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## The Owl, vol. 2, no. 3

Santa Clara University student body

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# THE OWL

*DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.*

VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1870. NO. 3.

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## IN MEMORIAM--DANIEL FORD.

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TO the mother mourning the loss of a beloved child, to the bride lamenting him who was her solace and her strength, it were indeed a trying task to sit in quiet sorrow down and calmly tell perfections of the cherished dead. At such a time the pent-up feelings of the heart are too great for utterance, and words, as they well up grief-freighted from stricken souls, carry but poor showing of their deep affliction. In such sad plight are we, the many, who had the happiness of knowing Mr. Ford, and whom duty now bids to write our loss. Speak of of him as we knew him! How tame and impotent is any wordy portraiture of the magnificences of God! And surely of such was Daniel Ford. The diamond, deep hidden beneath lapsing waters, the gold enwrought in the granite casing of the mountain, is not for this less precious, than if brilliantly displayed on the diadems of mon-

archs, or in the palaces of kings. And although Mr. Ford's life was mostly spent within the retirement of religious duty, away from the glitter and noise that surround a worldly hero, it was not therefore the less glorious. He was a remarkable man; essentially a progressionist, his New England nature urged him ever to push things to their fullest development. He was never satisfied with mediocrity. This trait was discernible in his character when first we met him, years ago, amid the gayest of Boston society. Then no young man was more admired than he; the ball room, the party, the parlor recognized him as a favorite, and rejoiced in his attendance. Little did we think that in a few short years, we should see this petted one of the world, dying in humble saintliness within the gloom of cloistered solitude. But the spirit of the Lord is powerful and "breath-

eth where it will." At one time it calleth a St. Anthony from the desert; at another, a St. Ignatius from the battle-field; and again, a St. Louis from the throne. Thrice blessed are they who hear this summons, and obey. "Si vocem ejus audieritis nolite obdurare corda vestra." Mr. Ford was not one to close his ears to any appeal of grace. Did it but appear that anything was right, no hydra-headed hosts of opposition could deter him in its pursuits. A devourer of books, his philosophic bent led him to the study of the mystic plausibilities of German rationalism, with which at one time he seemed strongly imbued. But Almighty God ever furnishes his predestined with weapons of defense. Esther is endowed with wondrous beauty to shield her people from the anger of Assuerus—Sampson is gifted with superhuman strength to serve as a bulwark against the Philistines, and when every other resource appeared to be wanting, the very trumpets of Israel were God's instruments in the destruction of Jericho. To Mr. Ford the powerful arm of salvation was the strong sword of Faith, found in the "Imitation of Christ." The inspired writings of Thomas A' Kempis, ever present to his thoughts, cleansed the eye of the spirit, and led him to see that "all was vanity, save loving God and serving him alone." "O quam sordet mihi terra quum coelum aspicio?" exclaimed St. Ignatius in a moment of exalted fervor. Lifted in contemplation of heavenly things, Mr. Ford felt the world grow vile beneath. He would no longer have part with it; its fame, honors, pleasures, grew in-

sidid, palled upon his spiritual taste. In the language of St. Gregory, "gustato spiritu desipuit omnis caro." Thus minded, after years of arduous study and active journalistic labor, he sought admission into the Society of Jesus, in Frederick, Maryland. Not in the impulses of boyish fervor, not in the repentance of youthful follies, but in the firm conviction that such was the will of God in his regard, did he change the stylish garment of the world, for the humble cassock of the Jesuit novice. And now how altered! We who had known him in the day of his popularity, beheld the scene with mingled sentiments of admiration and love. Then his words were wittiest, his presence most enlivening; now no utterances more thoughtful, no society more edifying. There at the festive board, his laugh was merriest; now his aspirations for Heaven loftiest. "Were I to die at present," we have heard him say, "with my imperfections still hot upon my head, even with no condemning voice from the Supreme Judge, in view of His infinite purity and goodness, I would rush voluntarily into cleansing flames." From sentiments such as these, what had we not all to hope! But inscrutable are the ways of God.

"He who possessed noble longings for the strife,

By the roadside fell and perished weary  
with the march of life."

His health succumbing beneath the rigor of his daily life, he was sent to Georgetown College D. C. as Professor and Prefect of Discipline, in hope that by change of scene and participation in the literary pursuits his soul loved, he might recuperate



and be secured for greater usefulness. There, as elsewhere, he was a favorite, and to the older students nothing was more desirable than his acquaintance and friendship. So varied was his learning, so critical his taste, so extensive were his accomplishments, that on every occasion his judgment was conclusive, from the annual oration before the Greek Academy to the suitability of a costume or the propriety of a scene for the Dramatic Exhibition. His was a many-sided mind, endowed as Shakespeare hath it, with "large converse looking before and after." He had sought gratification for his exquisite taste in all the refinements of art and science. "I looked for comfort," he observed one day, "in poetry, painting, sculpture, and whatever seemed elegant and exalting, but found it nowhere except in God." So true are the words of St. Augustine, that "the human heart was made for God and can find no rest except in him." His room was a veritable curiosity shop. There were to be seen cunning results of his empyreal fancies. Minervas, buoyant with grace and loveliness, sculptured by his own hand—paintings of the Rosy-Fingered Daughter of the Morn—translations from different languages—reviews—photographs, taken by him when forbidden more serious labor—cameras—college songs &c. Of him truly it can be said: "Nil tetigit quod non ornavit." Whatsoever his hand touched was sure to receive the impress of rarest judgment. A firm stickler for maintenance of rules, a mere casual observer might have supposed a lack of heartiness; but the outward appear-

ance was no index of the inner man. A more sympathetic tender-hearted being never lived.

'Twas as snow on our Eastern wheatfields, cold in outward seeming, but covering richest worth and warmth beneath. As an instance witness him, when Commencement Day had separated him from those whose welfare he had worked and hoped and prayed for, rushing to his Superior, and begging words of comfort. Strong angels must have looked down in love upon his large-hearted human sympathy with those they guarded. The doctrine of the old Roman "*Homo sum et nil humanum me alienum puto,*" was wholly his. His active mind, however, like the striving of imprisoned bird against confining bars, was gradually enfeebling his health. Moreover the severity of the winters of the East, to his highly wrought physical organization were, no longer endurable, and the next time we met him was at Santa Clara College, California. The balmy influence of our valley climate, brought healing on its wings; and in a short time he had so far recovered, that new labors were undertaken—new plans projected—new hopes indulged. Those who for many years past have been delighted with the Exhibitions at the College may not be aware that Mr. Ford was the controlling power. His was a guiding spirit which, even in a subordinate capacity, could touch secret springs of action whose remote progression was hardly traceable to the original mover. The grievous burden of failing health was all this time borne with exemplary resignation "I may moan in my suffering,"



he said "but it is not to complain, but to find relief." This was the spirit that nerved the martyrs and the confessors in the ages all along. Years of long enduring pain found him no less amiable than formerly, produced no querulousness or irritability. As the large drops of a summer shower beating on the drooping leaves of sensitive plants elicit many a hidden perfume, so the gentle bruising of his spirit beneath the sharp infliction of his infirmities brought forth many hidden sweetnesses of disposition. He still labored as if possessed of the thews of Anakim and the pulses of a Titan. What cared he for death whose only ambition was to advance the glory of God? To one advising greater care of his strength, he answered in the language of Ion:

"He who called me to the task can shield  
me,  
Or make me strong to suffer."

Long the fatal shaft had been poised, at last it sped its way, and smote the grand, magnanimous heart of Daniel Ford. On October 24th, 1870, he slept in the Lord, lay down in the security of faith, in the assurance of hope, and in the firm bond of charity with a Stanislaus, an Aloysius, a Francis Xavier, and that long array of saintly combatants who ranged under the banner of Loyola, "took up the cross of Christ, despising shame." To some there may appear nothing remarkable here, but is there nothing exceedingly praiseworthy in abandoning the endearments of home, in giving up all the bright-winged aspirations that spring angel-like in early manhood from the altars of our hearts, for the insufferably dull, thankless functions of the ministry and

monastic life. "Greater love than this no man hath, than to lay down his life for his friend." The martyr testifies this love, and surrenders this life in a moment of Heaven-supported ecstasy, and purchases therewith eternal blessedness. Is it less heroic, in these degenerate days, putting aside all human consolation, to spend one's years in weariness, neglect, contempt and self-denial, with no comfort except in the almost hopelessly distant future? Bastioned impregably in his determination to execute whatsoever he felt to be the will of his Heavenly Father, he regretted nothing when he felt the universe fast receding from his view. That thought like richest alchemy turned every disappointment to purest gold of merit. We who knew him, and who consider the moments spent in his society some of the happiest of our lives, can never forget him—never forget that seraphic intellect that so easily beat down the worldly arguments of men—that glory-nurtured mind that evoked from the fairy realms of poesy shapes of beauty that will ever live in our memory—that "noble manhood fused with female grace," that constituted him our beau-ideal of a perfect gentlemen—that fiery eloquence that exalted while it persuaded and consoled while it reproved—that genial smile that plainly spoke of the "Charity that beareth all things, and never faileth." Farewell, thou poet-priest, we may not look upon thee again,

"Yet in these ears till hearing dies,  
One set slow bell, will seem to toll  
The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever looked from human eyes."

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IT has been very often remarked, that persons condemned on circumstantial evidence, were, in many cases, brought to punishment unjustly, for frequently persons are placed in a precarious position, by the wiles of some base scoundrel who wishes to lead astray the officers of justice, by implicating others in his own misdeeds. But, as the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret, the fact, at last, leaks out, though, alas, often too late.

In the year 1820, Rev. Fr. Dubois obtained the office of parish priest, in the village of Montagneville, in the northern part of France. In this parish he remained four years, and by his kindness, generosity, and straightforwardness, gained for himself many friends. Indeed he was beloved by all, both far and near, so that when he was about to be removed by his bishop, from this small parish, to be placed over a larger one in Bleuve, his parishioners, with heavy hearts and eyes bedimmed with tears, flocked to the church, to see, probably for the last time, this great and good man, and to hear his farewell sermon.

On the right of the large church of his new parish, is a small frame building, but one story high, and containing but two or three small apartments, and although much dilapidated now, yet at the time of which I speak, it presented a goodly appearance. In front of this house, was a neat little garden, in which grew many very

pretty flowers and ornamental shrubs, which more than once attracted the attention of passers by, and elicited more than one word of praise, from the business-like walkers of St. Marks Street. To the left was a small orchard.

This was the residence of Father Dubois.

Across the street, and immediately opposite, stood another, though a larger building, which had been erected at the cost of the parish, as a place for distributing alms, and where those most in need could obtain lodging for a few days, by applying to the parish priest—an excellent institution, by the way. There are many poor in France, as well as elsewhere, hence this institution was much patronized.

Among those who were most in need, was a poor woman of somewhat advanced age,—many of her jetty locks were changing for the silvery gray,—her garments were very poor and, like Joseph's suit, were of variegated colors, showing that they had been patched many times; over her shoulder was carelessly thrown the remains of a once beautiful reboso.

Her countenance was fair to look upon, and plainly showed that she had seen better days; she possessed in her toilette, that delicacy of taste exhibited only by persons of a higher station.

This wretched woman, on applying to the Rev. Fr., received the best apartment in the house, and direc-



tions were given to support her for a few days.

One morning, three days after her arrival, as she did not appear at the usual time for breakfast, one of the servants entered her little room, and, to his astonishment, saw her lying dead in her bunk, with a dagger in her bosom, the handle of which alone could be seen; she had evidently been gagged when the murder was committed, for her mouth was stuffed with a handkerchief.

The alarm was given, and soon, a couple of police officers made their appearance. The corpse was taken out of the bunk. Its garments were all red, and hard, having been soaked with blood.

On searching for some clue to the murderer, footprints were traced from the asylum to Rev. Fr. Dubois's door, which being measured, proved to be the prints of his own shoes.

Upon examination, the initials of the priest were found on the knife and handkerchief, yea, he even acknowledged them to be his, and said he had placed them both on his little table, at the head of his bed, after saying his beads, the previous night. This was not only enough to excite suspicion, but he was even tried and condemned for murder. The King of France, however, thank God, would not sanction his execution on the gallows; but sent him to the Penitentiary for life.

He was placed in a most dismal cell, whose walls were of solid stone; the door was a massive frame of oak-wood, lined with iron, which, when it swung on its hinges, might picture to

you the dreaded gates of hell, grating harsh thunder.

The window, an exceedingly small one, was guarded below by sentinels; but sentinels were of little use, as it would have taken a man of herculean strength to wrench those strong double iron bars from their places. It was through this window that the only light of day shone on the miserable prisoners within.

Fr. Dubois was not, as you may suppose alone in this cell. He was chained in one corner to the floor, while incarnate devils occupied the remaining part of the dungeon, standing, sitting, or reclining, as best suited their fancy, or their convenience.

A priest in prison, and for murder too, created quite a sensation, and afforded gossip and scandal for all the town. Even his fellow-prisoners tormented the Rev. Fr. in every conceivable manner, not allowing one moment to pass, without ridiculing, scoffing at, or spitting upon him.

This, however, he bore with meekness, but when he heard them blaspheme God, and speak in the most vile manner of "Mary," the Mother of Jesus, his very blood seemed to boil within his veins, and he was driven almost to distraction. It was to no purpose, that he tried to persuade these bold bad men to abstain from their unholy talk; no, not a single word had effect upon them, he had better have spoken to the wind or the walls, than to such hard-hearted demons. \* \* \* \* \*

Twenty long and horrid years passed away, and the Rev. Fr. was still patiently enduring his punishment,



seeing no friendly face but of that an humble priest like himself, who came from time to time to hear the miserable man's confession, and console in his sore affliction.

About this time, one of Rev. Fr. Dubois's fellow-prisoners became very ill, so much so that a physician, that had been summoned, declared he would not live to see the following day. A priest, at the sick-man's request, was sent for, heard the dying man's confession, and remained with him until God saw fit to call his soul to judgment.

After the prisoner's death, the confessor called upon one of the Ministers of State, and told him what the dying man had confessed,—as he had been so instructed to do by the deceased, which, as near as I can remember, was as follows:—

My fellow-prisoner, Rev. Fr. ——— is guiltless of the crime for which he is suffering; I, myself, committed the dreadful deed, therefore, as soon as my soul departs from this world of iniquity, ask for his release.

The woman found dead in the asylum was my wife, with whom I lived in happiness for many years, but owing to a quarrel,—with the narration of which I will not trouble you, she left me to live with another man. But he proved to be a wretched gambler, and soon spent all her fortune. Against this man, Jack Straw, I cherished a deadly hatred, for, after he had eloped with my wife, I swore I would kill them both.

Jack, I met in a gambling saloon one night playing a game of *faro*; I went up to him, and putting my hand upon his shoulder, asked him if he

knew me; he turned, looked me in the face, and answered 'yes;' then your time is come, I said, and drawing a knife from my bosom, stabbed him to the heart. He dropped heavily at my feet, and bled profusely. After casting one long look upon the object of my vengeance, I turned and fled, before the drunken gamblers within had recovered from the shock, so as to offer any obstruction. Having succeeded well thus far, I determined to keep my oath, and started in pursuit of my wife. I hunted her from place to place, and days rolled on, without showing any clue to her whereabouts, until some months after, I saw her in the asylum at B——.

That I might not be detected, I resolved to turn the pursuers off my track, and escape after the deed should have been committed. Fortune seemed to favor my bloody schemes; for, one evening, the Rev. Fr. D. having been summoned in great haste to assist a sick person across the street, left the door of his room wide open; this was a favorable chance, so I entered the room, and concealed myself under the Fr.'s bed. At dusk he returned, and after eating a frugal supper, he placed his small dirk, with his handkerchief, on the table, then after saying his beads, retired to bed; this was what I expected. After assuring myself that he was sound asleep, I put on his shoes, took the dirk and handkerchief, slipped out of the room, and went directly to the window of the asylum, where I knew my wife lay sleeping; I entered the yard, opened the window, and leaped into the room without being detected. Here I found my wife lying on a bunk, with

her hands clasped upon her bosom, as if she had gone to sleep in prayer. I raised the knife in my hand to strike the fatal blow, but something seemed to tell me 'stop,' and I did stop for a moment, but only to nerve my arm to a deadlier blow; I again raised the knife, and plunged it into her heart, and left it there, as well as the handkerchief, with which I gagged her, as she was about to utter a shriek that might upset my plans.

"As I had left the knife and handkerchief by the dead body, I resolved to walk back to the priest's room and leave his shoes there, as the tracks leading to and from his house, would be a strong evidence against him. My plans worked admirably. The next day the priest was arrested, tried, and condemned. While his trial was

pending, I was fast making tracks for another country. I was afterwards arrested, and thrown in prison, and on my death-bed, I am the guilty party."

Soon after this confession the murderer died. The Minister, learning the true state of affairs, applied to the king, who was only too glad to release the innocent priest.

The innocence of Fr. Dubois having thus been established, it were needless to say that he was ever after held in greater love, and higher esteem. For many years he labored in his master's cause, and obtained the reward he so well merited. He now sleeps the long sleep, wrapt in a garment of glory the Lord has put on him.

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### THE HALL OF MY ANCESTORS.

**F**AR up among the snowy Apennines, on the brink of a deep and rugged precipice, stood my father's castle, its frowning towers and battlements overlooking a beautiful valley, that stretched away like some lordly park, far below. On this valley nature seemed to have lavished her most precious gifts; never shall I forget its inviting beauty, for in it were spent my childhood's happiest hours. The black majestic cliffs surrounding it on all sides, like vigilant sentinels, guarded

it from the outside world. Its emerald surface was dotted with groves of orange and fig trees; its thickets concealed the timid stag and more courageous boar, which I pursued and slew in my young days, and full well do I remember how the wild and triumphant blast of my hunting horn rang and reverberated among the cliffs, as I beheld my first poor victim bleeding and palpitating at my feet. A lake of crystal clearness lay embosomed, like a sheet of burnished silver, in the valley's center. Timid



water-fowl made it their home, and reared their downy broods amongst the long grass that flourished on its banks. Myriads of brilliant birds and insects fluttered from tree to tree, from flower to flower, giving additional beauty to the scene.

In rich contrast to the calm beauty of this charming spot, was the cold grandeur of the lofty peaks that towered far up on all sides of it, their snow-capped summits glistening like huge masses of sparkling, precious stones, in the golden blaze of the sunlight. Full often have I lain on my back among the flower beds of the valley, and have let my eyes wander far up among these grand old mountains, to where the circling eagle flew around their tops. Then would I wish that I, too, were an eagle, that I might soar aloft in the pure air, that I might gaze with unblenching eye upon the regal sun; that I might behold far below me the lofty peaks that now seemed so high and insurmountable. I would look upon the many ruined watch-towers scattered along their sides, that were raised long ago by my knightly and warlike ancestors; and would surmise the characters of the men, and wonder how they looked. "How did they die," I would say to myself. "Alas! none alive now can tell, unless, perchance, the flocks of falcons that now build their nests in those ruined towers."

The castle itself was a grand old structure, and in the day of its youth, might have bid defiance to stern Mars himself. Its lofty towers rose in bold relief against the rich Italian sky. Owls and bats held supreme dominion over them, save where my

father's banner, with its golden crest, fluttered in the breeze above.

With childish delight did I explore the drawbridge and its massive chains; the portcullis, with its heavy slides and bars; the wide moat, with its deep and silent waters. Often would I climb to the tops of the loftiest towers, and there would stand, my curls waving and playing with the breeze, my eyes dancing with excitement as they viewed the wild beauties of nature that lay around, above, and below me, till at length I grew fairly giddy. In fact, I explored the old building from top to bottom, from the towers to where the dust of my ancestors lay in the vaults below. My merry shouts rang through every hall and corridor, through every closet and chamber, save one. Often have I stood at its strong oaken door, and wondered what was within; I would strive to turn the massive knob, and when I found my efforts were all in vain, I would cry with vexation, and running with eyes streaming with tears to my mother, would beg her to give me the key. Then she would smile and shake her head, saying: "Wait, wait, my son, till you are better able to understand the mysteries of that sacred chamber."

Time rolled on, and I drew near the age of manhood. Alas! with my childhood had gone my innocence; the withering blast of vice had killed its beauty. No longer did I take pleasure in viewing the beauties of nature, in listening to the advice of my loving mother. I plunged into sin, I gambled and squandered large sums of money, I sank deep into the dissipations of the wine cup, I was



absent from the castle from morn to midnight, and my time was spent with a number of young men as dissolute as myself, in a neighboring town.

My father being absent the greater part of the time in the city of Florence, I had none to control and place a curb upon my passions, save my poor mother, with her gentle woman's nature. When I would return to the castle late at night, my face flushed and heated with the fire of the wine, my purse empty, I would always find my mother awaiting me, her eyes swollen with weeping. At first she used to ask: "My boy! my boy! where have you been?" but when she found that to her kind and maternal questions, I answered with gruff and cruel words, she spoke no more, but would fix her sorrowful eyes upon me, and I would see the hot tears trickling down her wasted cheeks. I perceived clearly that I was dragging her to the grave by my conduct, but although I cursed myself over and over for it, I could not stop the angry flow of my passions.

One night, I returned even later than I was wont; I found my mother waiting for me as usual; she was pale and haggard. "My boy," said she, laying her hand on my shoulder, "My boy, you are sinking fast; I feel it is my duty to make one last effort in your behalf ere I die, for, my son, I feel that every day I approach nearer death, and it will not be long before you see your mother laid among our ancestors in the vaults below. Oh! think then, my son, how frail is life; think then, what a place you are preparing for yourself in eter-

nity—but come, follow me!" I was overcome; sobbing, I buried my face in my hands, and, as the hot tears trickled between my fingers, I prayed to God, to the God I had so grievously offended, that He would give me strength to crush the foul viper of vice under my feet. With broken words did I crave the forgiveness of my loving mother; I besought her to live and bless my endeavors. She smiled and kissed my cheek, saying: "Cheer up, my boy, though I feel that I must soon part with you in this earthly life, I shall not lose you, but in heaven will I pray for you." I followed her through the great old chambers and halls. The wax taper she held in her hand but partly lighted them; their heavy tapestry and cornices shone black and grim. The words of my mother kept gnawing at my heart, and ringing in my ears. I seemed to myself like a murderer brought to justice, and, as I walked along, I kept my eyes cast upon the floor; I felt as though I were unworthy of looking aloft; I felt as if the very walls of the rooms saw my shame. At length she stopped, and I found myself before the door of the mysterious chamber; my blood bounded through my veins; I could hear my heart beating and thumping against its prison bars. "What does this room contain?" I said to myself; "Why should I be brought to it now?" I heard the key turn in the rusty lock, the creaking door swung back slowly on its hinges, as if unwilling now to reveal the mysteries it had so long concealed. I hung back, reluctant to enter. It seemed to me that the chamber must contain something too

pure for my sacrilegious gaze. My mother took me by the hand, and together we entered. A sight of infinite beauty burst upon my eyes. We stood in a brilliantly lighted hall; its floor was of rich mosaic work; its ceiling of beautiful frescoes, representing tournaments, battles, and other knightly deeds of arms; banners, armor, shields and swords, evidently the trophies of many victories, hung in profusion around the walls. But, although I admired their splendor, my attention was mostly attracted by the numbers of beautiful portraits that hung on every side. I stood as if in a trance, my eyes riveted upon them. It seemed as if they scowled upon me from their massive frames, asking what right had I, so miserable a creature, to look upon them.

"Behold your ancestors, my son," said my mother, "those men and women who have all contributed to make our name a noble one."

A deep and painful sense of my unworthiness to stand before the images of those mighty men, whose name I bore, came over me: "Mother," I said, "Let me leave this holy spot; I pollute its sanctity." "No! no! my son, not so; I have brought you here that you may gaze on the faces of your ancestors, and strive to direct your course in life, holding their examples as the guiding star of your actions. Let us walk around the hall, and glance at a few of the most prominent of these paintings."

She took my hand, and led me to the head of the hall, where hung a large and beautiful painting, its gilded frame surrounded by silken draperies;

it represented a knight dressed as if for battle. The visor of his helmet was up, and, from beneath its steel bands, shone a noble and handsome face. Clusters of brown curls hung around his high forehead, and from his dark-blue eyes shone an expression that filled me with admiration. It clearly spoke of a mighty intellect, and a loving disposition; and yet, there was something in the eyes that proclaimed the lion, mighty courage, and love of warlike acts. His brawny, iron-clad arm rested on a massive shield, and the ponderous sword and battle-axe by his side, spoke of a giant-like strength. The white plumes of his crest fell gracefully over his back, and behind him stood the banner of our house.

"Behold," said my mother, "Alfonso, the founder of our house, and builder of this castle. Three centuries have gone past since he raised these massive walls, and reigned within them, in all the power and glory of a mighty and virtuous feudal lord. His doors were ever open to receive the weary traveler, his hand ever extended to relieve the poor and the oppressed. For many years he reigned here in happiness, free from the troubles and cares of the outside world. But, alas! my son, the good are seldom allowed to remain unmolested. A certain knight of Florence, Sir Leo by name, grew jealous of the prosperity of Alfonso, and under some foolish pretence or other, declared war against him. Sir Leo at once armed his soldiers and warriors, and marched against this castle; Alfonso, on his part prepared for a siege, one morning beheld Leo encamped



under the walls. He had expected to take the castle by surprise during the night, but the vigilance of Alfonso had foiled his attempt. For many months did the siege last. Leo could leave no impression on the castle's strength, although he made many efforts to scale the walls. At length, however, the castle grew short of provisions, and Alfonso saw that some decisive steps had to be taken, to put an end to the siege. After due deliberation, he determined to challenge Leo to single combat, the result of which was to terminate the siege. The challenge was sent and accepted, and the place and day fixed for the combat. This day was awaited with equal anxiety by both parties, and both were confident in the prowess of their champions. The time at length arrived, and both knights rode forth, armed cap-a-pie, and surrounded by their retainers, to the summit of the Eagle's cliff, which was the appointed spot. Sir Leo was confident of success; he was a powerful knight, and apprehended no difficulty in overcoming his adversary. How different were the thoughts of Alfonso. He had spent the night in prayer, and had been strengthened by the Holy Sacrament that very morning; he put his trust in the power of God, and not alone in the strength of his arm.

The trumpets were sounded, and the heralds proclaimed the fight and names of the combatants. The two champions placed their lances in rest, struck spurs into their chargers, and rushed to the combat. Tremendous was the crash with which they met; Leo's lance glanced from the shield of his enemy; Alfonso's, on the con-

trary, struck its aim with such force upon the helmet, that he was hurled to some distance from his charger, and lay on the green turf, bleeding at mouth and nose. In a moment the generous Alfonso had dismounted from his steed, and was standing over his prostrate foe: "Yield thee, Sir Leo," he cried. "I yield," answered the fallen Leo. Alfonso raised the knight's head into his lap, and wiped the blood from his face, when, oh! the treachery and ungratefulness of humanity, the cowardly Leo, with a quick movement, drew a dagger from his belt and made a thrust at the generous victor that would have, no doubt, proved fatal, had not the more than ordinary fineness of his armor protected him; as it was, the point just pricked his skin through his shirt of mail. In an instant all the lion in Alfonso was aroused; he sprang to his feet, drew his sword, and plunged it into the villain's breast. "Die! cowardly knave," he cried, "and may your foul carcass be food for the ravens." He picked up the heavy body of his now lifeless foe, and hurled it over the brink of the cliff with as much ease as if it had been that of a child.

After this attack he lived many years in happiness in his castle; his fame was sung all over Italy, for his combat with Leo had gained him a lasting renown. Nor was he celebrated for his deeds of arms alone; his virtuous life and generosity also brought him great glory. He died respected and loved by all. His dust now lies in our ancestral vaults."

My mother ceased speaking, and I stood for several moments before the



picture, proud to have so glorious an ancestor. "O! generous Alfonso," I cried, "how unworthy am I to bear your illustrious name; how have I sullied it by my vices! O! noble man, look down from thy seat in Heaven upon me; grant me that, like you, I may become a glorious knight, and an honor to our race; but, above all, that I may become a good and virtuous man."

By the side of our noble founder's picture, hung another. It represented a man advanced in years; his locks, which escaped from under an ermine-bound cap, were much tinged with gray, and his face was furrowed with the wrinkles of many winters. He wore a long black robe trimmed like his cap, with ermine, and fastened around his waist by a silken girdle. In one hand he held a pen; in the other a roll of parchment. His dignified and erect form, the flashing and expressive eye, concurred in proclaiming that, though great in age, his mind and body still preserved their youthful vigor. There was a grave, thoughtful expression on his face that charmed and told me that he was a mighty scholar, one accustomed to think and reflect.

"My son," said my mother, "This is Francisco, the grandson of Alfonso. As you see by his robes, he was a minister of state, and he served his country and his king during all his life, to the full extent of his mighty genius and wisdom. During the days of his boyhood, he always manifested the greatest love for literature and art; he plunged with delight into the pages of Homer and Virgil, into the histories of all times and nations.

Whilst his brothers and sisters would be sporting with child-like delight around the castle, sailing their tiny vessels in the moat, and laughing and clapping their hands as the breeze carried them over the waters, Francisco, though none their senior, would be poring over his beloved books, reflecting and judging of the merits of the different characters they represented. Nature was the only goddess he admitted into his young heart; he was never tired of observing and studying her wondrous works. He would climb far up the mountain's side, and there, on some huge mass of rock, would lie and regard with delight the wild scene around him; he would gaze upon the distant sea that lay like a gray band far away on the horizon, and think of its magnitude and power, its fierce and raging fury in the storm, its gentle rolling and rippling in the calm. He would look at the crags that towered around him on every hand, their brown, storm-beaten sides offering no protection to living creature, save, perhaps, to the agile chamois that bounded along their rugged steepes. And then, turning from those dizzy heights, he would look down into the little valley that lay far, far below, its miniature lake glistening like a diamond in an emerald field. In spring, when the air was clear, and free from the mist and haze that, during the summer, hung like a veil over the plains, hiding them from his sight, he would gaze with admiration upon their surfaces dotted with fields of grain, groves of trees, and extensive vineyards, and allow his sight to wander, where away

in the distance, the great domes and towers of Florence could just be seen glittering in the golden sunlight. These solitary and meditative habits of Francisco, won to him the name of the "Little Philosopher." Time passed on, and Francisco became a man: he still preserved his youthful loves and affections fresh in his heart.

Once the king, in a hunting expedition, was benighted among these mountains; espying our castle in the distance, he came here to seek shelter for the night. Francisco's father, the son of Alfonso, knew right well how to entertain his royal guest, and so splendid was the reception, that the king, well pleased, and wishing to testify his gratitude to his noble entertainer, begged leave to take Francisco to court with him.

With a father's blessing, the young man made his debut in the world, which he was soon to transfix with admiration.

When the king had sought the company of Francisco, he had done so from pure gratitude, but soon he learned that in him had been discovered a jewel, more precious than any gem, a treasure of infinite value to the State; for the wisdom and enterprise of the youthful courtier soon made themselves manifest, and one day, before his years had multiplied, he was appointed Chief Minister. In this exalted position he directed the government and finances with such wisdom and success, that in a short time the whole of Europe resounded with his praises; honors and presents were showered upon him from all sides, and his name was in every mouth. And yet, notwith-

standing all these flattering honors, so calculated to awaken vanity in the human heart, he always preserved a humble and unpretending bearing. His house was open to the poor as well as to the rich; he strove with as much zeal in the cause of the humblest artificer, as in that of the richest lord in the land. Such noble qualities rendered him not only famous, but also beloved. The people regarded him as their father and protector, and confided to him all their wrongs, which he was ever ready to redress.

Thus did Francisco pass his days. He lived to see his seventieth year, when he died quietly and happily within these, his ancestral walls, his last words being to invoke the blessings of God upon the people, and upon his family, which hung sorrowfully over his bed. Weeping Italy draped her graceful form with mourning robes."

My mother paused, and for a moment we both stood silently regarding the picture of the great man.

"Oh! my dear son," said my mother, clasping me in her arms, "strive like Francisco, to lead a life pure and unspotted, and to distinguish your family name." "Mother," I replied, "I will try; trust me, dear mother, I will try."

We stood before another picture, that of a youth of perhaps some twenty summers. His form, though slender and delicate, was perfect and beautiful in its proportions; his face was almost feminine in its delicacy and expression. Happiness shone from his large black eyes; his noble mouth wore a gentle smile of con-



ment, announcing that he was free from care, and that no troubles were locked up within his heart, to disturb and blight the pleasures of his young life. At his feet lay a large stag-hound; his hand was laid affectionately on the noble animal's head. The dog seemed fully to appreciate the kindness of the caress, and his eyes were raised into the youth's face, as if to thank him for it.

"There is a sad story, my son," said my mother, "connected with the life of the youth you see. His name was Tomasso, and he was the only son of a brave knight, one of our ancestors, who lived in this castle many years ago. From his cradle he had always manifested a great love for all that was beautiful, both in art and nature. When he no longer needed the nurse's hand to support his tottering steps, his greatest delight was to wander by himself through the woods, and among the rocks of the mountains, admiring every tree and bush, every gay insect and sweet-singing bird that he met in his path. In these rambles he was not, however, entirely alone: the noble dog that lies at his feet in the picture, followed him wherever he went, and watched over him with as jealous an eye as the tigress does her cubs.

To this love of the beautiful, Tomasso added also a lively and fruitful imagination; for hours he would sit gazing at the huge masses of snow-white clouds, as they piled, now slowly, now quickly, one upon another, in the azure sky; and would picture in them castles and mountains, trees and rocks; he would stretch his arms out toward them,

and long for wings, that he might fly far, far away from the earth, up to them; that he might climb their snowy mountains, and wander through their sparkling caves. He would pluck the wild flowers, and weave them into bright garlands, to adorn himself and his faithful dog; and when, at length, they would wither and fall to pieces, in the simplicity of his childish heart, he would shed bitter tears, that their beauty should fade so soon, and their delicate leaves be robbed of all their fragrance. Thus did Tomasso spend his early youth among the beauties of nature, free from the contaminating and corrupting blasts of the outside world. He knew no guile, his mind was free from trouble and uneasiness.

One day, when he was about sixteen years of age, while rambling through the wilds of the mountains, he came suddenly upon a young damsel, who was, like himself, engaged in gathering the beautiful flowers and ferns. She was the daughter of a lord, whose castle was situated some six miles from this one. She was a beautiful girl, and, as she stood before Tomasso, her long silken tresses waving in the mountain breeze, and her cheeks rivaling in color the wild roses she held in her hands, he thought he had never before seen so fair a vision. She did not at once observe the young man, who stood so enraptured with her beauty; but went on culling the flowers, every now and then breaking forth in an ejaculation of delight as she found one more beautiful than the rest; but when, at length, her eyes happened to fall on him as he stood with folded



arms, and eyes eagerly fixed on her, a burning flush suffused her face, and she was about to fly from the spot, when Tomasso, springing forward, exclaimed, "Do not fly, Signorina; excuse my boldness, but I was so astonished at seeing one so young as you alone in these mountains, that for a moment, my self-command left me." "True," replied the maiden, "I should not be so far away from home by myself; but, today, I was so enraptured with these beautiful flowers, that I did not notice the distance I strayed; but now I shall hasten back to the castle; but stay, can you show me, sir, a direct path, no doubt you know one, as you seem familiar with these wilds?" Tomasso had seen the castle many times at a distance, and knew a path that led directly to it, so in half an hour he saw the young girl safe within its portals. She sweetly thanked him for his kindness, and, as she left him, she begged that he would come sometimes to the castle.

When Tomasso returned to his home, he felt in his heart a new love, one that he had never experienced before, and ere many months had passed, he had sought and obtained the hand of the maiden, whom he had seen for the first time in the mountain wilds. Most splendid was their wedding; but Tomasso forgot all, when, for the first time, he clasped his young bride to his heart. The father of his bride owned a beautiful chateau on the shores of the Mediterranean, and thither the young couple went to spend a short time among those beauties of nature which their hearts knew so well how to ap-

preciate. They sat for hours together on the sea shore, and observed the blue waves scattering their spray like sparkling jewels, high in the air, as they roared and tossed against the black, worn rocks of the coast. Their eyes would follow the wild, screaming sea-bird as it flew over the face of the waters, ever and anon plunging into its depths, and then emerging with its finny prey struggling in its claws, to fly high up among the rocks and feed its downy brood. With the greatest delight they viewed the glorious sunsets over the water; with eager looks they would gaze at the great god of day, as he sank down into the bosom of the ocean, heaving broad beams of crimson and gold over the expanse of waters, and tinging with glory the clouds; as, midst floods of light, he would sink deeper and deeper, till at length, he would vanish, leaving the waters dark and gloomy, and only a few lingering beams on the clouds.

One day a fearful storm arose, the waves rolled mountain high, and broke with roars like thunder upon the rocks. The wind whistled and groaned around the old cliffs, and the rain and hail fell in torrents from the overcast heavens, that were torn with vivid flashes of lightning. This war of the elements was infinitely grand, and though Tomasso and his wife, as they stood at a window in the chateau regarding the scene, trembled as the heavy blasts came rattling around the house, still they could not but admire its very wildness. "How insignificant is man," said Tomasso, "and how well do these mighty convulsions of nature point out to him

his weakness, and show the power of God." But suddenly he stopped, and shading his eyes with his hands, looked intently and eagerly forward over the swollen billows; he saw a small black spot upon the horizon; it grew larger and larger, till at length, the outlines of a noble ship could be discerned through the storm. She drew nearer and nearer, and it was clear that she must soon be dashed upon the rocks. She reached the breakers, her sails were torn and fluttered in the gale, the mountains of water every moment swept her decks, to which were clinging a number of people, and among them a woman. Tomasso rushed from the house, and, regardless of the storm, made the best of his way to the beach, which he reached just in time to see the ship plunge heavily upon the frowning rocks. Wild shrieks of despair rang from the unfortunate crew; many sprang into the sea, and among them the woman he had seen before. The wild, foaming waters hurled them upon the rocks, and they sank in the flood. The woman for an instant, threw up her arms, and gave a wild and piercing cry. Tomasso was unable to resist this appeal; he sprang into the angry sea, and, after much difficulty, succeeded in reaching the spot where he had seen her last, but she was not there, the waves had submerged her; he turned to swim back to the shore, but, alas, it was his lot never again to reach that haven. A lofty wave, towering above the highest, dashed him upon the rocks. Bleeding and bruised he sank in the boiling flood, to rise no more in life.

Thus ended Tomasso; his death was a sad, but yet a noble one; he had sacrificed his life to save a fellow creature. When the storm had abated, his body was found upon the beach. His young wife could not be consoled, and shortly afterwards she expired of a broken heart."

"Mother," said I, "I have heard enough: let me go from this sacred spot; let me go and imitate the conduct of these truly noble beings, that in a coming day, my descendants may point to my picture, and speak of my good deeds. Some future hour, when I am more worthy to hear these noble histories, I will again enter this hall; till then, dear mother, let me go."

"Go then, my son, remodel your course, and make your name worthy of your ancestors; they will look down from Heaven and bless your struggle." \* \* \* \*

From that time I led a better life; I no longer mixed with bad companions, or kept late hours; but staid at home, and strove to soothe the last days of my mother's life. Every day she became paler and more enfeebled. At length she died, quietly and gently, with a blessing for me upon her lips. Great was my remorse after her death, for well I knew that I had laid the seeds of the disease which carried her from me. I prayed to God most earnestly to forgive my sin, and to give me the grace to abide by my good resolutions, and He has granted my prayer; for no longer do I feel tempted to evil: and, as I lie awake sometimes



at night, I seem to see my mother's pure spirit floating around my couch, with a smile on her face, and, as I walk in the hall of my ancestors, they no longer appear to frown on me, but rather to smile and look approvingly upon their descendant.

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“ JOE DOBSON,”

In Limington, a rural town,  
 Among the hills of Maine,  
 A stalwart son of Vulcan strove  
 A livelihood to gain.

Joe Dobson was the name he got  
 When young—a wee bit thing,  
 But, in the noisy trump of fame,  
 'T will like his anvil ring.

Our blacksmith was a well-made man,  
 With thews to throw the world ;  
 In wrestling, his antagonist  
 Would sure to earth be hurled.

No one could throw a stone so far,  
 Or lift so great a weight ;  
 And all the girls desired to have  
 Our hero for a mate.

Joe loved his joke, and spared no pains  
 To make the people laugh ;  
 But the best joke he played, was when  
 He took a better half.

The miller's daughter, Nancy Jones,  
 He to the altar led ;  
 Her temper and her hair were hot,  
 A fiery, crackling red.

His blazing forge he kindled up  
 At earliest dawn of day,  
 And, 'till the night hung out her lamps,  
 Kept hammering away.

Month in, month out, for many a year,  
The bellows he did blow ;  
And all the sparks, who came to chat,  
Were met by sparks from Joe.

At first, he thought his wife a trump,  
Thanked Heaven he had got her ;  
But whilst he kept her in green tea,  
She kept him in hot water.

Some cynic may, perhaps, affirm  
'T was through domestic jars,  
That Joseph Dobson left his forge  
To plead at grog-shop bars.

He now became morose and sad,  
And on his friends would frown,  
Yet tried to keep his spirits up  
By pouring spirits down.

A fiery furnace glowed without,  
A fiercer raged within,  
And Joe, to put the latter out,  
Kept flooding it with gin.

By slow degrees his custom failed,  
For fuddled oft was he ;  
His money saved from years of toil,  
Was spent on many a spree.

He sold his shop, he sold his tools,  
Sold them for half their price,  
But would not sell the devil's tool,  
He would not sell his vice.

The grog-shops knew, as well they might,  
From many a standing score,  
That Joe's last farthing had been spent  
For liquid fire before.

Although his wealth had taken wings,  
His thirst went not along,  
And that wherewith to slake that thirst,  
He'd have by right or wrong.

His credit gone, his draught the same,  
Poor Joe had died of grief,



Unless a happy thought one day  
Had brought him some relief.

Two big black bottles soon he found,  
He filled one to the brim  
With water, made he thought just for  
“Maniacs,” not for him.

Beneath his coat both bottles hid,  
He to the grog-shop sped;  
Give me some “Holland” quick, my man,  
I’m very dry, he said.

He handed him the empty one,  
’Twas filled without delaying,  
And Dobson started off, nor said  
One word about the paying.

“Come back here, man, and pay me down,”  
In haste, the barman cried;  
“I have no money, you must trust,”  
Our friend, the smith, replied.

“No, no,” the barman shouts, “come back,”  
“You can’t fool *me* that way;  
Just give me back the bottle, if  
You don’t intend to pay.”

“The devil take such precious gin,”  
Was Dobson’s fierce reply;  
So he the water bottle gave,  
A twinkle in his eye.

The barman, not suspecting wrong,  
The water took for gin;  
Unbunded the cask which stood near by,  
And poured the water in.

Joe left the shop with joyous air,  
And spirits in his flask;  
How Joseph Dobson spent that day,  
No curious one will ask.

He moistened well his clay, of course,  
With draughts of Grecian fire;  
And prematurely made to-night,  
His bed was in the mire.

The parson chanced to pass that way,  
“My friend, do you not know  
The liquor which you drink,” said he,  
“Is your most deadly foe?”

Said Joe, his vision turning where  
The parson stood above,  
“No wrong I do in loving that  
The Bible bids me love.”

“The Bible bids us love our foes,  
And do them good for ill;  
Now gin has been my enemy,  
And love it I always will.”

Joe Dobson soon gave up the ghost,  
His bottle by his side;  
It was a very *happy* death,  
The death our blacksmith died.



## A FULL CROP FROM CHURLISH SOIL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A missionary was once sent into a far distant country by his bishop, to see if it were possible to establish a mission there. He arrived at the end of his journey without means, and without the prospect of ever returning. With his last dollar he bought a flagon of wine, that he might at least be enabled to say mass; that supreme and only efficient means of alleviating the terrible tortures of destitution. In this place he found many Europeans, a few of whom were French. He addressed them in their native language, but because he was a priest, they did not heed him. After many fruitless endeavors to conciliate their good will, and being met only with repulses and insults, he threw himself under a tree at some distance from the village, in which he could hope to find no shelter. There he remained some weeks alone and exposed, almost naked, to all the inclemency of the weather; to the burning sun of the tropics, or the howling blasts of the midnight hurricane. He raised a pile of stones and earth at the foot of the tree, and consecrated it as an altar to the living God. There, upon that wild shrine of nature, he daily offered up the holy sacrifice of mass. At evening, as he bent his head in prayer, he cast a wistful eye toward the dim lights of the distant village, and offered himself for the souls of those wretched men who had spurned him from their door. He trusted in the mercy of his Creator; besought he protection of his holy patron, and, though his body was wretched, even unto death, yet his soul was ever happy. He had not tasted bread for days; his only food was the unknown roots which he dug from the surrounding rocks, and the few shell-fish he happened to find along the beach. These he ate raw, not having means of cooking them. A slow fever gradually consumed his sinking strength, and it was with great exertion and difficulty that he provided his scanty food, and performed his daily devotions; but the constant cruelty of the villagers, and the long fruitlessness of his prayers, were tortures that none could have borne, unless with the assistance of Almighty God. Sometimes a passer-by would stop for a moment, to insult him, then leave him to his solitary grief. Even if one wished, one dared not lend him a helping hand, or speak a consoling word. The only sympathy he received from old or young, was a deedless listening. He still hoped on, but their contempt of God made his heart bleed; besides, the relentless fever, and his continued grief, were fast undermining his strength.

One day the holy father sat musing upon the glory of his God, written in the works of nature. The broad ocean was resting under the golden splendor of the setting sun, as if tired of the storm which had lashed its waves to fury but an hour before. Lifting his eye, he saw a tall and handsome young man approaching, who accosted him with these words: "In the name of charity, have you anything to eat?" The stranger happened to be a priest, sent in search of our missionary, by the same bishop. He was dying with fatigue and hunger, and had no means of bringing back the object of his search, or of returning himself. On account of the poverty of the bishop, and his ignorance of that country, he had come without any resources whatever; charity, alone, had supported him until now. Throwing himself upon the earth in utter exhaustion, he implored assistance. The sight of that noble young priest, so forlorn and helpless, touched the soul of the other deeply. The tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks as he offered with a feeble hand, the nauseous shell fish which had been his own principal food. The poor man raised himself to accept them, but could not touch them, so disgusting were they, even to a starving man. Then his host saw with sorrow that the unfortunate priest was dying of starvation. This last sight overwhelmed his soul; he prayed over the prostrate form of his newly found companion.

Days passed away in lingering torments, yet these two unfortunate men still lived. The food the one gath-

ered in his sufferings, was thrown away in mad delirium by the other, and death at last stared them in the face. As the sun was setting, and the stars began to shine clear and bright in the darkening sky, the cool air refreshed their wasted bodies, and gave new vigor to their depressed spirits. Remembering the glorious example of our Lord's agony in the garden, they prayed to be delivered, if it were the will of God, and returned him thanks for his tender mercies. The young priest then turned to his brother, and said: "We shall die; one of us should make an effort to celebrate the last mass, and give the blessed sacrament to the other, that we may receive the blessing of our God."

It happened to be the feast of the Assumption of the B. V. M. They cast lots to decide upon whom the duty should devolve, and the chance fell to the one who had first arrived. He gathered all his remaining strength and cheerfully undertook the task, but he was slow and weary. Twenty times he began and twenty times fainting, despaired of ever being able to conclude the sacrifice. As often as he raised the chalice he let it drop from his trembling hands, or, as he bent his head before the sacred host, he fell as if to rise no more. At last after three hours of lingering torment this true sacrifice for the dead was ended: the dying fathers had received their Lord and were ready to meet him before his judgment seat. What a sublime and consummate sacrifice; where the priest and assistant immolate themselves with the victim for atonement of



sins. Great was the consolation of these men in that supreme act of faith and love. What christian would not envy them, or wish for such a happy death? The expiring martyr witnessing with sad tenderness and compassion, the priest fainting at the foot of the altar, turned his head in silent agony. He, in turn, seeing the love of the young priest, offered him and offered himself as the price of common triumph which our crucified Lord had wished from them, and which they in turn wished to offer to his holy name.

The mass was finished, the celebrant threw himself by the side of his brother, and in silence waited for the cold hand of death. He did not delay. During the night the young priest expired. The other feeling his brother's dying breath upon his lips, succeeded by a great effort in stretching forth his hand to give him the final benediction and the last Adieu.

At break of day the villagers discovered the stiffened corpse and the dying man lying side by side. The sight shocked them, they hastened to spread the mournful intelligence. Those hard hearts, who had driven the two missionaries from their doors, learning the sad consequence of their cruelty, were at last softened. They hurried to the spot bringing fresh water and food to the surviving man. The missionary, almost incapable of moving, felt a gentle hand wipe the death-damp from his brow. He saw

his former enemies ministering to his very wants. Gratitude overcame every other feeling and the tears coursed down his withered cheek, as he kissed the little crucifix that hung upon his neck. They stood there penitent sinners, praying for mercy and tearfully imploring forgiveness. Where the altar had stood, they dug a grave in which they buried the corpse of the noble young martyr. Raising the sick man in their arms they supported him while he blessed the last resting place of his dead brother. They fashioned a tree into a rude cross and planted it upon the spot already so fruitful of good. Thus the emblem of the glorious faith appeared and took possession of the new domain.

Our brave missionary, no longer despised, has founded a flourishing city upon the same spot of his former sorrow. Around him thrive his children ever submissive to the voice of their bishop. The people who had so cruelly repulsed the minister of God, have become true and fervent catholics.

Thus is it that the cross once planted takes root and flourishes; thus does the church spring up from the blood of martyrs; thus a country plunged in the darkness of *civilized* barbarism becomes a diocese; thus are introduced pure and pious morals, and such are the men who undertake these things and bring them to a happy issue.

## HISTORY OF A TEA-KETTLE.

**A**N old Tea-kettle, worn out, dented, and impaired with age, lay, half hidden, in an unfrequented corner of a farm-yard. One day a bright little boy happened to stray into this particular corner, and, feeling fatigued and drowsy, threw himself down upon the grass, and soon unconsciously fell into an unquiet slumber. In his dreams he heard the neglected Tea-kettle lament in the following sorrowful strain:—

O, why am I thrown away in my old age, and forgotten by all my former friends and acquaintance? Why am I left, in this lonely place, with no companionship but the mean and lowly refuse of the kitchen, with whom in my better days I would have scorned to associate?

O, what a fall is this for one who was once at the very head of his profession!

Well! well! as is truly said, pride must have a fall, and my turn came around at last. I will admit it now, I was proud, very proud; and yet, when I look back at those days of departed glory, I plainly see that I had really nothing in fact of which to be proud. I despised the poor Pots because they were black and ungainly, but if I had taken the trouble to look at myself closely, I would have found that blackness and deformity also formed a distinctive feature of my own body.

I snubbed the Pans and other small utensils, and even thought myself equal to the great Stove which was continually roaring and sweltering beneath me. I was contented and happy then even with all my faults; and what would I not now give to live those days over again, when I was rubbed and brightened up until I looked as pretty as—a new kettle. Then how often was I filled with crystal water, and placed by tenderest hands upon the fire, where I would sing and make merry to my heart's content. O, those were happy, happy times.

As to my adventures during those days I am sure they would fill a volume, in size and interest equal to the "Arabian Nights." In my extensive travels—and, by the way, let me tell you that I have traveled far and to a good purpose—I have met with many and very curious incidents. I am a great frequenter of sedate "Tea-parties" and "Sewing-Circles," where I contribute not a little to the general good-feeling and enjoyment of all present. I also patronize the many "Select Suppers," and more boisterous "Drinking-bouts" of the men about town, and I assure you I never more thoroughly enjoyed myself than at these latter.

When I first entered into the world, that is, when I had just left the shop in which I had been hanging for so



many months waiting for a purchaser—everything seemed to me very peculiar and strange; I did not know what to think of the numerous pots, pans and kettles among whom I was placed; they looked so black and disfigured compared to my own bright shining exterior. I rather “looked down on them” as it were, and they on their part kept continually at a distance, and whispered among themselves, and seemed to consider me as a sort of intruder. It made me feel sad, and I almost wished myself back again to my old place in the store; for there at least I was acquainted, and my merits rightly appreciated. But this dolorous sort of feeling soon wore off, and when my companions became better known to me, and I to them, we all struck hands, or rather sides, and soon became the very best friends in the world.

One of my new acquaintance, the Broom, soon did me a lasting service for which I will remember him to the last days of my life—though, alas, little good will it do him now, poor fellow, for he many years ago fell a victim to his irrepressible habit of taking the punishment of others, in preference to seeing them take it. He did me a service of this sort upon the very first day of our acquaintance, and I naturally felt very grateful to him for a time, and allowed him to take me around and introduce me to his friends. But soon, with the inconstancy of a Tea-kettle, I began to tire of his society, and when I was high in favor with my mistress, which happened soon afterwards, I dropped his acquaintance and would “rather not know him.” I see now the base-

ness of my conduct, but then, while in a constant whirl of busy excitement, I thought little upon it.

The incident to which I refer was as follows: My mistress and her husband had come down into the kitchen one particular morning to have some breakfast. The lady happened to be in a very bad humor, for some cause or other, and the full weight of her displeasure came down upon the devoted head of her better half—or, rather, of her worse half, for he was, in fact, entirely under the control of his wife, by whom he was continually ordered around at pleasure. Well, as soon as they had seated themselves she commenced to scold; first, blaming her husband for some irregularity in his dress; then, finding fault with the number of dresses which he had bought for her, and the style of the bonnets which he was going to buy for her, and, in a word, complaining about everything in general, except herself.

The henpecked husband kept quiet as long as possible, but at length silence ceased to be a virtue, and he ventured to raise his voice and defend himself. O, then, “the monster,” “the villian,” “the inhuman wretch,” came thundering upon him, accompanied by that almost irresistible argument of woman’s, a flood of tears. “O, why had she not died before confiding her tender affections to such an unfeeling brute, who now took the opportunity to abuse and make her miserable. She would go home to her mother that very day, that she would! Her brother would see whether he, her husband, had the right to abuse her, &c., &c.



For once in his life, the husband's natural timidity deserted him, and he resolved to be master, if possible, in his own house. He, therefore, arose from the table and walked over towards his wife, perhaps with the intention of using more forcible arguments. If such were his intentions, they were never carried into effect, for his wife sprang up, and running over to where I was quietly contemplating the scene, was about to seize me round my handle, doubtless with the intention of hurling me at her husband's head. I trembled when I thought what would be my inevitable fate. But here it was that the good, kind Broom stepped in.

By some means, I know not how, it managed to fall between me and my excited mistress; and she, recognizing a more familiar weapon, grasped it with avidity, and rushed upon her husband. He in vain tried to withstand her blows, and at length fairly beaten, he sought safety in flight. As his figure disappeared at the door, my mistress, as I believe is usual in such cases, at least so I was told by my friend, the Broom, fainted, and was carried out by her faithful servant. The very next day these two quarrelers were the best and most loving couple, to all appearances, in the world; but about once a month regularly, they had a family jar, which gave the Broom a good opportunity to show of what he was made.

Some time after this first fracas, and when I had become somewhat familiar with my duties, I fell into disfavor with my querulous mistress, and, upon the *first* occasion, she gave me away to a peddler who happened to call at the house. This man, after

carrying me around the country for a few days, sold me into a quiet country family, consisting of a man and wife, and two children—one a boy, and the other a girl. Here I continued many years, and it was here that I spent the best part of my life. Time passed swiftly away; the parents grew old and gray; the children ripened into a beautiful young girl and a tall, handsome young man; but still I remained the same good old Tea-Kettle, almost unchanged and uninjured. I had been kept in such continual good order by my mistress that time passed over me unnoticed, and ten years had sped away before I thought it five.

As usual, I was a quiet observer of all that passed in the kitchen; and though I said nothing, I thought a great deal. I remember well the time when my young master so far forgot himself as to indulge in a "first shave;" and oh, how I did laugh over it for many a day afterwards. He had come down into the kitchen with a very important air, and a "now or never" manner about him which plainly convinced me that a very important event was about to occur. He carried under his arm a shaving-case, and "twixt his finger and his thumb," held a cup, no doubt, for hot water.

Ah! I thought to myself, what a very exemplary young man, to be sure. See how he ministers unto the comfort of his aged father by thus bringing down his shaving materials, and saving him a world of trouble. This is a model young man indeed! My good opinion was soon changed, however, when, after carefully locking the door, he sharpened up his

razor, and then turned down his shirt collar, exposing to view his white and feminine-like neck. Good God! I thought, what is the poor boy going to do?

A horrible *suspicion* of suicide by throat-cutting came over me. I felt like crying out for help, but the words stuck in my throat.

I never thought for an instant that he meant to shave himself; such an idea was too ridiculous, for truly his face was as smooth as a woman's. But such was really his intention; for he soon came over to me, and taking a little hot water, made a lather which he spread over the lower part of his face. Then with the razor he commenced to scrape it off. I could repress myself no longer; but burst into laughter.

I think that he must have heard me making so very merry at his expense, for he turned around, and muttering something about 'that confounded Tea-Kettle boiling over,' removed me from the fire and placed me to one side. Soon he finished his arduous task, and with the exception of a number of cuts upon his face, which bled very freely, I could really perceive no difference between the unshaved and the shaved young man. He left the room, and in a few moments his sister came. She also had a box under her arm, and a cup in her hand. I began to think that she was going to have a shave too; but no, such was not her intention; she only came to paint herself. In about an hour she had finished, and—what a transformation! I almost fell in love with her, but I restrained my amorous feeling.

I learned a good lesson from this,

"never to trust to appearances." If some young men in the world had followed this rule, they would now be much better off.

I remember also the time when my young master had his first private supper. It was shortly after his return from college. Graduated with honor, he had quickly sped homeward to make up for "lost time" by youthful excesses. And well did he carry out this determination; so well, indeed, that he had spent all of his ready money and fallen into innumerable debts, before he well knew what he was about. His father however, to whom like a prodigal son he confessed his faults, replenished his purse, and relying upon his promise to do better for the future, sent him forth with a blessing. It is needless to say that the promise was soon forgotten. I will not follow up this young spendthrift's career, further than to give my experience at his first party, to which I was an indispensable article. At an early hour in the evening, my young gentleman was bustling around preparing glasses, water and other necessaries for the coming carousal. Soon his friends commenced dropping in by twos and threes together; all fast young bucks, whose principle it was, to be a fellow's friend as long as he had any money, but when that was gone—"Good-by Jack; I am very sorry, but I have pressing business elsewhere." At length all these young fellows were assembled, and they sat down to a rousing supper, composed of every delicacy of the season, freely interspersed with the most exhilarating wines and liquors. "And all went merry as a marriage bell." Cham-



pagne and punch circulated freely around the board, and jokes and songs filled up the intervals between the drinks. The evening to them passed swiftly away. Soon one, then another, overcome with—let us say excitement and heat—fell from their chairs, and were content to lie upon the floor for the rest of the time. Still the revel was kept up until late at night, and bets were freely made as to who should hold out the longest. At last they all succumbed, and fell—not exactly like the “beautiful snow”—but under the table, from whence they were soon dragged out by their servants, and ticketed to their respective homes.

And thus time passed away with me. I might tell more of my adventures; how I passed into other and less considerate hands, and went down in the scales of respectability; how other brighter and newer Kettles were placed above me and occupied my rightful position; but let it pass. You have formed an opinion of the sort of life I led, therefore I will bring my tale to a close.

Some months ago the family in which I had been for some time residing, broke up house-keeping, and went to visit a distant part of the country. I was left behind, and carelessly thrown into this desolate corner, where I suppose I shall pass the remainder of my days if no kind stranger takes pity upon me, and provides for my welfare.

The boy awoke, and rubbing his eyes, looked around him. In a heap of rubbish by his side, he discovered the old Tea-Kettle whose tale had disturbed his slumbers. With a tender hand he carried it gently home, intending, no doubt, *in childish pity*, to preserve it in remembrance of its many years of usefulness so opportunely related. But, alas! his good intentions were frustrated. His mother came along, and seeing him with the dilapidated Kettle in his hand, took it away, and threw it into an old well near by.

There it has since remained, and may the well prove a more agreeable grave than the exposed corner.



## IN ADVERSIS.

## PAX AMERICAE

## ODE.

Undique in terras rapidus fremensque  
 Labitur turbo; truculenta visu  
 Pacis hinc illinc, Inimica, toto

Fervet in orbe.

Cernere aut belli scelerumve finem  
 Non datur: quin en cumulus malorum  
 Martis infausti, populi que damna

Conglomerantur.

Atque proh! Sanctas hic Domino dicata  
 Templam vertit, polluit alter aras:  
 Numinis cuncti, heu miserum! ministros

Perdere certant.

O quies dulcis, Tu animos serenans  
 Pax, novo haud cures procul ire ab orbe,  
 Te locans, quo jam capit hospitali

Populus umbra:

Neu reformides habitare terram,  
 Quae mare ultra sollicitum reposita est,  
 Quaeque vocetur nemorosa quamvis

Ac nova tellus,

Est tamen Mater generosa pressis,  
 Estque doctrinae ingeniosa cultrix,  
 Una Libertatis amica custos,

Unaque sedes.

At Boni nutrix, America dives,  
 Usque dic, oro, stabilis manebit  
 Alma Pax tot conciliata lethis,

Caedeque tanta?

Civium, spondes, sacra dum tegantur  
 Jura, dum et crimen puniatur atrox,  
 Dumque gens Trinum vereatur Unum

Numen honore.

Sicque gliscenti procul hinc repulsa  
 Partium febris, nivei inde mores,  
 Candor antiquus revirescet una

Castaque virtus.

Sic erit . . . . . votis iteremus omnes,  
 Eja Vos Pacis religate flores,  
 Pacis, o Cives, Patriaeque jura

Usque tuentes.

## HUMILITY.

WHEN we consider what God has pointed out as virtue, and what He has designated as vice, we cannot but be struck with His distinction. We find that the practice of the one (not considering eternal welfare), leads to the happiest results; while the pursuit of the other is destructive and dangerous in the extreme. Although it sometimes seems that that which is laid down as vice is almost virtue, and *vice versa*; yet experience teaches there is not the shadow of a flaw in the classification. Ambition, for instance, may seem a virtue, but it is a mere child of pride, and the greatest disturber of the peace of mankind. On the other hand, humility, which may at first seem contemptible, is the very fountain from which the heart receives its best feelings. Humility is by some defined "Lowliness of self-estimation." The words '*humble*' and '*poor*,' though sometimes incorrectly so used, are not synonymous. When we speak of a man of humility, or an humble man, the idea of riches is not necessarily excluded; for humility may be found in the palace, as well as in the cottage. To be loved, an humble man needs only to be known. Friends flock to a man of humble spirit. In fact, any one who is puffed up to a great degree with pride, cannot be a gentleman, and is only tolerated on account of the position he holds, or the wealth he possesses. If endowed with genius, he may gain admiration,

but no more. The qualities of the humble man on the contrary attract not so much momentary applause as firm friendship and love. Those who are drawn towards him are actuated by feeling, and their regard springs from the heart. No character is more likely to be universally esteemed. As to enemies the humble can have no reasonable ones, for they never offend; and their very inoffensiveness retains the friends once made.

They are spared the bitter pangs of disappointment which attend the proud and ambitious. It may be urged that the happiness of *gratified* ambition is great; but there is not one case in a thousand where it is gratified; and when it *is*, the gratification is not much more than momentary. Reactions come on—new schemes awaken new anxieties—and multiplied disappointments are the bitter fruits of a restless life. But contrast this with the life of the man who is endowed with humility. With a low estimate of his own qualities, he does not attempt to reach impossible heights, and is not therefore subjected to the pains which attend a failure. He finds happiness where the ambitious would not seek for it, and if misfortunes overtake him he contrasts his state with no empty dreams of pride or grandeur—he does not wear himself away with useless repinings, but accepts his lot with cheerfulness and is still happy.



Not being infatuated with his own perfections, he is ever foremost in the praise and admiration of others. Unenvious of their success he is happy to see them advance in the world; and jealousy which may attack weaker and vainer hearts is a stranger to his. The passions of his breast are as calm and still as the surface of some mountain lake, and his sentiments as pure and sweet as its waters.

All this is the effect of humility! While the votaries of pride and ambition are hatching schemes that are never to be accomplished—are wasting away in a self-imposed anxiety that allows them no peace—are murmuring and chafing at past disappointments—are bartering their happiness for the *mere chance of temporary power*—and are endeavoring to trample beneath them the rights of their fellow beings, and to make the sufferings of others the means of their own advancement—while, I say, the votaries of pride and ambition are doing all this, the children of humility are acting a far different part. They rack their brains with no deep-laid plots; their peace of mind is undisturbed—their disappointments are borne with a meekness and cheerfulness that make their endurance almost a pleasure—they possess and enjoy the greatest happiness which this world affords (the happiness of a clear conscience), which they seek not to exchange for the allurements of wealth or power—and they trample on no rights, and cause no sufferings even though invited so to do by the prospect of advancement. They do what humility dictates, accept what their conduct brings, and live in peace and satisfaction.

But let us consider humility in a moral point of view. It is placed first among the capital virtues, and God has said: “Blessed are the meek in spirit for they shall possess the land.” Christ himself is a perfect example of humility. He was God, and yet was more humble than the humblest of men. Thus we see that God requires humility, and Himself sets the example of it; and we all know that He grants to those who obey Him a greater—a higher reward than earthly happiness.

The good effects of humility upon society cannot be over-estimated. In individuals, every humble man is an example of the esteem which it awakens, and of the firm friendships it creates. On the other hand, it needs no example to prove the hatred which pride engenders, and the enemies it produces.

In families and communities the effect is much greater. Instead of the petty jealousies and enmities, which are the result of presumption and love of self, humility creates a mutual regard which is the very soul of peace and good-fellowship.

If it were extended to nations its effects would be truly wonderful. We should have universal peace between all countries; for that arrogance and love of power in rulers—and that desire of self-aggrandizement in the nations themselves—which are the prime causes of all wars, would be destroyed. And then, what a glorious world would be ours! Each man would live in peace and happiness, untroubled by the torturous anxiety of guilt, or the goadings of the never-dying worm—each community would be a paradise—and all nations would

live in friendly intercourse unimbit-  
tered by jealousy of neighbors' grow-  
ing prosperity, and unfettered by the  
chains of ambition. Then the sounds  
and sights of war would no longer  
appall our hearts—we should no lon-  
ger hear the tearful wailings of or-  
phans and of widows, at the prema-  
ture death of fathers and husbands—  
many a gallant hero would be saved  
from an early grave—and tyrants  
would no longer wave the sceptres of  
oppression from thrones reared on  
the bones of their fellow-men.

But we should not practice humil-

ity so much because it is our interest  
as because it is our duty. It is our  
duty in the first place towards God,  
for he has commanded it; and it is  
our duty in the second towards our  
race for it involves the good of man-  
kind. And considerations of duty  
are higher, and nobler, and more  
christian,—and therefore, we may  
surely add, more accordant with true  
humanity, and more likely to be  
actuating motives with the truly hum-  
ble,—than considerations of personal  
happiness; even though that happi-  
ness “be eternal in the heavens.”

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### THE IRISH TO BOYNE.

Again we feel  
The despot's heel,—  
Each patriot's hopes have vanished,—  
Hope's cheering light,  
That late burned bright,  
From Erin's Isle is banished.

In vain our might,  
For Ireland's right,  
Like Valor's self contended;—  
In gushing flood,  
Our Irish blood,  
With thickening Boyne was blended.

Our champions slain  
Upon the plain  
Where freedom fell, are lying;  
While past their graves  
The gentle waves  
Of Boyne are softly sighing.



O fatal field,  
Where Erin's shield  
By tyrant force was broken,—  
A wild pang darts  
Through Irish hearts  
Whene'er thy name is spoken!

And yet, sad spot,  
We curse thee not,  
For in thy bosom sleeping  
There lie the brave,  
Above whose grave,  
A nation still is weeping.

Our love shall grace  
That holy place  
Where martyrs died, defending  
The faith of God  
And native sod,  
Through conquered, still unbending.

Weep, Erin, weep  
For those who sleep  
Around this spot so cherished;  
Weep evermore  
By Boyne's sad shore,  
Whereon thy freedom perished!

## THE BATTLE OF MORTGARTEN.

THE present Switzerland was formerly called Helvetia, but, as the struggle for independence had taken place particularly in the district of Schweitz, and as the victory had been gained chiefly by the exertions of the natives of that canton, the other districts adopted that name also, and the whole was called Switzerland.

With an army of twenty thousand men, Duke Leopold ventured to penetrate into the heart of Switzerland, through a narrow defile between Lake Lucerne and the Alpine range; while only thirteen hundred Helvetians took upon themselves to defend it against that multitude, as formerly three hundred Spartans attempted to stop the the Persians in the straits of Thermopylae. The Helvetians posted themselves on the summits of the mountains, and, as soon as the Austrians entered the narrow pass, cast upon them enormous fragments of rocks, which destroyed the cavalry and threw the infantry in disorder; they then rushed down with resistless fury and cut nearly all the enemy to pieces whilst they themselves lost only fourteen men:

## THE BATTLE.

Dark lowered oppression's clouds Helvetia o'er,  
Sad was the look that weeping Freedom wore;  
When Austria's power in martial trapping gear'd,  
Upon that peaceful land at first appear'd.  
Oh righteous God! thy vengeance and thy power  
Were seen sublimely in that fateful hour.

'Tis morn upon Helvetia's Alps, in dread  
To see that morn the sun has hid his head.

No sunbeam cheers the earth below; on high  
Dark frowning clouds are scattered through the sky  
No gentle zephyrs wake the sleeping wave,  
And all is silent as the lowly grave.—  
What strains of martial music's that which breaks  
Upon my ears, and every echo wakes?  
Ah! now I see the armor-girted band;  
Their drooping flags bespeak a hostile land.  
Arise! Helvetian sons of Mars, and stay  
Proud Austria's King in his tyrannic sway!  
Oh! where are ye that breasted storms of yore;  
Are chains around you cast, are men no more?  
The peaceful morn was past, and fleeting day  
Had circled 'round one half his measured way;  
No sail was on the lake; the hut was still;  
And strayed the bleating flocks along the hill.  
Oh! sons of Liberty! what! have ye flown  
And left your unprotected land alone?  
Shame, Shame, Helvetia! Oh, was there no hand,  
No patriot sword uplifted in thy land?  
Ye gods! can such things really be, where all  
Would rise whene'er they heard their country call?  
Slow winding through the narrow pass, the foe  
Their deeply armored forms begin to show.  
Their banners, conscious that their King's to blame,  
Are meekly drooped upon their staffs in shame.—  
Great God! what means that wild demoniac yell  
Like echo from the fire-chafed shores of hell?  
What means that sudden stir among the foes?  
Their wild commotion some disaster shows.  
Out rush they from the pass, with fury blind  
As from the plain the panic-stricken hind.  
What sounds of joy are breaking from the hill  
Where but an hour ago all things were still?  
What means that avalanche of massive rock,  
Of thunder's deafening roar and earthquake shock?  
Oh, now, with swelling breast, I plainly see  
Above, the waving banner of the free  
Descending like good spirits from on high  
To battle rush, to conquer or to die!  
Back rushed Oppression's hosts in wild dismay  
O'er running all as back they force their way.  
'Twas grand, sublime, that glorious day to see  
Again enacted old Thermopylae.  
'Gainst twenty thousand Europe's sons in arms,  
Old soldiers and inured to wars' alarms;  
Marched thirteen hundred raw recruits, but they  
Were fighting for their homes and all that day.

\* \* \* \* \*

O'er this disputed pass we know full well  
Remained victorious, patriotic Tell.  
For this, Helvetia, thy most glorious name,  
Will blaze on pillars of eternal fame!



## WHISTLING.

WHISTLING is a noble institution, and is, I suppose of great antiquity. The argument of unsound philosophers, that it is exclusively American is of no force whatever; for it is more than probable, from our knowledge of human nature, that when Adam was about to name the animals of creation, he walked around them and whistled. It however receives more general attention as an art, and has been cultivated to a higher degree of perfection, in America than in any other country. Here, indeed, it is sometimes regarded as an hereditary accomplishment; for it is almost the first intelligent act of the American youth, and appears as natural as for a Frenchman to dance, or a Dutchman to smoke. This fact is so notorious, that in our ideal image of Bro. Jonathan, we readily detect a peculiar expression of the mouth, which is caused by habitual whistling; and I may here remark, that the chief improvement made by us consists in a more graceful pucker than had hitherto been attained. We have also discovered a more *lassitudinous*, or, (for want of a sufficiently expressive term,) a more scattering position for our bodies; this may be considered as the legitimate result of our style of thinking, and a patriotic reflection on the extent of our territory. There was a time, in the earlier, ruder state of society, when whistling, like language was cultivated among the useful arts, for we have heard of the man who

lost his dog simply because he could not whistle. But it, also, in time became a medium for the expression of the nicest shades of thought and the finest sensibilities of our nature. Now, it is cultivated as much for the music of it as any thing; and through it sorrow, joy, and all varieties of pathetic feeling, find vent. Young Americans whistle because they are merry hearted; middle aged ones practice it in view of old age, and old ones whistle for the comfort and consolation it affords them. It, very like smoking, assists much in concentrating the thoughts and sharpening the wits; and in a trade supplies the place of a shingle and jack-knife. We are frequently met with the objection that "whistling indicates an empty mind." Fudge! Out of the fulness of the mind the mouth *speaketh*, or, as it may be rendered, bloweth. From the fact that some thing comes out it is evident that there must be something within: Hence the Americans are called a windy people. To be brief as possible, whistling, besides being indicative of musical talent and the standard of all musical excellence, also evinces a spirit of independence. It is, therefore, requisite to the preservation in primitive purity of our father's legacy that we should assiduously cultivate the art of whistling. Could I call before me in our vast assembly the youth of my country. I would say: "Be good boys; study hard; obey your parents and teachers; but don't neglect to whistle."

## AN ITEM.

IF I were addressing myself exclusively to the students of the College, I would request them to call to mind one of the many occasions on which they have witnessed a sunrise in Santa Clara; but, fearful lest this might meet the eyes of some who have dropped the habit of early-rising, I would wish the reader only to imagine such an occasion. Imagine, if you please, a score of half-wakened boys gliding in and out of the unwelcome wash-room, and contrasting its life-like coldness with the comfortable memory of the abandoned bed. Notice, in your mind's eye, the manifold effects that a sudden exit from the land of dreams has produced upon each one of them. One sinks his hands deep into his pockets, and gazes on the sun with a curious expression of mingled curiosity and disgust, as if he would inquire why his rest had been broken by such an untimely flood of light; another breaks out into fitful gusts of desperate whistling, striving to make the best of what he cannot prevent; another very sensibly starts off into a brisk run around the yard, after which he looks as bright and active as if he had been endowed from his infancy with perpetual wakefulness. The sudden tinkle of the little bell sends a thrill of activity through the sleepest and all hurry into ranks; another tinkle, and the long line winds into chapel. Certainly there is nothing extraordinary in

this: The same variety of sentiments pervades the breast of every student every recurring morning during the scholastic year. But, on the particular morning to which I would call the reader's attention, the 16th of October, there were certainly hints passing, and certain comprehensive smiles and certain expressions of countenance, that might lead an observer to suppose that some knew more than others, and were determined not to betray themselves. The various expressions deepened in intensity as the chapel filled; for there were garlands and drapery there that breathed an air of unusual festivity. Mass did not commence so soon that morning and we had ample opportunity for wonderment and gazing. There we sat with the happy sunlight streaming in through the stained windows and falling in fantastic figures on our heads, as if experimenting how a crown of glory would suit such and such a one. What could the secret be? Curiosity was turning to anxiety; faces were gazing in helpless ignorance into other faces that seemed by a peculiar twinkle to glow with the consciousness of a pent-up secret. At last to the infinite relief of the ignorant and to the utmost indifference of those who "knew it," the President of the College announced the baptism of Mr. Chas. Wilcox. There we had it in a nut-shell. Of course each one tried to persuade himself that he had



expected it long ago, and had, of late, noticed a more sober and collected expression in Charley's face. They were fully convinced of the fact by the time Father Varsi had concluded his eloquent address. He spoke of the purity and beauty of the soul after baptism, and the unceasing care that should be taken to retain that purity unsullied by the slightest stain of sin. He touched on the noble character of Mr. Wilcox, "who" he said "in spite of obstacles and difficulties, was manfully obeying the dictates of his conscience."

The ceremony immediately commenced, the postulant standing in the open door, as seeking admission into the church. The heavens seemed to glow with unwonted hues, and the cool morning breeze whispered, or so it seemed to us, of hovering angels and joyful hosts. The prayer and the response, the significant laying on of hands and the modest demeanor of the happy recipient of baptism, will not soon fade from the memory of those who witnessed the interesting scene.

A generous breakfast, spiced with the reading of a beautiful and appropriate poem by Mr. Sullivan S. J. reminded us that religious thoughts

had failed to wean us from all earthly enjoyments. Pleasantly went the day until dinner, which proved, by the way, no mean contrast to the breakfast. As strange chance would have it, two old scholars, Messrs. Jno. A. Waddell, and Geo. Sedgely, who had also been baptized by Father Varsi, were on a visit to the college at the time, and formed with our editor a pleasant trio of brothers. After the substantial had received their full share of justice, Mr. Martin Murphy congratulated the happy one in neat and significant terms and on concluding, presented him a beautiful bouquet. A short poem followed, after the reading of which, Mr. Wilcox arose and thanked all for the deep friendship they had evinced. He said that "he had taken this step through firm conviction; nor had that conviction been thrust upon him unwillingly, but it had been sought after by his own desire." Long and continued congratulations followed his remarks.

A buggy-ride, a holiday and a pleasant recollection will always remind the boys of—70 of the bright, happy day on which the unexpected baptism took place.

## IDLE NOTES.

ON the morning of the 6th inst., a meeting of the higher classes of the college was called, for the purpose of establishing the management of the *Owl* on a broader and better defined basis than it had hitherto possessed. A constitution, drawn up by Mr. Chas. F. Wilcox, was submitted for the approval of those present, and, after the amount of discussion usual in such cases, adopted without alteration. The "Owl Association" (the name assumed by this body) then proceeded to the election of a board of editors, as provided by the constitution, with the following result: First Editor, Chas. F. Wilcox, A. B., Second Editor, Jas. H. Campbell, Third Editor, Jas. Byrne, Fourth Editor, Jos. F. McQuade. The first editor, with the name of editor general, (subject to the instructions of the board of managers,) will have the general superintendence of all matters relating to the magazine. The second editor will prepare the "Idle Notes," and the "Editor's Table," a department of book notices, etc., to be commenced in our next issue. The third editor will take charge of all the monetary affairs of the *Owl*. The fourth editor will have charge of the humorous department, and to those who know him, the name of the present incumbent is a sufficient guarantee that the position is well filled. Our readers may justly regret that the racy style of the gentleman who has here-

tofore written the *Idle Notes* has been exchanged for one less striking and, I fear, less agreeable. Yet it must be kept well in mind, that by his withdrawal our worthy editor has merely shifted his sphere of action; and we may hope that ere long his well-wishers will be gratified by the appearance from his pen, of something more worthy of his excellent abilities than "*Idle Notes*."

The Dramatic Society of the College, noticed in the September No., gave its first public entertainment for the benefit of the College literary societies October 12th. The programme included "Elma" a tragedy, and "Robert Macaire" a serio-comic drama. A goodly audience was in attendance, and gave abundant evidence of approbation by showers of bouquets and an almost continuous applause. In *Elma*, (where all did well) Mr. J. T. Malone as *Oswin*, the Druid high-priest, particularly distinguished himself. Mr. M. J. C. Murphy also did some excellent acting as *Rollo*, the Druid Chieftain. Mr. Jas. V. Coleman, as *Febronius*; Mr. J. T. Murphy as *Nori*; and Mr. P. Byrne as *Adolph*, acquitted themselves very creditably. In "Robert Macaire," Mr. Jos. F. McQuade gave an inimitable impersonation of the cowardly *Jacques Strop*, keeping the audience in a constant *smile* (!). Altogether the affair was a complete success.



A second exhibition (before the students only) will take place on the 24th inst. (Thanksgiving Evening.) It will consist of farces, tableaux vivants, readings, etc. An account of it of it will appear in our next number.

BASE BALL MATTERS.—Our ball clubs have been unusually lively during the past month and several warmly contested games have come off among them. An account of two match games for the championship medal, has been kindly furnished us, which we give below.

The first of a series of three games of base ball to be played for the College Medal, between the Phoenix and Ætna, both College clubs, took place October 21st. After an exciting struggle, victory declared for the "Phoenixians." Following is the score:

Phoenix B. B. C.	Runs.	Outs.
McQuade, J., C.....	5	1
Jaujou, E., P.....	1	1
Sullivan, D. G., 1 B.....	6	1
Arguello, A., S. S.....	3	2
Murphy, J., 2 B.....	5	3
Bull, G., 3 B.....	1	6
Trembly, T., L. F.....	1	5
Bernal, C. F.....	2	5
Byrne, J., R. F.....	2	3
Total .....	26	27
Ætna B. B. C.	Runs.	Outs.
Hayes, J. C., C.....	2	4
Wilson, M., P.....	1	3
Veuve, 1 B.....	1	5
Drown, J., 2 B.....	3	1
Dobbins, O., 3 B.....	2	3
Smith, J., S. S.....	3	2
Raleigh J., L. F.....	4	1
Campbell, A., C. F.....	4	3
Tittle, R. F.....	0	6
Total .....	20	27

Umpire—M. Murray, of P. B. B. C.  
Scorers—W. Veuve and W. Kelly.

On the 1st inst. the same clubs met a second time to contend for the

mastery: and again, despite their vigorous effort, the Ætnas were defeated. The Phoenix Club, by this second victory put an end to the match, and secured themselves the undisturbed possession of the championship in the college for sixty days. The final match was witnessed by about two hundred persons. The men of the Ætna Club first took their turn at the bat, but retired after two runs. The second and after innings were more stoutly contested, and much fine playing was exhibited on both sides. The names of Jos. F. McQuade, A. Arguello and L. Wolter, of the Phoenix Club, are particularly deserving of notice; Arguello and McQuade for excellent playing, the former at short stop, the latter behind the bat; and Wolter for his splendid batting.

The vanquished must not be forgotten. Mason Wilson, P., J. Drown, 2 B., and J. C. Hayes, C. of the Ætna B. B. C., are to be applauded for skillful playing in their respective positions. The score stands as follows:

Phoenix.	Runs.	Outs.
Bull, G., 1 B.....	4	2
Arguello, A., S. S.....	2	6
Murphy, J. T., 2 B.....	2	6
Sullivan, D. G., 3 B.....	4	2
McQuade, J. F., C.....	5	1
Trembly, F., L. F.....	3	5
Bernal, A., R. F.....	4	3
Wolter, L., C. F.....	7	0
Jaujou, E., P.....	2	2
Total .....	33	27
Ætna.	Runs.	Outs.
Campbell, A., C. F.....	0	6
Tittle, R. F.....	4	3
Kelley, W., 3 B.....	3	4
Hayes, J. C., C.....	4	2
Bernal, M., S. S.....	4	1
Raleigh, J., L. F.....	3	2
Drown, J., 2 B.....	2	2

Wilson, M., P.....	2	3
Veuve, I B.....	2	4
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total .....	24	27
Fly Catches, Phoenix.—Arguello, 8 ;		
J. F. McQuade, 4 ; F. D. Trembly, 2.		
Fly Catches, Ætnas.—M. Wilson, 5 ;		
A. Raleigh, 3 ; J. Drown, 2.		
Umpire.—J. J. Price, San Jose.		
Scorers.—W. Veuve and James B. Smith.		

A match game was played October 27th., on which occasion the Opposition Junior B. B. C. of the College was met by the Columbian Club of the Santa Clara public school. The field was won by the Opposition. Score 34 to 17. The second game of the match came off October 29th. The Opposition was again, after a vigorous battle, declared the victor by a single run. Score 19 to 18.

WE have received the following letter for publication. It merits careful perusal:

“SAN JOSE, Oct. 17th 1870.

“REV. FATHER VARSI, }  
 “Pres. Santa Clara College, S. J. } ”

“Rev. and Dear Sir:—Allow me to place at your disposal for the close of the current year, the small sum of \$40,00, which you will convert either into a medal, or such other reward as you may think fitting, to be given to that one of your pupils who will write the most creditable essay upon a set subject.

“A friend of education, and of the University of which you are the worthy representative, I have it in mind in offering you this trifling sum, to encourage the students to take profit of their young years, to excite them to emulation; in short, to make them understand that for the attain-

ment of a certain end labor is necessary; and, as only an example has been wanting to excite the ambition of others, I propose from the present, to lay at your disposal during five successive years, at least an equal sum, intended for the same object; and at the termination of each scholastic year, to be delivered to you or any other of the fathers on whom you may decide for the choosing of the subject of the essay.

“Perhaps, in our wealthy California, others will follow me closely and in proportion to their fortunes.

“Accept, Sir and Rev. Father, the assurance of my distinguished consideration. “A. WALDTEUFEL.”

The above letter will at once commend itself to all our readers. May the example so generously given be not without its effect on the minds of our opulent patrons and friends. Nothing is ever lost by such judicious encouragement of learning. It is bread cast upon the waters which will return ere many days in *tenfold blessings* on the giver. How is it that Harvard and Yale and other Eastern colleges, are almost daily, we may say, the recipients of some magnificent donation, for libraries and scholarships and professorial chairs, while we, though more needy, have no such aids. Is it that our friends are less wealthy or less liberal than theirs? No, it can be neither. The obvious reason is that the people of this western shore, are not yet fully alive to the necessity of encouraging the progress of the educational establishments around them. When this state of things has been replaced by a better; when the country (and the college too) has become



older, and the former more thickly peopled; when all are not as now unceasingly straining every nerve in the acquirement of wealth; when scholars and literary men, and *educated* professional men are less rare among us; *then*, I will venture to say, our friends will not show themselves less liberal than their Eastern neighbors.

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As our first article this month will inform the reader, we have had, since our last issue, to lament the decease of one long and honorably connected with this institution, and universally regarded as one of its brightest ornaments. A slow consumption, from which he had suffered for many years past, carried him off at length on the morning of the 24th ult. In the very prime of his manhood he was struck down,—a manhood full of brilliant promise for his friends; but the fiat had gone forth and the idol of many fond hopes is forever crushed. The tired spirit has been summoned to the bosom of its Maker, and we must resignedly bow before the Sovereign will, saying meekly, “*Thy* will be done.” The Philalethic Literary Society, of which Mr. Ford had at one time been President, sorrowfully accompanied his remains to their final resting-place. He was buried according to the solemn rites of the Catholic Church.

A committee of three, appointed by the Philalethic Society to express publicly the deep grief of that body, drafted the following Resolutions, which were afterward adopted by the society.

Whereas: we are called upon to lament the untimely death of our beloved Ex-President, Mr. Daniel Ford S. J. who, on the 24th ult., was called to the enjoyment of a better life;

Resolved, that we deeply mourn the loss of so accomplished a scholar, so refined a gentleman, so sterling a Christian;

Resolved, that we will ever fondly cherish the memory of one endeared to us by so many kindly recollections;

Resolved, that as a token of sorrow our members wear mourning for thirty days;

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

Resolved, that copies of these resolutions be printed in the *San Jose Mercury*, the *Santa Clara Index*, and the *Owl*, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

Signed:

M. J. C. Murphy,	} Committee.
Jas. H. Campbell,	
J. T. Malone,	

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THE first (Oct.) number of the *Young Catholic*, a neat little paper issued monthly by the Catholic Publication Society, is before us. It is handsomely illustrated, and filled with pleasing matter for the little folks; by whom, no doubt, it will be warmly welcomed.

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THERE has been much talk of late among our exchanges, about the use-



fulness or expediency of prosecuting the study of the Greek and Latin models of excellence in poetry and oratory. We do not propose to entangle ourselves in this discussion. We think the wiser way is to keep aloof from what appears productive of so little good. Many excellent arguments can certainly be brought forward in favor of classical studies; arguments so strong and so practical, that they should satisfy the "*Cui bono?*" of any reasonable man. But you know

A man convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still:

and you will find he is not to be driven from it by any dint of reasoning. Those who enjoy the benefits of a classical education, will always uphold and warmly defend the importance and utility even of those studies; and will strain every effort to give their sons a like salutary course of discipline. Those who are unable to boast of such acquirements, will continue to decry them despite all the persuasions of their more learned opponents. Their ignorance in this regard is invincible. Your most specious plea, in favor of the Greek and Latin authors, cannot make them fully sensible of their loss. They get along

through life well enough without them, hence they argue they are practically useless; and from this standpoint the thunderbolts of logic cannot shake them. Fortunately the adherence of such men is not needed. Our opinions will gain ground in spite of them. All who admire the classics, (and they are all who can rightly be called *educated* men,) will instil into their children a love for the beauties of ancient literature. The *practical* man perhaps wishes his sons to have a "first-rate" education, and accordingly sends them off to some college of note. He is well aware that they will be compelled to study those "classics" which he so heartily detests. Yet he submits with an ill grace to what he esteems an unavoidable evil. His son, having studied the ancient authors, becomes their strongest advocate, and you may be sure he will take great care that *his* children receive a classical education. This is, perhaps, a slow way of overcoming prejudice, but it is the easiest, surest and most natural one. Let our colleges firmly refuse to capitulate to the senseless utilitarian spirit so rife at present, (by making the branches elective,) and the classical studies will quickly come in to favor among all.

## OLIO.

OWEN GRIMES.—As long ago as the days when McCarty edited a paper in the city of Paducah, the principal hotel in that city was in charge of a rubicund landlord named Owen Grimes. Among the distinguished guests of the "St. Francis," and also one of the distinguished staff of McCarty, was Jabez Johnson, popularly known as "Yuba Dam." In those early days steamboats did not tarry long at the landing, and it frequently happened that visitors at the hotel were so hurried in their departure that they were unable to properly arrange their business before leaving. Most of his visitors being planters of the South were well known to Owen Grimes, and had the freedom of his house. One of these, a Mr. Huston, had, on one occasion, been called to a passing boat without giving him time to settle his hotel bill. Some weeks later, Mr. Huston was again in Paducah, and called at the "St. Francis" to liquidate his former indebtedness. "Yuba Dam" was seated alone behind the office counter.

"I want Owen Grimes," said Mr. Huston.

"I am Owen Grimes," answered Yuba.

"I am strangely mistaken," replied Mr. Huston; "I have seen Mr. Grimes, and he is a shorter man than you, and has a red face."

"I have quit drinking," answered Yuba.

"Well, sir," said Huston, "I left here in a hurry, owing a bill. If you are Owen Grimes, you can tell me what it is."

"Certainly," said Yuba, "I remember it. It is just twenty dollars."

"This is an enormous bill."

"Nevertheless it is Owen Grimes' bill."

Mr. Huston paid it, and Yuba gave him a receipt. He afterwards mentioned the circumstances to some of his friends; and was told that he had been deceived. Furious, he returned to the St. Francis, and approaching Johnson, said:

"You are a scoundrel, sir. You told me you were the proprietor of this hotel."

"No, I didn't."

"You did, sir. You said you were Owen Grimes."

"Well, so I am, owing Grimes a bill for a month's board, and I am obliged to you for the money to pay it."

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"'Why was I born?' exclaimed Anna Dickinson, in beginning one of her fine flights of eloquence on the equality of women. 'Why was I born?' she repeated, swelling her exultant form, stamping her foot, and looking earnestly over the audience. 'Give it up,' exclaimed a puzzled chap in the gallery, 'ask us something easier.'"—*Galaxy*.

“A Chicago lady dropped one of her eyebrows in the church pew, and dreadfully frightened a young man sitting next to her, who thought it was his moustache.”—*Galaxy*.

Somewhere in the west, a sable knight of the lather and brush was performing the operation of shaving with a very dull razor. “Stop, that won’t do,” said the sufferer. “What’s de matter, boss?” “That razor pulls!” “Well, no matter for that, sah. If de handle ob de razor don’t break the beard’s bound to come.”

Two servants girls were given tickets to go to a theatre. Returning in a short time, their mistress asked them why they did not stay. They answered, they sat in the place till a

curtain was rolled up, and some ladies and gentlemen began talking about family matters, when, thinking they had no business there, they left.

Mrs. Partington says that Ike, having become very much enameled of a siren in Boston, has led her to the mental halter. He didn’t appear the least bit decomposed. On the back of his wedding cards were cubeds with wings.

A boy was sent by his mother to saw some stove wood out of railroad ties. Going out of doors shortly after, she saw the youth sitting on a saw-horse with head down. The mother asked her young hopeful son why he didn’t keep at his work. The boy replied thus: “My dear mother, I find it hard, very hard, to sever old ties.”

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## TABLE OF HONOR.

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Credits for the month of OCTOBER, as read out on FIRST WEDNESDAY  
November 1st, 1870.

### Christian Doctrine.

- 1st Class—P. Dunne, 100; J. Raleigh, 100; W. Fallon, 95; J. Poujade, 95; P. Byrne, 90; A. Campbell, 80; M. Walsh, 80.  
2d Class—Thos. Tully, 100; R. Soto, 92; S. Fellom, 90; J. Smith, 90; W. Veuve, 88; A. Veuve, 85; F. Kellogg, 82; D. Murray, 80; W. O’Sullivan, 70.  
3d Class—J. Kennedy, 100; H. Martin, 100; A. Valencia, 98; P. Soto, 97; T. Morrison, 80; F. Trembley, 80; N. Camarillo, 75; J. McCarthy, 70.

### Ethics.

- J. H. Campbell, 78; M. J. Murphy, 75; C. F. Wilcox, 70.



**Logic.**

J. T. Malone, 70; S. White, 70.

**Physics.**

J. T. Malone, 96; J. H. Campbell, 95; J. C. Johnson, 95; M. Walsh, 95; S. White, 90;  
M. Murphy, 70.

**Organic Chemistry.**

J. H. Campbell, 100; S. White, 88; J. T. Malone, 80; E. White, 75.

**Elementary Chemistry.**

I. Malarin, 96; J. C. Johnson, 90; M. Walsh, 88; O. Dobbins, 85; A. Arguello, 79;  
H. J. Harrison, 79; P. Byrne, 79; M. Wilson, 75.

**Mathematics.**

1st Class—M. Walsh, 100; J. H. Campbell, 95; W. Veuve, 90; C. Wilcox, 90.  
2d Class—J. C. Johnson, 100; S. White, 92; P. Byrne, 91; M. Wilson, 87; J. T. Mal-  
lone, 86; H. J. Harrison, 83; R. Cochrane, 79; W. Kelly, 77; S. Rhodes, 76;  
E. White, 75; H. Newhall, 75; J. F. McQuade, 72.  
3d Class—A. Veuve, 100; M. Murray, 90; D. G. Sullivan, 90; A. Arguello, 85; V.  
McClatchy, 75.

**Greek.**

1st Class—J. T. Malone, 99; A. I. Kelley, 99.  
2d Class—J. H. Campbell, 75; H. Harrison, 75; M. Murray, 70.  
3d Class—S. Rhodes, 72; W. Veuve, 70.  
4th Class—  
5th Class—J. C. Johnson, 83; G. Bull, 80; M. Walsh, 75; O. Dobbins, 72; A. Dob-  
bins, 70.

**Latin.**

1st Class—J. T. Malone, 99; A. I. Kelley, 99.  
2d Class—J. H. Campbell, 85; S. White, 81; H. J. Harrison, 80; S. Rhodes, 80; M.  
Wilson, 80; J. F. McQuade, 70.  
3d Class—W. Veuve, 76; A. Campbell, 70.  
4th Class—  
5th Class—R. Soto, 100; G. Bull, 98; C. Ebner, 85; T. Tully, 80; W. Fallon, 71; W.  
Newhall, 70; J. Poujade, 70; A. Veuve, 70.

**English.**

1st Class—Rhetoric and Oratory.—P. Byrne, 81; J. C. Johnson, 76.  
2d Class—Rhetoric and Poetry—J. Drown, 95; H. Peyton, 95; M. Walsh, 95; J. Pou-  
jade, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; J. Smith, 90; P. Dunne, 85; J. T. Murphy, 80; H.  
Bowles, 75; F. McCusker, 72; A. Raleigh, 70.  
3d Class—J. Kennedy, 70; J. Kifer, 70; H. Maison, 70; A. Veuve, 70; Ryland Wal-  
lace, 70.  
4th Class—R. Soto, 95; E. Udell, 95; Ed Richardson, 85; L. Wolter, 75; T. Tully, 72;  
P. Soto, 70.  
5th Class—C. Walsh, 100; P. Colombet, 100; W. Johnson, 99; J. Temple, 98; T.  
Durbin, 97; N. Camarillo, 93; D. Egan, 91; T. Scully, 90; C. Ebner, 84.

**French.**

1st Class—A. Sauffignon, 100; A. Campbell, 75; A. Arguello, 70; J. F. McQuade, 70.  
2d Class—  
3d Class—H. Peyton, 77; G. Bull, 76; J. Radovich, 73.

**Spanish.**

1st Class—Jas. Byrne, 70; P. Byrne, 70; J. Smith, 70.

2d Class—

3d Class—N. Camarillo, 75; H. Maison, 70.

**Italian.****Arithmetic.**

1st Class—E. Udell, 90; F. McCusker, 83; J. Smith, 80; D. J. Murry, 75; P. Dunne, 70.

2d Class—J. Byrne, 90; R. Soto, 90; T. Egan, 76; S. Fellom, 70; T. Morrison, 70.

3d Class—G. Wilson, 100; T. Durbin, 90; T. Dore, 80; D. Egan, 80; J. Greer, 80; G. Lion, 80; T. Scully, 80; F. Hall, 75; W. Johnson, 75; A. Bernal, 70; M. Bernal, 70; J. Harrington, 70; H. Martin, 70; A. McCone, 70; W. Patterson, 70; Frank Richardson, 70; F. Wines, 70.

4th Class—1st Division—R. Spence, 100; J. Day, 95; H. Petersen, 95; A. Pierotich, 80; Alfred Den, 70; P. Dore, 70; S. Brown, 70; McGovern, 70; Betz, 70.

2d Division—G. Laroche, 100; J. Sanroman, 100; H. Christin, 90; J. Reale, 90; W. Wallace, 90; J. Ladd, 70; G. Martin, 70; F. Richardson, 70.

**Book-keeping.**

1st Class—A. Levy, 75; J. Radovich, 75; L. Burling, 70; A. Forbes, 70.

2d Class—R. Soto, 100; E. Udell, 90; F. McCusker, 85; J. Judd, 80; P. Dunne, 75; E. Newhall, 75; W. Marshall, 71.

3d Class—V. McClatchy, 98; Fred Kellogg, 90; H. Maison, 88; C. Colombet, 75; T. Tully, 75; F. Stern, 74.

**History.**

1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 75.

2d Class—P. Dunne, 95; J. Raleigh, 90; M. Walsh, 90; J. Burling, 85; J. Smith, 80; H. Peyton, 75; H. Bowles, 70; F. McCusker, 70.

3d Class—J. Judd, 100; H. Maison, 100; W. Fallon, 75; J. Kennedy, 75.

4th Class—R. Soto, 96; E. Udell, 96; T. Tully, 76; J. Byrne, 70; P. Donahue, 70; F. Kellogg, 70; L. Palmer, 70; E. Richardson, 70.

5th Class—T. Dore, 100; Johnson, 92; Jas. Thompson, 92; C. Walsh, 90; D. Egan, 87; T. Durbin, 80; C. Ebner, 70.

6th Class—1st Division—S. Brown, 100; G. Elems, 100; F. Wines, 78; C. Petersen, 78; Alison, 72; Reale, 72; D. Casey, 70; Dwinelle, 70; Videau, 70.

2d Division—McCarthy, 90; McGovern, 90; Pierotich, 90; Trobok, 90; J. Ward, 90; Richardson, 70.

**Geography.**

1st Class—J. Johnson, 76; A. Forbes, 73; W. Veuve, 70.

2d Class—P. Dunne, 95; J. Burling, 90; J. Raleigh, 85; M. Walsh, 85; F. McCusker, 80; H. Peyton, 75; J. Drown, 70.

3d Class—J. Judd, 100; H. Maison, 100.

4th Class—E. Newhall, 82; R. Soto, 82; E. Udell, 82; T. Morrison, 73; Deck, 72; P. Soto, 72; F. Kellogg, 71; T. Tully, 71.

5th Class—T. Durbin, 100; Ebner, 100; J. Temple, 100; C. Walsh, 100; J. Thompson, 95; P. Colombet, 85; D. Egan, 82; Day, 72.

**Orthography.**

1st Class—1st Division—P. Dunne, 80; T. Egan, 76; A. Raleigh, 75; E. Richardson, 75; E. Jaujou, 70; J. Kifer, 70; A. Lenz, 70.

2d Division—J. F. Dunne, 82; W. Walsh, 81.

2d Class—1st Division—P. Soto, 95; J. Byrne, 90; S. Fellom, 90; F. Richardson, 90; George Wilson, 90; J. Greer, 75; J. Temple, 75; T. Dore, 70; T. Durbin, 70; J. Grant, 70; T. B. Hall, 70; J. Harrington, 70; T. Scully, 70; J. Thompson, 70; E. Tittel, 70; F. Trembley, 70; A. Valencia, 70; L. Wolter, 70; C. Walsh, 70.

2d Class—2d Division—V. McClatchy, 100; L. Palmer, 100; R. Soto, 100; W. Frink, 70; W. Geary, 70.

**Reading.**

1st Class—1st Division—A. Raleigh, 80; E. Jaujou, 75; J. Kennedy, 74; J. Judd, 70; J. Kifer, 70; A. Lenz, 70; H. Maison, 70.

2d Division—J. Dunne, 86; W. Walsh, 85; J. L. Flood, 70; Ryland Wallace, 70.

2d Class—1st Division—F. Richardson, 75; J. Thompson, 75; P. Dore, 70; T. Dore, 70; S. Fellom, 70; J. Greer, 70; C. Walsh, 70; G. Wilson, 70.

2d Division—V. McClatchy, 75; W. Geary, 70; L. Palmer, 70.

**Elocution.**

1st Class—P. Byrne, 80; A. Forbes, 80; O. Dobbins, 75.

2d Class—J. T. Murphy, 80; F. McCusker, 75; Poujade, 75; I. Malarin, 75; Bowles, 70; J. Burling, 70.

3d Class—

4th Class—T. Egan, 89; P. Donahue, 75.

5th Class—J. Thompson, 85; O. Beaulieu, 80; J. Day, 75; P. Dore, 75; C. Ebner, 70; S. Fellom, 70; W. Furman, 70.

**Penmanship.**

1st Class—W. Fallon, 80; G. Bull, 75; R. Soto, 75; A. Rowland, 72; P. Dunne, 70; J. Kennedy, 70; M. Murray, 70; A. Veuve, 70; L. Wolter, 70.

2d Class—T. Morrison, 75; P. Soto, 75; J. Byrne, 72; J. Temple, 71; J. Judd, 70; W. Walsh, 70.

3d Class—J. R. Arguello, 75; Chas. Walsh, 70.

**Piano.**

1st Class—L. Burling, 80; C. Ebner, 70.

2d Class—C. F. Wilcox, 70.

**Brass Instrument.**

L. Pinard, 70.

**Drawing.**

Linear Drawing—J. Chretien, 70; V. McClatchy, 70; W. Newhall, 70.

Figure Drawing—G. Anzar, 70.

Landscape Drawing—

**Violin.**

J. Burling, 70; A. Lenz, 70.

[Classes of the PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT are omitted.]

Highest number of credits given, 100. Recipients of 70 and over only mentioned.