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Vol. I.

MARCH, 1870.

No. 2.

THE OWL

DEVOTED TO

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, S. J.



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THE OWL

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

VOL. I.—MARCH, 1870.—No. 2.

FATHER JAMES MARQUETTE AND HIS BROTHER MISSIONARIES
IN NORTH WEST AMERICA.

(NUMBER TWO.)

THE deaths of Brebœuf and Lallemand, in the following year, were scarcely less sublime. Their village of St. Louis was assaulted, taken, and the missionaries made prisoners. They conducted themselves in a manner befitting their sacred position ; at one moment denouncing the inhumanity of the Mohawks, at another shaming the penitent Hurons, or breathing words of consolation in the ear of the dying. Contrary to their usual customs, the Mohawks did not immediately dispatch their captives, but spared them for a short time that the pain of death might be made more agonizing. Everything being at length prepared, Brebœuf was placed on a scaffold, apart from his companion, and subjected to all the refinements of cruelty that savage ingenuity could devise.

His nose and upper lip were chopped off ; blazing torches were applied to different parts of his body ; a red hot iron was thrust down his throat, and finally he was scalped while yet alive. Bleeding, mutilated, mangled, the Christian hero preserved a tranquility of spirit that excited the wonder of his tormentors, and even in the last extremity of his anguish continued to evince his unshaken confidence in the goodness of God, who had given him up to so terrible a fate. The younger, but not less heroic, Lallemand, having been first stripped, was enveloped from head to foot in a covering of pine bark made highly combustible by a coating of pitch and resin. The bark was set on fire, and the youthful martyr, after enduring the most horrible tortures for seventeen hours, was liberated

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from his suffering by a death-stroke from a tomahawk. The horrors of war continued until 1654, when a treaty of peace was entered into by the Five-Nations and the French, and Le Moyne came among the Onondagas as an ambassador. In the midst of this heathen nation, he found many of the conquered Hurons who had retained their faith unsullied. Anxious to effect the conversion of the Mohawks, the energetic Le Moyne took up his abode on the noble river which flows through their territory. About the same time a mission was founded among the Onondagas by Chamonot, an Italian Jesuit of great eloquence. This mission was so successful as to encourage the idea of planting a French colony in the vicinity. Accordingly, a party of fifty men were sent thither from Quebec, and were received by the Onondagas with every demonstration of friendliness. The councils of the tribe debated whether they should adopt the faith of the Christians. Chamonot and René Mesnard visited the Cayugas and Oneidas, who listened attentively to their discourses on religion. Catholic missionaries roamed unmolested through the interior wildnesses of New York. A glorious day for Christianity and France was apparently dawning in the New World. But the fond delusion was soon harshly broken in upon. The Five-Nations, in pursuing a hostile tribe, put to death a few Frenchmen who were assisting their enemies. Revenge was taken by the French for the death of their countrymen; and the renewal of hostilities was the rapid result. The little

French colony abandoned its settlement in terror; the missionaries were compelled to return to Quebec, and the demon of war once more commenced his ravages.

Despairing in the present state of affairs of effecting anything among these blood-thirsty tribes, the missionaries turned their especial attention to the propagation of the faith among the Western Nations, particularly the Miamis and the Sioux, dwelling beyond the great lakes. These tribes, standing in constant dread of the powerful confederacy of the Five-Nations, which had already exterminated the Eries, eagerly sought the amity of the French Government, in the hope of obtaining protection against their great enemy. René Mesnard, of whom we have before spoken, was selected to take charge of a mission among them. He had a presentiment on setting out that some evil would befall him. Nor did his feelings deceive him. He reached the bay of St. Theresa, on the south shore of Lake Superior, in safety, and after a residence of eight months in this neighborhood, determined to visit the island of St. Michael where a remnant of the Hurons had settled. On his way thither he was lost in the woods, and was never after heard from. The breviary and cassock, which he had left behind him, were preserved as precious relics by the Sioux.

Despite the almost constant wars carried on between the French and the Five-Nations, not a single opportunity for introducing missionaries, afforded by the temporary cessation of hostilities, was lost. Le Moyne

soon returned to his station among the Onondagas, who, amid all their rancor toward the French, had retained their affection for his person undiminished. The Senecás and Cayugas were assembled, and convinced by the words of the good father, they resolved to bury the hatchet, and war no more on the friends of the black gowns. But the proud Mohawks could not be induced to make peace, and still continued the strife.

It was now thought expedient to send a second missionary to the great West, in the expectation that he would meet with better fortune than had the unhappy René Mesnard. Father Claude Allouez was selected to preach the gospel in these distant regions, and leaving Quebec in August, 1665, he arrived on the 1st of October in the bay of Chegoimegon, in the country of the Chippewas. This tribe was, at the time of his coming, about to commence a war with the Sioux, and a council of the surrounding nations had assembled to urge the preservation of peace. At this council Allouez was present, and by his eloquence and his promises of assistance from the French Government against the Iroquois, when necessary, the Chippewas were at length persuaded to remain quiet. From this mission of Allouez the most cheering results were obtained. Not only was great progress made in the conversion of the Chippewas, but all the adjoining tribes, and even those that dwelt far away to the northward, came in crowds to receive his instructions. A certain tribe, now extinct, found such pleasure in listening to

his discourses, that they pitched their tents around his cabin and remained there for a whole month. The Potawattomies, worshippers of the sun, came from their villages, by the most distant shores of Lake Michigan. He was also visited by the Sacs and Foxes, who lived still farther west, and the Illinois, who told strange tales of a great river on which their country bordered. Their story aroused the curiosity of Father Allouez, and he would gladly have returned with them to view with his own eyes the unknown river of which they spoke ; but without the command of his superior he could not go ; so he was compelled to curb his desires and remain where he was. After laboring in the western country for two years, with a zeal that never flagged, he returned to Quebec for the purpose of inducing the Government to send out colonies. Such was his energy and activity, that in two days from the time of his arrival he was again embarked on the St. Lawrence returning to his post ; accompanied this time by Father Louis Nicolas, a brother Jesuit.

Having thus sketched the efforts of the Catholic missionaries in the Northwest, up to 1665, we will now turn to glance at the early history of one who is next to engross our chief attention. Born of noble family, in the stronghold of Laon, an ancient city romantically situated in the department of Aisne, France, James Marquette was from his earliest years remarkable for his piety and for a particular devotion toward the Blessed Virgin. At the age of seventeen he entered the Society of Jesus, and no

sooner had he received holy orders, than he earnestly requested to be sent out to some heathen country as a missionary. The province in which he entered the order had no mission attached to it. He was therefore at his own suggestion transferred to that of Champagne, and sailed for Canada in August, 1666, arriving at Quebec on the 20th of September. A few days served to recruit his energies after his long voyage, and he proceeded to Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence, where he commenced the study of the Montagnais language, the key of all the Indian tongues. Here he remained until April, 1668, making in the meantime rapid progress in learning Indian languages. He was then appointed to take charge of the Ottawa mission, in the vicinity of Lake Superior. Leaving Montreal in the latter part of April, in company with Father Louis Nicolas, who was returning from a visit to Quebec, he arrived in safety at Sault Ste. Marie, where he learned that those tribes which had left their homes to avoid extermination by the Five-Nations, were now slowly resuming possession of their own villages. As it seemed expedient that two missionary stations should be established, one at Sault Ste. Marie, the other near Green Bay, Father Nicolas continued on to the latter place, while Marquette remained at the Sault. His stay here was very short. Father Claude Dablon was appointed to this mission, and Marquette was soon ordered to La Pointe, where a missionary was greatly needed. His exertions in this region met at first with great success, but a war unfortunately breaking

out between the Illinois on one side and the Hurons and the Ottawas on the other, his endeavors to civilize the former were at once rendered fruitless. The Hurons and Ottawas were at length compelled to desert La Pointe, and the former resolved to betake themselves to Michilimacinae, both on account of its plentiful fisheries, and because the island, from its position, would afford them security against their enemies. To this barren spot Marquette accompanied them, and here he erected a small chapel, calling the place the Mission of St. Ignatius, after the founder of his order. This island afterwards became the site of an important town, now well known as Mackinaw. A letter written during the stay of Marquette at this place shows that he was highly pleased with the good feeling manifested by these untutored children of the forest. He speaks in great praise of the sincerity and perseverance with which they performed all the exercises of devotion enjoined on them by their pastor.

During his residence among the Western Indians, Marquette had heard many surprising stories concerning the size and length of a river situated many leagues to the westward, and flowing towards the south. Marquette ardently desired to visit those distant regions and to explore that mighty river. A written request was dispatched to his superior at Quebec, and while awaiting an answer, the zealous missionary fervently offered up his prayers to his patroness, the Blessed Virgin, that through her powerful intercession his wishes might be granted. Heaven seemed

to smile upon his aspirations ; for in 1672, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, he was informed of his appointment, in conjunction with the *Sieur Joliet*, to explore the unknown river. As the expedition could not set out till the beginning of summer in the following year, the intervening time was spent by the active *Marquette* in collecting all the information within his reach in respect to the country through which he would pass, and in drawing a map of the river from the descriptions of the *Indians*. The preparations being at length completed, the two explorers, *Marquette* and *Joliet*, on the 13th of May, 1673, commenced their adventurous journey, proceeding by way of the Bay of Puans, or Green Bay. They were accompanied by a guard of five of their countrymen. The first tribe through which they passed in their course, was the *Wild Rice Indians*, who lived on a small river emptying into Green Bay. The name of this tribe comes from a species of rice, which abounds in that region, and which *Marquette* in his account of the voyage calls "oats," from its resemblance to the European grain of that name. When these *Indians* had learned the design of the missionary, they tried by every means in their power to turn him from his purpose. With this view, they gave greatly exaggerated accounts of the ferocity of the savages by whom they would be met, and enlarged on the dangers which he would incur from the monsters that inhabited the great river, or from the deadly miasmas arising from the swamps on its banks. But these highly colored stories had little effect

on the mind of *Marquette*. He had fully made up his mind to brave every danger, to peril life itself, if necessary to accomplish the object of the expedition ; and nothing could move him from this determination.

Passing through Green Bay, the voyagers entered the mouth of Fox River, and ascended that stream to the country of the *Maskoutins*. They tarried a short time at a village near by, in which were congregated a great number of various nations, chiefly *Miamis*, *Kickapoos*, and *Maskoutins*. All these tribes listened with great pleasure to the instructions of *Marquette*, and the *Miamis* particularly were so delighted in hearing him converse, that they scarcely allowed him time for repose. During his stay, the good missionary was agreeably surprised on seeing a large cross erected in the village, and profusely decorated with Indian trinkets, placed there as offerings to the *Great Manitou*, of whom the missionaries had spoken. Having solicited and obtained two guides from the *Indians*, the little band proceeded on its way, crossing the country to the headwaters of the *Wisconsin*. Here the guides left them. The canoes were launched, and the explorers sailed quickly down the rapid stream. Not far from the place of embarkation they discovered indications of iron mines, seemingly of great extent. Favored by most auspicious weather during the whole voyage, they arrived on the 17th of June at the mouth of the *Wisconsin*, and with feelings of exuberant delight entered upon the placid bosom of that ocean stream which they had so ardently

longed to behold—the Mississippi, mightiest of rivers. In this part of its course the Mississippi is comparatively narrow, and its waters, not yet contaminated by the muddy Missouri, are clear and translucent. The voyagers floated gently down with the current, landing every day to cook their food, and anchoring far out in the river at night, to guard against attack from lurking savages, although they had as yet detected no sign that would indicate the presence of any human being. On the 25th of June, a well worn path was discovered, leading inland from the river. Judging that an Indian village was not far distant, Marquette and his companions drew the canoes on shore, and following the trail for several miles, came suddenly on two or three Indian encampments, perched on the summit of adjoining hills. The Illinois, who inhabited these settlements, received the strangers in a hospitable manner, and treated them with the greatest respect. A council of the tribe was held, in which the voyagers unfolded their plans to the savages. The chief expressed himself pleased with their adventurous spirit, but admonished them not to endanger their lives in a useless attempt to proceed further. Marquette was, however, neither to be dissuaded nor discouraged, and after tarrying a few days among the friendly Illinois, he announced his intention of continuing his explorations. On the day of his departure the Indian villagers gave a great feast in his honor, and a band of shouting savages accompanied the party to their canoes. Marquette had been somewhat struck with the supe-

rior civilization of this tribe, although as to their dress and the implements of utility they were not so well provided as some other Indian nations. On the banks of the river, a short distance below, the explorers passed by lofty and precipitous rocks, on which horribly grotesque figures were apparently painted, in glaring colors. Their interest was heightened when they saw that the figures were to all appearances inaccessible to any earthly creature. The travelers were not long in arriving at the grand junction, where the turbulent, blustering, yellow Missouri, the Pekitanoui of the Indians, rushes into the calmer and clearer Mississippi, making it thereafter a rapid, impure, but withal more majestic river. Marquette rightly inferred, from the direction taken by the Mississippi at this point, that, unless its course was changed farther south, it must discharge its waters into the Gulf of Mexico. Nearly one hundred miles farther on, the river quickly changes its course, and after rushing with great uproar through a bay filled with huge rocks, is forced through a narrow channel, forming a dangerous rapid, the terror of the Indians, who imagined the place to be the abode of some demon. The missionary and companion ran the rapid in safety, thanks to the skill of their boatmen, and reached in a short time the confluence of the Ohio* with the Mississippi. Not far from here the boatmen found traces of iron ore and a strange kind of earth of many different colors. While in this neighborhood, the mosquitoes were so trou-

* "Ohio" is an Iriquois term, signifying "beautiful river."

blesome that they were compelled to make an awning from the sails, as a partial defense against their attacks. The sight of a party of Indians on the river bank soon attracted the attention of the voyagers, and, as they seemed friendly, Marquette determined on paying them a visit. He was surprised to find them in possession of guns, hatchets, and many other implements, which would betoken intercourse with Europeans. On inquiry, he found that these had been obtained from the Spanish settlements, which were distant not more than ten days' journey. The Indians whom Marquette met with here are supposed to have been a hunting party of Tuscaroras. They knew nothing of Christian doctrines, and Marquette gave them such instructions as his meagre knowledge of their language enabled him to communicate. The journey was then resumed, nothing further of interest occurring till their arrival in the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude, when a village of the Metchigamea tribe of Indians was reached. On the approach of the strangers, the savages rushed armed to the shore, evidently determined on hostilities. Some remained on the shore to prevent the canoes from landing, while others pushed out in boats to intercept them if they attempted to pass. The moment was a critical one; the Indians were already on the point of commencing the attack, when the elders caught sight of the calumet in the hands of the missionary. Immediately restraining the fiery young braves, they made signs of peace, and invited the voyagers to land.

These friendly demonstrations could not be disregarded, and a few minutes sufficed to bring Marquette and his companions to the shore; but despite the good will with which they were received, they could not avoid feeling anxious and insecure. Great difficulty was found in attempting a conversation, until an old Indian was discovered, who, having some acquaintance with the Illinois language, could act as interpreter. Through his assistance, Marquette explained to them why he had come to their country, and gave them some hints of religious truth. He made inquiries concerning the countries below them, and was answered that at a distance of thirty miles down the river was a village, where he would obtain all the information he might wish in reference to the regions watered by the Mississippi. The Metchigamea Indians insisted on having the missionary remain at least one night with them, and on the following day furnished an escort to conduct their guests to the village of Akamsea, of which they had spoken. On arriving at Akamsea, Marquette and his friends were treated in a friendly manner, and during the short time that he remained with them, the Indians had become so warmly attached to the good father, that they wished to keep him always with them. They informed the missionary, through an interpreter, that the sea was distant a journey of only five days; and that the river regions below them were inhabited by fierce tribes, who would, in all probability, put the explorers to death if the latter were so daring as to attempt a passage. A consulta-

tion was then held, to discuss the expediency of proceeding further; and after mature deliberation, it was decided that since the chief object of the expedition had been already accomplished, and since they had little to gain in continuing their journey, the Indians having sufficiently acquainted them with the course of the Mississippi from Akamsea to the sea, it would be the acme of folly to think of venturing further. The voyagers resolved therefore to turn their faces once more toward the North. During the few days in which they remained at Akamsea, the hospitality of the Indians was unbounded, although, as Marquette informs us, there were a few rascals among them who would not have hesitated to put an end to their guests for the sake of their goods.

On the 17th of July, the canoes of the explorers were ascending the river on their return to the frontiers of civilization. The journey to the mouth of the Illinois was slow and uninteresting, save when occasionally enlivened by the sight of tiger-cats and buffaloes on the river banks, or when some monstrous cat fish would dash full tilt against one of the canoes, to the imminent danger of its occupants. Ascending the Illinois, with the view of shortening the voyage, Marquette passed through the country of the Illinois Indians, and stopping a few days in Kaskaskia, the principal village, the inhabitants of which readily obtained from him a promise that he would soon return to visit them, he moved onward to Lake Illinois, (now Lake Michigan,) a young Illinois chief accompanying

the party as a guide, and from thence sailed to Green Bay. Here the voyage of exploration ended. Joliet returned to Quebec to communicate the results of the expedition to the Government, while Marquette remained at the Mission of St. Xavier, near La Pointe. The latter prepared an account of the voyage, and drew up a map, both of which were sent to his Superiors; he sent also at the same time, a written request to visit the Illinois Indians, as he had promised. A violent attack of dysentery prostrated him for several months. Recovering at length, and having procured the necessary permission, he left St. Xavier on the 25th of October, taking with him two Frenchmen as companions, and having, moreover, a small escort of Pottawatomies and Illinois, who voluntarily came with him. He travelled slowly, being still rather feeble. But in the latter of November, his malady again seized him, and on reaching the Chicago River his illness had so alarmingly increased, that he dared not proceed further, and was therefore compelled to winter at the Portage. Here the Indians abandoned him; he was left almost alone and in the heart of a great wilderness. His two faithful servants however remained with him, doing everything in their power to make him as comfortable as possible, and he was supplied with whatever food could be procured either by hunting or from the French traders who sometimes passed that way. Yet, notwithstanding their devoted care, the missionary not unfrequently suffered from a want of proper food. He was rapidly becoming more and more

feeble. It seemed impossible that he could recover. In this exigency, he resolved to have recourse to her who had already once befriended him. Accordingly, a novena of nine days was held in honor of the Blessed Virgin. At the expiration of this time a great change took place in the condition of the missionary. He began rapidly to regain his strength, and on the 29th of March, 1674, he was sufficiently restored to proceed on his journey, which he accomplished without further delay. The Illinois wondered at seeing one whom they had thought was doomed never to reach them. It was in Passion Week that he arrived, and during the three days of his stay, he preached almost incessantly, with an eloquence and fervor that seemed new to him. The Indians gathered eagerly around, while he explained to them the doctrines of the Church of Christ, and described in the language of inspiration, the sufferings and death of their Redeemer. He labored to infuse into the minds of his well-disposed hearers, a clear knowledge of their obligations towards the Creator; and twice celebrated the Holy Mysteries for the success of the mission there established. Gladly would he have remained among them to continue the good work he had begun; but the symptoms of returning illness warned him to depart. The sorrowful Illinois accompanied him for more than one hundred miles of his way, quarreling among themselves for the poor favor of carrying his little baggage. The missionary contemplated returning to La Pointe by way of Lake Illinois; but it soon became evident

to his companions, that he would never reach his destination; and he himself seemed fully sensible that his end was near. Yet he was perfectly resigned; giving minute instructions as to his burial, and passing the time in prayer or in the reading of meditations which he had prepared for such an hour. The good father grew rapidly worse, and as they neared the mouth of a little river, now known by his name, he pointed out to his weeping companions, the spot where he wished to be laid. His last hour was clearly at hand. Hastily rowing to the shore, the sorrow-stricken boatmen hurriedly erected a slight shelter, to which they conveyed their beloved master, and tried, by every means in their power, to render his last moments as free from pain as possible. The dying missionary heard their confessions and pronounced absolution, and then, with the self-denial of a true soldier of Christ, urged them to take some repose, for he knew that they were almost exhausted. When about to enter upon his last agony, he directed them to hold a crucifix before him and to repeat frequently to him the names of Jesus and Mary, that he might die with those blessed names upon his lips. After this, he continued for a short time praying aloud. Suddenly he ceased, and the boatmen thinking his last moment had come, exclaimed in a loud voice, "*O Jésu et Marie.*" The dying man again repeated those sweet names, then his eyes were lifted above the crucifix to something that seemed to fill his soul with rapture, and in this ecstasy his spirit passed away. With sad hearts

the boatmen obeyed the behests of the missionary. He was buried according to the rites of the Catholic Church, on a grassy knoll near the shore, and a simple cross marked the place of interment.

The Indians of the West deeply mourned for the loss of Father Marquette, and often when his frail bark was dashed about on the troubled waters of Lake Huron, the dusky proselyte would call on the name of the pious missionary, hoping, that by its talismanic power, the angry waves might be stilled.

In 1677, nearly two years after his death, a party of Mackinaw Indians, passing near his grave, took up the remains and conveyed them to Mackinaw. As they neared the island, Fathers Pierron and Nouvel, who had succeeded Father Marquette, in the mission of St. Ignatius, advanced in canoes to meet the funeral procession. The remains being identified, the missionaries chanted the "*De profundis*," till they reached the shore. The body was then borne with solemn ceremony to the church of St. Ignatius, and once more consigned to earth—and there it still reposes.

Here our task properly ends. Of the many missionaries who came to America after this time, of Marest and Pinet and Guignes and Senat, distinguished for their exertions in the great Northwest, it is not in our province to speak; for the same reason we do not wish to tire the reader with an extended account of the death of the martyred Rasle. We will end our narration with the following brief sketch of that melancholy affair. The English

authorities conceiving an intense hatred against this venerable old man, both from his religion, and because he opposed the designs entertained by them of driving the Indians from their possessions, sent a considerable force to destroy Norridgewock, the seat of his mission, and put the obnoxious priest to death. The soldiers faithfully executed their commands; Norridgewock was surprised, and the Indians, too weak to resist, fled at the first alarm. Not so Father Rasle; he remained in the town, hoping by his death to avert the vengeance of the English from his little flock. The town was set on fire, and the church, after being most horribly profaned, was likewise given to the flames. The Indians, on their return, found the body of their beloved pastor "brutally mangled by many blows, scalped, his skull broken in many places, his mouth and eyes filled with dirt; and they buried him beneath the spot where he used to stand before the altar."* Thus ended the Abenakis mission, through the fury of the English, and the zeal with which the Indians were pursued and slaughtered by their relentless enemies, soon rendered its re-establishment impossible. Where there were no people to be instructed, there was little need of missions. The banks of the Kennebec no longer resounded with the chant of the Christian Indian. The timid denizens of the forest roved without fear among the tenantless wigwams of the Norridgewocks. The wilderness was desolate.

*Bancroft, Vol. I, 941.

OUR PATRONESS.

FAIR Western Realm, from dark oblivion won
By the clear glance of Genoa's gifted son.
What joy was his ! what rapture thrilled his breast
When on his sight first rose thy verdant crest ;
How bowed his soul in grateful love before
The cross he reared upon thy wondering shore.
Beneath that cross—their standard and their shield—
A holy host hath sought thy battle-field.
Ah ! glorious field, where peaceful triumphs blessed
The Christian victors of that boundless West,
Their potent weapons, faith and love alone,
And every life-blood-offering their own.
Aye, here that host of noblest martyrs came,
And conquered sweetly in their Master's name.
Bright were the swords that gleamed where Freedom led:
Awed by her might, the proud oppressor fled,
And fair Columbia waved o'er land and sea
The bright star-blazoned flag of liberty.
O favored realm ! to her protection given—
Whom seraphs hail the peerless Queen of Heaven—
What countless benisons must fill the air,
Thou happy land o'erwatched by Mary's care.
Ruled by the star of fadeless love and bliss,
Thy proudest boast, thy purest joy be this.
And they who bow beneath thy skies benign,
Unchecked and free, at fair religion's shrine,
Shall grateful own her sweet celestial sway,
Beneath glad skies, her mandates to obey ;
And bless the hand that gave their proud estate,
Sons of thy land, O Queen Immaculate !

THE STORY OF GLENCOE.

CHAPTER I.

“**T**HOU speakest truly, Sir John, and by my crown, thou’rt right.”

“Yes, your Highness, we must be prompt with them, or nothing good will come of it.”

“Nay, my Lord, nay! thou must reflect, or such a course will bring nothing but defeat and disgrace.”

The speakers were seated in the council chamber of King William the III. The apartment was decorated with gorgeous profusion. A soft colored paper, which pained not the eye to look upon, covered the walls, and before the windows fell heavy folds of damask curtains softening the over-bright light of day. Rich furniture, carved and gilded chairs, lounges and divans, beneath the feet a soft velvet carpet, and suspended from the ceiling a glittering chandelier, contributed to make the room a worthy part of a royal palace. Around the table, which is covered with writing materials, sit five personages of distinction: John, Earl of Breadalbane, head of a younger branch of the house of Campbell, Lord Argyle, Sir John Dalrymple, the Master of Stair, the Prime Minister, Sir Percival, and the King, who is at the head of the table. He is apparelled in a green satin doublet embroidered in silver, and with open sleeves; his hose is of silk, and from his shoulders hangs a Spanish cloak in graceful folds. John,

Earl of Breadalbane, is to next the King, habited in black velvet, with a long, thin rapier hanging from his side, in the use of which he was very expert. A man of no principles, he was crafty and treacherous—bit the hand that fed him, and betrayed the slightest truth. By the side of him sat Lord Argyle, whose face invariably wore an expression of suspicion and distrust. He disgraced the name of Argyle. Dissimulation and knavery were his traits, and there was nothing low or mean to which he would not stoop. He walked in a skulking manner, and though elegantly dressed and affecting the style of a young court gallant, he was well past the prime of life.

The Master of Stair, Sir John Dalrymple, was one of the King’s favorites, and the most polished of all his courtiers. He was in the prime of life, affable in his appearance and manners, and of a comely face and figure. But though his outward appearance was so prepossessing, yet under the cover of a polished man was a cruel heart, and a mind which scrupled at nothing to advance the interests of his party. The fourth of the group, the Prime Minister, was a grave, melancholy looking man, but possessed of much wisdom and prudence.

It was during the period when the Highland Chieftains were in a state of rebellion, and holding the mountain passes, had refused all summons

to surrender. King William, in the urgency of the moment, had called a council to take active measures against the chieftains, and suppress all rebellion.

"Your Majesty, we should completely root out this discord, and prevent any chance of it in the future. They are desperate men, and we should show no mercy."

"I agree with you, Lord Argyle," said the Earl; "they have disregarded your Majesty's commands, and in spite of all efforts yet made, they bid defiance to us."

"Surely," said the King, with a look of surprise, "they do not dare to oppose our arms! or is it to gain some privilege that they rise?"

"No, your Majesty," replied the Prime Minister, "it were folly to do so, but they make loud complaints against our garrisons, who, they say, carry off their flocks and their provisions."

"Yes, yes! but they will not sell their cattle or stores," spoke the Master of Stair, and his eye glared fiercely at the Prime Minister, "and if we would deal justly with them, let us send a large army against them, drive them back, and extinguish the last spark of rebellion."

"Your Highness," said the Prime Minister, not in the least disconcerted by the Master of Stair's looks or words, "I would suggest that we carry out the plans proposed by Carter, thereby saving much bloodshed and misery."

"Well, well, thou'rt right, as you always are, Sir Percival," said the King, "and if I recollect well, it was to buy up the Chieftains. We will try it, and the sum of £150,000, shall

be used for the purpose. But to whom shall we intrust this duty?"

"I am ever at your Majesty's commands," spoke up the Earl of Breadalbane, with an air of deep reverence.

"To you, then, Earl, shall the sum be given, and see you do all well;" and turning to his secretary, he said, "an order on Sir James for £150,000." The order was soon drawn up; meanwhile the Earl and Argyle were exchanging significant glances.

"But, your Majesty," exclaimed Argyle, "if this means of reconciling them should fail, what is to be done, for their course must be checked?"

"We will then take more stringent measures against them; what say you, Sir Percival?"

"My Lord, if this fail, it would then be well to decree that unless the Highland Chieftains take an oath of fealty to your Majesty, by the first of January next, they shall be considered as outlaws, and your Majesty will deal with them accordingly."

"So be it, Sir Percival; and now, my Lords, let us take a drop of wine, or else the wind will chill us through;" and taking the Master of Stair by the arm, the King led the way to the side-board room, laughing and joking, till their voices died away in the corridor.

CHAPTER II.

London, with its towers and domes, turrets and spires, is lit up by the first golden rays of the rising sun. On one of the principal squares stood the magnificent mansion of the Earl of Shaftesbury—a large building in the style of the times, massive and grand.

Before the house extended a large garden, redolent of rare and beautiful flowers.

The Earl of Shaftesbury was one of the King's most celebrated generals, holding a high position at court, respected and esteemed by all who knew him; far past the middle of life, yet still robust and hearty. Early in life, while traveling on the Continent, he had married the daughter of a Spanish Count, and brought her to live with him in his beautiful home at London. But she could not endure London's cold and dreary fogs, and in a few years she died, leaving an only son to comfort and console her husband. This heavy blow nearly broke the Earl's heart, but he thought to himself that his boy would soon grow up, and he determined to mould him into a worthy and noble man. Years rolled on, and the youth was duly educated and brought up as became a knight's son, and gave assurance of realizing his father's highest expectations.

The Earl was seated in his library, the walls of which were covered with oaken book-cases crowded with old manuscripts, poetical, literary, scientific and philosophical works, showing their owner to be a man of high culture and refinement. By his side stood his son, a young man of dark complexion, with locks black and glossy as a raven's wing, and with a high forehead and a black piercing eye. His face was not handsome, yet decidedly prepossessing and dignified.

"My son, you know," said the Earl, "that the Highland Chieftains have revolted against the King's authority—a course which is fraught with extreme danger—and it is to the

Chieftain M'Ian, a man bold and true, that I now dispatch you. I owe him a debt of gratitude which I can never fully repay, and in order to prove that I remember him in his hour of need, I send you, my son, on a message which concerns alike him and his confederates. Let nothing stop you, but hasten with the greatest of speed to the chieftain's hamlet; tell him from whom you come, and as a sign, give him this ring. Inform him of what has taken place in the late council, and of his enemies, Argyle and Stair; and then remain until all danger is past, and keep him out of any rash act. And now, my boy, do not let anything delay you; travel quickly, avoid all towns, and deliver your message to M'Ian. Let your prudence counsel your valor, be vigilant and firm, and your father's blessing will rest upon your head." He ceased speaking; his son knelt at his feet, and the old man laid his hand upon his head: "My son, remember that there is a God above who watches all things; He will be your guide;" and planting a kiss on the young man's brow, he assisted him to rise.

"Farewell, father, I go, as you have bid, and ere many days will have passed, the Highlands shall be gained and I shall be with M'Ian. Farewell, farewell!" And as his retreating footsteps died away the old man fell back in his chair with a heavy load upon his heart; but he felt sure that his son would do his duty. He bowed his head, and from the depths of his heart went up a prayer to the God on high to watch over and protect his child.

[To be continued.]

ARISTODEMUS.

Dramatis Personæ.

ARISTODEMUS, *King of Messene.*

GONIPPUS, *An old man ; the friend and counsellor of Aristodemus.*

THEONIS—CLEONTES, *The son of Aristodemus, but unknown to him.*

PALAMEDES, *A Spartan captive.*

LYSANDER, *An ambassador from Sparta.*

EUMEUS, *An officer in the army of Aristodemus.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Messene.—A garden adjoining the palace of Aristodemus.*

LYSANDER and PALAMEDES.

Lysander. Ay, Palamedes, from the Spartan camp,
 The olive branch of gladsome peace I bear
 Unto our foe, Messene. Sparta's king
 Has quaffed full deep the gory cup of strife,
 And from the toils of war now seeks repose.
 He courts no triumph that would deck his brow
 With laurels crimsoned in the blood of Greece;
 For in his breast hath mercy tempered anger,
 And reason speaking to his inmost soul,
 Hath shown it madness thus to slaughter men,
 And for some grudge or jealousy of state,
 To scatter desolation o'er the land.
 Since then, Messene humbly asks for peace,
 The gracious Spartans grant it, and I come,
 The chosen herald of this mild resolve.
 Nor bear I this alone ; but to our friends
 I bring the joyful tidings, *They are free.*
 Thou too, beloved friend, whose lot we've mourned
 These dreary years of thy captivity,
 Pent up within an enemy's domain,
 To languish in dishonor.

Palamedes. Good Lysander,
 My heart is joyous once again to greet thee ;
 And I am surely blest to be thus freed
 By him I most revere. Now, thank the gods,
 I may return to cheer my sorrowing sire,
 And proudly tread once more my native soil ;

While feasts my soul on all its beauteous scenes.
 Yet ne'er could fate assign a sweeter slavery,
 Than this which was my lot. Thou knowest well
 The charming son of old Taltibius,
 The sweet-souled boy, Theonis ; he is here,
 A prisoner too ; although his winning speech,
 His comely features, and his gentle grace,
 Have found such favor in the royal eyes,
 That fetters ne'er have bruised his tender limbs,
 And benefits are daily heaped upon him.
 Nay, farther still than this ; his royal master
 Extends his services to those he loves ;
 And hence, I go unfettered, as you see,
 At pleasure roaming through this spacious palace,
 A sharer of the king's unhappiness.

Lysander. But Palamedes, does the king then love him ?

Palamedes. Ay, fondly does he, with a father's love.
 For only in his presence can that heart,
 So rent with sorrow, find a moment's joy.
 'Tis only he can soothe that aching breast,
 And bring refreshment to that saddened soul :
 Without Theonis, ne'er his face would light,
 E'en with the transient brightness of a smile.

Lysander. All Greece bewails this deadly melancholy,
 For which they cannot e'en surmise the cause.
 But you, methinks, must surely know of this,
 Since round thy monarch, watchful, thousands stand,
 To whom each word, desire, ay, thought is known.
 Now tell me, what have these keen eyes discovered
 To be the source of this mysterious sadness.

Palamedes. I will with candor tell thee as to me
 The story was recounted. Thou rememb'rst
 That fair Messene once was visited
 With a most dread and loathsome pestilence,
 And incensed Phœbus, through his Delphian oracle,
 Required the blood of an Epitan maiden,
 To satisfy the sanguine lust of Pluto.
 In trembling fear, the fateful lots were drawn,
 Which named for woful death Liciseus' daughter.
 The sire incited by paternal love,
 His darling child by secret flight preserved

From Pluto's fell decree. The baffled god
 Cried loudly for a victim. From the throng,
 Messene's monarch then came quickly forth,
 And offered, as oblation to the fates,
 His blooming daughter, beauteous Dirces ;
 The gods, well pleased, received the lovely sacrifice,
 And with her virgin blood, the tender maid,
 Did sate the craving of the dread Avernus,
 Giving her life to save Messene.

Lysander. This much I knew already : for the tale
 Was bruited wide abroad. Nay, more than this,
 Of Dirces' mother, too, the death was told.

Palamedes. 'Tis true. Unable to resign herself
 To Dirces' fate, she in her maddened fury
 Did rend her grieving breast, and fell to earth
 A gory and unsightly mass. Her frenzied shade,
 Contemning its gross confines, soared aloft
 To join with Dirces in the realms of Death.
 And thus again misfortune's heavy hand
 Was laid on our sad king. But to this blow
 Was added soon a third—Cleontes' death.
 He was the anchor of his father's hope ;
 A playful, beauteous babe, of scarce three summers ;
 And oft the monarch, in his fond embrace,
 Would feel the chill remembrance of his woes
 Little by little vanish ; and his heart
 Was filled at times with a fond parent's joy,
 Which gladdened that drear countenance. Alas !
 How brief that pleasure. Soon remorseless fate
 Snatched from his arms the sole remaining charm,
 That made life's pangs endurable. 'Twas thus,
 When victory crowned our arms by Alpheus' stream,
 And all our forces had assailed Ithomé,
 Messene's king, in dread of its destruction,
 Tore from his anguished heart, his only child,
 And to the care of his loved friend, Eumeus—
 With many charges for his safety—
 Committed him at length to be conveyed
 In secret haste to Argos. Nor did this,
 Until a thousand times he had commended
 To guard with tenderest care, a life so dear.
 Delusive thought. Where Alpheus' rapid flood

Comingles with the Ladon, Spartan bands,
 Impelled by fate, or knowing of the flight,
 Attacked the convoy ; cut the guards to pieces,
 And sparing no one in their general slaughter,
 The princely babe was slain.

Palamedes. Knowest thou more
 Regarding this calamity ?

Palamedes. No more.

Lysander. I'll tell thee then. The Spartan leader
 Was one whom you well know. Would'st learn his name?
 T'was I, Lysander, that assailed Eumeus.

Palamedes. What do I hear. Thou, *thou* the murderer
 Of the lost Cleontes. But if thou stayst here,
 Thou may'st be recognized, and—

Lysander. We'll speak of that anon.
 Proceed with thy narration.

Palamedes. Cleontes' death
 So wrenched the heart strings of our gloomy king,
 That from this hour, a prey to deadliest melancholy,
 His soul ne'er tasted joy ; or if it did,
 'T was as the lightning's flash, that for a moment
 Flits through the pitchy blackness of the clouds,
 Then leaves the earth immersed in deeper night.
 So now thou seest him wandering thoughtful, sad,
 Through solitary walks. His eyes uplift,
 And his racked spirit uttering fearful groans ;
 Anon thou viewest him in a frenzied humor
 Ranging about, or child-like weeping piteously ;
 Then calling on the name of his dead daughter,
 He casts himself, despairing, on the tomb
 That coldly shrouds her ashes. In deep pain
 He clasps the urn, and there remains so motionless,
 That but the silent tears that course his cheeks
 Tell us he lives. Such is now the state
 Of our unhappy king.

Lysander. 'Tis hard indeed ;
 Yet why should this affliction trouble *me* ?
 I come in Sparta's cause, and must not grieve
 O'er sorrows that oppress her enemy.
 I have to tell thee things of weighty interest

On this same point, but cannot now divulge them,
For some one comes who might perchance o'erhear us.

Palamedes. It is Theonis.

Enter THEONIS.

Come, good Theonis,
Approach and greet thy countryman, Lysander;
The favorite kinsman of thy noble sire.

Theonis. Informed of thy arrival from Gonippus,
Who but a moment since announced it,
I straightway rushed to meet thee. Knowest thou aught
Of the old man Taltibius—my dear father?

Lysander. The darling hope of viewing thee once more,
Alone sustains his life. From that fell day,
When the Therapneian fields saw thee a prisoner,
His load of grief was great. His o'erwrought fears
Present thee to his mind o'erwhelmed with chains;
And sorrowing thus, thus no argument can comfort him,
And there is left no solace—but to weep.

Theonis. Ah, he knows not how many kindnesses
This generous monarch has conferred upon me;
How I am bound to him with strongest ties
Of love and gratitude and tender pity.
So strong in truth, t'would seem, were I to leave him,
As though my heart were wrested from my bosom.

Lysander. What! Grieve you then so sorely for a foe?

Theonis. His dire misfortunes speak to every heart,
But most of all to mine; I know not how,
Or why it is. Oh! what would I not give,
To soothe his woe and probe its hidden cause.

Palamedes. To judge from outward signs, it is most fearful.
To one alone, he freely opes his heart—
Gonippus only knows that horrid secret.

Theonis. See there! Gonippus comes. How deeply pained,
How sorrow-struck he seems. I'll speak to him.

Enter GONIPPUS.

Why, oh! Gonippus dost thou look so sad?
Why mournest thou?

Gonippus. I cannot choose but weep.
 Our king is sunk into such melancholy
 As borders on distraction ; with wild look,
 He raves, and groans, and sighs in agony,
 And every limb doth shake; in sudden fright,
 His tear dimmed eye roams fiercely here and there,
 While down the hardened furrows of his cheeks,
 The limpid torrent rolls. Restored at length
 From this delirious state, he leaves the court,
 And in the quiet of this grassy shade
 Longs to behold once more the orb of day.
 I pray you all withdraw, for freest vent
 His stricken heart requires.

Lysander. Good, my lord,
 When thou may'st judge the time most opportune,
 Remind the sovereign that at his command
 Lysander tarries, and would speak with him.

Gonippus. At a fitting time thy charge shall be delivered.

Exeunt Palamedes, Lysander and Theonis.

Gonippus, (alone.) How great the pomp, the dazzling splendor
 That gilds a monarch's diadem. And yet
 If scanned but closely, oft the direst misery
 Walks hand in hand with kingly potency.
 Do we not see the mightiest lord of Greece,
 The king most dreaded by Messene's foes,
 So overcome by brooding o'er his griefs,
 That stoniest hearts are quickly moved to pity.

Enter ARISTODEMUS

Come, gracious sire, in this secluded spot
 We cannot be o'erheard ; here then secure
 Thou may'st unveil the horrors that oppress thee.

Aristodemus. Ah ! my Gonippus, from all human eyes,
 E'en from my own, would I might hide myself.
 The fairest visions tire and harrass me,
 And Phœbus' beams, which I so lately longed for,
 I now abhor, and can no longer bear.

Gonippus. Be firm, my prince. Let not dejection seize thee;
 Where now is fled the indomitable will,
 The unswerving constancy, the lion courage
 That graced Aristodemus?

Aristodemus. Alas, good friend,
That constancy, that courage I have lost.
The gods despise me ; and when heaven's wrath
Is visited upon their guilty heads,
The bravest may be fearful and despondent.
Once happiness and power were mine ; but now
I am the last of mortals.

Gonippus. One thing only
Withholds thee from becoming *first* of mortals—
I know too well some horrid thought affrights thee,
Which thou wilt not reveal.

Aristodemus. Yes, Gonippus,
A thought so horrible, it chills my soul ;
Thou canst not scan its dread monstrosity ;
Thy kindly eye sees not my bleeding heart,
Nor views the tempest that is raging there.
Alas, my friend, what wretchedness is mine ?
Life is indeed to me a weary burden.
Unhappy, impious man, accursed by heaven ;
A thing of loathing to the immortal gods,
And fleeing from myself.

Gonippus. What strange disorder fills thy troubled mind ?
Sorrows so great have surely dimmed thy reason,
And doleful visions bury thee in sadness.

Aristodemus. I would it *were* so ; but alas, 'tis not.
You know me not, nor know'st whose blood that drips
From off my murderous hands. Hast seen the tombs
Gaping to mortal eyes, while from their depths
The fleshless tenants walk in frightful aspect,
To overturn my throne, and from my brow
Tear off the golden circlet ? Hast thou heard
The dreadful thundering of a voice that cries,
“ Die, impious monarch, die ? ” Yes, let me die.
I am prepared. Behold my naked bosom.
Here is my heart. Shed thou its latest drop ;
Terribly revenge thyself on outraged nature,
Then spare me from the accursed living horror
Of gazing on thy form. Oh ! shade unmerciful.

Gonippus. Thy words alarm me, though I may not know
The import which they bear. I cannot see

The keen remorse that gnaws thy anguished heart.
 What is thy crime? By what ill-judged offence
 Hast thou provoked the vengeance of the gods?
 Unfold these deeds that prey upon thy mind.
 Thou knowest Gonippus, and hast often trusted him
 With secrets whispered to no other ear.
 With this entrust me likewise. Oft 'tis said,
 Woe's galling load is lightened in revealing.

Aristodemus. Mine would more like, press still more heavily;
 Seek not to know their depth of hideousness,
 Nor urge me to disclose their hidden cause.
 Go! I would be alone.

Gonippus. I cannot go
 Whilst thou continuest silent. Oh! my king,
 Have not my service, and these hoary locks,
 Merited your confidence?

Aristodemus. But trusty friend,
 You seek, you know not what. Thy soul shall quake
 With mortal dread, if I remove the veil
 That screens that fatal secret.

Gonippus. And what could fill me with a greater horror
 Than thus to see thee dying in my sight. (*kneels*)
 I pray thee for the royal knees I clasp,
 And for these streaming eyes, to grant my wish?
 Cease, by suspense, to torture me. Speak, lord.

Aristodemus. Dost still desire it? Rise then good Gonippus.
 (*Aside*) Ye gods, how shall I open my heart to him.

Gonippus. Speak, speak my liege,
 (*Aristodemus draws forth a small sword.*)
 Ah! heavens, what sword is that?

Aristodemus. A sword of death. Seest thou this stiffened gore
 That stains the polished blade?

Gonippus. Too well! Too well!
 How came this purple spot upon thy steel.

Aristodemus. It is my daughter's blood. Wouldst know the hand
 That drew it from her veins?

Gonippus. Nay! Speak it not. I comprehend thee well.

Aristodemus. And wouldst thou know the cause ?

Gonippus. I am bewildered.

Aristodemus. Then listen, while thy blood congeals in horror,
And thy heart stays its pulsing, I will ope
To thy stunned ears, the secret of my crime.
Thou well rememb'rst that doleful time,
When king Apollo ordering human victims,
Messene was bound to offer up
A virgin of Epitan lineage—
A sacrifice to yawning Erebus.
And that the daughter of Liciseus,
Being nominated by the sacred lots
Her sire, by secret flight, his child preserved.
The gods, enraged, required another maid :
And now a second time, Messenean fathers
Stood trembling, lest the fates should make them childless.
It happened, too, that at this very time,
Messene's throne was vacant.

Gonippus. I have those scenes
Most vividly presented to my mind.
I know that Damis, Cleon, and thyself,
Were rivals for the crown ; and all Messene
Was split into three factions.

Aristodemus. Ay ! good friend,
Exactly as thou say'st. To gain the people,
And grasp with surer hand at royalty,
Mark the base thought ambition's frenzy whispered.
Of other's weakness we should now avail us ;
The vulgar favor him who dazzles them,
And cunning wins more praise than honesty.
We will delude the simple multitude,
Correct Liciseus' crime—make full atonement—
By offering the pure blood of our own daughter ;
Thus may we buy the people and the crown.

Gonippus. How could thy generous mind conceive a scheme
That fiends incarnate would have blushed to own ?

Aristodemus. Dost thou not ken that the ambitious man
Perforce is cruel ? Let his father's head
Be interposed 'twixt him and his ambition,
And he will trample on it, as a step

By which he may ascend. Just this did I
 With my beloved daughter. To the priest
 I offered up my Dirces ; but her lover,
 The youthful Telamon, opposed my plans ;
 Entreated, menaced, yet he moved me not.
 Then crazed with grief, he fell upon his knees,
 And begging pardon for the forced concealment,
 Declared that Dirces was no longer virgin,
 That she to him was secretly espoused.
 Her mother also came, and by her words,
 Confirmed the startling tale.

Gonippus. What didst thou then ?

Aristodemus. Goaded by shame, and burning with wild rage,
 Both for my tarnished honor, and still more
 For disappointed hopes. (For now I thought
 The throne to me was lost). I wildly glared
 At Telamon, but uttered not a word,
 And feigning calmness, quietly withdrew.
 I sought, in furious mood, my erring child,
 And found her prostrate, pallid and deranged,
 Reclining on a couch ; her eyes had closed
 In languid lethargy ; and constant weeping
 Had soothed her to a slumber. Oh ! Gonippus,
 The sight would have disarmed a very fiend !
 But I, by fury blinded, and inflamed
 By bitter disappointment, wholly deaf
 To the loud cries of nature, lifting high
 This execrable dagger, plunged it straight
 Into the maiden's heart. Th' unhappy girl
 Oped wide her eyes—beheld her murderer,
 And shrieking, " Oh, my father," spoke no more.

Gonippus. I am convulsed with terror.

Aristodemus. Let thy soul
 Still calm its fears. 'Tis not yet time,
 For more is still to come. My murdered child,
 Lay motionless before me. And I stood
 In stupid vacancy, besmeared with blood,
 My senses reeling at that hellish deed.
 Then anger, cooling with returning reason,
 My guilty soul was struck with sudden dread ;
 My whole frame shuddered, and the straining tears,

Were turned to stone upon my ice cold cheeks.
 As thus I stood, her anxious mother entered,
 And she, beholding her beloved Dirces
 Stretched stiff and cold in death, remained appalled ;
 But for a moment ; then, in mad despair,
 She snatched the reeking dagger from the body,
 And driving the keen-edged weapon to her heart,
 Fell o'er her murdered Dirces, whom she kissed,
 In her expiring agony. Thus they died ;
 And this vile deed, locked up in my torn heart,
 These three long lustrums, ne'er would have been oped,
 Save through thy importunity.

Gonippus.

Indeed,

This is a fearful tale. E'en now
 My limbs do quiver, and my fear-struck mind
 Shrinks at the remembrance. But tell me how
 Such damning acts have thus remained concealed.

Aristodemus. Let thy amazement cease. My name was great,
 And feared by all. A vote unanimous
 Secured to me the throne 'T was, easy then,
 To practice fraud. For well thou knowest
 How broad the cloak that covers kingly crimes.
 The priests were forced to hush the voice of heaven,
 And in the darkness, secretly conveyed
 Dead Dirces to the temple ; giving out,
 That she had privately been sacrificed,
 And with her blood the angry gods appeased.
 'T was likewise said, her mother, greatly grieved,
 Had in a fit of frenzy killed herself.
 But yet the eyes of Heaven glare fiercely down
 On blood-stained souls ; and sure a god there is
 Who stirs the dead up to awaking crimes
 Making their voice resound in guilty ears.
 Shall I reveal it ? for some several months,
 A fearful spectre—

Gonippus.

To the vulgar leave

The fear of spectres. Do not thou recall
 The shrouded tenants from their voiceless homes.
 Be not depressed. Let sweet-voiced hope console thee.
 It cannot be that Heaven will not forgive
 A deed atoned for by such dire remorse.
 Thy fault was great ; but greater still must be

The mercy of the gods. Be not disturbed.
 Summon thy mind to thoughts of greater moment.
 The Spartan orator is here arrived ;
 He comes intent on peace. Do not forget
 The wailing people beg thee for it.
 The walls are falling, and the cities crumble ;
 The desolate kingdom cries for peace.

Aristodemus. The nation's wish must be obeyed.
 Come, we will go.

Exeunt ARISTODEMUS and GONIPPUS.

[End of ACT I.]

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE SIERRAS.

LUTHER BERTON sat alone in an upper chamber of one of the most fashionable hotels in the town of Marlborough. Through the open, richly curtained window came the sounds of horses' feet, the jolting and lumbering of wagons, the rattle of the carriage wheels, the loud talking of human voices, the confused babel of a large city. The yellow sunlight threw its beautiful rays on the elegantly carpeted floor.

In one corner of the room stood a tidy bed ; in another, a neat washstand, and beside a large table strewn with books sat Luther Berton, contemplating how soon the pleasures and excitements of a city die away, and how much preferable are the more solid comforts of country life. He was a youth about seventeen years of age, and was now spending his vacation in the city. His parents lived in Canada, and were unable to see him on account of the great distance by which they were separated.

At present he was engaged with his own thoughts. "How dreary it is," he said, "to remain in the city for two long months. I thought my stay would be one of pleasure ; I thought I'd never tire of it ! But bah ! one little week has perfectly disgusted me. Why, I almost think I'd rather be at College and"—at this juncture he was interrupted by a loud rap at the door. He started up from his reverie and politely called, "come in !" The visitor was his fellow-student, Andrew Hall.

"Luther, I have something to tell you that will make your heart jump. Don't put such a sad face on everything, and do shake off that intolerable melancholy that you always feel when alone. Come, now, won't you ?"

"I thank you for your kindness, Andrew," was the reply.

Andrew Hall was a lad about sixteen years of age. He was the son of a wealthy banker of Marlborough.

Of money, plentiful was his allowance—aye, even too much for his good—for he was wild, though not so much so as most young men. His father's darling wish was to have Andrew figure to advantage in society, and was determined that if talents were wanting, money, at least, should not be. Having conversed on the ordinary topics, Andrew at length said:

"You must remember that I was talking about making up a camping party, nearly a month ago. Well, I have made arrangements with Jake, the trapper, to take us out deer hunting. May I count you as one of the party?"

"Certainly, by all means," replied Luther; "I have wished for something of the kind, and now it comes most opportunely, for I'm perfectly dying with ennui."

"Well," said his friend, "I have your consent, so come up to the house to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, as we have some other arrangements to make."

That day, at least, passed pleasantly with Luther. The conversation had driven away the sense of loneliness which often crept over him, and visions of a pleasant hunting party, with heaps of slaughtered deer, flitted through his imagination. With what transports of joy did he go to bed that night! All night long he lay tossing himself excitedly upon the bed, evidently turning in his mind all the adventures he might undergo. Next morning at ten o'clock precisely he arrived at his friend's house, and found there, Jake, the trapper, Bill Jones, the guide, Andrew Hall,

Charley Johnson, John Fairfax and William Kempton—all fellow-students, except Jake and Bill, of course.

"Well, Luther," said Charley Johnson, after the usual salutations had been exchanged, "we will leave it to you whether we shall start to-morrow or the day after, and whether we shall stay a week, or two, in the mountains."

"I prefer," he said, "to start to-morrow; and as to the time, I think perhaps we shall stay as long as the sport lasts. We may tire of it before long, and," with a merry laugh, "wish ourselves back again in the regions of civilization, at any rate."

So they determined to start on the following day. The next day Jake rode up to the door with a fine span of horses and a large mountain wagon. After packing up everything conveniently, they took their seats in the wagon, and soon were whirling away to the scene of their sport. Nothing of particular importance took place during the first part of the day. They passed through a delightful region of country, until about the middle of the afternoon, when they entered a very hilly and rugged district, and evening found them among high cliffs and steep mountains on every side, their road winding through them with snake-like undulations. On the right of them leaned a mountainous forest, and when Luther cast his eyes upon the dark gloomy ridges and pathless woods, he could not refrain from expressing his delight, and congratulating Andrew and Bill upon the choice of a locality which promised an abundance of game. Having discovered

a suitable ground, they halted for the night. Bill, the guide, was loud in his commendations of the spot selected, affirming that they might travel very far before finding such another. During supper, Jake informed the company that this spot had been formerly the rendezvous of a band of desperadoes, but was now supposed to be free from them. After having made themselves comfortable—building a huge fire, and wrapping themselves cosily in their blankets, all save Luther fell asleep. An undefinable anxiety seemed to have seized him; a dread that something terrible was about to happen, and that all was not well. Hardly had he been awake an hour, when he saw near the wagon a dark figure gliding along towards him. A sudden suspicion flashed across Luther's mind as to the character of the intruder. Noiselessly he awoke Jake and told him of the figure. Jake comprehended in an instant their situation. During the journey he had kept to himself a fact which had led him to believe that Bill, the guide, was trying to lead them into a den of thieves and cut-throats. He was not surprised at what Luther had informed him, but motioned him to keep silent and watch the movements of the mysterious figure. A cry like that of the night owl reached their attentive ears, followed by another a little further than the first. In a short while two figures emerged from the brow of the mountain, directly opposite our hunters. "Are they asleep?—have they no sentinels?" were the words whispered by the last mentioned of the mysterious figures. "No danger,

Captain; they are all asleep," was the reply. They took their hats off, and disclosed unintentionally their features to Jake. He was not mistaken. There was his trustworthy guide, receiving orders from the captain of a notorious band of thieves. "Well, Captain, have yer got the men ready ter wipe out these here boys!"

"Yes, Bill; they shall be ready by half past twelve to-night."

"When yer hear the screech of the night owl, Captain, it is a sign for our men to come into this here camp; d'ye understand?"

With these words they parted. The guide walked up towards our hunters and awakened them. He told them that he had heard strange noises about the camp, and that it would be better for them to remain awake all night, as something might "turn up." He also offered some brandy to Jake and the boys, telling them that it would warm them up. But they all refused to take any. Part of the plan made up by Jake to capture the guide, was, to send him and Luther for some wood for the fire. While they were gone, Jake told the other boys that a terrible plot was being formed by Bill and a band of cut-throats to rob and murder them. He exhorted them to keep calm and self-possessed during the coming trial, and to defend their lives by a vigorous resistance. "Be ready, boys," he said, "to seize old Bill when I give the signal." By this time Luther and the guide had returned with the wood, and built a large fire. The trapper then gave the signal, and the boys held the guide down until Luther had tied him securely with ropes.

This was at twelve o'clock ; and the robbers would soon be upon them. So Jake gave his directions to Luther—the bravest, strongest, and most prudent of all the boys—and then retired to a little distance from the camp. He imitated the cry of an owl, and was answered by a still louder one. Soon there emerged from a neighboring thicket four rough-looking men. "Are we safe?" whispered the captain of the band.

"All's well, captain," was the reply.

"Then let us proceed, comrades," and on they marched. But hardly had they advanced fifty paces, when a report from a rifle was heard, and one of their number fell dangerously wounded. "Onward!" cries the captain, with a firm voice ; "we have been betrayed ; our comrade is in danger. Onward to the rescue !" The remaining robbers ran furiously towards the camp, and then a hand to hand encounter ensued. Luther and Jake fought side by side, but

they were at length separated. One of the robbers pressed upon Luther with uplifted dagger, and was about to plunge it into his heart, when Jake felled the villain by a blow from his strong fist. The other robbers, seeing their numbers diminished, betook themselves to flight. But our hunters pursued them, and after a hot chase succeeded in capturing them. Of the four, one was killed and one fatally wounded. On the hunters' side, Charley Johnson was severely scratched about the eyes, and Andrew Hall was badly battered about the head ; so medical aid was necessary. They packed up everything the same night, and started for the nearest town. They delivered their prisoners to the authorities there. The hunting party being diminished by two, they all determined to leave for the city together. After two days of hard traveling, they arrived at home, sadder if not wiser youths. Thus ended the great deer-hunting expedition.

MALVERN HILL.

'T was many years ago—before our land,
Divided by dissension's violent hand,
Had felt the iron tread of civil strife,
Or arméd brothers sought each other's life.
Among the granite hills, sequestered lay
A low-thatched cot, by wind and time worn gray.
Here the household of James O'Driscoll dwelt—
Within whose happy pale no care was felt—
Until the woeful day that called his son
Away—his eldest and his only one.
Young Philip was to leave his Northern home
To dwell by the Potomac's gleaming foam.

Sad was the parting—for when first we leave
 That loving circle whose affections cleave
 Like binding tendrils 'round the human heart,
 Our home and kindred it is hard to part :
 To leave, perhaps forevermore, behind,
 All that is loving, true, and good, and kind ;
 To dwell among cold strangers, and to learn
 That friendships oft to bitterest hatreds turn,
 And that our childish notions of mankind
 Live but in day dreams of the untaught mind.
 Such was the parting of the farmer's son.
 He went, and ere that summer day was done
 His eyes beheld the fast receding shore
 That he mayhap was doomed to see no more.
 Before the beauteous world inviting lies,
 And in his soul fair dreams of glory rise.
 Still flowed the ever-swelling tide of years
 Fraught with a myriad rising hopes and fears,
 And still the e'er returning current found
 The farmer's home with every joy around.
 A plenteous peace had blessed his happy lot
 And poured its gifts upon the humble cot.
 And ever and anon long letters came—
 At first full of high hopes and dreams of fame,
 Then bitter disappointments darkly frowned,
 Then fortune smiled, and patient labor crowned.
 Alas for hopes of too-expectant men !
 A cloud was hanging o'er them even then,
 Which burst too soon—a hurricane of blood—
 And drenched the nation in war's seething flood.
 The South has broke the Union's sacred band,
 And civil strife is loosed upon the land.
 To grasp the sword, the farmers leave the plow ;
 Merchants, mechanics, pour to battle now.
 But where the stream of danger deepest runs
 There are fair Erin's generous-hearted sons.
 Child of that land, the cradle of the brave,
 O'Driscoll goes—to glory or the grave.

* * * * *

Weary and long were the ill-fated days
 That found us marching through the toilsome ways
 Of the Virginian wilderness. The foe,
 As we retreated, painfully and slow,
 Around, harassing then on every side

An army once the nation's flower and pride.
White Oaks—the Wilderness had marked our track
With blood, where we had hurled the Southrons back.
Then came the awful fight of Malvern Hill—
Whose sights of woe still make my blood run chill.
One scene yet lies engraven on my heart,
Fixed in my memory never to depart.
I had a friend—O'Driscoll—side by side
We'd fought through many a battle's fiery tide.
He was the fairest shot in the brigade,
As true a soldier as e'er nature made.
At Malvern Hill our regiment was first
When on the foe an avalanche we burst.
Upon our right, from shelter of a mound,
A hostile band poured deadly volleys round,
A brave young officer, with waving sword,
Urging them on by action and by word.
“That officer must fall!” our captain cried,
“Or we are lost.” O'Driscoll left my side,
His rifle raised, quick sped the whistling ball,
We saw the brave youth stagger, reel, and fall.
The column swerved and we came near the place
Where he was lying prone upon his face.
O'Driscoll by a strange impulse was held
To view the fair young form his hand had felled.
He knelt beside the boy and raised his head,
I started, for his face, pale as the dead,
Told me his heart had felt some mighty stroke.
The youth's eyelids unclosed, one word he spoke,
“Father!” and lifeless to the earth he fell.
“My God, I've killed the son I love so well!”
The broken-hearted man in anguish cried.
“O, Philip, soon I'll lay me by thy side!”
He left me and I saw him not again
’Till passing near where the dead boy had lain,
Stretched cold in death, his son locked in his arms,
My comrade lay. Sadly I made their grave
And laid together the ill-fated brave.”

Such was the soldier's story, such the fate
Of those whom erst we saw with hope elate.
Nor on one home alone came such a woe ;
A thousand households felt the same stern blow.
O ye who sow the seeds of civil war,
What woes, what crimes, have ye to answer for !

HISTORICAL ESSAY ON THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

THE most striking feature of English history is the uniformity of government that has existed in that country from the earliest ages. For long centuries it has had but one vacant link in the chain of its monarchical government, and that one link was—the Protectorate. “Time tries the truth in everything,” and the government of England has nobly withstood the trial, and to-day stands true to the laws that first ranked and upheld it as one of the greatest monarchies of modern times. Such a stable government must surely be supported by the love and allegiance of the subjects, for no undertaking, be it great or small, will prosper if it is not carried on by the concurring views of all concerned. The love of national customs is one of the strongest feelings that animates man’s breast. This love was not exterminated by the dissensions of the revolution, and when “the strict arrest of fell serjeant death” removed Cromwell from “this world of vile ill-favored faults,” it was most clearly manifested. Thus Charles I was at last victorious over his enemies in the restoration of his son to the English throne.

What religious fanaticism and tyrannical anarchy did for the father, national love and enthusiasm did for the son. Yet the father was the nobler, the better man. The revolution against him was the consequence of a revolution in the feelings of the people, which he knew not how to

manage, and so, like an unskillful mariner, he was engulfed by the wave, which with little tact he could have surmounted. This was the result of his deficient knowledge in judging the character of the people, and the false idea he had of government from the observation of the continental monarchs, who at that time reigned more or less absolutely.

What experience he had gained in his father’s court was not to the improvement of his political wisdom. By faithless courtiers, and even by the king himself, he was taught to view all the arts of deception and intrigue as the consummation of statesmanship. His visit to the Spanish court with the duke of Buckingham, his father’s prime minister, was not conducive to the attainment of the wisdom that generally accrues from foreign travel. The intriguing disposition of the duke led that gentleman into many actions that created great scandal in Madrid, and eventually led to the dissolution of the marriage engagement then existing between Charles and the Infanta. Such conduct in the duke, who seemed to be the favorite of both father and son, was not lost on Charles. How, then, can it be surprising that he committed acts of petty tyranny, when he ascended the throne, after he had received such instructions in his youth; for

“Just as the tree is bent the tree’s inclined.”

After this, an engagement of mar-

riage was contracted by James between Charles and Henrietta Maria, sister of the king of France. This was a bad step for Charles, both on account of Henrietta's religion, which was contrary to the established church of England, and also the close connection into which he was brought with the king of France, who was one of the most absolute monarchs of the time.

Charles loved Henrietta with a true and tender devotion, and often afterwards, through his great love, was led into many measures by her, which produced violent disturbances between him and the people. Yet this sincere affection was highly commendable in him, for he did more toward the suppression of licentiousness in his court, than any former monarch, and was indeed a model husband. His purity of conduct was not found in many of his predecessors or successors, and was truly remarkable in one thrown into dissolute and licentious society as much as he. Although his virtues could not carry him smoothly over life's tempestuous sea, they supported him in the trials and misfortunes of his earthly pilgrimage.

There seems to have been a peculiar fatality attending every action of his reign; yet it is truly remarkable that one possessing so great a superiority over many other of the English monarchs, both in mind and morals, should have been so unfortunate. Undoubtedly this was caused by the state of the kingdom at his accession, for all historians agree in saying that he came to the throne in the worst of times. The country was arousing

from the long lethargy attendant upon the feudal system, and "from the ashes of the old feudal and decrepit carcass" of the customs and manners of the Middle Ages, a new era "on its luminous wings" opened to the view of the people. This was what caused a change in the nation's mind, and produced a hatred of the petty tyrannies enacted in more unenlightened ages.

Charles did not modify his government to suit the changes that the time required, and so, not accommodating himself to the necessity, it caused his ruin. There had been two sovereigns before him, who had enjoyed prosperous reigns, although they had both endeavored to practice the same tyranny in regard to parliament as that which proved so disastrous in his case. These two, Henry VIII and Elizabeth, failed; but their attempts furnished an example to Charles the more likely to be followed, since though despotic measures were essayed by them, they did not mar the prosperity of their rule.

Although such conduct was not justifiable in Charles, he committed no fault meriting the awful punishment of death. Much of the suspicion "in the common mind" was caused by the distrust manifested against the duke of Buckingham, Charles' minister. He did not bear a very good character for uprightness, and though not guilty of any serious crimes, as long as he lived he was the prime cause of all the trouble between the king and parliament.

In the many contests between Charles and that body during his troubled reign, he was not the sole

aggressor. Of his first parliament he demanded subsidies. The last one had very earnestly called for a war with Spain, and Charles could not see why the new one should refuse to support it; so he asked money for its prosecution. With this demand he promised a redress of all grievances; yet his promises were not regarded. One small subsidy was all that was voted him, with the exception of the custom duties for one year. The Lords, to their honor, were indignant that those duties had been voted by the Commons for such a short period; and at their remonstrance they were voted during Charles' reign.

The Commons paid no more attention to the subsidies, and by their conduct showed that they were determined to obtain a redress of their grievances before anything else.

Such behavior was not pleasing to Charles. He had as yet manifested no inclination to tyranny, but these actions seemed to have, suddenly, awakened it, as parliament was dissolved.

These disturbances were but a prelude to what followed; and as parliament in the first place had started them, it also balanced its own side of the scale afterwards. The one that starts a quarrel is not blameless, though he afterwards is mistreated by his opponent. One of the most serious charges that can be brought against Charles, is the signing of the death-writ for the execution of the earl of Strafford. Nothing can justify him in this, yet some allowance is to be made, for parliament was fu-

rious for the earl's death, and used such alarming threats against the king as would have terrified many a man of far sterner character. Yet even against these he bore up, till the supplications of his terrified queen, and at last a letter from Strafford, entreating him to yield to the wishes of parliament, forced him to do so, much against his will.

If the acts of parliament on this occasion and in this affair were not so blameable as those of Charles', they fully showed the cruel character of that body. He had been condemned on an unjust bill of attainder, but for what? High treason was the charge; and even if it were true, his condemnation was most cruel, for his counsel was not allowed to be heard; just as if the honorable parliamentary body were afraid he might prove himself innocent. The quarrels between the king and parliament subsequent to the death of Strafford were many, and to Charles were fraught with "more pangs and fears than wars or women have."

The execution of the earl left Ireland without a governor. Much contention on that account arose between the king and parliament. Charles was charged with complicity in the late revolts that had occurred there, but the accusations proved utterly groundless; so the more effectually to silence parliament's murmurings, and to free himself from the suspicion of duplicity in regard to the Irish, he gave that body the power of quelling the rebellion.

To be continued.

THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

I.

In the wild whirl of battle
When all the blood is stirred,
When bugles sound their war notes,
And cheers and shouts are heard,
But little recks the soldier
The musket's hissing ball,
Which sings his sudden requiem
And seals his doom with all ;
Nor heeds the screaming bombshell
Amid the roaring strife,
Nor the sun-gleaming broadsword
Which cuts the cords of life.
But oh ! to die of hunger,
To wrestle day by day
With a grim and ghastly enemy
That gnaws the heart away ;
An over-ruling Providence
To be tempted to doubt,
And curse the God who made us, as
The lamp of life goes out,
Is of all deaths most terrible
Which falls to mortal here—
It chills the blood, it wrings the heart,
Bids rise the scalding tear.

II.

Within a crumbling mansion,
Which once was large and grand,
But now a blackened ruin
Laid low by hostile hand,
There dwelt, with her three children—
From all the world apart—
A widow, whose sad, pallid face
Told of a broken heart.
The hungry stars glared fiercely
Down on that household small,
As shivering around the hearth-stone

The Widow's Offering.

Huddled the children all.
 The mother, thin and care-worn,
 Stood there above her charge,
 While tears unshed swelled in her eyes—
 Her lustrous eyes and large—
 They seemed to see starvation
 Prowling around her door.
 She looked upon her children,
 But could not help them more.

III.

“ Give us some food dear mother—
 One little crust of bread,
 For we are cold and hungry.”
 The mother shook her head,
 “ God help you my dear children,”
 The heart-sick woman cried,
 “ I cannot help you longer
 In God we must confide.
 That I can't feed you darlings
 God knows how sad I feel,
 There is no food in all the house,
 Except one quart of meal.
 For you I'll now prepare the food—
 Four little cakes 't will make—
 Three of the largest you shall have,
 The other I will take.”
 Ere long the scanty meal was set,
 The children gathered round,
 But ere they'd tasted of the food
 There came a tapping sound.
 The door was quietly opened,
 A soldier staggered in—
 His clothes were coarse and ragged,
 His face was pale and thin.
 “ Oh! give me but a mouthful,
 For Heaven's sake,” he said,
 “ Of yonder cakes, for 'tis three days
 Since I have tasted bread.”
 The soldier sank, exhausted,
 Upon the cheerless floor;
 The mother scanned her dear ones—
 She saw their scanty store.
 “ Alas!” she sighed, “ how can I

Against great nature strive;
How can I give the soldier food
My children not deprive!"
To her true woman's instinct,
The way was quickly shown;
She gave the children each a cake,
She gave the man her own.
"Take and eat it, though my last,
You need it more than I,
I will not see you, soldier,
Of grim starvation die."
"Is this the truth good woman?"
The soldier sadly said,
"I will not touch it, by our flag,
Though I am almost dead!"
"Oh! soldier thou art faint," she said,
"Now for thy mother's sake!
Eat it, for thy country needs thee—
My last, my only cake."
"Now by the sword I wear,
I will repay this noble deed,
And save you; this I swear."

IV.

On, on, the widow struggled
Until the war was done;
The soldier, in the mean time, had
A general become.
The widow and her children
He took unto his home,
And cares for them and treats them
As if they were his own.

Spurn not the poor, who at your door
Seek alms in wintry weather;
For dear those ties which bind mankind
In charity together.

SOUND.

A LECTURE DELIVERED WITH EXPERIMENTS, ON COMMENCEMENT DAY, JUNE 23, 1869.

[Continued.]

SO far, we have considered two things : first, that sound results from a vibratory movement of what we call the sonorous body ; and secondly, that regularity and rapidity of oscillation are the conditions essential to the production of all *musical* sound.

Musical sounds are around us by the legion, yet we easily perceive that there is a great difference among them. What is the principal mark by which we distinguish one from another? If we reflect a little, we will find that their chief distinctive characteristic is their pitch—their degree of acuteness. Here another question naturally suggests itself. What causes the pitch of a note? The cause lies in the production of the sound. The pitch of a note depends solely upon the number of vibrations concerned in its production ; the more rapid they are, the higher is the pitch. We can prove this most simply and effectually by means of an instrument already explained—the syren. By increasing more and more the current passing through the tube, the puffs of air become more and more rapid, and the note correspondingly higher and higher.

When, a short time ago, I set the string of the sonometer into transverse vibrations, this note was heard. The resources of a wire are not ex-

hausted by one sound ; I can obtain from it as many notes as I desire. I divide the wire into two equal parts, by resting it firmly at the middle point upon a bridge. Now if either of these halves is called, a musical note immediately responds, which many, perhaps, among you who are conversant with music recognize as the octave of the former. Now, in all cases and with all instruments, the octave of any note is obtained by doubling the number of its vibrations. If I reduce the string to one-third its length, it will vibrate just three times as fast as the whole did, producing a note still higher than that of the former division. In general words, the number of a string's vibrations is inversely proportional to the length ; therefore, the shorter is the string the higher is the note.

When I play, if I may so speak, on the third or the half of the string, you have not to suppose that the remainder, all that extends beyond the bridge, lies there in idleness, independent of my control. In this whole length, there are but one or two points of relative rest ; all the others are busy at work. The string in fact divides itself into two or three active segments, or more, as the case may be, equal in length to that cut off by the bridge, and separated by points of relative rest, called nodes.

I could show and prove this to you with this very wire, by simply placing on the middle of the vibrating parts, as well as on the dead points, small paper riders. Those seated on the centers of the vibrating segments would fly off, and those on the nodes steadily retain their position. With this small wire, however, only few could witness and relish the experiment. Let us, therefore, enlarge a little the scale of our illustration, and from a wire three feet in length, let us pass to one thirty feet. On this, instead of paper riders only a fraction of an inch in size, I may place these small sheets of paper visible to all. I will damp the vibrations of the wire at one-half, then one-third, then one-fourth its length. Now, according to what I have said, if one of these two gentlemen will vibrate this small part of the wire, which is one-fourth, the remainder must resolve itself into three equal and like vibrating segments, separated by nodes, or points of relative rest. If, therefore, the action is where it should be, a piece of paper will forthwith be driven away from this point; and if the quietude is in its proper place, on this point a sheet of paper will remain. Let us perform the experiment.

The motions which the different parts of a wire conceive when damped at any point of its length, are admirably exemplified by the analogous motions of a rubber tube held steadily at one end, and regularly disturbed at the other. The tube may thus be caused to vibrate as a whole, or, increasing the motion, to divide itself into equal oscillatory

parts, each alive with independent activity.

All these experiments tend to illustrate and confirm the principle, that the shorter the string is the higher is its sound, because the greater is the number of its vibrations in a fixed time. Were shortening the vibrating chord the only way to raise its sound, a violin, for instance, would be a most unmanageable instrument. The force of tension aids us. Instead of reducing the length of a string, we may elevate the pitch solely by increasing the tension.

Without altering the length of the string, or increasing the tension, the pitch may be elevated by diminishing either the thickness or the density of the chord. We have then four ways of raising the pitch of a string's sound: shortening the string, increasing its tension, diminishing the thickness, lessening the density or weight. To the first three, especially, of these four principles, are all stringed instruments deeply indebted for the immense variety of sounds of which they are the source. In the violin we obtain the higher notes by lessening the diameter of the strings, and by skillfully shortening the chords with our fingers; the lower tones by availing ourselves of the thickness of the strings. In the piano-forte we not only augment the thickness of the wires intended to produce the bass notes, but we load them with coils; while to obtain a gradual increase of tones, we gradually decrease the length and diameter of the wires. In wind instruments we are enabled to obtain sounds of different pitch by varying in length, by means

of keys, the columns of air contained. Hitherto we have seen with sufficient accuracy how sonorous movements are produced ; let us now examine how they are propagated. The vibrations of a sonorous body are not sufficient by themselves alone to excite in our ear the sensation of sound. It is necessary that they be first communicated to some surrounding elastic medium, which, being thrown into vibration, transmits them to our auditory nerve. Along this they hasten to the brain, there to be translated into sound. In other words, there must be some means of connection between the vibrating body and our ear. This medium is commonly the air. If there is no medium there will be no sound. In a perfect vacuum the hammer indeed will fall, but the blow will be silent. Sound cannot penetrate a vacuum ; hence, in ascending high in a balloon, Guy Lussac found his voice to be considerably inferior in strength to its ordinary self.

That a vacuum effectually clips the wings of sound, may easily be demonstrated by the air-pump. We have one of these machines, built in San Francisco. It is, as you know, an instrument to pump out air from a receiver, usually of glass, placed on the plate of the machine. My assistant will stand a clock-work bell under the receiver of the air-pump, and let you hear its sound while still surrounded by air. Let us now remove as much of the air as possible. The vacuum is already nearly formed ; but as it is the last trace of air whose absence is desirable in this experiment, I will introduce into the re-

ceiver some hydrogen, and then pump it out, thus thoroughly washing from the machine the most reluctant air-particles. The bell apparatus is in motion, but not the least sound can be heard proceeding from it.

Undoubtedly, air or some other medium is necessary to convey to our ear the sound-vibrations. But do you know how sound travels ? In what state are we to picture to ourselves to be the particles of air whilst transmitting sound ? Applying a flame to the mixture of oxygen and hydrogen in this small balloon, the gases explode, and every ear is conscious of a shock or sound. How was the shock transmitted from the balloon to our organs of hearing ? Have the exploding gases shot the air-particles, like gunshots, against the most distant persons of the audience ? I think not. If such were the case, the explosion of the mixed gases in this theatre would have been accompanied by a kind of hurricane. In the vicinity of the balloon there was to some extent a propulsion of aerial particles ; but not a single molecule of air from the neighborhood reached any auditor. The process was this : When the flame touched the gases, they combined chemically, and their union was accompanied by intense heat. The air at this hot focus expanded suddenly, forcing the surrounding air violently away in all directions. This motion of the air close to the balloon was rapidly imparted to that a little further off, the air first set in motion coming at the same time to rest. That at a little distance passed its motion on to the air at a greater distance, and came

also in its turn to rest. Thus each shell of air surrounding the balloon took up the motion of the next preceding, and transmitted it to the next succeeding shell, the movement being thus propagated as a wave through the air. Thus is sound conducted through the atmosphere from particle to particle. The molecules of air filling the ear are finally driven against the tympanic membrane which closes the drum of the ear, and transmits its motions to the ends of the auditory nerve, and along it to the brain. Here the consciousness of sound is excited. This propagation of sound-waves is no hypothesis, but is a well-known, settled fact.

When we observe a man at a distance felling a tree, there is a short interval between our seeing and hearing the blows. The firing of a gun a little way off admirably exemplifies the principle that a sonorous wave occupies an appreciable time in passing from place to place, and also that the propagation of sound is less rapid than that of light. The most careful and refined experiments have demonstrated, that through air, at the freezing temperature, sound passes with the velocity of 1,090 feet per second, and that the velocity of sound increases or diminishes directly as the temperature, at the rate of about two feet for every single degree.

Sounds are not only propagated through air, or other gases, but they are also faithfully transmitted through liquids and solids. The solidity or liquidity of a body is no bar to its ready conveyance of sound; on the contrary, it is a very great assistance.

Divers, when beneath the surface of the water, distinctly hear sounds from shore; and fish are often stunned to death by the concussion of a cannon fired at sea.

To prove this power which liquids have of transmitting sound, becomes now my task. The instruments required need no explanation—simply a glass of water, and a tuning-fork, or diapason. To aid the experiment, the diapason is fastened upon a wooden foot. You hear no sound now, although the fork is struck. I place the block in the water, and you hear what sound we have.

The syren is again serviceable to us. Instead of a current of air, we will this time employ one of water. The instrument being placed in this large glass jar, and the current turned on, the water quickly covers it, and you hear its sound proceeding through the liquid.

It has been ascertained, by careful experiment, made with large masses of water, that, through liquids, sound travels far swifter than through gases; through solids still faster than through liquids. Through liquids and solids sound is not only transmitted swifter, but far more perfectly than through gases. By placing the ear in contact with the earth, sounds may be distinguished at great distances. In this way, they say, hunters hear the tread of the tiger long before they see his tawny sides; and in subterranean galleries, the striking of the pick-axe is often heard through the rock from one tunnel to another, thus guiding the miner in the proper direction.

We are indebted to Professor Wheatston, of England, for a beau-

tiful experiment, illustrating the transmission of sound through solid bodies ; and I shall endeavor to reproduce it, as well as our establishment, much less pretentious than the Royal Institution, will allow. At the rear of the hall a piano-forte has been placed ; and, resting against the sounding-board, and connecting it with our presence, there is this long wooden rod. Through these sixty feet of wood the music will be conducted, and the slightest intonations of the melody will proceed from the end of the rod as perfect, as delicate, as though but a few feet of thin air intervened. Although the wooden rod so faithfully carries the sound unaided, it is too insignificant to make the harmony apparent. Only when we apply to the bar some large surface, does the music leap forth. I suffer the end of the bar to rest against the box of a violincello, and the sound is distinctly heard. For the violincello, substitute a harp. The harp throws off the melody, as though swept by invisible fingers. Remove the rod from the instrument, and the music again becomes latent ; replace it, and the harmony reappears.

Having thus somewhat illustrated the production and propagation of sound, at the risk of trying your patience, I will glance swiftly over a cause or two that hold an influence on its intensity. By intensity, I mean to say its degree of loudness or feebleness ; far different, you will allow, from the pitch—the height or depth of a note. A sound may maintain the same pitch, and still vary much in intensity.

On these two things the intensity

chiefly depends : first, on the amplitude of the vibrations. When we draw aside this string, and suddenly liberate it, its vibrations possess at first the maximum of extent, and as the string strives to regain its position of equilibrium, the amplitude of the oscillations gradually decreases, and the sound also grows weaker and dies. Secondly, the intensity of sound depends upon the distance traveled, decreasing with the increase of extent.

Let us consider the sounding body as the center of an indefinite globe of air, surrounding it on all sides. As the waves of sound proceed from the center in every direction, they diffuse themselves through a continually augmenting mass of air. It is manifest that this cannot occur without a corresponding enfeeblement of the motion. By consequence, the greater the distance of a particle of air is from the center, or sounding body, the weaker is the motion it receives and imparts to our ear.

Could we, then, so confine the sound-wave as to prevent its lateral diffusion, but little enfeeblement would occur. We can thus restrain sound by sending it through a tube, with a smooth interior surface. It has been ascertained that, confined in this way, sound may be carried to great distances with but very little diminution of intensity. Let me illustrate this principle by a single amusing experiment. Here there is the mouth of a long India-rubber tube, that extends entirely out of the hall. If I address my assistant through it, he will be enabled to answer as well as though he were standing here upon the stage. Closing

and opening the mouth of the tube, I shall ask him to sing a song.

You are aware that speaking tubes like this are employed in hotels for transmitting messages from one story to another ; and on steamboats, to connect the pilot-house with the engine-room. All such tubes are a most evident demonstration of the principle that sound, when confined in a tube, may be conveyed to great distances, and still suffer but little diminution of intensity.

Sound is always augmented in intensity when the sonorous body is in contact with, or near another, capable of vibrating in unison with it. To illustrate this principle, I will employ this instrument we have here, called Savart's apparatus—a metallic bowl, or inverted bell, standing by a movable box, whose open end points towards the bell. The bell is the sonorous body, and the mass of air contained in the box is the one which must vibrate in unison with it. I slide the box a short distance away, and with a bow set the bowl into motion ; you hear the voice of the metal only. I replace the box near to the bell, and the sound is vastly strengthened.

A further proof is the glass cylinder filled only with air. Strike a large tuning-fork, and, excepting a very slight and high tremor, no sound proceeds from its oscillation ; but hold it over the mouth of the cylinder, and the contained air immediately flows up, charged with sound. Stand the tuning-fork on its box, and the same result follows.

The sound of a vibrating string is reinforced by stretching it over a suitable box filled with air. Whenever we hear a guitar, a violin, a harp, or a piano, it is not the chords which resound, but it is the larger sounding body with which they are in connection. They, indeed, are the first movers of the harmony ; but not through them is it apparent to us.

Many more interesting things could be said about the nature of sound ; its reflection, and the echoes produced by it ; its refraction and interference. Of all instruments which are the source of it, the most wonderful, the most admirably constructed, the most perfect, adapting itself to all degrees of loudness and of pitch, is the organ of the human voice. Truly, here are seen the depths of the creative wisdom.

SANTA CLARA VALLEY FROM THE COLLEGE TOWER.

THE sun was rising in all grandeur above the summits of the adjacent mountains, shedding a flood of golden light over the well-watered and fertile valley of Santa Clara. The air was cold and bracing, and as the sun ascended it darted a thrill of warmth through the heart. The frost-work glittered like diamonds in the sun-light, and the lark poured forth in melodious strains its morning carol. The sun, as it continued in its course, gilded the turrets and church steeples of Santa Clara, and tipped the weeping willow and the gnarled oak trees with a silver radiance.

This valley is watered by several streams, the most conspicuous of which are the Guadalupe and the Coyote. The ground is carpeted with green, and studded with the most gorgeous of spring flowers, from one side of the valley to the other, and the fields, under good cultivation, promise an abundant harvest. Beneath my right stands the small but thriving town of Santa Clara. It has not many imposing edifices. Men are thus early at their different occupations; the sturdy stroke of the blacksmith is heard as it falls on the hot iron, and his song as he deals blow on blow upon the ringing anvil.

To the south is the large and flourishing town of San José. It is but three miles distant, and is connected with Santa Clara by a horse railroad.

The objects which first meet the observer's eye, are the lofty and magnificent Court-House—*Dedicata Justitie*, and the two tall towers of a church.

To the north stretch the gray waters of San Francisco bay. Though at some distance from me, objects upon its surface are perfectly discernible. Numerous steamers and small craft of every description are anchored there, awaiting the flow of the tide.

A clear, loud whistle breaks the calmness of the morning air. It is the early train to San Francisco. Just see how gracefully the white smoke curls up, and is dissolved in the bright air! Hear the clattering of the wheels! How beautiful the train looks as she speeds along to her destination! Now she is out of sight; she has disappeared amid the forest of oaks in the west.

Santa Clara valley is very thinly wooded around the College; but just the other side of the railroad track you dive into a forest of willows, which is almost impenetrable. One turn from the College gate on the horse-cars, and we are upon the famed "Alameda," both sides of which were planted with willows and cotton trees by the early Franciscans. The cars roll along between these two rows of trees; and in summer, when the willows have their leaves on, they form a vast arch for long distances, only here and there letting

in the sunbeams. The seats on the roof of the cars enable you to catch the slightest breeze, and to enjoy nature spread out around. You hear with joy the lowing of the cattle, and the larks and linnets warbling their loud morning songs. All these show to us that the beneficent hand of God is everywhere.

In course of time, Santa Clara and San José will rise to be large cities. As yet, both are very young; but they have made great progress. San José already contains upwards of ten thousand inhabitants, and Santa Clara

three thousand. Santa Clara valley is about fifty miles in length, and, at San José, eighteen in width. All over it, artesian wells have been sunk. This valley lies between the Mt. Diablo and Santa Cruz ranges, both spurs of the great Coast Range. The climate is mild and healthful throughout the year; and the Warm Springs or Congress Hall, during the summer, are favorite resorts for invalids and pleasure seekers, on account of their mineral waters, and the delightful drives to surrounding prominent points.

ROME.

UNBOUNDED wealth, magnificence and power
 Were all attendants of thy brighter day;
 The spoils of myriad nations was thy dower,
 The mightiest empires owned thy potent sway,
 Earth's choicest treasures fell to thee a prey;
 While to the East, the West, the South, the North,
 Thy valorous chieftains held their conq'ring way.
 Yet what were all these triumphs, glories worth,
 Since they but fed the flame to which they first gave birth?

The thirst for fame and conquest—'t was thy bane,
 Eternal Rome, and sped thee to thy fall;
 For when that dreaded power began to wane,
 They whom thy gory sword did long appall—
 The Goth, the Hun, the Vandal, and the Gaul—
 Observed with gloating eyes its keen edge fail.
 With yells of rage, they scaled thy barrier wall;
 Their hideous cries for vengeance swelled the gale,
 And blood, and crime, and ruin followed in their trail.

Now is thy pristine glory fled for aye;
 No more art thou the guardian of the free:
 Yet e'en in thy deplorable decay

An air of grandeur hovers over thee.
Thy ruin is imbued with majesty,
And musing 'mid thy shrines and temples old,
To us they seem re-peopled, and we see
The great of former ages, and behold
The dimming mist of time far backward from them rolled.

Again upon the crowded sacred way
The victor's car moves onward, and the throng
With loud exultant shouts, seek thus to pay
Their homage to the hero ; while the song
Of beauteous maidens cheers the way along,
Whom have we here? Ah! 't is some captive king,
Once mighty, now debased by chains and thong ;
And next, the slaves their loads of trophies bring,
To make their blood-stained god a worthy offering.

Hence with this idle pageant ; which gives food
For sage, though sad reflections. Let us turn
To where in simple, solemn grandeur stood
The proud old Roman Forum, and here learn
That glory's torchlight doth forever burn
With an unfading lustre—for the fame
Of Rome's great dead, though they may ne'er return,
Is greater now than when their words of flame
Awoke redoubled shouts of rapturous acclaim.

Thy power, Imperial Rome, has sadly waned ;
Yet grieve not, though it ne'er return to thee.
What though that hollow pomp be not regained,
Since on thy brow a brighter gem we see—
The glittering crown of peace and piety.
Adoring nations still their homage pay,
And thou shalt reign forever. Thine shall be
Thro' coming time a brighter, happier day,
Nor e'er on thee shall press the footsteps of decay.

THE MICROSCOPE.

FOR a long time after its invention, the microscope was a source of wonder to the common people. They regarded it as connected with the black art; and the happy possessor of one of these instruments, was set down as a sorcerer and friend of the devil.

Some years after its invention, a poor monk, with travel-soiled garments and blistered feet, made his way into a little German village, situated on the banks of the rapid Rhine. He was sick and care-worn, and tottered feebly on his pilgrim staff, as he made his way to a quiet little inn, nestling among a grove of oak-trees. He was met at the door by the landlord, with a smiling, benevolent face, and a stomach that rivalled Falstaff's. A scarlet cap with a gilded button rested on his head, and a huge pipe, whose smoke enveloped him in a cloud of gold, hung from his mouth. As soon as this personage beheld the poor monk, he drew the pipe from his mouth, the smile left his face, and an expression of profound pity took its place. Taking him by the hand, he assisted him to enter the parlor of the inn; here he set him down by the huge fire-place, upon whose spit, a tender pullet was soon broiling. The landlord's wife bathed his blistered feet, and after he had partaken of some food, she showed him to a bed in a neat little room, where he soon after

fell into a deep sleep. The next morning when the host went to inquire after his guest, imagine his surprise and consternation at finding him lying dead on his bed. In a few hours, the sad news had spread all over the village. Old women went around gossiping, each telling a different story. Some said the monk was a highwayman, who had come to the village, under a monk's habit, to die in peace. Others said he had come, intending to rob the inn, and that the hand of God had prevented the foul act. In fact more versions of the story were told than one could count. Meanwhile the landlord was not idle; he caused the corpse to be washed and shrouded, and a coffin and a grave to be prepared for it. The poor monk had little or no property; two or three books on optics, and a small ebony box, of fine workmanship, were all. The landlord took possession of these articles, and as the box was the only thing of interest to him, he proceeded to open it. "Who knows," said he, "what may be in it; may be it is full of ducats, or precious stones." The raising of the lid revealed a plate of German silver, in the center of which was a round glass. "Ah!" exclaimed the host, "it must be something valuable, or see how strongly it is guarded!" He applied his eye to the glass; in an instant his face turned deadly pale, and huge

drops of perspiration, hung like beads on his brow ; his eyes seemed ready to burst from their sockets, as he dropped the box and with an affrightened yell, made the best of his way, into the street. He was quickly surrounded by a crowd, eager to hear the story. The poor fellow endeavored to relate it, but his narration was repeatedly broken by groans and cries. "But my good fellow," said a student just returned from college, "control your, ahem ! emotions, and tell these worthy people the cause, ahem ! of your fright." "Ah ! me, ah ! me," groaned the poor landlord, "the priest that died in my house, was—oh ! oh ! the devil, and he—he had a tremendous winged imp of hell, caged up in a little box !" "The devil is in the village," was passed from mouth to mouth, and the crowd, with the student at their head, were rushing pell mell towards the inn. Ere long they reached it, and the student advanced towards the box, with the crowd at his heels. "Pshaw !" said he, "the devil in this little box ? Ha ! ha ! it is simply impossible !" He picked up the box and peeped within. In an instant the ill-fated box fell with a crash upon the floor, and the poor student rushed out of the house like a flash of lightning. The crowd followed, and the old inn

trembled to its foundation, as they flew rather than ran out of the portals. As soon as the student could collect his scattered senses, he exclaimed : "The landlord's eyes did not deceive him, the devil is surely in that box, for I saw him myself. His body was of a flaming red, with huge black wings ; but the most remarkable thing, is that a demon, of fifteen or twenty feet long, could get into that little box ! Why I tell you my good people, it is against all the laws of nature !" "Will you let me see the box ?" said a voice from the crowd. All eyes were turned upon the speaker, who was a portly gentleman of about fifty years of age. "Certainly sir," said the student, follow me and you shall see the fearful monster." He led the way to the door of the room which contained the box, and said : "My good sir, there is the box, enter and look at it ; as for me, I have had enough of it." The gentleman stepped in, and picking up the box, applied it to his eye. As soon as he beheld its contents, he burst into a loud laugh, which inspired the crowd with the belief that the devil had turned him crazy. Pushing back a slide, he inverted the box, and out rolled a dragon-fly. The mystery was explained ; the box was a microscope. The student looked crest-fallen, and the crowd burst into roars of laughter.

IDLE NOTES.

SINCE our last issue, a couple of months have elapsed. The improved appearance of our little Magazine, however, bears testimony that we have not misemployed this time. It is our intention now to dispatch THE OWL monthly during the ten months of the college year, making the affair support itself, instead of sending it forth semi-occasionally, as was at first designed, on whatever funds we should be able to obtain.

We ask from the whole State your hearty support. Ours is the only college-paper on the coast, and while almost hundreds are upheld in the East, it would not very well become you to see this one wither when scarcely out of the germ. We are going to be like the cactus, which, by the way, ought to be on our State seal, strong and sturdy, determined to live, wearing through the longest, driest season, without ever showing a wrinkle; bearing a fruit which, if the rind be torn away, is not unrefreshing. Aid us, every one, so that the frost may not nip us before we are old enough to carry out our resolve. So far as we know, we have only one superior in the way of magazines on the Pacific slope. To every parent, especially, whose darling, big or little, is here at school, we look for a subscription. The good example has already been set; do not let it be futile.

As was stated in December, all articles in our Magazine are written by

students, unless credited to others. If, therefore, faults creep in, blame us alone.

Some weeks since, work was begun by the College on a new structure in the vacant lot, corner of Franklin and Alviso streets. A half dozen lines have appeared in several newspapers, to the effect that buildings, whose cost of erection is three hundred thousand dollars, are about to be erected by the Faculty. If some liberal person were to place three hundred thousand dollars in the hands of our energetic president, not a moment would elapse before ground would begin to be leveled, and bricks and mortar to rise. But as the College treasurer rejoices in no such sum, no works so pretentious will be commenced.

The new structure is to be of timber, strongly framed, resting upon brick foundations. It will front north on Franklin street, one hundred and fifteen feet; its depth will be one hundred and forty-five feet, on Alviso street. The building will consist of three stories: the lower one a dormitory, the two upper a theatre. The stage of the theatre will measure seventy-two feet in width by thirty-four in depth, and the proscenium arch bends over a line thirty-three feet long, its keystone lifting itself twenty-nine feet above the floor of the stage. Twenty-six feet by eight are allotted to the orchestra. The auditorium will be ninety-eight feet

by seventy-two, over a portion of which a large gallery will be sustained. The height of the theatre is to be forty-two feet. It is said that this hall will seat verging upon three thousand auditors. The dormitory in the lower story is twenty feet high, and stands about six feet from the ground. The whole structure, considering its altitude and the great surface it covers, will be quite colossal.

The lowest story, without, is of the Roman Doric order, with pedestals. In the upper stories the Ionic style of architecture is followed in detail. The substitution of this large hall for the old theatre ought to infuse new vigor into our already very efficient dramatic corps.

We have received with much pleasure several college papers from the East, marked with an *x*. Such a kind reception assures us we have entered into a very genial circle. The *Notre Dame Scholastic College Standard*, and *College Courant* have reached us, together with the *Young Crusader*, a Sunday-school magazine from Boston. We recommend this latter to California parents as an admirable present to their little ones. A fine chromo of Pius IX is offered for the largest club in each State.

The *Courant* complains of a restive and departing disposition among audiences in its town at the literary society meetings.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CATHEDRAL. By James Russell Lowell.
From A. Waldteufel, San Jose.

Here is a book we cannot under-

stand. Obscurity is its essence. On sitting down to read the crowning poem of James Russell Lowell's literary life, one naturally hopes to spend a very pleasant hour; but the work is a disappointment. The poem opens with reminiscences of childhood—

“Far through the memory shines a happy day,”

yet what connection there is between this portion, this introduction, and the principal part of the work, it is difficult to discover. The kernel of the book is occupied with doubts and speculations, “driftings,” religious and infidel, for whose expression poetry, after all, is the best-selected medium, when strong, plain prose would dissolve the weak sentiments beyond all chance of recognition. As to the matter, it is old; received by no man of reason. Of what use is this volume? It propounds nothing new, no new system of philosophy; it simply endeavors to destroy. Anybody can do this.

On several occasions, the text descends too low by far for dignified poetry, as does this line:

“A dish warmed over at the feast of life.”

In another page, a pun is introduced.

“And, clubbing in one mess their lack of phrase,
Set their best man to grapple with the Gaul.
‘Esker vous ate a nabiting?’ he asked.
‘I never ate one; are they good?’ asked I.”

There are several good self-thrusts. The poet is in the old cathedral in Chartres.

“————— I gazed abashed,
Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past,
And twittering round the work of larger men,
As we had builded what we but deface.”

THE OLIO.

My grandmother had a receipt for testing the quality of indigo, which may be of service to those who make a living by dyeing. I will give it in her own elegant phraseology: "Take a pound of indigo or a half a pound of indigo, I forget which; put it in a pail of water or half a pail of water, I forget which; it will either sink or swim, I forget which; and the indigo will be either good or bad, I forget which."

A RECEIPT.—Let those who have a difficulty in pronouncing *th* repeat several times a day the following lines, and my word for it, after a month's exercise they will not say *zorously* for *thoroughly*.

Theophilus, the Theban, thrust a thistle through the thick of his thigh.

Did Theophilus, the Theban, thrust a thistle through the thick of his thigh?

If Theophilus, the Theban, thrust a thistle through the thick of his thigh,

Where is the thistle Theophilus, the Theban, thrust through the thick of his thigh?

A rattlesnake bit a Chinaman, and the rattlesnake died from the effects of the bite after forty-eight hours of intense suffering.

G. W. G.— was a student in one of our Southern Colleges. He was a good fellow, and as genial as the sun in June. One evening returning from recitations he met one of his fellow students, whom we will call Tom, who had been making too

free a use of the gift of Bacchus, when the following dialogue ensued: *Tom*. "George, my boy, you are drunk." *George*. "I think it is you who are drunk." *Tom*. "You may be right (*hic*). I knew (*hic*) somebody about here was drunk, (*hic*) but till now, (*hic*) I did not know who he was.

THE steamer *Dug-out* was about starting on a long trip up the Missouri river, and the cabin-boy, dispatched by the captain with twenty-five dollars to lay in stores for the voyage, had just returned to the vessel. "Well," said the captain, "what have you bought?" "One dollar's worth of bread, and twenty-four dollars' worth of whiskey." "Cinders! what'll we do with so much bread?"

AN Irishman was riding a horse which began to be restive, and at last got one of its hind feet entangled in the stirrup. "Oh," says the Irishman, hastily dismounting, "if you're going to come up, I'm agoin' to go down."

"How much do you charge a mile on this canal boat?" "One cent a mile and meals free." "Well I believe I'll take a ride." The boat cast loose its moorings, and just then the dinner-bell rang. After a few minutes our questioner came out on

the deck again. "How far have we come, Captain?" "About a mile." "Here is your cent; stop the boat, and I will go ashore."

A traveller stood upon the platform of a New England railroad station, when a man beckoned him aside. "I see your trunk is stamped Chicago; you live out west?" "Yes." "Well, I have a brother in Albany, New York State; that is out west, too. Perhaps you know him." The traveler was obliged to confess that he did not.

When the town of _____ was burned, some twelve years since, a man, catching up a long shingle, or "shake," as it is called, while things of a million times the value were perishing around, ran with all his speed to carry it out of danger, crying at the top of his voice, "Save the town, boys! Save the town!"

The other day I heard an anecdote, not a comical one, though, of Napoleon and one of his generals, which I have never seen published. The incident occurred during the disastrous visit of the French to Moscow. General B—— was fighting at the head of his soldiers, when a musket-ball struck his sword-arm at the elbow. He grasped his blade in his left hand, and continued to fight. Another ball tore into this other arm, and the general fell from his horse. He was conveyed to the hospital, where, during the night, he felt some person seize his feet, endeavoring to drag him from his bed. "Who's

there?" he cried. The attempt ceased. An hour after some one clutched him again. "Who's there?" he asked, sternly. There was no response, but the grasp on his feet was loosened. Another interval ensued, and he felt himself being drawn again from his pallet. With his two splintered arms, making a supreme effort, he drew a couple of pistols from his belt, and crossing them, fired. The attendants in the hospital, aroused by the shots, crowded to his side. "Call the General!" cried he; "call the General!" Napoleon came, and General B—— related what had occurred. The Emperor ordered in a squad of soldiers, and bade them sound the floor with the butt of their muskets. At the foot of General B——'s bed the floor gave a hollow sound. The rich carpet was torn away, and a large trap-door was revealed. This lifted, a deep, dark cavern yawned before their astonished eyes. "Light a piece of paper, and drop it down," said Napoleon. It was done, and a vault lined with masonry appeared. "Bring a ladder." The ladder was fetched, and a soldier descended. When he came up, he reported an empty vault, containing only some brick-layers' implements. On one side there was a new wall. The soldiers tore the wall away, and beheld the corpses of several officers in the army. They had been murdered for their rich military decorations, and General B—— had narrowly escaped the same fate. Napoleon caused the people of the hospital to be shot, and moved the quarters of the wounded to another house.

TABLE OF HONOR
OF THE
SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATION
GIVEN BY THE
STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE,
IN DECEMBER, 1869.

Christian Doctrine—J. C. Johnson, J. Atchison, F. Stock, W. Veuve, H. Peyton, A. Campbell, W. Fallon, J. Poujade, J. Judd.

Mental Philosophy—J. McQuade, J. H. Campbell, C. Wilcox, W. Temple.

Natural Philosophy—W. Veuve, C. Wilcox, P. Seamans.

Chemistry—C. Wilcox, R. S. Forbes, W. Veuve, J. H. Campbell, P. Seamans.

Mathematics—W. Veuve, J. H. Campbell, P. Seamans, H. Newhall, J. C. Johnson, W. Matthews.

Greek—F. Hubbard, J. T. Malone, W. Veuve, S. Rhodes.

Latin—J. C. Johnson, H. Newhall, W. Veuve, L. Pinard.

English—J. T. Malone, Jas. Byrne, J. C. Johnson, A. W. Forbes, W. Veuve, L. Burling, A. Kelly, A. Arguello, A. Campbell, P. Byrne, M. Murray, W. Matthews, J. Price, S. Wright, J. Poujade, L. Pellier, W. O'Sullivan, A. Levy, E. Graves, W. Fallon, W. Whiple, R. Soto, A. Hill, L. Campbell, Ed. Richardson.

French—C. Wilcox, J. McQuade, J. T. Malone, A. Campbell, J. C. Johnson, W. Veuve, H. Newhall, J. Poujade.

Spanish—J. Smith.

German—A. Levy.

Italian—J. Radovich.

History and Geography—J. Price, S. Wright, F. Pfister, C. Paxton, J. C. Johnson, A. Campbell, J. Chretien, A. Glenn, A. Hill, L. Campbell, L. Burling, J. Byrne, J. Malone, A. Forbes, H. Peyton.

Arithmetic—Jos. Poujade, J. Smith, A. McCone, M. O'Sullivan, T. Scully, H. Peyton,
E. Jaujou, A. Raleigh, P. Donahue, H. Martin.

Book-keeping—M. Murray, A. Campbell, H. Peyton, F. Stock, J. Tully.

Elocution—J. T. Malone, P. Byrne, A. Forbes, M. Murray, J. Price.

Orthography—R. Soto, Ed. Richardson, A. Hill, L. McGown, H. Chappellet, H. Graves,
P. Soto, J. Temple, W. Whippley, R. Thorn, H. Martin.

Reading—L. Burling, J. Burling, J. Atchison, L. Campbell, J. Dunne, A. Forbes, J.
Murphy, J. Raleigh, P. Donahue, B. Paxton, J. Cronin, D. Egan, H. Martin, R.
Thorn, Th. Bradley.

Promoted to a Higher Latin Class.

J. Malone, J. Burling, H. Newhall, J. C. Johnson, E. Graves, L. Pinard.

Promoted to a Higher English Class.

A. Hill, E. Richardson, L. Pellier, A. Glenn.

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