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SOMETHING ABOUT NEW ZEALAND.

(PART III.)

(BY J. P. O.)

In my last paper I promised my readers some account of the Maories, but owing to unforeseen circumstances, have been unable hitherto to carry out my design. In this present article I intend, as they seem inclined to listen to me, to tell them all I know of this interesting people.

The Maories are evidently a Polynesian race, and are supposed to have immigrated into New Zealand from some of the Sandwich or Society Islands not so long ago; for in the Bay of Islands, near Auckland, there are still a few tribes remaining of another race, who are dark-skinned, and less energetic; although this race also is supposed to have come originally from some part of Polynesia.

Physically the Maori is on a level with the white man; though his color and features makes his vain Caucasian brother deny that he (the savage) has an equally good foundation for priding himself on his personal beauty. His shoulders are just as broad as the white man’s and he is as tall, as well made and as sturdy looking: but the mind, the motive power of this material perfection, is lacking in strength. There is wanting in the mental organization of this people, as in that of every other dark-hued nation of the present day, that concentative energy which is the
distinguishing characteristic of the white portion of humanity. It takes about six Maories to do one white man's work; and this not from want of strength of body but strength of mind.

None of the other doomed races of the world ever had such a splendid opportunity of averting fate as the Maories; for in New Zealand the missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, were allowed to sow the good seed of religion and civilization without any of those governmental checks and hindrances, from which missionaries have so often suffered elsewhere. The people, too, were singularly teachable and apt to learn; and it seemed at first as if the good seed was coming up unmolested by the tares. Every tribe in the country was converted to one or other of these religions; every Maori "pah" had a church and a native minister. Those of the Protestant persuasion were almost exclusively Episcopalians; and the missionaries, having reduced the Maori language to writing, furnished the people with prayer-books and bibles in their own tongue, which they taught them to read.

On Sunday the church bells rang three times for service, and no Maori would do such a wicked thing as work on "the Sabbath," or take a meal without saying grace; although I fear their morality, like that of the negroes, who have at all times been a very religious people, was not without a flaw.

All the young people were taught to read and write, and work on farms, and plant orchards; and so one generation was carefully nurtured in the elements of civilization.

Then the missionaries, having helped the Maories so far, reasonably concluded they would continue to improve themselves; and believing they were strong enough to stand alone, left them pretty much to their own devices.

But it seems as if nature destined some races to a perpetual childhood; for no sooner is the strong protecting arm of the superior race withdrawn than the inferior one falls to the ground. This is the bitter experience of Bishop Selwyn, who after twenty years of hard labor in New Zealand has retired, altogether disheartened, to his own country. Between twenty and thirty years ago he was one of the highest intellects in the University of Oxford; and having gained numerous academical honors saw a brilliant path before him in the world; when imitating Henry Martin's example he, like that distinguished scholar, became a hard-working missionary, abandoning the intellectual triumphs that nature appeared to have in store for him; but he has lived to see his most promising Maori pupils deliberately relapsing into heathenism and cannibalism, and
to learn by a painful experience that these pure and religious ideas which it has taken the white race countless centuries to learn and get by heart, cannot in the course of a few years be imprinted on the minds of a childish and barbarous people, without producing a plentiful crop of errors.

As in China the Taeping heresy and rebellion were the fruit of misunderstood Christianity, so in New Zealand the “Hau-Hau,” religion is the unexpected result of missionary labor.

The educated Maories were too lazy and unenergetic to provide schools for their children, and thus secure for them those advantages of education with which the missionaries had endowed themselves. They preferred spending the great wealth which the sales or leases of their lands brought them, in carriages and guns, in intricate farming machines, which they had neither skill nor energy to use, and, above all, in brandy; letting their children grow up more ignorant and vicious than their grandfathers had been before the advent of Christianity.

Now the Maori intellect is shallow, but acute, and of great observing power; and the pupils of Bishops Selwyn, Patteson, and many other gifted English clergymen, reasoned thus:—“These clergymen are the most intellectual of the white race; for they teach and superintend the white schools as well as the colored ones. The merchants and sailors and sheep farmers with whom we come in contact are often unable to read or write their own language; and moreover never teach us anything, but seem bent only on cheating and robbing us. They never teach their children anything themselves; but send them to schools and convents superintended by ministers of religion. Therefore it must be to the clergy that the white race owes its superiority. Now the clergy tell us they owe their superiority to the inspiration of God. And before they came, we had ministers of our own religion, who also were inspired, and taught us many things; and we were then a warlike and successful nation, though unprovided with the arts and sciences of the whites. Since, however the latter have been amongst us, our prophets have died out, and we have degenerated. The white teachers monopolize all the inspiration, now-a-days; and the knowledge of the implements of war and agriculture, and of the art of governing, is all to be traced to this one source. This ‘Christian Religion’ is only making us servants of the whites, for it teaches us to be meek and humble, and when we are so, they trample on us. It teaches us to be honest, and when we are so, they steal from us. It teaches us to be sober; and then they insult us in their drunken frolics. They cheat and
deceive us all the time. But we cannot conquer or overwhelm them, until we destroy the source of their superiority over us, i.e. the priestly power, and create for ourselves a new religion and prophets to administer it, upon whom the mantle of knowledge, as it falls from the white race, may descend. We will then vanquish our enemies with their own weapons, and become once more predominant in New Zealand."

Such, so far as is known, appears to be the origin of the Hau-Hau religion; but inasmuch as the votaries of that "religion" form a secret as well as a religious society, it is exceedingly difficult to penetrate the mysteries with which its tenets are surrounded.

The above facts were stated to me by a gentleman who had a great deal of influence with the Maories; having lived for many years in New Zealand, and being well acquainted with their language and habits of thought.

The tribes who have adopted this curious religion, send ambassadors to the others, in order to bring them over to the new faith; and failing to do this by fair means, they try intimidation. If this also fails, they murder the unbelievers on the first opportunity. The friendly Maories always dress in European costume when they come into the white settlements; but when a man takes to Hau-Hauism, although he does not always leave his tribe, he always leaves his clothes, and returning to the aboriginal blanket or flax mat, avoids Europeans.

The outward and visible sign of this new religion is a long pole, stuck in the ground, round which the prophets run, repeating some absurd incantation, formed generally of English words, strung together without any meaning, such as the following:

"How-de-do, very-very-very-very, thankee-you."

Such nonsense as this they will repeat over and over again, while running round the pole, till they foam at the mouth and fall down in a fit. Then their awe-stricken followers gather round them, and listen to their incoherent instructions as to the next campaign that is to be undertaken against the whites.

The wars which the chiefs thus undertake at the bidding of their insane prophets, are much more cruel and relentless than those in which the old heathen Maories used to engage. Formerly, the Maori tribes never thought of attacking a white settlement without fair warning; so that the women and children might be removed. (The Maories, even in the worst wars, have never been known to insult women; although there have been cases where women have been shot when found in a settlement that was being attacked by them.) But now they adopt European tac-
tics, and steal a march upon their enemies whenever it is possible. They also eat their prisoners; though they do not roast them alive, as is believed in England.

Of Tito Kouharee, a young Hau-Hau chief, and the once promising pupil of a good missionary, it is reported that, in one of his Taranaki campaigns, he sent out scouts to meet the English troops, and to welcome them with the following refrain:—"The oven is ready; come and be killed. Come and be killed."

With this Hau-Hau exception, the Maori mode of government is more or less parliamentary. The whole adult people, men and women, of certain districts are notified to appear by tribes at some fixed meeting-place on the day appointed for the discussion of any political affair. The tribe to whose country the other tribes are invited, prepare provisions for themselves and their guests, who often amount to several hundreds; and a grand "talkee, talkee," takes place, only interrupted by the intervals for eating and sleeping. The men sit on the ground in circles containing about a dozen persons, each circle having an orator of its own, who stands in the centre of it, clothed in a flax mat. The chief who is most thought of, generally stands in the centre of the whole assembly, and opens proceedings by stating the object of the meeting. Then each orator, in turn, walks up and down his own little circle and proceeds to give his views of the case, in blank verse, which he chants in a solemn monotone, occasionally jumping into the air to add force to his remarks. The women sit apart from the men, all together; and when "the spirit moves" one of them, she gets up and chants her ideas on the subject of discussion; and is listened to with as much respect as if she were a man.

The Maories have naturally a great respect for women; and their laws are framed accordingly. When a chief dies, the chieftainship descends to his son or daughter, whichever happens to be the eldest; and the father's landed property is divided equally among all the children. The government of every tribe, however, practically falls to the ablest man in it, who happens sometimes to have been originally one of the lower class; for the Maories, I should observe, are an aristocratic people, and are divided into castes something like those of the Hindoos. They are also a people who prefer being governed by an elective monarchy. They are a difficult people to govern, being restless and disobedient. Parents never control or expect obedience from their children. It used, until a short time ago, to be the custom for the children of superannuated parents to place them in a little hut by themselves, with a little store of provisions, and then leave them to their
fate; — and although the white settlers will not tolerate this custom, and have compelled the abandonment of it, still filial disrespect is carried to an extreme. And how can discipline ever be perfectly preserved among a people who have never been trained to endure it in their youth?

The Maori plan of warfare is so different from that conducted in civilized countries that our disciplined English troops were often defeated by the natives with great slaughter. The Maories will never fight in an open country; but they used to draw our troops into one of their dense forests, where, perched up among the branches of the trees, and wholly unseen by those below, they could pick off our men at their leisure. At length the settlers formed themselves into a militia, and raised bands of volunteers, who took the field under the leadership of those among them who were best acquainted with the country, and then the tide turned in favor of the Colonists. The Maories always have, in their forests, some fastness or fortress to which they can retreat when pressed by their enemies. It is impossible to follow them; as they alone know how to penetrate the dense undergrowth of their woods without injury. A white man gets his clothes torn off his back, and all his limbs lacerated, in the endeavour to force his way through these back woods; and while he is doing so, the Maori, up aloft in a tree, shoots him. Round about these fortresses the Maories have patches of land whereon they cultivate corn and potatoes. At seed time and harvest, they retreat to these places, to plant or gather in crops, and, this done, they issue forth to fight the settlers, subsisting while fighting on the potatoes and corn thus grown, and when these fail them, on fern roots and the heart of the cabbage tree or Ti palm.

The Maori war-dress is merely a flax mat, worn like a Scotchman's kilt; and the swamp flax, which is one of the toughest fibres known, suffers little injury from thorns or briars. As for scratches and bruises, the Maori is almost proof against both; and whether it is owing to their mode of living or to their natural purity of blood I do not know, but physicians who have attended Maori prisoners, have told me that wounds which in a white man would probably gangrene or mortify, are thought nothing of by a Maori, who uses no remedy but cold water, and recovers in a very short space of time.

When I was in the province of Hawke's Bay, an invasion of the Hau-Haus was expected; and some ludicrous scenes occurred in consequence. There had been a dreadful massacre of white settlers about ninety miles from the town of Napier; and it was supposed that the same savages who did this
deed were about to attack our town. So all the townsmen were enrolled in the militia, and sentries were posted every night on all the roads approaching the town.

One peaceable citizen, totally unaccustomed to warfare, was posted, on a dark night, on one of those high roads, and told to challenge every man that came along, and if no answer was given, to shoot him. In the dead of night, he heard footsteps approaching slowly. He received no answer to his inquiries, so he shot his adversary, who fell dead at his feet. He then struck a light, whereby to view his prostrate foe; and behold it was a horse!

Another man, in the excess of his zeal, shot a thistlebush that kept waving its arms defiantly at him in the night breeze, and would not answer his challenge.

But the young men who were posted about the town, were not so much alarmed as to be unable to derive some amusement from their situation. They would challenge all the old ladies coming home from church on a Sunday evening, after dark, when such conversations as the following would take place:—

*Sentry,* (pointing his musket threateningly at old lady),—*Who goes there?*

*Old lady*—*Oh! Oh! Mr. Sentry, It's only me!*

*Sentry*—*Who goes there; I say? Speak, or I'll fire!*
ing through the tangled forest. At length they reached the fortress, which was accessible only on one side, and after scaling the precipitous ascent and making sure of capturing their arch enemy Te Kooti, the main-spring of the war, they saw him and his men quietly slipping down a ladder of flax ropes on the perpendicular side; and after all our loss and trouble, we gained nothing but a few empty whares or huts, and their accompanying rifle-pits, together with some potatoes and a pig or two. This was the last Maori forest pah we tried to storm. It took us about three weeks to reach it, and cost us many men and much suffering and expense.

This campaign was undertaken against the advice of the oldest settlers, who knew that it was almost as difficult to catch a Maori as an eel. The only way is to plant pickets on the frontiers of the rebel settlement, and starve the enemy out, by preventing them from stealing into the settlers' villages two or three at a time, and buying provisions and ammunition. They have learnt to make their own gun-powder, but muskets and bullets they have to buy. It is almost impossible for towns-people to tell the friendly Maories from those we are fighting against; for of course when a Hau-Hau wants to buy provisions, he will put on European clothes and go to market like one of the "friendies."

Owing to the ruggedness of the country, a very few savages, well acquainted with the intricacies of their mountains, can keep a whole army of civilized men in check. The country where the wars take place is mostly unexplored by the settlers, who live on the borders of it, and are thus exposed to the fury of the fanatics.

There are only about 30,000 Maories left in New Zealand, nearly all of whom inhabit the Northern Island; and it may seem curious to some that the colonists should have had so much trouble in subduing such a mere handful of men. Those, however, who are acquainted with the nature of the country, will easily perceive the difficulties of the case. The Maori will never fight in the open field, or in any place from which he cannot escape. And it is impossible to corner him; for they do not fight in masses, but singly, or in twos and threes, lying in ambush. The Maori shoots at a settler from behind a bush, just for all the world as if he were an Irishman shooting his landlord; and the difficulty of catching and identifying the murderer is about the same in both cases.

The Maories still perform their war dance when going on a campaign; but they have left off tattooing themselves, and they no longer make canoes or flax mats. They have become too rich and too indolent. Their wood-carving was formerly tastefully finished; and
the time they spent in carving the
green-stone gods which they hung
round their necks, was endless. It
was the work of one man's life to
carve out one god about six inches
square. This green-stone is of pec­
uliar hardness, and the only grav­
ing tool used was a sharp-pointed
stone. The god is made with his
arms a-kimbo, so that a string can
be passed under them, and he can
thus be kept suspended from his
worshipper's neck. These green­
stone gods are family heir-looms.
They are now, however, only worn
by the women, as ornaments.

An ancient Maori woman is a
very fierce and masculine look­
ing personage: tall and stout, and
with an immense mass of thick
hair, cut short like a man's, sur­
mounting a pair of bold black eyes.
She looks suitably adorned with a
grinning green-stone god round
her neck, by way of a locket, and
a pair of shark's teeth mounted in
red sealing-wax, hanging from her
ears. I have seen the wife of a
certain well-known chief, drive up
to the beach at Napier, in a very
handsome carriage drawn by a
pair of fine horses, leap into the sea
up to her waist, and fish with a net
half a day. Then, in their dripping
dresses, she and her friends, fish
and all, would re-enter the carriage
and drive home! This woman's
husband has built a fine European
house, and furnished it suitably;
but he lives with his family, next
door, in a Maori whare, or cabin,
built of reeds. He keeps his house
to entertain Europeans in.

There is a lull, at present, in
Maori warfare, both the "King"
natives of the Waikato country
and the Hau-Haus, say they are
weary of fighting; which generally
means that they are short of am­
munition, and wish to make peace
till they can provide themselves
with some more.

The settlers have hopes that the
railroads they are about to build
will act as a quietus to the Maories;
and to make these roads they are
saddling themselves with an im­
mense debt, which will have a se­
rious effect on their financial pros­
perity. The country has, indeed,
for several years past, been pass­
ing through a great financial crisis, ow­
ing to a revolution in the wool trade;
and altogether, New Zealand seems,
just now, to be "a very good
country to live out of." I think it
right to give expression to this
opinion, if only to prevent the rush
of emigrants from this State to
New Zealand, which I doubt not
would otherwise result from this
series of articles in the Owi. If
people will insist on going from a
good country to a bad one, by all
means let them go to the "diamond
mines" of Arizona, with which I
have nothing to do, and for which
I cannot be held responsible; but to
New Zealand, I would not recom­
mand immigration on any such scale
as might affect perceptibly the po­
pulation of this "Golden State."
PRIZE POEM

ON

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

By "CERVANTES," (WM. LOUIS MARSHALL, 2d Rhetoric.)

[To which a Gold Medal was awarded at the Distribution of Premiums, in the College Hall, June 5, 1872.]

IN a bright vale of Erin the rich grass is growing, And the birds softly murmur their sweet songs of praise; And the thatch on the cabin's low roof is all glowing, As 'tis turned into gold by the sun's dying rays.

All is peaceful and still: not a sound within hearing Save the dull drowsy hum of the wandering bee, Or the prattle of children, at evening repairing To the simple meal spread 'neath the shade of some tree.

And see yonder neat cot, where the ivy is creeping With the stealth of a serpent along the white walls! There is balm in the silence; e'en nature seems sleeping, 'Till, perchance, from yon cypress the nightingale calls.

And far down by the brook, 'neath a low-drooping willow, Sits a maiden of graceful and beautiful form: By her side, with her bosom his grey head to pillow, Is an old man, nigh sinking 'neath life's heavy storm.

"Oh, my daughter," he cries, "I am burdened with sadness, "And all thy fond efforts to cheer me are vain; "For my brain is oppressed till it verges on madness, "And my heart's core is wrung by the force of its pain.
The Battle of Lepanto.

"When I think of the past, 'tis with bitter repenting,
"And with longings—how vain!—to recall it once more;
"Yet one good deed I shared. 'Twas when stern, unrelenting,
"We assailed the fierce Moslem by Lepanto's shore.

"Let me hear stirring music! Thy sweet voice upswelling
"Shall inspire my sad heart with old dreams of delight."
Then the maiden, with skilled hand her lyre compelling,
'Gan to chant the wild anthem of Lepanto's fight.

SONG.

'Tis morn; but still through fleecy clouds is seen
The dimly outlined moon, night's flying queen,
As, frightened by the bold sun's glaring sheen,
She leaves the world to day.
Tossed by old Ocean's discord here and there—
Its brilliant banners streaming to the air—
Flashes, like jewel from its golden lair,
The Christian squadron gay.
And far away upon the gilded waves
Are seen the gallies of the Moslem slaves,—
A welcome sight to Spain's true-hearted braves,
So eager for the fray!

Down, down they bear! Stand firm ye sons of Spain!
If glory's tempting goblet ye would drain,
Then fight ye must, till every Turk be slain,
And Christendom set free.
As one whose limbs are cramped, whose senses tranced,
The Christian squadron lay; nor yet advanced:
Though, like close-curbed steeds that oft have pranced,
All hearts were fiery.
As some fierce eagle, whom the winds upbear,
Swoops on his victim "through the fields of air,"
So sprang the Turk against the Christian there,
With all his chivalry.
Then saw Don John, the leader of the host,
That should the fleets thus meet, all, all were lost;
And prayed that God, to spare his Church that cost,
Some marvel would perform.
On dash the Turks, expectant of their prey,
None save the Christians' God their course can stay!
Must, then, Spain's blood the Moslem thirst allay?
Aye! Onward comes the storm!
And bold Don John? Waits he the onslaught fell?
He waits; but Hope bids that sad heart farewell,
And all the fiends that people nether hell
Before him seem to swarm.

Then, on a sudden, ere the ships can clash,
Down drops the wind, as falls the lightning's flash,
What time it lights, with sharp and vengeful crash,
On some tall, parted pine.
And now—all changed the vantage of the day—
In mid-course stopped, the Turkish squadron lay!
And Christian thanks re-echo o'er the bay
For this portent divine.
And now, reversed, the winds once more arise,
Bending those masts that taper to the skies;
And full against the Turk the Christian flies.
Then Moslem sabres shine;

Clash Christian swords; booms loud the cannonade:
And low in gore full many a Turk is laid.
Yet all the Christians gain is dearly paid
In streams of Spanish blood.
Now writhing, each in other's arms, they fight,—
Christian and Moslem, gally-slave and knight,
Base-born and noble,—in most piteous plight
Commingled in the flood.
A thousand oars the angry waters lashed,
A thousand swords on hostile armor clashed,
Thousands to rescue thousands madly dashed,
And thousands still withstood.
But fiercer, mightier still the conflict raves,
Where, borne aloft midst hordes of Moslem slaves,
St John, thy banner o'er the death-scene waves,
    The light of chivalry!
Oft beaten back, the Turks as oft return,
Yet fail to break the Christian line so stern;
While with blind rage their dusky bosoms burn,
    And still they scorn to fly.
Where floats, Don John, thy banner on the air,
They dash most fiercely on in their despair:
Then back, like baffled tiger to his lair,
    Slink ignominiously.
But see, their lines disorderly appear!
Now, now St. John! Charge thou upon their rear;
And sate with Moslem blood thy thirsting spear,
Till low the foemen lie!

Now every galley in the host doth join.
All dash at once upon the Moslem line,
And foremost in the bloody fight doth shine
    Thy banner, bold Don John!
Fiercely the Moslem fought, and bravely fell:
Then, dying, cursed his foes, with such a yell
As seemed to breath the agony of hell,
    Whither his soul had flown.
Scattered by all the wrathful winds of heaven,
Or 'gainst the rocks by tide and current driven,
Vainly the Turkish remnant seeks a haven;
And LEPANTO IS WON!

Gently the music hushed. The old man smiled,
From all his cares by those sweet strains beguiled.
An armed knight once more the veteran seems,
Fighting for Christ;—or so, at least, he dreams.
Once more Faith's light shines brightly in his heart;
Nor, by God's mercy, shall it thence depart,
Till that worn body rest beneath the sod,
And the brave soul be free to meet its God!
Mr. President and Members of the Philalethic Society,
Ladies and Gentlemen:

THREE years ago, it was my good fortune to be present at the Commencement exercises of one of the principal Colleges of the nation; and it was with no small interest that I observed the confident demeanor of the class that, that day, bidding adieu to pupilage and preceptor, were just entering upon the duties of active and responsible life. Nor could I forbear contrasting the unalloyed confidence of these youths, with the mingled emotion of pride, hope and anxiety, with which parents, relatives and friends, eagerly regarded the exercises of the day. Pride in the Exhibition and triumphs they were witnessing.—Hope that these were but the earnest of long years of success and usefulness.—Anxiety, lest, perhaps, this promise, so bright, this morning so brilliant, might find over its coming day, some cloud to chill—some baleful eclipse to blight and darken. With that day's actors, all was hope. With the spectators, there was many a saddening memory. Other classes, and the leaders of other days were, perhaps, passing before them; recollections of those whose promise had been as hopeful, whose morning as bright, but who had passed away unnoticed and unremembered;—or, may be, whose useless lives were only recalled, to point a moral or illustrate a warning. These elder ones were perhaps remembering the days when, full of confidence, they themselves went
forth from these same old walls, fancying no achievement beyond their power, no prize above their reach. And as they measured the meagre performance beside the glowing promise, and saw how much of failure and disappointment life had meted out to them; what wonder that, with all of pride and hope for child and friend, there would rise, unbidden and unwelcome, the dark foreboding of possible failure and shipwreck.

But to the youths themselves, flushed with Academic triumphs and garlanded with Collegiate honors, there came no misgivings of that welcome future, no questionings of the fame and the fate that each was assured awaited him. The past of their lives had been but a training for the course before them, and, like mettled racers, they fretted impatiently at the barriers that arrested their progress, and delayed their certain triumphs. The world, as yet unknown and untried, was before them its glittering prizes upon every hand, and all of life, unclouded and untested, in which to win and wear its noblest trophies. Fearless and confident for themselves, they wondered that any could doubt for them; and already, in fancy, traversed, as conquerors, the fields as yet untouched and untried.

"What shall I do?" was the bold challenge of each, to fate and the future, as he resolved that the triumphs of the school should be but precursors to the more substantial victories of manhood and of after life. And so, with boundless hopes and high aspirations, over them, the benediction of their Alma Mater, and with them, the prayers and good wishes of all, they bade adieu to College walls, and were swept on and away in the surging stream of life. Buoyant and bold now, on what seas these gallant barks shall ride—on what shores find harbors of refuge, or helpless shipwreck—no seer can predict, no prophet foretell.

But we knew—well and sadly all knew—that upon this little band of a score, or more, all these changeful fortunes waited. And then I turned back to the gray, old walls, and there found assembled the seniors of the class that, that day, fifty years before, "Old Yale" had sent forth her chosen and her honored children, to fight, in their day and generation, the unending battle of life. Varied and strange the stories they told, those veterans of three-fourths of a century. From all lands, and with every changeful fortune they came—the honored and unknown. Wealth and poverty, care and contentment, success and failure, each and all, had left, in deep and sure impress, the certain chiselings of a half century of carking time. And here they all returned, and once more stood side by side, where fifty years before they had parted. The circle, that, for these
measured the race of life was well
nigh complete. Memory had
usurped the domain of hope. The
goal was behind them, and the
prizes of life were won—or lost
forever;—and each knew for his
fellows; and felt for himself, that
they were now but waiting. The
confident inquiry of half a century
before—"What shall I do?"—
had been answered. Time and
the world, in which, and with
which to do, were fading away;
and the doubtful query of each old
man to himself, as, in solemn re-
trospect, his life passed before him,
was,—"What have I done?"

And so, upon that bright spring
day, met Youth and Age; and,
strangely felt, though by lips un-
spoken, I heard the mingled ques-
tions of those who went, and of
those who came: "What shall I
do?" and "What have I done?"

And thus, each year, "Old Yale"
etitomizes, within her walls, the
great drama of life. Each year,
the mighty mother sends forth her
children in the morning of their
day, and bids them do. And in
the dim twilight, when the sha-
dows are lengthening eastward,
tenderly and solemnly she wel-
comes them back,—her worn and
weary ones, bring they golden
grain or biting thorns. She listens
to the story of their lives, and, in
her memory treasures, and in her
archives records, of each, "What
he has done."

And then I thought of the great
world without, as within the Col-
legiate walls, and I saw the same
unending procession ever and every
where, passing before me. The
hosts that, hopeful and confident,
went forth—the few that, weary
and doubtful, were still returning
—the confident inquiry, like a war-
rior's defiance, "What shall I
do?"—the sad and solemn refrain,
like the moan of the sea, that fol-
lowed after, "What have I done?"

And thus, while the world
stands, and the generations, like the
waves of the sea, flow on in endless
succession, the question of Youth
will ever be: "What shall I do?"
—the answer of Age and History
still be given, "What each has
done?" Important questions these:
—the first, all of hope—the last,
naught but history;—while, be-
tween the two, lies; for each man,
and for each generation of men, all
of human exertion, achievement
and existence.

"And first, "What is there to
do?"

To one familiar with the attain-
ments and discoveries of the past,
the research in every domain of
intelligent inquiry and investiga-
tion, it may well seem, as to the
wise King of Israel, that "There
is, and can be nothing new under
the sun."

Away in the dim misty realm of
tradition rises the shadows of the
founders of nations and of faiths.
From the distant ages where su-
perstitious gratitude ever deifies
merit, and builds the Pantheon for its benefactors, come the demi-gods who walked the earth in its infancy, who chained the spirits of evil, and taught the arts, and led men in the ways and walks of civilization, of virtue and of social order. In every art of peace or of war, in every avenue of social, moral or intellectual development, the names and the fame of these, the founders and the discoverers of the past, magnified by the mists through which we behold them rise before us. Coming to the historic age—to the day when record takes the place of tradition, and fact of fable,—each avenue of attainment seems like a beaten path, with the footprints of the hosts that have gone before, until the arts themselves bear the names and sound the fame of their great illustrators: Solon and Lycurgus, in legislative fields, declaring the purpose, defining the principles, and laying the foundation of social organization; Coke, Blackstone and Kent, in our own language, reducing the intricacies of law to system, and raising it to a science; Mansfield, Marshall, Story, the intellectual giants of the arena of Jurisprudence; Kepler, Newton and Herschel, declaring the secrets of the heavens, weighing the planets as in a balance, and measuring distant worlds as with a line, proclaiming the laws of their being, the secret of their creation; Theology, through all its branches, illustrated, and illumined by the studies and researches of millions, devoting to it the labors of lives, for centuries, its principles announced by revelation, maintained by argument or established by dogma; Mechanical invention, traversing every field of human requirement, no subject too vast, none too minute, for its exercise, changing, with equal facility, the channels of commerce or the tools of the artisan, establishing an empire or a factory, augmenting the capacity of the humblest laborer or the power of the mightiest king, outdoing the finest efforts and exalting the dullest conceptions of man, until, like the demon of German tradition, "Invention has well nigh usurped the place of the inventor, till man, the creator, scarce equals the marvels his own genius has called into being;" Astronomy, Geology, Chemistry,—the whole range of experimental sciences—exhibiting the same apparently exhaustless research, in every direction, stretching the vast domain of knowledge attained, of things known, until the enquirer of to-day may well fancy that whatever of zeal, industry or capacity he brings to the duties of life, the man of the Nineteenth Century can be but an humble imitator, an eleventh hour loiterer into a harvested and gleaned field, and that, in some other era, some former age, he might have achieved the success and attained the eminence now denied him.
This disposition to overrate what has been done, and to underrate what there is to do, to fancy that our opportunities do not equal our capacities, is a very common weakness of men, much oftener felt than expressed, and not always dependent upon a very critical review of the past, or a just estimate of the resources of the present. This disposition comes generally with mature years, is oftener found in middle-age than in youth. If we honestly analyze within ourselves, the feeling, we shall probably admit that it is the apology each makes to himself for foiled promise and disappointed expectation. The excuse of a mortified self-vanity—it is strongest when frequent failure has shaken confidence, and when gorgeous imaginings have given place to sober and unsatisfactory realizings, we strive to convince ourselves that the causes of failure are not in us, but in the world, the age, the meagre opportunities given us in which to do. We trace the causes, we read of the exploits that make and emblazon history, and fancy, had we been there, we could have been all that and more. That in the days of Revolution, we had been distinguished as patriots: that legislation and theology had in us founders and defenders, had they but waited our coming; that steam and the telegraph could not have eluded our discovery, Kepler’s laws or Newton’s theory, our research; that it was a common-place foresight that acquired wealth in the days of the Rothschild’s and the Astor—when the sites of great cities were but cattle pastures; or even in the palmy days of ’49, when gold was found in the bed of every rivulet, and wages were ten dollars per day. We forget the hosts of those days who accomplished no more than we are achieving, the millions that lived and died, unnoticed and forgotten, as will the millions of to-day; that the palmy days of ’49 had more of failure and disappointment than the prosaic days of ’72. And still, thus carping at the present, the croaker of to-day dreams on, fancies he might have been a Cæsar, accepting the warnings and escaping the dangers of the Senate Chamber; a Bonaparte, without Moscow, Waterloo and St. Helena in his history. He excuses himself from every active exertion in the present, assigning reasons and pretexts satisfactory to himself. He disdains politics, because, here, demagogues succeed and honest merit often fails; and, because knaves and fools sometimes steal, or stumble upon success, concludes that no honest or intelligent man should compete for prizes that may be thus acquired. He forgets that Cæsar was a demagogue with the Democracy of Rome, that the same cavilings and repinings have characterized every age and generation of men. To all this he is
blind; and so, shutting his eyes to the opportunities that press upon him, he wastes his present in illusive fancyings of what he might have been in some remote and unattainable past.

And yet when we properly estimate this past, when we take the true measure of its attainments, and its discoveries, when we contrast it and all its boasted accomplishments with the opportunities of the present, the promise of the immediate future, we shall find that it dwindles to a point and sinks into utter insignificance, and shall feel as did the philosopher that all its treasures are but pebbles and empty shells, while before untouched and unexplored stretches the vast sea of knowledge. The man of to-day must acquaint himself with the lore, the discoveries of the past, as the alphabet for his own future. He must see these as Columbus beheld the head-land of Spain—the landmarks from which to steer, the bearings to be left behind him. To generation after generation these cliffs had risen, the monuments of Ultima Thule, the pillars established by Hercules at the end of the world. To the navigators of antiquity they were beacons and guides that pointed to harbors and to home. But to the great Genoese these grim sentinels, silent to all others, spoke. To him they told of the mystery beyond, of seas untracked, Continents undiscovered, a world unknown. To him alone they pointed outward to danger, toil and discovery. He read their meaning, he followed their bidding, and called half the world into being. So let the youth of to-day, the man of the future fix his bearings and establish his landmarks in the past, but remember that his own career must be all in the future. He will find the horizon ever widening as he advances, and will soon discover, that to him, the ocean of knowledge is indeed a shoreless sea.

Let us glance for a moment at some of the leading pursuits of life and contrast what has been accomplished with what remains to be done.

Does religious conviction invite to the duties of a teacher, and is the enthusiast emulous of the fame of those who in the infancy of the Church, battled with idolatry and heresy, "contending with scoffers at Athens, and wild beasts at Ephesus?" Does he regretfully fancy that for him no toils, no obstacles, no sacrifices remain? He need not fear that this field of strife and sacrifice can ever be gleaned, or that he will not find danger as great, and opponents as active and formidable as confronted the Fathers in the ancient days? The contest has changed, but not ceased. Active idolatry and aggressive heresy may be passing away; the altar of the pagan deity may not confront the worshippers
of the One True God; faith may no longer be arrayed against faith, each struggling for the supremacy and proclaiming itself the truth. But more insidious and deadlier foes beleaguer the faiths, and assail the creeds of the day. Materialism and Indifference have taken the place of the more active assailants of the past. The legions of the doubter are no longer to be sought in distant lands;—they stand, today at the door of the believer, they are of his own blood, of his own household; professing no faith, contemning all creeds, unsailable, and well nigh invulnerable; the sceptic and the scoffer are entrenched and encamped in every hamlet, armed and arrayed against every creed and all faith.

The Theologian who fancies these opponents powerless and insignificant—unworthy of his notice—hugs to himself a fatal delusion. Bold, enquiring and intelligent, the religion that has survived the trials, and passed through the fires of eighteen centuries, is, to-day, in the presence of a more formidable foe, than when Julian proclaimed that Christianity should cease upon the earth, or when the Moslem besieged Vienna, and vowed to stable his steed in the church of St. Peter. The weapons and armor of the old Theologians, the polemic champions of the past, who, starting from conceded premises disputed upon interpretation, and felt their way by the flickering and uncer-

tain light of tradition, are useless and powerless before these new assailants. The sneer of Voltaire, the ribaldry of Paine, are supplanted by a dialectic skill that, courteous, keen and incisive, must often wound, if it do not always win. The Church’s champion of to-day, the man who bears her standard and does battle in her cause against these new foemen, cannot entrench himself behind dogma, trust to the authority of tradition, or assume as conceded, the teachings of revelation; he can neither select the weapon or the field, or assume a single fact; but must meet these subtle adversaries upon the broad field of the world, must arm himself with all that discovery and research afford. He must gird himself with philosophy as with a buckler, and wield the sciences as a cimeter, and look well to it, that in the coming contest, knowledge, the handmaiden of religion, be not found arrayed in the ranks of her deadliest enemies.

The time was, when it was enough for the Church that her children would believe and could suffer. In the presence of these new dangers they must know and battle; subtle disputations and nice distinctions no longer measure the area of controversy. Creed, Dogma and Revelation are alike involved, and the soldier of the Cross to-day, enters the lists, that a faith may yet live among the children of men.
The man who shall accept this as his career, who shall make of this field his forum, need not fear but the future will require at his hands all the skill, the knowledge, and the sacrifice that honored the Fathers and crowned the Martyrs in the infancy of the Church.

Legislation and law, the rules by which rights are determined and secured, we have fancied were so fixed in precedent, so anchored in tradition, and in the very vitals of society, as to be beyond enquiry and mutation; and yet, to-day from turret to foundation stone, the social structure is called in question. From the east comes the deep mutterings of the rising storm. Already its whisperings are about us. With hopeful, with scornful, or with bated tones the ominous word Internationalism is passing round the world—the Shibe-leth spoken by all tongues—the spell that is binding in the strong links of a common and a settled purpose millions upon millions of determined men. It claims that the foundation stones of our social system are laid in wrong and cemented by injustice—that property is robbery and education but the sceptre of tyranny. It proposes for the future an order of things in which every element, theory and tradition of the past shall have no place. Through revolution, anarchy and destruction it proposes a regenerated world. This is its purpose, these are its advocates.

Organized in mystery and banded in might it is rising like a spectre before the affrighted nations. What are the wrongs to be redressed, the rights to establish, we may not agree; but we cannot hide from ourselves the fact that a mighty power is stirring the masses of the world to-day, as they have never before been moved. We may close our eyes and shut our ears to the tread of this coming giant while burning cities proclaim his spirit and beacon his course. We may resolve that Chaos and Anarchy, reversing the laws of order and subverting Society, cannot be; and so we may seek to shut our senses to the gathering tempest, the pulsations of the earthquake; but still they come, sweeping down and crushing in their pathway the works of men and leaving behind them but wreck, ruin and dismay. If this new element that is stirring and leavening the masses for vital action and radical change, shall rise according to its avowed purpose and act according to its unquestioned power, if it shall accomplish but a tithe of what a fanatic or malign leadership now declare as its purpose, the man whose active life shall be cast in the next half century will have to deal with forces more dangerous and potent, with problems graver and greater than had he who first conceived the idea of society and united men with the strong ligaments
of order and of law.

But if changes thus radical be not experienced—if the forces that now presage so much of danger and discord be harmlessly dispersed and dispelled—it can only be by remedying conceded and growing evils through the established forms of law. The right to accumulate wealth without limit as to character or quantity; to aggregate in the hands of a few the lands and the capital of a country; the relative rights or duties of capital and labor; the manner in which the burdens of government shall be shared and borne; by whom suffrage shall be exercised; the rights of minorities in the body politic; these are but a few of the many questions of the day that press upon us, whose growing importance all concede. Harbingers of hope, or spectres of discord they will not down at our bidding; they must be met, they will be answered; and in that new era which the radical and the reformer seek to inaugurate, the coming statesman will find the field as broad, the questions as intricate, the duties as delicate and dangerous, as any that taxed the genius and established the fame of the law-givers of antiquity.

Does finance attract, its glittering prizes allure? The field is illimitable, the reward boundless. The vast debts that seem the speciality of our era, compel for their proper adjustment and management an acquaintance with the laws of trade, a knowledge of the principles of political economy that is calling to this branch of government, the greatest minds of the age. The figures and forms of speech that captivated the fancy and beguiled the judgment of men have given place to the figures and facts that show how taxation may be most equitably adjusted, most easily borne. Mark it, my plodding friend, given to statistics and delighting in abstruse calculations, regretting, perhaps, that you "are not an orator as Brutus was,"—the man who bears the purse and lightens the taxes of the people will merit and will receive higher plaudits than the chieftain who gains battles or wins provinces at the head of his armies. The demon of taxation will be ever before us, and he will be most highly honored who shall most successfully exorcise this fiend. If personal aggrandizement, the individual accumulation of wealth be the object sought, the financier of to-day is dealing with the debts, the capital, the resources of all nations, and each hour there passes before him like a panorama the political and financial world. The speculation of the morning, however remote the field, is realized at night, and, like the pulsations of some mighty artery every city upon two continents throbs its instant response to the beats of the great financial centres. The laws of trade, the
principles that fix the direction and control the currents of wealth, as yet scarce comprehended, are proving themselves within a rule almost as inflexible as that which guides the stars in their courses, beyond the control alike of edict and legislation, and with results as assured as mathematical formulas. The financier of the future will anticipate the course and the fluctuations of trade, he will estimate the effect of every disturbance, political or financial, immediate or remote; he will analyze the causes and predict the courses of the world's trade and the fluctuations in values, with the same certainty that the astronomer of the present anticipates and measures the marches of the tides. The financial kings of the past were those who could occasionally guess the application of this great law upon some single event. Their successors will know the law and will apply it with unerring accuracy to every transaction and event that may affect values.

In Medical Science, see the vast field of remedy and research that chemistry and mechanism are opening to the investigator. The microscope, the toy of the shops, exhibiting the circulation of the blood that Harvey died striving to maintain, exploring the mysteries of life and opening new and wondrous chapters in the parthology of disease, declaring the law of organic structures and tracing to their first conditions half the epidemics that plague and destroy our race; it unfolds the marvels of the minute, that, without it, were unnoticed and unknown; it has penetrated the deadly mystery that sweeps with the cholera around the globe, and unfolds to the student a world of wonders, of whose existence his ancestors scarce dreamed.

In Astronomy, not a point of the visible heavens, upon which improved appliances are not pouring a flood of light; the doubted propositions of the past set at rest by the increased area of a reflector; new fields brought within the view of the observer; new problems demanding solution; until the known systems of the past seem but the portals to the universe upon which we are entering, and our little knowledge but teaches us how little we really know.

Turning from these sciences to the elements and forces that are made directly subservient to the uses of man—Electricity, with its boundless power and its wondrous capacities just entering our service; its velocity we have indeed utilized, but the mighty force that launches the thunder-bolt, and wrinkles the earth like a vast scroll in the throes of the earthquake, is gliding unused, untamed and untaught beneath our feet and all about us. The master that made of this genius our messenger has gone from among us, but other
Instructors will arise to teach this subtle demon new toils, and make of this terror and tyrant of the past the slave and servant of the future.

In Geology and Mineralogy how vast the field, how paltry the attainments! What incentive to enquiry, what reward for successful research! We know, indeed, that the world is old, ancient beyond even the power of man to conceive, and that beneath our feet, and in its foldings as within a shroud are the graves of innumerable types that have vanished from its surface forever. We know that about us, in the strong, stony ribs of the earth are stored in boundless profusion veins of metal and mines of wealth that will employ and enrich hosts of explorers, wherever men shall exist. We do not believe that mines of gold, of silver and of iron were created by chance or located by accident; and yet of them and the law of their creation we know nothing more. The formation of the coal measures is partially understood, but the discovery of the great silver and gold veins of this coast and of the world is as purely the result of accident as though they had been aerolites, chancing to meet our earth in their journeyings through space, instead of the result and growth of a certain law as produces the tree or formed the beds of coal. The law of these mineral creations will yet be ascertained. Geology and Chemistry hold the key of discovery; a golden one it must prove, and measureless fortune to the man who shall find it and teach his fellows to search for these hidden treasures, not by the blind senseless gropings of the past, but from the knowledge that here operated the law and worked the causes from which they must have followed, as their certain result.

Recall the catalogue of the lost arts, that, like the wealth in the caverns of the sea, all know the existence but none can bring to the light. Anticipate the inventions that to-day are trembling upon the verge of discovery, within our vision, but without our grasp, compare the probabilities of the near future with all the actualities of the past, and see how the possible expands and the actual diminishes. We pride ourselves upon the invention of the Telegraph, the application of steam as a motive power. We flatter ourselves that the generations to come will always speak wonderingly of the genius that transformed fire into force and wielded it in the service of man. Vain delusion! The coming man will regard us and our achievements as do we the crude appliances of a bygone century, and will wonder at the dullness of an age that mined for fuel and boiled water for force, while every element of nature was exhibiting before him, a power infinitely beyond his highest achieve-
ments. In that coming day the sunlight will take the place of the heat that slumbers in the coal. The winds will linger in their ceaseless circuits to do man's bidding, while the tides, surging in solemn and majestic might against the Continents will find themselves, with their old playmates, the winds, harnessed to the engines and toiling in the service of this new-found master. The man of that day will wonder that his ancestor of this, searching for new forces, could be blind to these powers sweeping in sleepless might before him—that in the whisper of the wind, the rush of the tempest, the roar of the torrents, the swell of the tides, he did not see and feel and know Nature's eternal and exhaustless motors, given to do his bidding and but asking service at his hands. In air, with its infinite compressibility, he has the reservoir in which these forces may be stored, and the day is at hand when, from sunlight and from sea, from torrent and from tempest, man shall harvest the forces and garner the strength that shall toil his tireless servants for ever.

Turn from the arts of peace to those of war; you but witness anew the inventors' triumphs. The mechanic rules in the field as at the forge. It was the needle-gun of Prussia, the cannon of Krupp, as much as the genius of Von Moltke that made Germany an empire and Napoleon an exile. The genius of invention is, to-day, enshrined the goddess of fortune; in her hands are the prizes of peace, the issues of war, the fate of dynasties. On the field as at the anvil, the worker in iron fashion's the ruler's sceptre and forges the sword of the warrior, in a broader and more significant sense than when he shaped the blade of the Crusader or tempered the cimeter of Saladin.

From this brief summary of the past and imperfect outline of the future, the magnitude of the field and the opportunity, in which, and with which to do, will be more than apparent. The enquiry how shall we best do, is too extensive for the hour and the limits of this address, but of this we can be assured that the conditions of success will remain the same, however the field or the future may change. That industry will bring improvement; research, discovery; and knowledge power: that, whoever may bear the insignia of rank or the symbols of rule, to intellectual greatness will be given the leadership of men, the power, the dominion of the world. The generation that is to-day asking "What it shall do," will be in the maturity of its intellect and the zenith of its useffulness when the twentieth century dawns upon our world. It will have grappled with the questions that to-day rise so portentously before us, and have solved the problems that now vex and
disquiet; it will have strengthened
the ancient bulwarks of law and
order, or laid anew, upon a broader,
a deeper and a surer basis, the
foundations of the body politic.
What further it may achieve, what
lost arts restore, what new inventions
add to the acquisitions of man, what discover and what estab-
lish in the arts and sciences, what engineering marvels it may
conceive and execute, what may or
may not be done in that prolific
future no man can say, no prophet
foretell. But the shadows of great
events that are coming, lie broadly
about us, and we know that of this
generation it will be written as of
the antediluvian world, that “there
were giants in those days,” and
that many a name to-day unno-
ticed and unknown, shall blaze in
living light upon the scroll of fame
—while, the record of what they
have done, History shall attest to
remotest ages in the story of their
toils, their trials and their tri-
umphs.

PEACE AND WAR.

BY ALCIDE L. VEUVE, (1st Rhetoric.)

H E A R K E N to the Angels singing,
Singing songs of sweetest tune!
Joyful news once more they're bringing;
"Peace" they sing, that priceless boon.

"Peace!"—Each household seems to hear it,
And to hail the name with glee;
Sweetest memories endear it;
Old and young keep jubilee.

Dreams of bliss are stealing o'er them;
Every sorrow seems to cease:
Not a care doth flit before them:
Such a comforter is peace!
Ev'ry village, ev'ry city
Hears the busy hum of trade:
Oh, it were a crying pity,
    Should this happy picture fade!

Years have passed, still all are working,—
Peaceful years, unknown to fame;
When some demon, basely lurking,
Fans foul discord's lurid flame!

Then come wailing, weeping sorrow
In that land so blest of yore;
Friends to-day are foes to-morrow,
Ties of blood can bind no more.

Fathers 'gainst their sons are fighting;
Brothers 'gainst their brothers arm:
Discord ev'ry joy is blighting:
Ev'ry home has lost its charm.

See them all to battle rushing
Over heaps of kindred slain!
See the war-horse madly crushing
Such as 'scape the leaden rain!

War his ghastly court is holding,
    Down amid the realms of night.
First grim Death his scroll unrolling,
Names the dead in each day's fight.

Then comes Pestilence, soft stealing,
    Breathing fear at ev'ry breath;
Famine next, who offers, kneeling,
Names to swell the list of Death.

But with time the war is ended;
Of the swords are ploughshares made;
And the men who late contended
Seek again an honest trade.

Hearken to the angels singing,—
    Singing songs in sweetest tune!
Joyful news once more they're bringing;
"Peace" they sing, that priceless boon.
A NOTE WHICH IS NOT "IDLE."

We have been requested by those to whose wishes we gladly defer, to say a few words more in the Owr. about the Capuchin Fathers; and particularly to insert, as a sort of record for future reference, the two “Cards” published by them in the San Francisco papers, on their arrival and departure respectively.

For the good Fathers, we regret to say, have left us. Little accustomed as we are in America to the glorious Catholic surroundings of those countries in which the Old Faith has always prevailed, the sight of their calm holy faces and monastic dress, as they moved in and out of the Church and about the College, has been like a gleam of light, shining upon this faithless and egotistic “nineteenth century,” from the Ages of Faith. It is indeed matter for grievous lamentation that they should have left—as they have done—not the College merely, their sojourn in which was of course but temporary, but the arch-diocese. We had hoped—and we believe that this hope was shared by all good Catholics in the diocese, and pre-eminently by those of Spanish blood—that the somewhat considerable sum raised among us for their relief, would have been employed in locating them permanently in our midst. “Circumstances,” however, to use their own words, “over which they had no control,” have determined their lot otherwise; and we must bear our loss as best we may. It was arranged after a period of much uncertainty and hesitation, that they should be transferred to a monastery of their own Order at Milwaukee; and thither they have accordingly gone. Before leaving Santa Clara, those of them who were residing at the College, gave a Mission in the Parish-Church, to the Spanish-speaking inhabitants of the Parish; and we doubt not that this last fortnight of their stay was productive of many spiritual blessings to those for whose sakes they ministered. At its conclusion they doffed their monastic garb, and clad in the ordinary broad cloth of the secular priest, took their departure for San Francisco, to join their brethren there; after which the whole party took train eastward for the place of their destination, and the great advantage which would have resulted from their permanent location in the arch-diocese was lost to us.

The following names were inadvertently omitted from our list of them, last month; and we therefore now supply them:—F. Juan de Corralinda, F. Agustín de Llanes, Lay-brother—Alejo de la Antigua Guatemala.

The former of the two “cards” above referred to, contains the statement made by the good Fathers on their first arrival, relative to their banishment from Guatemala, and their arrival in San Francisco, Cal.

It runs as follows:

On the 30th of June, 1871, the present Provisional Government of Guatemala took possession of the Capital. From that day it became well known that their
A Note which is not "Idle."

purpose was to make away with everything that would give religious support to the Catholic population.

The first blow was to banish from the country the Jesuit Fathers, who had there a flourishing College. More than 20,000 citizens signed a protest against such and arbitrary and despotic robbery, perpetrated in the name of liberty, and petitioned to have that Institution left undisturbed as a paramount necessity for the people. But they found no hearing, and that self-styled Government, trampling on the will of the people and on every law of justice, kept its oath of ing, and that self-styled Government.

Another step in the name of liberty was to send into exile two venerable Prelates, the Archbishop and a Bishop of Guatemala, repeating the old exploded calumny that they were opposed to the liberty of the country. In every case Church and private property were confiscated. On the 28th of August it was rumored at Antigua that the Chief of Police had received orders to drive away on that very night the Capuchin Friars, whose Convent had been established in that city twenty years ago; but with more than 5,000 people came forward and declared that at the risk of their lives they would never allow the good Friars to be taken away. At this moment the Government dared not go further. But although that Government asserted in its proclamation that it had never been intended to touch the Capuchins, yet the citizens were always in an alarming expectation. Almost every night they patrolled the surrounding streets and kept watch in the rear of the Convent until they heard the usual midnight prayer-bell, by which they understood that nothing new had happened. But as in the name of liberty and progress men of this communist kind never desist from the pursuit of their fiendish object, at last the time arrived when the rights of the people were outraged and trampled upon in the sacred name of liberty. So, on the 7th of June 1872, that Government issued an order in the following tenor: — For reasons of a high political nature, the Supreme Provisional Government has resolved upon the expulsion of the Capuchin Fathers of Antigua. To-day (Friday) a military force has been sent from this Capital, with orders to take them away from that city and drive them to the frontier of Mexico. — It was about half-past eight o'clock in the evening of that day when Colonel V. Trunganay appeared at the Convent with the soldiers, and presented by a verbal message the order of expulsion, leaving no more than one hour's time for the Fathers to take their departure from the Convent. They begged him to tell at least in what direction they were to be taken, but he would not answer.

Having then learned from some among the soldiers that the march was ordered to the Mexican frontier, they protested against such inhuman violence, and asked to be taken to the seaport of San Jose de Guatemala, in order that they might pass thence to their Convents in Europe. But the petition was not heeded.

At 9½ P. M. the Capuchin Fathers were forced from their own Convent, and between two rows of bayonets they were taken to the old Municipal Palace, followed by the people, who were filling the streets with cries and lamentations at seeing their venerable and beloved Fathers thus dragged away from them.

At ten o'clock the thirty-nine exiles entered the old palace, where all the accommodation they were allowed for passing the night was an unfurnished hall with nothing to lie upon but its bare tile floor. The citizens, however, showed now more than ever the affection they had for their benefactors, and brought to them various articles of food and raiment, and alms for the journey.

On the 8th of June, at eight o'clock in the morning, the order of march was given. It would be impossible to describe the tears and wailings of the people when they saw themselves so brutally robbed of their friends and console, who had exposed their very lives for the people during the epidemic of 1857, and given the example of every Christian virtue. About 1 o'clock, the Capuchins arrived at Chenaltenango, accompanied by two hundred men, the rest having gone back to Antigua for maintaining order. Seeing that the march was deserted to the frontier of Mexico, the Spanish Consul and other gentlemen remonstrated with the Government, and obtained that the exiles should be taken to the seaport of Champerico; but only on condition that they would embark for
San Francisco of California, so that they might not stop at any port of Central America. This is why the thirty-nine Capuchins are now in this city. By such an expulsion the Revolutionary Government has lost much credit in the opinion even of those that were favorable to it. It is evident to all that it was a piece of meanness and despotism against a few peaceable men, who had never meddled in anything of politics. In one and a half days' journey they could have been taken to the port of San Jose de Guatemala, but no; they were made to march for eight days to Champerico by bad roads, wretchedly mounted, several very sick and infirm, and led through the largest towns, as Solata, Totonicatan, Soleaja, Tueraltenango and Retalulen. Three nights only they had some rest at the parochial residences. Up to the last moment Colonel Trungaray assured us that the Government would buy our passage on the steamer; but the fact proved the contrary. It was the charity of the good people that took pity on the poor Capuchins.

We offer our thanks to all those who voluntarily contributed to our relief both in Antigua and in other cities, and who showed us so great and heartfelt affection. And lastly, we thank very much the Jesuit Fathers of this city, who, with so great charity, have received us into their College.

The second "card" was issued by them just before their departure for Milwaukee, and runs thus:

On the eve of our departure from the hospitable shores of California, I feel duly bound to address, in my name, as well as in the name of the Religious Community of the Capuchin Friars, exiled by the present revolutionary Government of Guatemala, and of the Dominican Fathers, a parting farewell to all the good citizens of San Francisco, who, during our sojourn in their midst, have never ceased to give us the most splendid testimonies of Christian sympathy. Words fall short of expressing our admiration of the religious spirit by which the Catholics of California are animated, and our gratitude for the many favors bestowed on us by them. Indeed, our hearts were far from anticipating the kind and generous reception we have met in this land of true freedom. Poor and strangers, and with no other title to your sympathy than the fact of our being sufferers for the cause of God and religion, we were, beyond our merits and expectations, greeted by you with friendly love; we heard from your lips words of consolation and hope, and saw the hands of the rich and the poor opened to aid us in our destitution. Yes, in your midst, Catholics of San Francisco, we forgot for a while the sadness of exile, the hardships of a long journey, and the uncertainty of a gloomy future. We saw many eyes moistened with tears of pity and compassion for us, and we too raised up to Heaven our eyes, moistened with tears of joy, to bless the Celestial Father, whose loving Providence never ceases to watch over his children.

Were it in our power, we would gladly consecrate our lives and labors to the spiritual welfare of the Catholic community of this city. But circumstances beyond our control compel us to leave this land, where we have been witnesses of so tender piety, and so generous charity. Wherever it shall please Divine Providence to call us, we shall never forget the numerous demonstrations of your kind sympathy. Wherever we shall find a home, we shall tell of your Christian fervor and of your generous hospitality; and we shall add, that whilst in the name of religion you came to the aid of the poor exiled Friars of Guatemala, in the name of liberty you have protested against the despots of those who usurp its sacred name, to mask their wicked deeds of tyranny.

Catholics of San Francisco and California, you have our deep admiration, our heartfelt thanks, and our fervent prayers. Gladly would we know the names of all our benefactors, and leave behind us an honorable mention of them. But this is not in our power. We shall limit ourselves to mention only the Jesuit Fathers, whose guests we have been for two months and a half, and who have lavished on us their tenderest cares. As to all the rest, we shall confidently say that their names are written in the hands and in the heart of that God who receives, as done to Himself, what is done in behalf of His suffering servants.

Fr. SIGISMONDO DE MATAIO,
Guardian of the Convent of Guatemala.
On the 19th of September, the "Owl" association held its annual meeting, for the purpose of electing a staff of editors for the present session. The ballot resulted as follows: President—Professor H. Dance; Editor-General—Mr. J. Poujade; Idle Notist—Mr. H. B. Peyton; Financial Editor—Mr. A. Sauffrignon, S.B.; Recording Editor—Mr. M. J. Walsh, S.B.

It will be the endeavor of the Editors to raise our magazine, this session, to a higher standard of excellence than it has, as yet, attained. For this purpose we call upon the boys to favor us with more contributions. Wake up all you literary characters, and lend us a hand to support the perch of Minerva's bird.

The first regular meeting of the Parthenian Dialectic Society, since the vacations, was called to order Friday evening, Sept. 20th. The officers are: President, Rev. A. Varsi, S. J.; Vice President, Mr. M. J. Walsh, S.B.; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. Poujade; Treasurer, Mr. D. Furlong; Censor, Mr. R. Bowie.

It gives us great pleasure to see the Parthenians once more organized. For many years, this society has counted the cream of the College amongst her members, and she has well carried out her noble work: the elucidation of truth in matters of religion. We hope that she may have a prosperous session, and that she may add fresh laurels to the many which already enrich her brow.

To Mr. R. F. Del Valle we are indebted for the list of the officers of a new base-ball club, organized under the name of the "Energetic B.B.C.,” August 27. President, Mr. R. Kenna, S. J.; Vice President, Mr. R. Soto; Secretary, R. F. Del Valle; Treasurer, W. Moson; Censor, R. Bowie; Captain, 1st Nine, R. F. Del Valle. The election of a Captain for the 2d Nine was postponed. We notice the names of several prominent base-ball men in this list, and have no doubt the club will be a success. The best wish we can give the "Energetics" is, that they may do justice to their name.
The Philhistorian Literary Society was obliged to hold a new election some two or three weeks ago, owing to the departure, from the College, of its Vice President, Mr. J. B. C. Smith. Mr. Wm. L. Hereford was chosen to fill the vacant office. As Mr. Hereford held the position of Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Peyton was elected in his place; and as he, in turn, was Corresponding Secretary of the Society, Mr. A. Arguello was placed in his position. Mr. Smith has gone to enter upon a business career, and has left a gap in our College community, as he was a gentleman respected and esteemed by all his associates. Philhistorians wish him a happy and prosperous career, whatever may be the pursuit in which he may engage.

Again the mournful duty devolves upon us, to notice, in our columns, the departure from this life of one of our fellow-students. At twenty minutes to twelve, on the evening of Friday, the 20th of September, Joseph Goetz, one of our junior students, breathed his last in the College infirmary. On the following Sunday, a Solemn Dead Mass was sung for the repose of his soul; and on the afternoon of the same day, we followed his remains to the depot, from whence they were carried to San Francisco to be interred.

Death, at an advanced age is terrible, indeed; but when we see him selecting for his victim, the young and promising, the tender bud just opening into the flower, he seems doubly sad and mournful. Our deceased companion was a fine and intellectual lad, a friend alike of all his associates—both boys and professors; a loved comrade, and a diligent and bright scholar. A few days previous to his death we saw him in the yard, apparently well, and cheerful. Little, indeed, did we then think that the dark angel had already set his seal upon him, and that he, with whom we were then talking gaily and jestingly, we should see cold and rigid upon the bier, the eyes closed in the long, long sleep of death. His life went out as calmly and quietly as the dying ember expires; and his soul rendered glorious by the last Sacraments of the Church, passed away from its mortal body, and winged its way to the throne of its God, there to add one more to the number of its heavenly hosts. Long will it be before his memory shall leave us; long will it be before we cease to miss him in the class-room and on the play ground; God has taken him to Himself, but his image remains stamped upon our hearts. Requiescat in pace.

At a meeting of the Holy Angels' Sodality, convened on the occasion of the death of Joseph Goetz, the following resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted:

Resolved—That by the death of our
respected and worthy brother, Joseph Goetz, called to his Creator after a brief illness, and while yet in the very flower of youth, our minds are keenly awakened to a sense of the uncertainty of the present life, and while bowing submissively to the will of our Heavenly Father, we feel that neither youth, nor health, nor boyant hopes, should make us forget the lesson it conveys.

Resolved—That we desire to record our high esteem for the personal qualities of our deceased brother, for the evidence he has given of extraordinary innocence and singular purity of mind; for his gentleness and genuine amiability. Yes, his was a pure soul; a glance from his frank countenance, a sentence from his lips, left the mind convinced that modesty, truthfulness and integrity were intrinsic elements of his nature.

Resolved—That while his loss is deeply felt by the members of the Holy Angels Sodality, and while nature demands the tribute of our tears, Faith bids us cease to mourn, and at the same time it lifts up our hearts to a lasting home, where he now abides, and where we may hope to be again united to him without fear of separation.

Resolved—That while we cherish the remembrance of his many amiable qualities, we also sincerely condole with his parents on the loss of a son who united in his character religion and virtue with innocent joy; and we sincerely pray that the same spirit of faith that comforts us may sustain them in their deep affliction, pointing them to a happier abode, where those that keep the whiteness of their soul, follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

Resolved—That these resolutions be printed in the Owl, and that a copy of them be sent to the parents of our dear deceased brother, in testimony of our deep and heartfelt sympathy.

L. T. PALMER, P. SOTO, CHAS. EBNER, JAS. WALSH, V. McCLATCHY

Committee.

Winter, it seems, intends to come upon us early this year, judging from the cloudy skies and cold weather the last few days have brought us. Already the overcoats have begun to make their appearance, and the extra blankets to be tucked on the beds with a good will. Frequently we hear the new students remark that the weather is very chilly; the old boys, however, hold their peace, and look knowingly, for they know what it is to wash in cold water at six o'clock in the morning, in the depths of winter, and they disregard any such frigidity as the month of September can give them. They are above such trifles.

The hunting season has commenced, and our sportsmen are busy making preparations to take advantage of it. The guns are taken out of their cases, scoured and oiled, stores of ammunition are procured, and the plans of many an expedition laid out. These things look well. Hunting is an amusing, and at the same time beneficial exercise, (although we of the "Owl" are not very partial to it, as may be judged from the fact that two of our editors once set out for a day's shooting without any powder,) and we wish our companions much success. Besides the mere pleasure of shooting, there is another which comes nearer home to us. We refer to the game. Roast duck looks exceedingly well on the table, and we have no doubt, is fully as pleasing to us as
to the hunters; so once more let us assure them of our good wishes.

Some of our students have a great love for the natural sciences. Last month we saw a charcoal pit smouldering in the centre of the yard, (a diminutive one, however,) and afterwards a furnace in full blast, converting ashes into potash. What will we have next? The philosopher's stone, perhaps.

It is remarkable, sometimes, the confidence which even the most timid animals will place in man. We have an example of this at present, in the play-ground of the senior students. On one of the beams on the inside of the gymnasium, not a dozen feet above the noisiest portion of the whole yard, two pigeons have built their nest. All day long they may be seen flying in and out as totally unconcerned about the tumult raised by fifty or sixty boys just under them, as if they were enjoying the quiet of an uncultivated wild. The students have respected this little mark of confidence, and the birds have experienced no inconvenience from the novel site they have chosen for their nest.

A few mornings ago, just after the boys had filed into the study rooms, an alarm of fire was raised, and the senior students promptly deserted their desks and rushed out on the verandah; those gentle-

men who are never afraid of earthquakes or of fire, of course, leading the van. The little boys soon followed, and with them came the information that the fire was in their study hall. An Owl reporter was promptly on hand, his coat off, and an expression on his countenance, such as brave soldiers are wont to wear when they go to battle. All who saw him gazed in admiration, and the crowd made way on either side to allow their champion to rush upon the fiery enemy. Majestic was his attitude preparatory to this charge; but alas! before he had time to reach the scene of action, the fire went out;—it was only a little soot burning in the stove-pipe. "Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

The Cecilian Society has re-organized since our last issue. The following officers were elected:—President, Rev. Joseph Caredda, S.J.; Vice President, Mr. A. Sauffrignon, S.B.; Secretary, Mr. L. Pinard; Treasurer, Mr. J. L. Carrigan; Censor, Mr. C. Georget; Music keeper, James S. Kennedy. We are indebted to Mr. J. L. Carrigan for the above list.

A few days ago, a gentleman visited our College, and was observed walking with the Professor of Chemistry. A few moments afterwards a report spread around the yard, that Prof. Agassiz was in the
College, and as most of our students feel a well-grounded admiration for that learned gentleman, many of them proceeded to the spot to catch a glimpse of him. The stranger meanwhile continued his walk, entirely unconscious of the enthusiasm he was exciting. Many were the comments made upon him. Some called attention to the gravity and wisdom of his expression; others saw in his eye the man of science. Compliments were bestowed with lavish tongues, and all concurred in praising him. We do not know how far the thing might have been carried. A committee, most likely, would have been sent to wait on him, had not the fact at length leaked out that the whole thing was a hoax, and that the stranger was neither Agassiz nor any of his relatives. Many looked decidedly sheepish, a few tried to turn the laugh away from themselves, by pretending they knew the whole thing from the start; and the crowd dispersed. It is wonderful how quickly a crowd will melt on such occasions.

On Tuesday the 24th of Sept., the students enjoyed an extra holiday kindly granted to them by the Rev. Father Razzini, S. J., Provincial of the Jesuit order for the Pacific Coast. The reverend gentleman does not speak a word of English, and consequently when the delegates from the boys went to ask him for the holiday he could not understand a word they said. The situation was rather perplexing for both parties, when one of our professors, seeing the difficulty, volunteered his services as interpreter, and with his aid everything went on smoothly.

Although we have barely commenced the session, a few restless geniuses have already began to look forward to the Christmas holidays. One young gentleman, we understand, was writing out a list, the other day, of those who wished to go to San Francisco, via Oakland, at that time.

There have been several changes in the officers of the Dramatic Society since our last issue. Mr. J. T. Malone resigned the Vice Presidency and also his position on the Committee on Cast of Characters, he being no longer a student of the College, and Mr. J. Poujade was elected to fill the position. Mr. A. L. Veuve was placed in Mr. Poujade's former position as Secretary, and Mr. F. McCusker was appointed to fill a vacancy in the Committee on Cast of Characters.

It is reported that the Society intend to give an entertainment before long. We know nothing definite about it, however, as yet.
EDITOR'S TABLE.

We welcome to our list of exchanges the Algona Collegian, a neat little monthly published at Algona College, Iowa.

The Catholic Guardian.—This young, but already favourably known paper, has enlarged to sixteen pages with the first number of the second volume, dated Sept. 14. This paper promises soon to be in the front rank of the religious papers of America, if it does not already equal the best of its older contemporaries. It is a good family paper, and Catholic in every sense of the word, being free from all political factions. We think it well worthy of the patronage it has thus far received, and wish it continued success.

Yale College, already blessed with a goodly number of publications, has brought forth a new weekly, entitled the "Yale Record." We cordially extend our hand across the country to our new contemporary, and wish it a hearty welcome to the field of College literature.

The Notre Dame Scholastic, published at the University of Notre Dame, Ind., has dropped the first part of its title, and comes to us under the name of "The Scholastic." It is reduced in size, but its good appearance, on the whole, is not lessened.

Wood's Household Magazine for September is before us. It contains several articles worthy of note. One especially, though brief, is, "Love labor not lost," by Gail Hamilton, who is well known to American readers.

We must say, however, that we do not agree with the writer in the Editorial Department, who makes the bold assertion that "In traveling, there are no disagreeable people." On the Pacific Coast, at least, we think it is far from true.

Lady students have been formally admitted to Cornell University. Result: Freshmen jubilant, Seniors jealous.

An exchange, after giving several other weighty reasons why people should subscribe for it, winds up as follows: "Because its editors can procure testimonials as to their excellent moral character from the clergymen of their native towns. Lastly, because its proprietor, editors, and all connected with it, even to the very devil at our elbow yelling for copy, belong to the class of the deserving poor."
A student in one of our classes, mentioned the Abyssinian custom of cutting meat from cattle without first killing them. Another student, not believing that such a custom existed, said, "That's a mistake;" and was corrected by the Professor, who said, "Not at all; it's a beef-steak."

Not many days ago the Porter, Mr. G——, came to one of the Fathers, saying: "Father, there is a blind man at the door, who wishes to see you."

One of our fellow-students was blessed with hair of a decidedly fiery color. Once in his declamation he said: "The scalp of vengeance still is red," and as a gesture raised his hand to his head. He wondered why the listeners laughed.

The irresistible descent of an all-conquering army was graphically described by one of our students, by the following figure: "Bearing all before them, they came on as hungry lions on a dead calf."

Some vicious minded person was base enough to remark that Hobbs and Dobbs, ironmongers, "would sell iron and steel (steal) for a living."

A gentleman left a Scotchman in his library while he went out a few minutes. Returning, he found the Scot reading the dictionary.

"Well, James," said the gentleman, "How do you like that book?"

"Well, now, there's many fine stories here, but all soe very short."

Some of the fair sex, have hearts so hard that he must use diamonds who hopes to make an impression.

Somebody envies the census for embracing 17,000,000 women.

The street-cars windows in Louisville are only twelve by eighteen in size, and are made thus small to keep the women from sticking their feet out, while the cars are in motion.

Why is the "Titchborne" claimant like a mermaid?

Because his tale is queer and he hasn't a leg to stand on.
Among the curious advertisements mentioned in an exchange we find this:

**WANTED.**—A lady wants washing. Will any gentleman give it to her. Apply at ———

The same exchange cites a cannibal who thus advertises:

**WANTED.**—A good girl to cook; one who will make a good roast or broil, and will stew well.

There is also a notice that a person found "a speckled lady’s muff."

**Welsh v. Indian.**—People about to enter upon the interesting study of the correct pronunciation of the Welsh language, will be delighted to learn from the *School Board Chronicle*, that there is a Board in the district of Llanfairmathafarwfa that:

Wutappesittahxnuwodwetakquosh is one Indian word; it signifies, "He falling down upon his knees, made supplication to him." It occurs in Eliot’s Algonquin translation of the bible.

A witness in describing certain events, said: "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Jacob Wilkins." "What was the name of his other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel. The witness was disgusted at the levity of the audience.

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**Ready Money System.—Dun or be done.**

**Customer**—"What might them cakes fetch?"

**Shop-keeper**—"One cent each."

**C.**—"Well, I'll give you two cents for three of 'em."

Shopkeeper wraps three in a piece of brown paper and hands them to customer, who, taking them, looks around and sees a card bearing the words, "Sweet Cider." He turns to shop-keeper and asks: "What's cider worth?"

**S.**—"Two cents a glass."

**C.**—"Well, I feel more dry than hungry, now. Will you give me a glass of cider for the cakes?"

**S.**—"I will."

Customer drank the cider and was going out, when shop-keeper said, "Please pay me, sir."

**C.**—"For what?"

**S.**—"For the glass of cider."

**C.**—"I gave you the cakes for it."

**S.**—"Well, pay for the cakes, then."

**C.**—"But you have your cakes; and I'm not going to pay for what I returned and you accepted."

Shopkeeper could say nothing further; but thought there was a screw loose, somewhere.
# Table of Honor

**Christian Doctrine.**

1st Class—G. Bull 95, N. Camarillo 100, J. Coddington 100, A. W. Den 100, P. De Celis 95, C. Ebner 95, H. Martin 70, V. McClatchy 97, T. Morrison 100, L. Palmer 95, R. Soto 90.

2nd Class—D. Furlong 100, J. Goetz 100, C. McClatchy 70, A. Mccone 70, J. McCarthy 70, E. Sheridan 100, P. Soto 100, R. Wallace 80, J. Walsh 100.


**Ethics.**—M. Walsh 95.

**Logic.**—R. Delvalle 70, F. McCusker 70, J. Poujade 70.

**Natural Philosophy.**

A. Arguello 73, J. Burling 70, J. Kennedy 80, F. McCusker 85, A. Veuve 80.

**Chemistry.**—2nd year.


**Chemistry.**—1st year.

A. Arguello 73, B. Tunnell 72, L. Burling 70.

**Mathematics.**


3d Class—A. Bell 72, N. Brisa 96, L. Frank 100, C. Friedlander 95, W. Hereford 80, J. Kennedy 90, C. McClatchy 70, T. Morrison 90, H. Peyton 75, R. Soto 90, B. Tunnell 100, G. Winston 85.

**Latin.**

1st Class—R. Bowie 70.

2d Class—R. Delvalle 70, C. Friedlander 70, M. Walsh 80.

3d Class—J. Burling 75, T. Morrison 80, R. Soto 85.

4th Class—J. Coddington 75, V. McClatchy 90, J. Poujade 80, P. Soto 70.


**Greek.**

2d Class—R. Bowie 70, M. Walsh 80.

3d Class—C. Friedlander 75.

4th Class—J. Poujade 78.


**Rhetoric Class.**


**Poetry Class.**

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### 4th Grammar Class
- W. Davis 85
- J. Callaghan 75
- Alph. Den 70
- A. Pierotich 71
- M. Donahue 75
- J. Barrenechea 80
- G. Elms 70
- A. McCon 70

### 5th Grammar Class
- J. Aguirre 80
- C. Georget 80
- C. Floed 85
- J. Sanroman 79
- E. Sheridan 70
- C. Welti 90

### French

**1st Class**
- R. Bowie 70
- N. Brisac 75
- G. Bull 75
- B. Buring 70
- C. Friedlander 80
- C. Georget 80
- A. Veuve 70

**2nd Class**
- M. Donahue 75
- J. Perrier 72
- P. Sainsevain

**3rd Class**
- F. La Coste 70
- R. Soto 80
- G. Norris 90
- J. Day 70
- Jos. Fellum 75
- Hide

**5th Grammar Class**
- M. Walsh 75
- J. Norris 90
- N. Camarillo 75

### Spanish

**1st Class**
- P. Soto 95

**2nd Class**
- L. Camarillo 75
- N. Robles 75

**3rd Class**
- J. Callaghan 75

### Arithmetic

**1st Class**
- A. Bell 85
- J. Barrenechea 95
- R. Bowie 90
- J. Callaghan 85
- T. Durbin 96
- D. Furlong 75
- T. Godfrey 99
- J. Goetz 90
- A. McCon 72
- L. Palmer 80
- N. Robles 75
- G. H. Roundey 95
- P. Sainsevain 80
- A. Scholl 85
- J. Walsh 75
- R. Wallace 70

**2nd Class**
- M. Chevalier 79
- M. Donahue 70
- Alfonso Den 72
- J. Fallon 70
- C. Floed 70
- W. Geggus 78
- G. Norris 70
- J. Day 70
- J. Cole 70
- R. Enright 73

**3rd Class**
- E. Auzerais 88
- R. Brench 70
- Ed. de la Vega 70
- E. Hall 80
- J. Norris 85
- J. Perrier 98
- E. Seridan 99
- S. Sheridan 90
- R. Hill 80
- G. Trenought 75
- Fr. Welti 96

### Book-Keeping

**1st Class**
- V. McClatchy 100
- J. Fellom 90
- N. Camarillo 95
- P. Soto 100
- W. Herford 90

**2nd Class**
- A. Bell 95
- N. E. Brisac 75
- H. Bowie 95
- T. Durbin 90
- C. Ehmer 98
- Jos. Goetz 80
- Th. Godfrey 90
- H. Martin 75
- A. McCon 75
- W. Moson 80
- T. Morrison 90
- J. Nichol 70
- A. Pierotich 80
- N. Robles 75
- C. Stansifer 70

**3rd Class**
- J. Barrenechea 74
- Jno Callaghan 80
- W. Davis 85
- C. Floed 88
- C. Georget 72
- D. Kidd 78
- C. McClatchy 75
- G. H. Roundey 100
- A. Scholl 75
- E. Sheridan 93
- Jas Walsh 100
- R. Enright 90

### Reading and Spelling

**1st Class**
- W. Furman 72
- J. Day 70
- P. De Celis 70
- W. Geggus 70
- G. Roundey 72
- A. McCon 70
- G. Ehlers 70
- J. Perrier 70
- J. Nichol 70

**2nd Class**
- J. Auzerais 71
- Fr. Farnier 75
- A. Scholl 71

**3rd Class**
- Ed. de la Vega 73
- J. Donahue 80
- T. Donahue 70
- C. Moore 81
- R. Sanchez 75
- F. Shafer 81
- G. Shafer 80
- J. Sullivan Jr. 75
- G. Markham 70
- R. S. Sheridan 80

### Elocution

**1st Class**
- V. McClatchy 70
- A. Veuve 70

**2nd Class**
- S. Fellom 75
- D. Furlong 74
- T. Morrison 70

### Penmanship

**1st Class**
- J. A. Barrenechea 72
- N. Camarillo 75
- A. W. Den 75
- P. Soto 76
- R. Smith 71

**2nd Class**
- Alfonso Den 73
- C. Georget 72
- F. Hall 70
- J. Norris 73
- W. Randall 72
- S. Sanroman 71
- R. B. Spen 70
- E. Sheridan 70

**3rd Class**
- J. Auzerais 72
- M. Chevalier 70
- H. Hanley 71
- C. Stonesifer 72
- G. Trenought 70

### Piano
- R. Bowie 90
- C. Ebner 80
- N. Camarillo 80
- A. Arruello 75
- Alfr. Den 75

### Flute
- R. Smith 90

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[Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.]

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REV. A. Varsi, S. J.

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