, advocated its entire abolition. Though at that time it was deemed inexpedient to resort to harsh measures, still he was always in favor of any plans which might have for their end the mitigation of the evil. Never while he lived did he cease to deplore its continuance.

"If I could be instrumental," he says, "in blotting out this deep stain from the national character, and removing all cause of reproach on account of it; if I could be instrumental in ridding of this foul blot that revered State which gave me birth, or that not less honored State which kindly adopted me as her son, I would not exchange the proud satisfaction which I should enjoy, for the honor of all the triumphs ever decreed to the most successful conqueror."

Such were the sentiments of this great man. And though he did not live to see that "foul blot" erased, still we, his countrymen, have the "proud satisfaction" of having followed his wise counsels as to the abolition of this obnoxious institution.

But much as he did for the interests of his own countrymen and for those of African blood, still more did he strive to do towards elevating or ameliorating the condition of the persecuted Creoles of Spanish America, and the poor children of Greece. Long had they been under the yoke of foreign despotism, long had they been oppressed by tyranny, and when they clamored for pity and aid, to a sympathizing world, the manly and eloquent tones of Clay roused his countrymen to an unheard of enthusiasm and generosity.

But all these great actions fade away in the contemplation of something higher. There is another thing which makes a man not only great but sublime. That is religion. A man may perform great works, he may cover himself and his country with glory, he may thunder forth his eloquence in the cause of right and justice; but if he fails to connect himself and all works with his Divine Creator, his fame dies away, the shadow of a worthless past! And it could not be that such a mind as that of Henry Clay should fail to recognize, with due reverence and awe, the power and presence of God. He had the misfortune, it is true, of being a stranger to the true Faith; but we have no reason for supposing it to be owing to any fault of his that such was the case. Rather, let us recognize in the noble, the high minded, and the just—find them where we may—those qualities which would have
ensured their submission to the Faith had it ever been placed fairly before them.

He is now no longer with us; but his works remain. They shall be his lasting monument; they shall be ever cherished by us, his countrymen; and they shall serve, in our perilous moments, for our models and our guides.

GALLIA DEBELLATA.

H. B. PEYTON, (1st Rhetoric.)

HANG up, proud France, thy rusty armor now:
Throw down thy sword; and in submission bow
Before thy conqueror's feet! Stained is thy shield
With blood and dust of many a well fought field:
Now put it by: its work is at an end:
The arm that held it can no longer bend.
Thy doom is sealed: let every funeral bell
Toll, in deep notes, dead Gallia's passing knell!

Thy banners furl,—those brave old standards bright,
That cheered thy sons amid the din of fight.
Full oft, full proudly have they graced the air;
Full oft waved high o'er town and turret fair:
Now furl them tight; lest they behold thy woe,
And see the relics of thy past laid low.
Thy doom is sealed: let every funeral bell
Toll, in deep notes, dead Gallia's passing knell!
Let thy fair daughters weep and rend their hair;  
Let woe’s dark mists suffuse thy sulphurous air;  
From all thy fanes let whispered prayers ascend;  
No human might thy troublous lot may mend.  
The burly Teuton works his savage will  
On thy fair soil, who tremblest and art still.  
Thy doom is sealed: let every funeral bell  
Toll, in deep notes, dead Gallia’s passing knell!

Once on thy shield there gleamed the Fleur-de-lis;  
Then round thee hovered many a golden Bee:  
Through Europe flew thy pennons; for “Advance”  
Was aye the watch-word of the troops of France.  
But now, alas! the German eagle’s claws  
Thy vitals tear, who knows nor ruth nor pause.  
Thy doom is sealed: let every funeral bell  
Toll, in deep notes, dead Gallia’s passing knell!

Bend low thy knee before the Kaiser’s throne!  
Weep bitter tears! In writhing anguish moan!  
Throw down the trophies of a hundred wars!  
Bow that proud front, so marked with hostile scars!  
For all the glories which thy sword has won  
Grow dim before Borussia’s rising sun.  
Thy doom is sealed: let every funeral bell  
Toll, in deep notes, dead Gallia’s passing knell!
A TRIFLE ABOUT THE PLAY-GROUND.

BY "YUSEF."

IT is, I think, a fact which is generally admitted, that our College yard is, to one who has not been outside for some time, rather a dry looking place. True, we have many trees, which afford a really delightful shade; and many more, that have been planted but lately, will, in a few years, make a decided improvement in the appearance of the grounds. Notwithstanding this, and the fact, that, for a few months of the year, a part of the grounds is covered with beautiful green grass, to one who has been looking at the same object day after day, and month after month, the yard presents (as I said before) a very dry appearance.

When a person sees the playground for the first time, especially if it be in summer, when the trees have not been trimmed, and the acacias are in blossom, delighting the eye with their intermingled white and green, and breathing out their rich and fragrant perfume, he will truly say that it is a beautiful place. But, after a few months, the novelty wears off. One soon comes to know every tree, nay, every limb; and even the blades of grass appear to nod familiarly, like old acquaintances. The spiders that spin their webs in the corner, are the very same, or the posterity of the very same spiders that spun their webs there years ago; and I am morally certain that the College rats and mice, are the very individuals who were chased and frightened by former generations, time out of mind; and that if they could "their tales unfold," they might give a history of the College from the time it was established to the present day.

We see the faces of our companions, never changing their expression, save when some of them make a feeble attempt to draw out the "capillary appendages" in the way of a moustache or "siders." The image of each one of them is indelibly impressed upon our memory. There is A with his eager, inquiring expression, whose smiles, though
they really come from his heart, all seem, to those who know his mathematical turn, to be made of geometrical curves and angles; there is B, with a face which, as he comes out of the laboratory, is so sour, that one is apt to connect the idea of it with that of oxalic acid; there is C, whose whole mind is bent upon physics; and last but not least there is D, who has a singular idea in his head, that he is a "poet born," and who endeavors, by various means, to impress the rest of us with the fact; besides many others whom I might mention, each of whom seems to be an essential part of the College,—so much so, that were they gone, the College would appear to be a different place from what it is.

But why do I speak of all these peculiarities? In order to introduce the mention of one more, which I am sorry to say, is very general among our students; I mean cruelty to birds. It seems that there is an inherent quality in some people that almost irresistibly tends to the shedding of blood. In some it is developed more, and in others less fully. The former seem to be in their normal condition when they are fighting; the latter do not go quite so far, but find their delight in listening to stories of the "blood and thunder" kind, and indulging their appetite for blood by petty acts of cruelty.

I am happy to say that the first of the above-mentioned practices is not by any means fashionable in the College; but the particular species of cruelty, which consists in stoning birds, many do practice.

Whenever a bird happens to alight in the yard, it is almost certain that within a few minutes, it will either be obliged to fly away, or will be captured or killed. Happily, the birds generally escape. But, if they were not chased away, they would come here often and make their homes here.

Several years ago, a very pretty little pair of humming birds built their nest in one of our trees. Their young ones were already half-fledged before any one found the nest; but when it was found, some mighty heroes could not refrain from displaying their chivalrous spirit by breaking up the nest and killing the birds. The little pair, not discouraged by this misfortune, came the next year and built a nest in another tree; but they were again driven away.

This year they came again, but were not allowed even to build a nest. This persecution is also carried on against the owls which formerly made their homes in our steeples and towers.

These birds do no harm; on the contrary, the owls and bats that hovered around the trees at night, gave the place a solemn, calm appearance: while the humming birds, robins and swallows, made the morning air cheerful.

For goodness sake, then, let us not frighten the birds away.
I am lonely, exiled and weary;  
For the joy of life has fled.  
All the world is dark and dreary,  
And I would that I were dead.

Ne'er again 'mid smiling fields  
My sore and way-worn feet shall tread:  
All the joys that nature yields  
Are to me as to the dead.

Once in happy years gone by  
Ardent love my fancy led:  
Now the fire has left my eye,  
And I long to join the dead.

Days and weeks and months and years  
Have left their traces on my head:  
All my comfort is in tears,  
All my wish to join the dead.

Ever mourning, ever pining  
For the joys so long since fled,  
Like a winter's sun declining,  
I would rest my weary head.
Gloom and horror, grief and torture
Have my lonely spirit fed,
Till, with anguish overburdened,
I have envied e'en the dead.

Oft amid the dead and dying
Has my bloody couch been spread;
And, in pain and sorrow sighing,
I have wished that I were dead.

Vain such wish! Through life's drear desert
Still I toil, with feet of lead;
Ever full of eager longing
For my rest among the dead.

Come, ye messengers of death,—
Come, relieve my aching head!
Stop this useless flow of breath:
Let me rest among the dead!

Ah! Full well I know my fate;
For His hand is on my head:
"Go and wander, soon and late;
But thou never shalt be dead."

Lonely am I, sad and weary;
For the joy of life is fled:
All to me is dark and dreary,
And I would that I were dead!
ON Wednesday evening, May 1st, the Philalethic Literary Society of the College, held its Fifth Grand Annual Meeting. The stage of the College Hall was tastefully decorated; and its neat and consistent appearance was much admired. The Society had sent a large number of printed invitations to the many friends of the College, to be present at their literary festival; and it was with much satisfaction that we beheld, upon the stage, some of the most erudite and influential gentlemen of San Francisco, San Jose, and environs. The invited guests flowed in rapidly, and seemed eager to taste of the intellectual treat about to be offered to them. Mr. Johnson was the first speaker, and held forth at some length on "Ingratitude." Mr. A Campbell gave us a speech on "Henry Clay." Mr. J. Poujade conjured up once more the spirit of "Patrick Henry," and Mr. J. T. Malone followed, with an oration entitled, "Irish Eloquence." We will not criticise; we will not show the merits or faults of each speech. It is true that they all contained points of merit, Mr. Malone's especially; but we must also say, honestly, that some of them were chargeable with a number of defects. The entertainment closed with a most elaborate address by Judge David Belden, of San Jose. It was a true oratorical effort, full of good sound sense and seasonable advice, and shone with all the beauties of a powerful mind.

On Thursday, May 2d, the students had a picnic at Belmont. The day was rather warm, and many of our boys spent the hours in lying in the shade of some tree, and counting the leaves above. Belmont is a pretty place. It seems to have been cut out by nature for a picnic ground. Some of the boys indulged in the luxury of a salt water bath; others roamed about the hills; others—did nothing, and wished for some one to help them to do it. Nevertheless, the day passed very agreeably, and all seemed satisfied with the pleasures which our worthy Presi-
It is passing strange that in a College as large as ours, and where there are so many youths of a poetical nature and musical inclinations, 'tis passing strange, we say, that a glee club has not yet been organized. Our students do not seem to wish to cultivate the musical tendencies which once in a while show themselves, and which clearly demonstrate that the nature of our collegians is not of the cold stamp which many believe it to be. Some indulge in "starts theatric practised at the glass;" those more comic, revel in the pleasures of the face-contorting farce; but as yet, our stage has echoed neither to the harmony of accordant voices, in the soft, flowing chords of a sentimental morceau, nor to the light, tripping melody of a comical production. In many of our Eastern Colleges, glee-clubs are one of the features; and at every exhibition they shine most brilliantly. Every exchange tells us of evenings whil ed away amid the pleasures of College songs. We have not advanced that far; and in vain do we look for even one College song. Why do not some of our bards indulge in lyric effusions, and shake off the torpor which oppresses them? We can find numberless themes for College songs; then, why not take advantage of this, and put them into verse. Glee and College songs tend, not only to afford pleasure, but they raise the mind above the torpidity of every-day life; they lend wings to the imagination; they warm the brain and force it into new action; they cultivate and refine the heart, and breathe pure sentiments into the soul, thus raising both to their proper level; and consequently they contribute greatly to the promotion of love and friendship. When we find two students whose voices accord, we may safely assert that their hearts beat in unison, and that they are bound together in true friendship. The May edition of the _Yale Courant_ tells us, that at that College the students gather upon the "fence," and there sing, with great gusto, their College songs. We can well re-echo the sentiments (though we cannot admire the rhymes) of that friend of Yale, who says,

"Oh, for some melodious crowd
A round the fence to sing aloud;
To raise the song in joyful circles.
And fire away without rehearsals."

---

_BasE-BALL, AGAIN!_—The Phoenix and Ætna Clubs of the College, played three games for the College Medal, and the championship; and the Ætna Nine came out victorious, having won the second and third games.

_Examinations are approaching, and visions of home and friends haunt our dreams. Every one is busily engaged in reviewing his_
L June studies, and writing prize compositions, or racking his brain for ideas wherefrom to frame a farewell speech.

A NOVEL BOUQUET.—On the cook's birthday, the College kitchen was the scene of great hilarity and enjoyment. The College Commissary, the Second Cook, and some others, showed their knowledge of the proper arrangement of a bouquet, and prepared a surprise for our accommodating Head Cook. During the absence of the latter, a vase was improvised out of a sugar barrel. A monstrous cabbage seemed to grow out of the top of it, and acted as a firm foundation for the rest of the bouquet. Above this were arranged the tear-provoking onions, and by their side reposèd, in its matured grandeur, a lettuce, shaded by drooping stalks of celery. Sad to say, a merciless fork was seen protruding from the heart of the above-mentioned lettuce. Faint murmurs of let us alone, could be heard floating softly around, whilst the odors of a certain pungent edible oèaked out, and tickled each neighboring olfactory. Knives and cleavers gracefully reclined among blushing roses, dainty pinks, meek violets, humble daisies, and a few other botanical mysteries. Lovingly, that serrated instrument called a saw, leaned against a stray piece of cake, called, in College parlance, "duff." A box of Donnelly's Yeast Powder found its way to the top of the "floral-culinary" cone, and would doubtless have gone higher, but that its propensity to rise was checked by our commissary, who raised the cooks "capillary protector," and placed it upon the box of yeast powder, after which, notwithstanding the most persistent efforts of Donnelly's Y. P., the above-mentioned "capillary protector" could not be raised any higher, and so capped the climax. Joy ran high. The cook came, saw, and was conquered. He came into the kitchen, saw the tribute to his honor, and his heart was conquered. His dexter digits fumbled around in a capacious pocket; he drew forth a shining coin, and faintly murmured "beer." Those about him hopped with joy, notwithstanding that they knew they were to be maltreated for their kindness. The keg of beer was soon brought, and we caught the incipient notes of the coming melody:

"Come, let us get beerful
That we may be cheerful."

On behalf of the College, we must not fail to thank our fellow-student, W. Marshall, for the present of a mocking bird which he brought from his Southern home, and whose notes are perfectly charming. We are all much indebted to Mr. Marshall for his present, given, as it was, in a spirit of disinterested kindness.
EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITH heartfelt pleasure have we read, in the New York Tablet, the Rev Father Burke's able lecture on "The History of Ireland, Told in Her Ruins." In truth it is a masterly production. It clearly shows the deep erudition of the reverend lecturer; it brings forth, in the brightest colors, his love of country; it demonstrates the nobility and grandeur of the subject. In it, we behold the true orator; we see the workings of a powerful mind. It pleases us with its elegant, yet simple language, the force of its logic, its clear insight into, and its lucid development of truth: whilst its persuasiveness conjures up visions of Demosthenes and Cicero. Time and space forbid a more detailed review.

In looking over the Aldine, we could not fail to notice the following most sensible and pointed remarks, which it would be well for some of our bon ton to read. Mr. Chalmers thus expresses himself on the "Stiff Formalities of Fashionable Life:"

"There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position: not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and gaiety of social intercourse; the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it; the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint."

A Western paper speaks of the
house-cleaning season as that when women have their own way at the house, while the “old man” takes his solemn repast from the top of the flour-barrel, and in sleeping, enjoys the freedom of the interval between his bed-room and the front fence. It is a season of meditation, whitewash, and calm, unimpassioned profanity.

At a lecture before the Agricultural College students at Amherst, on grape culture, the lecturer presented a quart bottle of wine made from his own grapes, and requested the class to sip, and taste the quality. The bottle lasted to the third man.—Ex. Worse than our students in analytical chemistry, who undertook to study the process of fermentation, and invested in an article called, in the Sioux language, “Holland punch,” and designated in English by the name of “beer.” They purchased a ten gallon keg of this beverage; and the process of fermentation was so rapid, and evaporation so determined, that in a wonderful short time, the keg gave forth a hollow, mournful sound, when struck. Ye Gods! A few chemists—a ten gallon keg of beer—a few short hours of fermentation and evaporation!—and how evident, to the mind of the moralist, becomes the transitory nature of mundane things!

In one of our Eastern Colleges mathematics flourishes. It is liked by two persons in the College, and these are professors. How about our own College?

That student was a hard case who translated De mortuis nil nisi bonum—“Nothing good in the dead except their bones.” We believe him to be lineally descended from the English school-boy of former days, who translated Caesar transiit Alpes summa diligentia, into, “Caesar crossed the Alps on the top of a diligence.”
FOR the best specimens of confused metaphors, we must go
to country newspapers. Commenting upon an election in Kansas,
the Leavenworth Conservative thus mingles things animate and inanimate: "The fall of corruption has
been dispelled, and the wheels of State government will no longer
be trammeled by the sharks that have beset the public prosperity
like locusts." And a Nebraska paper, in a fervent article upon the
report of a legislative committee, said, "The apple of discord is now
fairly in our midst; and if not nipped in the bud, it will burst forth
in a conflagration which will deluge society in an earthquake of bloody
apprehension."

After a lecture on literature
the other day, it was proposed by
one member of the Rhetoric Class
that the Class should have a pic-
nic at which they should partake
of a "feast of reason, and a flow of
soul," in the shape of select read-
ings from Chaucer. To which
another replied, "That would be
rather too hard a Chauc-Sir."

DR. DOBBIN, lecturing on physical
education in Hull, England,
condemned the practice of tight-
lacing, as injurious to the health
and symmetry of the female sex;
and jocularly proposed the forma-
tion of an "Anti-killing-young-women-by-a-lingering-death Society."

This was gravely reproduced on the Continent of Europe, as a sober
matter of fact, the Germans giving the hyphenated title thus:—
"Jungefrauenzimmerdurchwind-
suchtdtungsgegenverein."

The lament of an ill-fated poetess:
"When I talked of the dew-drops on
freshly-blown roses,
The nasty things printed it freshly-blown
noses."

Where should ugly girls go? To
"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the
plain."

"Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage."

Shakespeare.

What adage? This:
"Catus amat pisces sed non vult
tingere plantas."

Or Anglice:
"Fish the cat would eat,
But would not wet her feet."

—Hornet.
PLAIN TALK FROM MARY KAMIKI.

—Hawaiian wives appear to know their rights, "and knowing, dare maintain," as witness the advertisement which we translate from the *Kaukau*. "Know all persons that the undersigned gives public notice that the statements made by her husband are not true. His name is Benimana, and he lives at Haiku, on Maui. He says I left him without cause, and stole away from the house. I declare the truth to be that he did not properly provide me with food and clothing, and that I was constantly abused by his relations. Who would stay at the husband's house in that case? But this I say: I shall run in debt, in stores and elsewhere, when I choose; and that husband of mine will have to pay. Tell the truth! MARY KAMIKI."

WHEN Socrates was asked whether it is better for a man to marry than to remain single, he made answer, "Let him take which course he will, he will repent of it." In this respect at least, we venture to think, times are not much changed since the philosopher's day.

A LONDON second-hand bookseller posted the following announcement:

"For sale here:—Mill on Political Economy. Ditto on the Floss."

WHEN are the "gals" buoyant? When the boys are *gal-lant.*

WHAT simple element in chemistry is useful to Artesian well-boring?—*Boron.*
### Table of Honor

Credits for the month of April, as read on Wednesday May 1st, 1879.

#### CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.
1st Class—G. Bull, 95; J. Coddington, 100; J. Dunne, 75; S. Fellom, 100; F. Kellogg, 100; J. Poujade, 95; J. Radovich, 95; A. Veuve, 100; M. Walsh, 100.

2d Class—A. Bandini, 70; N. Camarillo, 75; P. De Celis, 100; R. Del Valle, 90; C. Ebner, 80; H. Martin, 100; V. McClatchy, 100; T. Morrison, 85; R. Soto, 100; R. F. Toba, 70.

3d Class—M. Chevalier, 70; Alph. Den, 100; M. Donahue, 70; W. Geggus, 100; T. Hanly, 70; A. McCon, 70; J. Sheridan, 70; E. Sheridan, 80; G. Seifert, 70; R. Thorn, 82; J. Nichol, 90; J. Pierotich, 100; P. Soto, 100; R. Wallace, 70; J. Wolter, 70; J. Goetz, 90; J. Sax, 70; J. Walsh, 70.

#### ETHICS.
J. T. Malone, 75.

#### LOGIC.
J. C. Johnson, 90; A. Sauffrignon, 75; D. G. Sullivan, 70; M. J. Walsh, 100; M. Wilson, 85.

#### NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.
J. C. Johnson, 78; F. McCusker, 90; H. Peyton, 80; D. G. Sullivan, 75; A. Veuve, 70; M. Walsh, 97.

#### CHEMISTRY.—2nd year.
M. Walsh, 92; J. C. Johnson, 90.

#### CHEMISTRY.—1st year.
H. Peyton, 90; A. Veuve, 87; F. McCusker, 84; J. Kennedy, 80; J. Chretien, 78; J. Raleigh, 70; L. Pinard, 70; J. Burling, 70; J. B. Smith, 70; R. Del Valle, 70.

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

2d Class—A. Sauffrignon, 95; A. Veuve, 82; L. Pinard, 83; J. Raleigh, 75; D. G. Sullivan, 75; J. Chretien, 70.

3d Class—G. Bull, 85; C. Ebner, 90; V. McClatchy, 96; F. McCusker, 92.

#### LATIN.
2d Class—R. Bowie, 70.

3d Class—M. Walsh, 100; E. Rogers, 75; R. Del Valle, 70.

4th Class—G. Bull, 88; J. Burling, 88; C. Ebner, 84; T. Morrison, 87; L. Pinard, 82; R. Soto, 94.

5th Class—J. Coddington, 98; V. McClatchy, 99; J. Poujade, 85; B. Tunnell, 70; R. Toba, 70.
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<th>Table of Honor.</th>
<th>June</th>
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**Rhetoric Class.**

English Oration, History and Geography.—R. Del Valle, 70: F. McCusker 72; J. Poujade, 85; J. Raleigh, 75; M. Walsh, 95.

**Poetry Class.**

English Composition, History and Geography—W. Hereford, 73; V. McClatchy, 74; J. Radovich, 70; A. Veuve, 72.

**1st Grammar Class.**

Composition, History and Geography—A. Bandini, 82; G. Bull, 77; S. Fellom, 87; D. Furlong, 73; F. Kellogg, 70; T. Morrison, 80; E. Rogers, 70; R. Smith, 72; P. Soto, 70; R. Soto, 90; F. Tunnell 90; L. Wolter, 73

**2nd Grammar Class.**

N. Camarillo, 80; T. Godfrey, 70; J. Goetz 75; H. Martin, 75; J. Sheridan 80; J. Walsh, 78.

**3rd Grammar Class.**

J. Barrenachea, 70; R. Brenham, 70; P. Cohen, 70; W. Davis, 100; M. Donahue, 90; J. Enright, 75; R. Enright, 78; F. Murphy, 89; C. Petersen, 90; A. Pierotich, 70; J. Thompson, 80.

**French.**

1st Class—J. Burling, 70; R. Del Valle, 100; C. Georget, 80; E. Rogers, 70.
2nd Class—J. Radovich, 100; T. Morrison, 85; H. Martin, 70; A. Bandini, 70.
3rd Class—G. Norris, 80; P. Sansevain, 90; J. Perrier, 85; M. Donahue, 82; J. Auzeiris, 82; G. Videau, 75.

**Spanish.**

1st Class—N. Camarillo, 90; S. Fellom, 85; J. Judd, 70; P. Soto, 80; R. Soto, 95
2nd Class—L. Camarillo, 70; N. Robles, 75; C. Stonesifer, 70.

**German.**

V. McClatchy, 95; H. Pfister, 80.

**Arithmetic.**

1st Class—S. Fellom, 89; W. Hereford, 89; R. Smith, 70; R. Soto, 95; B. Tunnell, 90.
2nd Class—J. Barrenachea, 70; A. Bandini, 85; P. Cohen, 70; W. Davis, 78; T. Durbin, 86; D. Furlong, 78; J. Goetz, 100; H. Hubbard, 76; H. Martin 70; A. McConno, 70; T. Scully, 40; J. Sheridan, 90; P. Sansevain, 76; F. Trembley, 70; J. Walsh, 75; R. Wallace, 85; L. Wolter, 75.
3rd Class—M. Donahue, 76; W. Geggus, 90; D. Kidd, 75; W. Mosson, 76; J. Nichol, 83; G. Norris, 80; C. Petersen, 85; E. Petersen, 90; A. Pierotich, 86; J. Sunroman, 74; J. Sax, 76; C. Stonesifer, 96.

**Book-keeping.**

1st Class—B. Burling, 100; R. Soto, 100; J. Radovich, 100; F. McCusker, 100.
2nd Class—J. Bisagno, 85; A. Bandini, 75; N. Camarillo, 100; S. Fellom, 90; Wm. Hereford, 95; V. McClatchy, 98; P. Soto, 90; F. Trembley, 70; L. Wolter, 85.
3rd Class—A. Bell, 70; T. Durbin, 90; C. Ebner, 90; T. Godfrey, 90; J. Goetz, 98; T. Morrison, 90; J. Nichol, 70; E. Petersen, 70; A. Pierotich, 85; N. Robles, 70; J. Sheridan, 93; C. Stonesifer, 70.
Table of Honor.

READING AND SPELling.

1st Class, 1st Divis.—F. Kellogg, 89; J. Thompson, 79.
2d Divis.—C. Ebner, 90; T. Morrison, 89; R. Soto, 72.
2nd Class—A. Bell, 80; W. Geggus, 75; J. Goetz, 86; H. Martin, 75; J. Nichol, 70.
J. Perrier, 70; C. Petersen, 70; E. Petersen, 70; J. Pierotich, 78; J. Sheridan, 75; C. Stonesifer, 80; L. Wolter, 70; J. B. Chretien, 75; F. Farmer, 73.
3d Class—J. Alva, 70; C. Arguello, 70; J. Auzerais, 70; W. Bell, 70; L. Camarillo, 70; P. Cannon, 70; H. Christin, 70; W. Davis, 100; M. Donahue, 95; J. Donahue, 70; J. Donahue, 85; J. Enright, 80; E. Hall, 70; D. Kidd, 80; F. LaCoste, 70; F. Murphy, 96; F. McGovern, 80; G. Norris, 80; J. Norris, 70; A. Pacheco, 70; J. Sanroman, 85; J. Sax, 85; G. Shafer, 70; E. Sheridan, 70; A. Spence, 70; J. Wolter, 92; R. de la Vega, 70.

ELOCUTION.

1st Class—F. McCusker, 70; J. Poujade, 74.
2d Class—V. McClatchy, 83; W. Marshall, 85; A. Venve, 78.
5th Class—W. Furman, 78; F. Murphy, 75; C. Petersen, 72.

PENMANSHIP.

1st Class—A. Bandini, 81; J. Barrenachea, 75; N. Camarillo, 92; A. W. Den, 92; J. Day, 70; S. Fellom, 77; F. Kellogg, 93; T. Morrison, 95; R. Soto, 95; P. Soto, 93; R. Smith, 74; J. Thompson, 73; R. Del Valle, 70; L. Wolter, 90.
2d Class—L. Broder, 70; C. Ebner, 70; E. Hall, 70; G. Norris, 75; J. Norris, 75; A. Pierotich, 78; E. Petersen, 80; R. Thorn, 81; G. Videau, 70; J. Wolter, 70; J. Walsh, 70.
3d Class—A. Bell, 75; M. Chevalier, 70; W. Davis, 70; G. Elems, 70; J. Goetz, 76; T. Hanley, 70; A. J. McConne, 79; F. Murphy, 79; J. Nichol, 70; C. Petersen, 71; J. Sheridan, 76; E. Sheridan, 78; C. Stonesifer, 72; R. Spence, 72.

LINEAR DRAWING.

J. M. Chretien, 90; V. McClatchy, 90; M. Donahue, 70; P. Sans evain, 70; G. Seifert, 70; G. Videau, 70; A. Arguello, 80; J. Redondo, 70.

FIGURE DRAWING.

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

LANDSCAPE DRAWING.

H. Pfister, 70.

VIOLIN.

J. Burling, 80; M. Donahue, 70.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

C. Georget, 70.

FLUTE.

R. Smith, 90.

PIANO.

1st Class—R. Bowie, 90; C. Ebner, 80; N. Camarillo, 80; A. Arguello, 75; F. Trem bley, 75; Al. Den, 75; F. McCusker, 70; J. Newell, 70.
2d Class—V. Vidauretta, 90; H. Christin, 90; A. Bel, 70.

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