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THE OWL

DEVOTED TO

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

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

SAN FRANCISCO:
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1870.
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**The Owl**

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HISTORICAL ESSAY ON THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

CONCLUSION.

ALL of these disturbances were caused by an alleged friendship of the king for the down-trodden people of Ireland, who had taken up arms against their inhuman oppressors. Their religion was not in agreement with the Christian ideas of the English people at large, and more especially of parliament, which afterwards, when in hostilities against the king, commanded that no quarter should be given to the Irish who were captured while serving in his army; and even by its inhuman orders hundreds were shot in cold blood, and others, tied back to back, were thrown into the sea, to die a worse than dog's death.

These agitations proved the commencement of "the pelting of that pitiless storm" that so long deranged the affairs of England. "The straw that broke the camel's back" was the course pursued by Charles in regard to the five members of parliament whom he had accused of high treason. This infringement of parliamentary rights caused threatening murmurs on all sides, and many were but too willing to give an onward push to the wheel of revolution that was already moving. The accused members were kept secreted by their friends from the first, and all efforts of the king to obtain possession of them were vain. Meanwhile, hostile demonstrations grew daily more and more menacing, till at last Charles was urged to leave London until the disturbances should subside.

No sooner had he left the city, than the five members of parliament, before alluded to, were brought back,
amid the universal acclamations of the people. This hostility to the king increased day by day, and it was not long before a return to London would have been impossible, unless effected by stealth. The fires of hostility, so long smoldering, soon burst forth in stern reality, and two armies were quickly in the field. As yet no efforts were made to restore tranquillity, parliament being too well pleased at the turn affairs had taken to wish for peace, and the king too much exasperated to make pacific overtures. Yet after he had gained the first victory at Cropredy Bridge, he seemed to dread the horrors that would ensue in a war, and sent peaceful proposals to parliament, wishing to open negotiations. But that body saw, notwithstanding its defeat, that its affairs had not suffered much from the blow, and therefore cared nothing about considering the propositions.

The battle of Marston Moor was a great check to the king’s hopes, and very hurtful to his cause, for his enemies, rejoicing at their success, suddenly puffed up like the frog of old, and became a vast deal more haughty. At York, he himself received proposals from parliament, but he rejected them, as incompatible with his authority. It is a notorious fact, that, in all of its propositions to Charles, it was far more rapacious in its demands than he had ever been. Still, the most devout exclamations of horror at the king’s duplicity and tyranny escaped it, while at the same time its own actions were extremely arbitrary.

Such a course surely did not tend to proclaim parliament a misused and cruelly wronged body, when it so heartily condemned the conduct of Charles. It made the old maxim, “that they should take who have the power,” the standard of its actions; and truly nothing was more applicable to its character. The trial, condemnation, and execution of archbishop Laud, was enough to establish its reputation for a despotic use of power. He was condemned by a simple Act of parliament, and that, too, without any precedent of parliamentary tyranny.

This merciless Act was enough to stamp its name with infamy, and prepare it for future deeds of a like nature; but the common hatred of royal authority could not keep the members together, and so parliament was divided—a new party being formed, called the Independents.

This party, so weak in the beginning, by an unparalleled career of crime, intrigue and tyranny, gained the ascendancy throughout the kingdom, and at last consummated its actions by the murder of the king. Knowing full well if Charles and the Presbyterians became allied that their cause would be lost, they used every means in their power to weaken their opponents. They offended the Scots in every possible way, and used all their arts to prejudice the people against them. In this they were successful. After Charles had given himself up to the Scottish army, the Independents tried every expedient to get possession of his person. Triumphant in the army, they needed nothing but to get the king in their power; and to accomplish this end every intrigue was resorted to.
Historical Essay on the Execution of Charles I.

Their wishes were at last consummated; for a considerable bribe Charles was delivered into their hands, and

"Then was the winter of their discontent
Made glorious summer."

The trials of the royal captive then commenced. He was carried about from place to place, and all his wishes for a personal interview with parliament were harshly denied. While he was thus forbidden an entrance into his own capital by the high dignitaries, a change occurred in the popular opinion, and the people of London loudly called for his return. Petitions to that effect were posted up in several places, but they were torn down by the Independents, and parliament issued a proclamation that all who should be caught making public such requests should be treated as traitors. All marks of friendship for Charles were thus treated as capital crimes by the abused dominant party. But these acts did not suppress the demonstrations of the people. Opposition only strengthened them, and after many clamors through the streets, a mob rushed to the House of Commons, and forcing the Speaker into his chair, loudly called for a vote on the king's return; which, being voted on, was carried—only one voice dissenting.

Soon after this, some sixty members of parliament took refuge with the army, which was well pleased, as it now had a parliament of its own. This action seemed to cause a great deal of surprise among the generals, though in reality it had been brought about through the agents of Cromwell. After the army and its parliament had returned to London, the lords very accommodatingly voted that everything they had done during the absence of the other members was null and void.

The House of Commons was not so servile. Three times the resolution was refused, but at last troops were stationed around the hall, and through the menaces of Cromwell and Ireton it was carried. Charles was in London once more, but it was as a captive. The Independent leaders, Cromwell, Ireton, and others, now became very intimate with him, but this friendship was veiled under the desire of ascertaining his feelings in regard to themselves. When they found out his views and intentions, by the interception of one of his letters to the queen, their conduct suddenly changed; "they had set their lives upon the cast, and they resolved to stand the hazard of the die."

Now closely watched in all his actions, and deprived of his former liberty, Charles was urged by his friends to escape while it was possible. Being animated by some glimmering hope of success, he refused;

"But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair."

While in this confinement he received four propositions from parliament, whose acceptation would admit him to treat personally with that body. But they were most arbitrary, and their acceptation would only have been a crime against himself. Being now alarmed at the serious turn affairs were taking, Charles secretly withdrew to the Isle of Wight to prevent any disturbance that might be occasioned if he remained in London.
During the whole of his reign, Charles had been accused of falsifying his word whenever it suited him to do so; but if history tells the truth, this faculty deserted him at the most trying moment of his life. When measures were adopted by the army to take him away from the Isle of Wight, Col. Cook, who had a vessel near by, and everything else in readiness, urged him to leave, and to take passage on board the ship, in which he could be carried whither he wished. But refusing, and speaking in regard to what had passed between him and parliament, Charles said: "No, they promised me, and I promised them; I will not break first." Cook then told him it was not parliament but the army that was going to take him away; but still he was firm in his refusal.

Very little has ever been said of this action. That he should keep his word to his own ruin, when, by breaking it, he had caused such disturbances, seems rather singular; but it was probably because he thought parliament would ultimately triumph, and replace him on the throne.

When removed from the Isle of Wight he was conveyed to Hurst Castle, and thrown into a room little better than a dungeon. At this juncture of affairs, the Presbyterian portion of parliament awoke to the true sense of its position. After a session of twenty-four hours, it was resolved that the king's answer was a sufficient foundation for peace.

It was now the turn of the Independents to feel uneasy, for they did not wish peace if it were to be obtained by again placing the king on the throne. If it were done, their fortune would be ruined; but this they determined should never happen.

In a meeting held by the Independents, a committee of six was appointed to investigate matters, and lay plans that should insure the success of their undertaking. After this, troops were placed around the parliament chamber, and all members known to be unfavorable to the Independents were excluded. Yet this was but the beginning of what followed. Many more were thrust out, and some were arrested, till at last the Independents were victorious in parliament. In this case the king's tyranny was slightly improved upon, as well as in many others; but the imitators have not obtained full credit for their improvement on the model.

Charles' presence was now necessary for the progress of the play; so his keepers sent for him. He no sooner arrived in London, than the Commons voted that he should be immediately brought to trial; but when the resolution was placed before the lords, they said: "There is no parliament without the king; therefore the king can commit no treason against parliament." This answer could avail nothing; the Independents had gone too far to retrace their steps. Indecision no longer marked the course of the despots; they had sounded all the depths and shoals of their cause, and at last found themselves in deep water, with no opposing winds, but the sails of precaution were spread, that the ship might ride into harbor without any disaster from carelessness; for

"Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind."
When the day for trial came, Westminster Hall was surrounded by soldiers, to prevent any hostile demonstrations that might be made in favor of Charles. Brought before the judges that were to try him, he was not allowed to say a word in his own defense. Charged with the evils arising from his tyranny and the war—accused as a tyrant, traitor, and murderer—he was silenced if he answered contrary to their wishes, or dared them to prove their charges. The reason of this was manifest. Cries of "God save the king!" frequently rang through the hall, and the Independents feared that if their accusations were contradicted, they all might, by some unaccountable turn of fortune, take the place of their prisoner.

Treated in this manner more barbarously than the vilest criminal, Charles was tried—and by whom? By the most prejudiced fanatics of the Independent party, by men of deadliest hostility to royalty, by men who scrupled not to commit the most heinous crimes to gain their own ends. By expulsion and arrest, all that were favorable to the king, had been removed; and these, the very dregs of parliament, contrary to justice, to precedent, to humanity—tried and condemned Charles on charges that could have been proven against "the sworn twelve" by any enlightened jury.

Parliament it was not. There were no lords, there was no king; yet a parliament called for both, and so Charles told them. But he was informed that the Commons of England called him to trial; a pretty figure of rhetoric, when more than two-thirds of the house had been ejected, because they wished to replace him on the throne. In this manner, with a lie in their mouths and murder in their hearts, the Independents condemned Charles to death; "A deed without a name."

When condemned, the king wished, as he said, "to be heard in the painted chamber, by the Lords and Commons on a proposal of far greater importance to the peace of the kingdom and to the liberty of his subjects, than to his own preservation." What this was no one knew, and some wished to consider what he had said, but in this they were overruled. The reason was very plain, by the power of the sword alone he had been condemned, and if he came into the presence of all the assembled Lords and Commons, the result would very probably have been, which they no doubt foresaw, the explosion of their barbarous act.

Now that he had been condemned, another difficulty followed—that of obtaining signers for his execution; for although his condemnation had been hasty and remorseless, many demurred about signing the fatal order. Some even refused to sign it, and some had the pen thrust into their fingers, and their hands guided by the more determined, while others wrote their names in such an illegible scrawl that it was only with difficulty they could be read.

The catastrophe was now all that was wanting to end the drama. The villains were this time victorious, and they wished not to disappoint their friends by deferring their triumph;
THE TWO CUNNING BLACKSMITHS.

ON a beautiful afternoon in the month of May, in 1840, two young men, stout and robust, but poorly clad, were walking down a street in New York.

"Well, Pat," said Berry, who was the taller of the two, "what do you think we had better do? It is useless to handle the hammer, if we have not some iron to hammer upon. For my part, I have tried to get employment as a blacksmith, but everybody appears to have more hands than he needs; I think we had better decamp, and find some place where everybody needs a workman."

"Ah! Berry, you do not know how much this matter has been puzzling me. I sat up last night until twelve o'clock, thinking where to go, and what to do; but I have struck it now. What do you say about going South? We surely can obtain work on some of those large cotton plantations. We have enough money to take us there, and then we can set up a shop, and—carry on quite a business. We will have the best shop in the country, and will soon be rich. Now just say the word, and we're off."

"There you are, with your confounded air castles. Just think, we have hardly money enough to take us there, and then be down flat busted, as the saying is. But there's novelty in the change, and we'll try what luck we have."

"Now, Berry, that's sensible. This is the first time in your life that you have talked so much good sense. About the money to begin business with, leave that to me. Those southern planters are rich, and they won't mind it, if I do squeeze a trifle out of their hoard. Remember, Berry, we will start next week; don't get sluggish, and do not change your mind, as you generally do. I must leave you, now, but do not forget to meet me at the depot next Friday; for then we shall start."

"I will be there."

When Friday came, and the train for New Orleans was about to start, the same two young men were seen seated together in a passenger car, laughing and jesting all the way to New Orleans.

About twenty miles north of this city is a large cotton plantation, on the east side of which runs the Mississippi river, and on the west is a large grove of trees. The planter's magnificent mansion is situated on the most elevated part of the plantation. On one side of the mansion runs the public road, up which two young men were walking. The foremost is surely Berry, but the other is a dark-colored man.

What they are after, we will soon see, for they are now approaching the planter, who is comfortably seated under a veranda in front of his house.

"A pleasant evening to you," said
Berry, as he approached the planter.  

"Ah! good evening," was the jolly old planter's reply.  

"Sir, I understand you are short of working hands, and, as I have more than I need, I have brought up this colored-man. See; he is a well-formed man, stout and hardy, and what is better still, he possesses an excellent temper. I will let you have him at a reasonable price."

"Well, sir, I see you have a very nice man, but negroes are so common down here, that I cannot pay you a very large price for him. Nevertheless, I will give you what is reasonable for him. He seems to be a promising fellow. What do you ask for him?"

"Well, I don't know exactly what he is worth, but I suppose I can let you have him for one thousand dollars."

"I rather think that is not very cheap."

"I can't let him go for anything less, and he is worth every cent of it. Well, what do you say—is it a bargain?"

"Yes, I guess I will take him for that."

The cash was soon counted out, and Berry, after pocketing it, and giving an intelligent glance to his black companion, returned to New Orleans, much pleased with the bargain.

That same evening, the supposed negro, who, without a word, had changed masters, descended to the banks of the Mississippi, unstripped, and plunged into the water. On emerging from his cooling bath, he found that the most difficult problem of physiology had in him its solution—for, gazing at himself in a looking-glass that he drew from his pocket, he saw before him, not the face of a negro, but that of Patrick Finnegan.

"This is the first instance I have had of darkeys washing themselves white," said Pat.

The fact was, that Pat had been blackened with charcoal, and polished up so well that you could not tell him from a negro without paying strict attention to his physiognomy.  

Next morning, the new slave being missed, search was immediately commenced. Up the hill and down the valley, along the river and in the town, negroes and dogs were hunting for the runaway. Here was a crowd searching a negro cabin, and there was a poor darkey hauled up, because he resembled the runaway.

Seeing this general stir, Pat went up to the planter, who was riding along the street, and said:

"Sir, you are looking for a runaway?"

"Yes; have you seen him?" asked the planter.

"Well, yes; I saw one jump into the river," said Pat, as he was turning to walk away.

"Hold on there," said the planter; "I am not through with you yet. What kind of a negro was the one you saw?"

"He looked just like myself, that is, his build," answered Pat.

"Well, I guess that's the one; indeed, I would take you for him, were you only black."

"Am I at liberty to go now?" asked Pat.

"Certainly, certainly," replied the
planter, as he retired to give new orders for the capture of the missing slave.

Berry and Pat, having obtained sufficient funds to start with, opened a blacksmith-shop, and, by their constant application and industry, soon began to make money.

They had remained about a year working in their shop, when Pat, coming up to Berry, spoke thus:

"Berry, you remember that darkey you sold to the planter, that we might get a little help to start up business with?"

"Well, yes; but what of it?"

"What of it?—that's a pretty question to ask. Did not the planter lose the negro the same day he bought him?"

"Yes; but what of that?"

"There you are again. Did we not help the negro to run away from the planter, and thereby cheat him out of his money? Now that we have plenty, it is our duty to return what belongs to him."

"What!—you do not intend to sell me as a slave?"

"No; but to return the money. Come, let us go; it is a good plan to settle with this creditor of ours."

So saying, they were soon ready, and started out towards the planter's residence, where they found him, sitting, as usual, enjoying the evening, under the veranda.

"Good evening, sir," said the two young men, at the same time.

"Ah! good evening," said the planter; "I suppose you have come to sell another negro, have you not?"

"No; on the contrary," answered Berry, "I rather feel inclined to make good your loss, which I would readily do. Were you not the cause of his escape?"

"What!—do you mean to insinuate that I am hard on my slaves?"

"No, no, not at all; on the contrary, you are too kind to them to profit in the slave trade; for you do not appear to keep them very long before setting them at liberty."

"Well, I don't know about that; I rather think I get my money's worth out of them, at least, before I let them go. But I am certain this was not the case with the one I bought from you."

"Your memory, sir, must be very poor," said Pat, shaking his head, and smiling maliciously.

"I am not such a fool as to pay a thousand dollars for a slave, and then set him free the next day."

"Tis an excellent way of benefiting our neighbors without boasting of our charity," replied Pat, carelessly.

"What neighbors, what charity, and what nonsense! My slave took French leave; I had nothing to do with his running away," shouted the planter.

"Beg your pardon, sir; but don't you remember that on the day you were searching for the slave, a man came up to you, to inform you that he had seen the slave on the bank of the river?"

"I do."

"Don't you remember that he asked whether he was at liberty to go or not? And did you not say that he might?"

"Yes."

"Well, and I did go; the slave was my own self."
The planter, opening his large, blue eyes, and surveying Pat from head to foot, remarked: "Your color, sir, is not black!"

"It was black then, but the water of your rivers possesses a wonderful power, for when I came up I was as black as a coal, but, upon plunging into the river, I found I was a white man; as white as yourself. Seeing which, I thought I had a right to claim my freedom—and you granted it."

"Tut, tut; this is an imposition."

"'Twas no imposition," subjoined Berry; "it was a trick—yes, sir, a trick—and I will now explain. To tell you the truth in a few words, I sold you no negro at all, but only this gentleman here," pointing to Pat. "When you were looking for the runaway, along the river bank, he came up to you, and, after conversing a short while, asked whether he was at liberty to go—and, as you said yes, he made good use of his freedom. But he was not satisfied with this, and has now come back to return your money."

"Ah! that was a nice trick, although not a very safe one. However, I am glad that I have been able to assist you. Dinner is about ready now, and you will have to be my guests; since I have been played upon so well by you, I do not feel inclined to let you off so easily. For your punishment, you must dine with me to-day."

"Thank you! thank you!" said the grateful men; "we are very willing to remain as your guests, not only during the dinner hour, but as long as you wish."

"Ah! that's something like it; well, let us to dinner," said the planter, leading the way to the dining-room, where, pointing out a couple of seats for his two visitors, he took the head of the table himself. They were soon busy in carving turkeys, ducks, chickens, and every delicacy of a southern market.

The wine bottle circulated freely, and many a toast was drank in honor of the good-natured planter, and the doubtful honesty of the two blacksmiths.
ZAMA.

FAIR Carthage! once thy glory proudly rose,
Admired by friends, triumphant o'er its foes;
In every land thy fame and prowess dread—
O'er Ocean's trackless waste thine empire spread.
On snowy wings thy richly laden barks
Flew o'er the surge, as swift as summer larks.
From Gallia's shores to distant Indian sands
Were known the wares wrought by thy skillful hands.
The sea, save thee, no earthly mistress owned,
And Ocean's queen in pride thou sat'st enthroned.
Oh, noble child of Sydon and of Tyre,
What awe thy greatness and thy fate inspire!
Thy temples and thy palaces o'erthrown,
With weeds thy walls and towers overgrown,
And where was once thy busy mart of trade,
The filth and garbage of the city laid.
Where are the men that reared these structures grand,
That now are crumbling in the desert sand?
Where is thy youth, O Carthage! and the strength
That spread thy glory through the world's great length?
Gone like a fleeting dream, and nought remains
But mouldering ruins spread o'er Barbary's plains.
Thy fallen walls no power have to tell
By what strong hand their massive greatness fell.
Yet, when thy ruins meet my tearful eyes,
My mind back through old Time's dim vista flies,
And I behold thee as thou wert when Rome,
Just rising on the wave of glory's tidal foam,
In jealous envy of thy fame and power,
For thy destruction sought each day and hour;
Though years thy children fought to save,
Their courage could not pluck thee from the grave.
Yet, 'tis not mine to tell thy woeful story,
Or paint the scenes of thy undying glory.
One scene alone shall my poor muse engage,
Where met the greatest warriors of their age:
When war-worn Hannibal at Zama met
Young Scipio, then fickle Fortune's pet.
On Zama's plains, beneath the morning beam,
The sheen of arms plays in the sunlight gleam.
Here Rome's proud legions stand in conscious might,
All mailed and harnessed for the coming fight.
And see! raised high above the armed throng
The gleaming eagle standard borne along.
Here, decked in all the pomp of war's dark trade,
The ready hosts of Carthage are arrayed.
One is an army flushed with high success,
The other, hopeful of a just redress—
A satisfaction for long years of woe—
Revenge upon a bitter, deadly foe.
"Delenda est Carthago!" were the words
That 'gainst them kept unsheathed the Roman swords.
These words had nursed the flame of Roman hate
And hurried Carthage to untimely fate.
Within his tent, encircled by his bands,
The noble champion of his country stands—
Great Hannibal—from foreign conquest called
To guard his home, by frightful woes appalled.
Though cumbered with the weight of weary years,
Almost a youth in strength he still appears.
His generals and soldiers grouped around,
Hear his commands, and choose the battle ground.

A trumpet rings from out the Roman lines;
An unarmed troop appears with friendly signs.
It is a herald, sent by Scipio,
To ask a meeting with his famous foe.
'Tis granted, and the troop returns again,
While Cannae's hero calls the trusty men
Whom he desires to await his bidding, soon
As cools the scorching heat of Afric's noon.

The day was far advanced; the burning glare
Had passed and softened in the evening air;
A breeze, fresh blowing from the distant sea,
Spread strengthening coolness o'er the desert lea.
On a low hill between the armies stood
A shady grove of palm and orange wood;
The waving foliage of the trees around
Threw shade refreshing on the burning ground.
'Tis here the rival heroes are to meet,
And each the other in short friendship greet.
'Tis the appointed hour— and, hark! a voice, 
That in its tone seems almost to rejoice, 
Cries out, "Here, soldiers, you the while will wait, 
That I shall meet this Roman brave and great."
'Twas Hannibal. He walked forth firm and calm, 
And musing, rested 'neath a spreading palm. 
The sound of footsteps broke the solitude, 
And then a youthful form before him stood— 
A man in rich and gleaming armor dressed, 
Whose port a soldier's noble soul expressed. 
To them no words were needed then to tell 
The name that each had known so long and well. 
Both for a moment stood in silent awe, 
As if a god their eyes in wonder saw. 
As when a pleasing landscape meets the eye, 
All thoughts of other things around us fly. 
So stood these men, both rivals for a world, 
Who 'gainst each other bolts of ruin hurled. 
'Twas Hannibal first spoke: "Thou're Scipio, 
My dangerous rival and my deadly foe. 
I know thee by thy proud, imperious eye, 
That beams as though its light would never die."
"And thou," the other said, "the scourge of Rome, 
The desolator of my native home. 
But though thy foe, I reverence thy fame 
And honor still the glory of thy name. 
Our arms we now in hostile force array, 
And one will win or loose a fame to-day. 
Soon, Carthaginian, one of us must fall 
From fame, from life, from honor, or from all; 
For if we meet in strife upon the morrow, 
To Rome or Carthage shall come bleeding sorrow. 
But Rome is powerful and warlike now, 
And nations 'neath her iron legions bow. 
Then think, how long may Carthage hope to stand 
And brave the arms of Rome's best warrior band? 
Let her accept the mercy we bestow, 
The terms of peace that you already know."
Strong burned the melting flame of ruddy ire 
Upon the cheek of Afric's son of fire. 
"Proud Roman," he broke forth, "thou cans't not know 
The man of steel whom thou addresseth so! 
Thou knowest not the heart that Carthage bears 
When thus thou holdest out such petty fears.
Attend with care my words. Dost think that I
War but to see thy Roman hirelings die?
Oh, no! the motive of my deadly hate
Long since was written in the books of Fate.
For Afric's myriad woes and wrongs I fight,
That Rome inflicted in the name of Right.
My arm is strengthened by a solemn oath
To wage fell war with her till one or both
Shall sink into oblivion's dark abyss—
And this has been my sole and only bliss.
Then think not that I now will lay aside
The sword I've wielded with such power and pride.
Thou may'st return and arm thee for the fight,
For still will Carthage keep her honor bright."
"Ay, Hannibal, thy Carthage still may keep
The sword, but soon will she have cause to weep.
For, sure as shines in heaven yonder sun
She soon shall see her empire's ruin done.
Rome and her people will not rest content
Until thy knee of pride and hate is bent.
Were it not better, while thy fame is high,
For thee to leave the world, than, shamed, to die?"
"And this to me!" the Carthaginian said,
"Before whom once thy boasting consuls fled!
Who, with my sword have shaken the strong earth,
By Fate marked out for conquest from my birth!
When thou wert but a puny, beardless boy
I did thy father's mighty hosts destroy.
E'en o'er the lofty, frozen Alps that tower
Above the clouds, I led my arméd power,
And from their summits on Italia poured
Despiséd Afric's conquering hordes;
And while Rome's legions lay inert below,
My glittering spears had passed the winding Po.
As rushes from the Alpine realms of frost
The thundering avalanche, their path I crossed,
And o'er the blooming plains of Rome's allies
My soldiers marched beneath thy Consul's eyes;
Then bursting like a flood of steel and fire
Upon thy vales, I satisfied mine ire.
I proved my strength on Cannae's bloody plain,
And still passed on o'er heaps of Roman slain.
Against the very walls of Rome the flood
Of the strong torrent burst in waves of blood,
And to her firm foundation stones she shook,
As shakes a leaf upon a summer brook.
Then was my fortune and my power great,
Now I'll not sink beneath an adverse fate,
But in my dying hand still grasp my sword,
And Vengeance! be my last and dying word.
'Tis true that fate may soon to me be brought,
But still my courage shakes not at the thought.
To-morrow's sun may see my glory dead,
But death to me rears no aspect of dread.
Ay, spite of all, these desert plains shall see
The sons of Carthage struggling to be free!
"Thy words are stern," young Scipio replied,
"And show thy nobly earned, though gloomy pride.
Yet would I save thee from a sudden fall,
A fell defeat, to thee a funeral pall."
"Defeat to Carthage while her champion lives!
While Hannibal his helping power gives!
It shall not be, or my old strength is gone,
And dimmed the genius that once proudly shone.
But why upon my once stern heart so weigh
The heavy words thou, Roman, darest to say?
Ah! native Carthage! deeply do I fear
Thy fated day of doom and mine is near!"
"Thou, Carthaginian, art my deadly foe,
The Roman said, "yet I esteem thee so,
That thou shalt fear from me no captive chain
Nor harm whate'er, should I the victory gain.
Since thou dost not accept the offered peace,
We'll have of stormy war a longer lease.
Though for thee admiration fills my breast,
I here must do Rome's mission and behest."
Thus he: "And thou, a soldier, canst propose
That I should basely cringe beneath my foes,
And like a slave give up my country's cause,
When now her hour of peril nearer draws?
Which were more glorious—to desert her arms,
Or die while ring the battle's loud alarms?
Dost think that Roman chains were made for me?
When Carthage falls my soul shall, too, be free.
I the foundations of an empire made,
And I shall perish 'neath its ruins laid.
No pomp of triumph shall my presence grace,
Nor Rome e'er see my shame-flushed captive face.
No, Roman, no; thy flattering, unctious words
Are useless as if spoken to yon birds.
But, though to-morrow's sun set on my fame,
Rome still will live and still will be the same;
Her last and only rival then removed
Her cruel tyranny shall soon be proved,
And those who now applaud her every deed
Are sowing their own sorrow's bitter seed—
For she shall fall, ay, basely fall,
And woe will shroud her like a sombre pall,
When in her very highest pitch of pride
Her children's swords will pierce her glowing side.
Now, I have spoken, and farewell to thee,
When Scipio, lifting up his tearful face,
Exclaimed, "Stay, Hannibal! May we not part
As friends, though not in deed, yet so in heart?"
The stern old hero turned him half around,
And looked a moment, musing, on the ground.
"Ah, Scipio! thou alone of all thy race
Hast found within my heart a loving place!
Give me thy hand, young Roman; in my breast
May hate give way to sweet forgiveness blest."
"Farewell!" the Roman said; "We meet no more
Till both have passed through Hades' gloomy door!"
In silence, then, they press each other's hands,
And part, with footsteps firm, to join their bands.

The battle passed, and with it Afric's hope—
For now no strength remained with Rome to cope.
Woe! woe! to Carthage, conquered now,
The mark of bondage branded on her brow;
Her sons and daughters bound in slavery's chains
And devastation spreading o'er her plains!
FIVE days after the events recorded in the last chapter, Hubert Morton, the Earl of Shaftesbury's son, neared the vale of Glencoe. His journey had been very swift, and though delayed once or twice by foraging bands of Highlanders, yet he had received no violence from them, and had met with no adventures of importance. It was with a glad heart he drew nigh the valley, for his journey had been anything but pleasant, and, weary and worn, he anticipated a hearty welcome from the Highland chieftain. As the road made an abrupt turn, it brought him in sight of the vale of Glencoe, with its two small hamlets, and the proprietor's mansion towering on the edge of the crags above. A very picturesque appearance did the valley present, as Hubert sat upon his horse, gazing at its rugged crags. The road wound over the hills, and under the shelter of the rocks by the side of a small stream, which issued from a dark and hissing recess in the mountains. The valley was not very extensive, and little of the soil was fit for raising grain, but most of it was employed in pasturing the herds of the clan. A low, dark mist covered the upper portion, and rested among the brown storm-beaten rocks. The mountain sides, clad in an armor of naked precipices, and furrowed with deep caverns and gloomy passes, were known for miles around as the invulnerable strongholds of the Glencoe clan. A few hardy trees grew on the hill tops, and the sides were covered with a coarse grass, which contrasted strangely with the dark, rain-worn rocks. After surveying the scene for some time, Hubert again put spurs to his horse, and rode into the hamlet. The houses were disposed in irregular rows, on the sides of the rock-paved streets, and presented a very miserable and wretched appearance. A few white-haired, bare-legged urchins were playing in the streets, and here and there could be seen some old grand-dame seated before her house, with her distaff and spindle, industriously spinning. As Hubert rode through the principal street, the children ceased from play, to gaze at the stranger; and some old men, bowed by toil as much as by years, with eyes bleared with smoke and age, tottered to the doors of their hovels, to look upon the traveler riding through their streets; and even the lasses, carrying water, stopped for a moment, and regarded him with looks of interest. As Hubert left the hamlet, he trotted briskly along, and while thinking of his reception by the chieftain, M'ian, he heard the notes of the pibroch echoing among the cliffs which he had now entered, and soon a party of young Highlanders came dashing up. Hubert drew rein,
and waited at the side of the road. At their head rode a young man of about seventeen years of age, whose dress and manners indicated him to be the head of the party. As he approached, Hubert raised his hat, and said: "May I ask if that is the mansion of the chieftain M’Ian?" "It is, sir, and if you wish to see the chieftain, I am his son, and will conduct you there; and I think my guidance will be very acceptable among these rocks. We'll hasten to the castle, boys. These are some of our clansmen, who have been with me on a hunt," said he to Hubert. "Strike up a tune, Macdougal," and the party rode on, while the notes of the pibroch rolled wildly down into the valley. A short canter brought them to the castle, and Hubert regarded for the first time, with an earnest gaze, his companions. They were dressed with the usual tartan and plaid, with high boots. Their faces were rough but intelligent, and their manners, though somewhat harsh, yet were honest and pleasant. As they entered the huge portal which admitted them into the court-yard, Hubert beheld, standing erect, a venerable man, whom he at once placed in his mind as the Chieftain. While his horse was led away, Hubert glanced at the old pile of buildings before him. The structure was very irregular, the windows narrow but numerous, and at every angle in the wall rose a small turret, with loop-holes for musketry; stables and granaries were on another side of the square, and two battlemented walls, one facing the road, and the other dividing the court from a small garden, completed the inclosure. In one corner of the court was a fountain, with the water falling into a huge basin below. Scarcely had Hubert completed his scrutiny, when he was touched on the shoulder by John M’Ian, the young chief whom he had met on the road, and who said: "The Chieftain waits, sir, to hear your business." Hubert turned round, and drawing forth his credentials and letters, with a respectful bow, handed them to the Chief. M’Ian received the package in silence, and, breaking the seal, he slowly read the letter. Hubert noticed that when he delivered the letters to M’Ian, those present immediately withdrew, except John, who waited at a distance. The chieftain’s face shone with pleasure, but again darkened with an expression of anxiety; now it was bright with joy, now his brow contracted by hate or rage. As he finished these papers, which seemed to affect him so much, he rose, and, holding out his hand to the young man, exclaimed: "Welcome, welcome, Sir Hubert!" (and by this title the laird ever continued to call him,) "most welcome to Glencoe. You must stay with us for days to come, and I wish a thousand times your father were here too; very glad would I be to see him once more under my roof; but come, my boy, forgive me for keeping you so long waiting. You must be worn and weary. Come into the house, and we shall soon sit down to a Highland feast. Here, John, show Sir Hubert to his room." With a bow to his aged host, Hubert withdrew. After their departure, the chief continued musing on what he had just read. "Ha! ha!" said he to
himself, "so they're going to crush us, are they — going to drive us from our valley? Stair and Argyle, traitors that they are, they wish to confiscate my lands, and hope to crush me. But no," and the old man ground his heel in the dust, "they shall find the Macdonals of Glencoe ready for them, with a sharper dirk than they imagine. But what will become of Laura, my child Laura? Oh, bitter thought, she will never endure the horrors of war."

CHAPTER IV.

Having refreshed himself from the weariness of his journey by a bath, Hubert received summons from the old butler to repair to the banquet hall. This room, which occupied the western wing, was an immense room, wainscoted with black oak, and hung round with pictures of M'Ian's ancestry. As Hubert entered the hall, he was met by the Chieftain, who conducted him to his seat. Round the head of the table, the Chieftain, his two sons, and Hubert seated themselves, a few relatives, and some Highland visitors from the neighboring clan. After the first salutations were over, dinner commenced, and it was with no delicate appetite that Hubert broke his fast, for he ate like a traveler, and did high justice to the meats before him. Wine from the grapes of southern islands circled freely, and soon its warm influence seemed to thaw the somewhat cold manners of the strangers. "Are you a lover of our old Highland songs, Sir Hubert? — if so, we will call in our family bard, Mac-Ivor, and he will give us one of our most famous lays." "I am indeed an unaffected lover of your Highland poetry, and gladly will I listen to the bard." "So be it, Sir Hubert. Call in Mac-Ivor, John, and tell him to have his songs ready." Hubert saw that the feast was likely to continue some time, and he feared that already he had drank too much wine. Presently the bard entered, an old white-haired man, and, having bowed around, he commenced to chant, with a low, rapid utterance, some Celtic verses, which were received with great applause. As he advanced in his song his ardor seemed to rise, and, casting his eyes about, he appeared, now beseeching, now commanding, and again he would grow lower and softer in his tones. Again they rose wild and impassioned, and his eyes rolled, the old walls echoed back his voice, and the audience seemed to breathe the song; they bent eagerly forward; their faces flushed with excitement, their rough features glowing with an honest pride. At the end of the song the old Chieftain took a small silver goblet from the table, and filling it with wine, he said to the butler, "Take this to Mac-Ivor, and bid him drink the wine, and keep the shell which held it, for the sake of M'Ian of Glencoe. The venerable bard received the cup, drank the wine, and, kissing the cup, he folded it in his plaid on his bosom. Again the wine passed quickly around, and many old Gaelic toasts were drank, to which every man responded heartily. "May I ask, sir, the meaning of the bard's song which seemed to affect every one so much?" "It is an old, old song, but one which
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awakens every feeling of pride, hate, revenge and glory in the Highlander's breast. But seek my daughter, Laura; she is well versed in all our songs, and doubtless will give you all information concerning it.” “Father,” said young John, “Sir Hubert must be weary with his long journey; think you not that we should withdraw?” “Right, my son, right; and now, gentlemen, a jolly bumper to our guest.” It was drunk with a merry will, and as Hubert was going out, the Chieftain approached him, and said: “You must see my daughter before retiring, Sir Hubert, as it would not do to neglect her, for her Highland pride might take offence at you.” “Most willingly, sir; and may I deserve her blame if I see her not.” The Chieftain then led the way to the great parlor, where was seated, reading a book, Laura M'Ian, the daughter of the Chieftain.

We must pause to describe Laura M'Ian. She was about nineteen years of age, of a rather slight form, with a pure complexion, and jet black hair, which fell loosely over her shoulders. Her features were regular and bold, with a dark, flashing eye, and they resembled those of her brother John, yet his haughty stern look was softened by hers into one of kindness and pity. Her voice was soft and sweet, but when all her woman's nature was aroused, and the blood coursed over her face, then her tones carried with them an awe and conviction which naught could gainsay. Her dress was simple, yet elegant, and she was indeed a model of a Highland beauty. She was well read in the Highland poetry and songs, for her love for her clan burnt pure and clear within her bosom, and many was the toast and song to the Chieftain's fair daughter.

When the first salutations were over, the Chieftain said:

“Laura, Sir Hubert seems to be a lover of our songs, and knowing you to be engaged in the translation of the songs of MacIvor, I have told him that you would gratify his taste, and recite your translation.”

“Why, father, I will try to give them to him, but you must think how little they can interest an English stranger.”

“Not so, Miss Laura, for I can say that it is a study which has quite a charm for me; and during these warlike times it brings forth all the patriotism of the clans,” replied Hubert.

“Come, child, you are too bashful; you well know that the old bard MacIvor daily rehearses his songs to you, and many a gift they cost me.”

“Well, father, if you think I am able to please Sir Hubert, I shall do so;” and taking from a table a small book, in which were written, in a delicate hand, some old Gaelic verses, “These are but rough translations, and you must excuse all blunders,” she said. She then recited, in a low, sweet voice, but changing with the song, the verses of the proudest of Glencoe's battle hymns. Hubert and the Chieftain sat listening, and both evinced deep pleasure at the recital.

The song ended with a long list of exploits of Glencoe's chief, praising his valor and wisdom. At the end Hubert expressed his thanks, and ere he retired for the night he had received a promise from Laura that on
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the following day she would sing him some other of her Celtic songs. Hubert sank upon his couch, and soon was in deep repose.

"Why look you so sad, dear father?" said Laura, when Hubert had gone; "are you ill?"

"No, my child," replied the chief, as she came and sat by his side, "no, but by Hubert I have received news from the Earl, his father, and he speaks strongly of our not resisting the king's troops. He says that danger menaces us, and bids us beware of Stair and Argyle."

"Cheer up, father; why be downcast at such news? Think you that our clan are base enough to desert you? No, they will stand by us, and protect us through all."

"'Tis not that, my child, but I fear that something is threatening us, that I cannot define."

"O fie, father, go to bed, and sleep away your foolish fancies;" and affectionately kissing him, she tripped away.

CHAPTER V.

Hubert rose early in the morning, feeling quite refreshed by his night's repose; and having partaken of a hearty breakfast, he mounted his horse, and, accompanied by John M'Ian, took a short ride to the hamlet. He had taken quite a fancy to John, for he was a most interesting and sprightly lad, excelling in all the manly sports and exercises of the Highlanders. He was noted for his adeptness in the use of the broadsword and dirk, and many a prize had he won in their feats of strength and agility. As they rode on, their conversation turned upon the state of rebellion of the Highland clans, and it was then that Hubert learned the great strength of the clans. "Why, Hubert," said John, "the Camerons and Campbells can bring into the field at least eight hundred claymores, which yield not, but break first."

"I well know the true spirit of patriotism among you, and the king's troops will find indeed the sharpness of your claymores."

Having ridden to the hamlet, they returned, and Hubert, meeting Laura in the garden, reminded her of her promise on the preceding evening.

"Come, then, Sir Hubert, if you insist upon it, we will go a short way down the glen, to my favorite retreat, where a small waterfall dashes down the rocks."

She conducted him through a small gate to a little dell, where a stream came tumbling down, and where, sitting herself upon a piece of rock, Laura sang, with the music of her small harp, an old Gaelic song, giving forth the noble spirit of the race, their deeds of greatness, and their loves and battles. When Laura had finished, Hubert thanked her in courteous terms, and, as they were about to return, the venerable Chieftain stood before them.

"Singing your songs, daughter, but I hope Sir Hubert thinks well of them; for, perhaps, they sound more like boasting than true deeds."

"You do me wrong, sir, for well I know that the spirit of the clans is a noble one, and which would put to shame some of our own boasted feats of valor. But, sir, you are brought up among your own crags and passes, and accustomed as you
are to your storms and snows, you feel highly secure against all en­emies."

"But not against treachery and traitors," replied the Chief, sadly; "for they are foes which often it is impossible to defeat. But come, Laura, let us return to the house, and there you and Sir Hubert can proceed with your studies in my scanty library."

Four or five days passed away, and all was quiet in the Highlands—no signs of troops, and the lower garrisons were all still.

On the morning of the sixth day after his arrival, and while standing with the Chieftain and his two sons in the court, Hubert saw a horseman riding up to the castle. The huge gate swung open, and a courier of the king entered. Drawing a large packet from his breast, he handed it to the Chieftain, and turning his horse, again dashed down the road. The old man retired with his sons and Hubert into the library, and breaking the seal, he read aloud:

"To Macdonald of Glencoe, Chieftain:

Whereas his most high and gracious Majesty, William, of England, hath this day entered upon a plan to quell the disturbances amidst his Highland vassals, I, John, Earl of Breadalbane, am commissioned, by his most high Majesty, to summon the heads of all the Highland clans at my castle, where a treaty shall be held between them and myself in behalf of his Majesty. Therefore, you, Macdonald of Glencoe, are hereby summoned to appear on the twelfth of November, at my castle, where we shall proceed to treat.

Given this day, under my hand and seal, John, Earl of Breadalbane, Glenoreby Castle."

When the Chieftain had finished reading there was silence for a mo­ment, but again he spoke: "Aye, there will be a treaty, but 'twill end in blood. What think you, my sons, of this summons? I fear Breadalbane will receive us ungraciously, for he has an enmity against us. But we must attend, and get our clansmen ready."

"Would it not be well, father, for us to take rather a large force with us? perchance they'll treat us roughly." "Not so, father," spoke Jamie, his youngest son, "they know full well that the Macdonalds of Glencoe return blow for blow." "Right, my son, but let us give the orders for departure." For some days busy preparations were going on in the hamlets, and there was cleaning of broadswords and dirks; for M'Ian had determined to take at least seventy-five men, bold and true, to accompany him on his journey.

Laura's fears for her father's safety were increased by this intelligence, but her proud heart put on its boldest face as she thought of her clan, and her father's importance in the coming congress. At length, on a bright morning, when the snow was still in the mountain rifts, the clansmen of M'Ian, to the number of seventy-five, were assembled in the courtyard. The old Chieftain was seated on his iron-gray horse, and round him were Hubert, his two sons, and some of the principal men of the clan receiving their orders. Laura stood at a window above, looking down, and endeavoring to stop the tears which would steal now and then down her cheeks. At length the hour of departure arrived, the huge gates swung open, and to the wild notes of the
The Heroines of History.

And lowly bowed; the winds were wakened, and
They fled before its blaze.

The birds flew high
In air, and roamed midst snowy clouds, warbling
In joy their sweetest lays, adoring God,
And praising His descending love.

Then rose
From quiet sleep the King of Earth, to greet
The richest jewel dug from Beauty's mine.
Behold! the star has fled; yet round great man,
The image of his Lord, still lives that blaze,
Descended from the altar fires of Heav'n.
Proud man, amazed, o'ercome at sight of such
Seraphic beauty, gazed awhile, then fell
In deepest sleep; and whilst he slept, at God's Command, a rib comes forth, and from that rib
The missing star, and see, 'tis Woman bright,
With heav'nly grace.

Surprised, she gazed around
As though awakened from a gladsome dream,
Wherein her spirit roamed midst boundless fields
Of joy, and listened to angelic strains.
Unconsciously she forward steps, and wrapt
In thoughts sublime, she wanders on. But see,
She rests; her eyes feast on the splendors ranged
About her beauteous form, and soon behold
Beneath the kindly shade of spreading tree,
Her consort, Man.

Then lightly tripping o'er
The joyous ground, yclad in gayest robes,
Her feet seem scarce to kiss the sod, which would
E'en rise to let such queenly creature rest
Upon its willing bosom, robed in green.
Hail! hail! pure Eve, thou holy queen of all
That dwells on earth's soft, heaving bosom; thou
Delight of Heaven; thou the rival of
Angelical beings mustered round the throne
Of God the Father, who from heavenly courts
Sends forth commands, and deigns to kindly gaze
Upon our lowly earth.

And wild, unchecked
Ambition vainly seeks to find thee, midst
Its glittering throng. Vile Avarice in vain
Unlocks the shining gold, wherein it hopes
pibroch and the clanking of swords they rode forth. Hubert waved a farewell to Laura, and they rode away down the road, in their dark green plaids, bright swords and shields, and the plumes in their bonnets waving in the breeze. They traveled on for three days, and Hubert then learned the comfort of sleeping on the ground, wrapped in a heavy plaid—for he had partially adopted the Highland costume. The country was now becoming more fertile and green, large flocks roamed the plains, the road became easier, and the shepherd's pipe could be heard floating the melodies on the breeze. At length they sighted Glenmoreby Castle, which was one of the strongest and largest in the Highlands, for the Earl of Breadalbane owned extensive lands, and could bring to the field seventeen hundred claymores. A herald was sent to give notice of their arrival, and shortly after they rode into the court-yard. The court was already filled with Highlanders of the different clans. M'Ian was courteously received by all the chieftains, for he was allied to the clan Donald, and came of the best blood in the Highlands. But the Earl of Breadalbane feared and hated M'Ian with all the hatred of his coward nature, and when M'Ian, his sons and Hubert were met by the Earl, his looks belied his tongue, for they gave anything but a welcome; and he received them in a cold manner. The Chieftain was incensed at this, but soon the summons were given, and they thronged into the hall.

[To be continued.]

THE HEROINES OF HISTORY

The once resplendent heavens were o'ercast;
The sun seemed clouded, when from archéd skies
There fell a star, whose silvery bosom shone
In splendor bright o'er Eden's heavenly bowers,
Far sweeter than the golden orb on high,
When first he gilds the east, where purple clouds
Him humble homage pay mid balmy air,
And wakes tired Nature from her calm repose.
Then o'er the earth a flood of brightness swept,
As though one moment Heaven's golden gates
Were open swung. The beauty of the Lord
Illumined Eden, then fast closed, but left
The holy light, for joyous man to bask
Beneath its beams, and lead his mind from earth
To Heaven—to God.

The trees beheld the star
To find thy glowing form, thy beating heart.
And pompous Pride, caressing all that beams
On earth with more than wonted light, in vain
Will seek in its Satanic sphere, to grasp
Thy humble soul, to hail thee as its queen.
But hark! a voice rings through the air, and words
From Godly lips: "Love, honor and obey
Thy consort, beauteous Eve," in thunders break
Upon the stillness of the balmy morn.
She humbly serves her lord; her soft'ning eyes
Look love to his; her lips his praises sound.
From day to day her hands are raised to God,
And from her gentle soul pour forth her pray'rs,
Like streams of honeyed water flowing wide
Between their golden banks; so calmly flows
The language of her heart, its silvery tide
Glides softly on to Love's unfathomed sea.
Midst blesse'd joy, each day their loving eyes
Attentive read each golden page, and feast
On earth's inspired volume, written by
The hand of Him whose master genius called
From mass chaotic this revolving globe,
The soaring planets, and the twinkling stars
That roam unfettered through the "blue profound."
By brooklets' murmuring tide oft wandered Eve
Amidst the glowing flow'rs, that sweetly blushed
When Sol arose from eastern vaults, and found
Them half awakened from untroubled sleep,
And on their cheeks the silv'ry tears of morn
Still brightly shone.

She hearkens to the breeze
That fans earth's heated face; she looks aloft
To gaze upon the fleecy clouds that speed
Across the azure sea, to shores unknown—
Midst whose blue depths vast worlds unceasing roll.
Alas! alas! that joy so sweet, that bliss
So heav'nly, should be rent by bursting storms
Of fate relentless; that Humanity's
Unruddered bark should be, midst shades of night,
Swept on by ocean's wild, tempestuous breath;
Tossed by the fitful heavings of the deep,
With frenzied anger lashed to seething foam;
By lightning's flaming tongues her cordage rent—
That she should sweep upon the peering rocks,
To find thy glowing form, thy beating heart.
And pompos Pride, caressing all that beams
On earth with more than wonted light, in vain
Will seek in its Satanic sphere, to grasp
Thy humble soul, to hail thee as its queen.
But hark! a voice rings through the air, and words
From Godly lips: "Love, honor and obey
Thy consort, beauteous Eve," in thunders break
Upon the stillness of the balmy morn.
She humbly serves her lord; her soft'ning eyes
Look love to his; her lips his praises sound.
From day to day her hands are raised to God,
And from her gentle soul pour forth her prayers,
Like streams of honeyed water flowing wide
Between their golden banks; so calmly flows
The language of her heart, its silvery tide
Glides softly on to Love's unfathomed sea.
Midst bles'sd joy, each day their loving eyes
Attentive read each golden page, and feast
On earth's inspir'd volume, written by
The hand of Him whose master genius called
From mass chaotic this revolving globe,
The soaring planets, and the twinkling stars
That roam unfettered through the "blue profound."
By brooklets' murmuring tide oft wandered Eve
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Swept on by ocean's wild, tempestuous breath;
Tossed by the fitful heavings of the deep,
With frenzied anger lashed to seething foam;
By lightning's flaming tongues her cordage rent—
That she should sweep upon the peering rocks,
The Heroines of History.

The reefs of Pride, unseen, that silent dwell
Beneath the ocean's foamy face, and down
Amid the depths of misery and woe
Be hurled, when foaming waves, and shrieking winds,
And roaring thunders, and the lightnings fierce,
Her last sad requiem would wildly sing.
Ah! woe most fearful, that on heav'nly scrolls
'T was written that the awful day would come
When Eden's glories would be changed to woes;
When every branch would seem a brazen dart
To quiver in the soul of man, so false
To God's unceasing love; when ev'ry brook
Would seem a blazing stream that strove to burst
Its earthly bridle, and to draw amidst
Its waves, the fickle queen of Eden's court;
That ere Aurora would from dreams arise,
The cunning, crafty Serpent would unfold
His slimy coil, stretch forth his deadly fangs,
And Eve, earth's brightest flow'r, would wither, die,
When Satan's horrid fangs would light upon
Her silken tendrils, and her tender shoots
Would struggle as the poison circled through
The veins, which ne'er before had felt a pang
Deeper than gentle zephyrs caused, when calm
And sweet their loving kisses softly pressed.
ARISTODEMUS.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messene.—An apartment in the palace of Aristodemus.

LYSANDER and PALAMEDES.

*Palamedes.* Nay, this is sure a dream that lures my senses; My soul is wrapped in some delirious vision. The monarch's son—Theonis. Can this be?

*Lysander.* Ay! 't is past doubt. Theonis is his son; That long lost child, whom he so deeply mourns. The story of his capture is well known. 'T is now three lustrums, since by Ladon's banks, I wrested from Eumeus' close embrace The frightened babe. Its trembling life was spared, That we, against our stubborn foe, might have A pledge of ready vengeance, well secured, Should pressing need demand it. To the care Of old Taltibius, my most trusty friend, The training of Cleontes was committed; And that he ne'er the secret might divulge, I sealed his mouth with many a fearful oath. The kingly child was nurtured 'as his own; And the old man so doted on the boy, That his fond love made him a tender sire, Supplying nature's lack.

*Palamedes.* But did Cleontes Suspect naught of his noble lineage?

*Lysander.* He never dreamed of fraud.

*Palamedes.* 'T was better so. How fared it with Eumeus, his defender?

*Lysander.* A dungeon's walls received the captive chief, Whose life was granted, that we might possess A living witness of the boy's identity. 'T was not that mercy moved me for the wretch, But that he might a useful tool become, To serve my interest.
Palamedes. And lives he yet?

Lysander. This I know not; for long, relentless war
Hath held me exiled from my native soil.
He too was given to the watchful charge
Of old Taltibius.

Palamedes. But why to harm of these unhappy creatures,
Dost thou conceal what ne'er can profit thee?

Lysander. It profits much in nursing constant hate
Against Messene, on our ruin bent.
It profits universal wrath to sate.
Of Sparta's enemies, this stubborn king
Was ever most to fear. The Alphean plains
Still stream with blood; and heaps of Spartan slain
Fill the wide confines of those gory fields;
And sorely Spartan widows still bewail
Their husband's fate, struck down by his fell spear.
Even I lament a father's, brother's loss,
Whom his grim hand in deadly strife o'erthrew.

Palamedes. But these he vanquished by his valiant arm,
In war, not as a murderer.

Lysander. What then,
Shall I for this forgive, or hate the less?

Palamedes. A woful scene is present to my eyes,
My father's house in flames; its inmates slain;
And this dread monarch raging through the ruin
Besmeared with my defenceless children's blood.
And yet I cannot loathe him. Had he been
In my position, he the same would suffer.
Nay, I have even reason to be grateful,
For he did kindly burst my galling chains;
And Spartan were I not, Messenian he,
With warmest friendship would I cherish him.

Lysander. Can you then glory in debasing serfdom?
Are all thy former noble feelings stifled?
Hast thou thus changed while I continue constant?
If in my bosom any weakness dwell,
Be sure it is not mercy on a foe.
For ill indeed would I my country serve,
Were I by any weak affection led
To slight her cause, foregoing every duty
That wakes up Spartan manhood.

_Palamedes._ Weak affection.

_Lysander._ Ay! still more, unjust,
And doubly shameful when it wrongs my country.
But see! Theonis comes. Let us withdraw.
Elsewhere our converse we may hold secure;
For much it matters that you should perceive
The purport of this secret.

_Enter Theonis and Gonippus._

_Gonippus._ They talk of peace; but what the great result
Of this their parley, held thus face to face,
Is left to wild conjecture. 'Tis not well,
That vulgar eye should violate the sanctity
That shelters kingly projects. Theirs it is
To give the stern command; ours to obey.
But still for peace I hope; and our sad king
Will gladly grant it, if our Spartan foes
Exact not harsh conditions.

_Theonis._ Fateful hour,
My soul shrinks from the thought. Why, I know not.
My heart seems breaking with its bitter anguish.
My sorrowing sire awaits my quick return,
While mercy toward Messene's mournful king,
Impels me to remain and comfort him;
And ne'er could I survive the bitter parting,
Should I from him be torn. I cannot fathom
The potent charm his features and his miseries
Exert upon my soul. But this I know,
That far removed from him, my tedious life
Will wear away in sorrow and in wretchedness.

_Gonippus._ Look! he draws nigh, and his mild countenance
Betrays a calmer and more tranquil mind.
He comes to parley for the nation's peace.
Aristodemus.

The safety of the realm depends on it;
And with this thought before him, meaner cares
Are buried in oblivion’s abyss.

Enter Aristodemus.

Aristodemus, (to Gon.) Admit the Spartan envoy! Now, Theonis,
If heaven propitious deign to favor us,
This day will end the long protracted strife
'Twixt Sparta and Messene. Gentle peace
Will hide once more in our distracted land.
But, ah! the first sad fruit of this our gracious blessing,
Will be to lose thee. Thou with eager joy
Shall quick return to cheer thy aged sire,
Whilst I forsaken, pine away in grief.

Theonis. Ill then thou read’st my heart: but heaven alone
Can comprehend its deep solicitude.

Aristodemus. High minded boy, couldst thou then entertain
A thought, a transient wish of here remaining?
Canst thou forget the sire that anxious waits thee,
His frail life leaning on that cherished hope,
Once more to fold thee in his feeble arms?

Theonis. My sire dwells in my heart in filial love,
But thou art also there; and something tells me
Thy claim is stronger to my fealty.
Thy sad misfortunes, and my debt of gratitude,
And some emotion trembling in my soul,
Whose nature I in vain would analyze,
Tell me I owe to thee allegiance.

Aristodemus. Our souls in concord mingle; but fond boy,
For these sweet sympathies and tender feelings
Thou art indebted to a father’s care.
Return then to console and comfort him,
Happy old man! Thou art not of the parents
Whom heaven in chastisement hath rendered childless.
Thou hast at least some one to close thine eyes
When death enwraps thee. Thy pale cheeks shall warm
With the fond pressure of Theonis’ kisses.
Had fate not robbed me of my dearest treasure,
I too might boast me of an equal fortune,
And bury all my sorrows in forgetfulness.
Aristodemus. I speak of lost Cleontes. Pardon me,
If I too often make that painful name
Ring in thy ears. He was the only source
From which, in drear old age, I hoped to draw
Alleviation for my troubled soul.
Now every object brings him to my mind.
I seem to see him when I gaze on thee,
And my heart flutters with full emotion.

Theonis. O! wretched sire.

Aristodemus. In age, he was thy equal;
And had he lived, he would not now have been
In beauty or in virtue, thy inferior.

Theonis. By counsel ill was he despatched to Argos,
Forseeing not the danger that impended.

Aristodemus. Through illest counsel, and most senseless prudence.
Was not my treasure safest at my side?
What shield more strong than the paternal breast?

Theonis. Oh! why did bounteous heaven tear him from thee.

Aristodemus. Heaven wished thus to complete my misery.

Theonis. Did he yet live, could he now comfort thee?

Aristodemus. Could I embrace him, I would then be happy.

Theonis. I would I were Cleontes.

Aristodemus. If thou wert—
My son!

Theonis. Why dost thou say: my son?

Aristodemus. My heart presses that sweet name to my lips.

Theonis. And mine too urges me to call thee: father.

Aristodemus. Ay! call me father. A most subtle charm,
A sweetness exquisite that name contains,
That seems to steep my sorrowing soul in bliss.
One must have drained the bitter dregs of woe
To relish it completely; must have felt
The heavy hand of nature drag from him
His children, one by one, and leave him desolate.

_Theonis._ My anguish heart is breaking with its pain.

_Enter Gonippus._

_Gonippus._ My liege, the Spartan orator approaches.

_Aristodemus._ Ye gods! in what a woeful state he finds me.
Away! Away! Leave me to myself.
Adieu, Cleontes. In a little time
I'll speak with thee again.

_Exeunt Gonippus and Theonis._

_Aristodemus, (alone.)_ Awake! my slumbering soul, we must uphold
Messene's cause, and meet the people's wish,
With willing free compliance. Let the people will,
And let the king obey; but in such sort
As it behoves a king. Let no one say
Messene's monarch humbly _begged_ for peace.
Nor let my words bespeak an eager longing—
As in his heart believes this haughty Spartan.

_Enter Lysander._

_Lysander._ Sparta sends greeting to Messene's king,
And peace if he desire it.

_Aristodemus._ I asked,
And therefore wish for it. It gladdens me,
That after such inhuman strife and bloodshed,
Sparta would once more join in friendly brotherhood,
And cease to prosecute an unjust war.

_Lysander._ An unjust war—that war is not unjust,
For it avenges an unjust offence.
The blood of Telechus, the Lymanian sacrifices,
Did not these cry to heaven for vengeance?
These were the sole cause of that mighty struggle.
Call it to mind, my lord.

_Aristodemus._ I spoke not of it, that I might not shame thee.
Where didst thou learn to lie so readily,
Thou trembling, more than woman-hearted knave!
In guise of peace, to lay thy snares of death,
Midst feast and dance, and near the heavenly altars.

_Lysander._ Reports speaks otherwise. Nor is Sparta such,
That she would seek to overcome her foes
By stooping to such base ignoble means.

_Aristodemus._ Ay! Sparta ought not by such foul pretexts
Degrade her lofty boasted dignity.
But when the quick-drawn sword decides the quarrel,
Justice and right are thenceforth useless words,
And righteousness was never Sparta’s virtue,
But arrogance disguised as modest truth.
How is it that ye fly from honesty,
Ay! even when ‘t would most befriend you?
What crime appalls you that promotes your cause?
Ye sow the seeds of discord ’mid our friends,
And by division having weakened them,
Ye force them, more betrayed than vanquished,
To cringe beneath your hated yoke of thralldom.
Thus aim ye to enslave the Grecian realms.
Is this your mode of conquering enemies?
Are ye the model of the Grecian States,
The fellow-citizens of wise Lycurgus?
Are these the boasted laws ye owe to him?
Enough. Tear off this masked treacherous garb
Boast less of laws, and practice virtue more.
Give honor, faith, and justice place among you.

_Lysander._ Did clemency not reign in Spartan breasts,
Ill would it now betide thee. For already
Ithome’s walls and towers arerazed to earth,
And if but Sparta wish to crown her victories,
What good will save thee from the sure destruction?

_Aristodemus._ While I am spared, Messene shall not perish;
And when my voice is silent in the tomb,
My ashes shall remain to frighten you.

_Lysander._ Why should they think to fear the dead,
Who fear thee not alive? Of this, enough.
If we but meet to wrangle in dispute,
Then must I stay no longer (rises.) I have done.
I will return to warn the Spartan Senate,
Aristodemus.

Not yet to sheath th' already reeking blade,
For stubborn foes force her again to war.

_Aristodemus, (rises.)_ Return then if thou choosest. Do not fail
To warn thy king, ere he resumes the strife,
To breathe his forces, and supply afresh
The veins already drained

_Lysander._ 'T were more needful,
Messene now should strive to heal the wounds
That sore distress her people.

_Aristodemus._ Taunt not, Spartan,
If she lament, sure Sparta does not joy.

_Lysander._ Sparta does not descend to beg for peace.

_Aristodemus._ Peace I sought. Now, Sparta fears I will reject it.
For well she knows, that armed at our disposal,
Argos, and Sicyon, and Elis stand,
And thoughts of vengance stir each glowing breast.
Messene's warriors long to try the combat.
Their sinewy arms grasp firm the keen edged sword,
And Sparta may not trust to fickle fortune—
Reflecting that she conquered but through fraud,
Not by her valor. This is Spartan mercy,
To offer peace from fear of being vanquished,
And, after all, boast clemency.

_Lysander._ So thou choosest war.

_Aristodemus._ Nay! peace I choose. I could not seek for war,
Since all the people cry aloud against it.
But come! let all this idle bickering cease,
And we be friends again. Let discord end.
Shall men be never free from vile dissensions?
Did heaven endow us with the boon of life,
In deadly hate to slaughter one another?
Did nature grant the steel from out her bosom,
That we might plant it in a brother's heart;
Turned from its use to deeds of crime and death?
If quick we do not bury vengeful thoughts,
Our prosperous realms will be a desert waste,
Peopled alone by helpless wailing widows.
And children fatherless. Does not Hellas mourn,  
That we give way to more than Thebes' atrocity?  
For do we not both own a common lineage?  
And while at Thebes the fratricides were two,  
Here are they countless as the bloody corses,  
Our rage transfixed upon the reddened field;  
And why should each thus seek the other's life,  
For some poor paltry tracts, that scarce would serve  
To hide our mouldering ashes? This same soil  
Is bathed in the noblest blood of Greece.  
Our father's, brother's voice, cries from the ground.  
And can we longer let these horrors flow?  
If honor move us not, let then expediency.  
Our rivals, Thebes and strong Athena watch,  
That when at length we end this horrid strife  
They may upon the weakened victor pounce,  
Tear from his grasp the fruit of victory,  
And drag his transient grandeur in the dust.  
Let us in time ensure our common weal,  
And link our realms in brotherly affection.

*Lysander.* With thee it rests to choose on peace or war.

*Aristodemus.* First must I know the terms thou offerest.

*Lysander.* In briefest phrase: Yield up Anfea and Taygetus.  
And celebrate not feasts at Lymnia.

*Aristodemus.* The first two I accept. Not so the last.  
Why would ye keep us from the Lymnian sacrifice,  
Withholding from us that protecting power?

*Lysander.* Among the Lymnian feasts first rose the spark,  
Whose fury six red lustrums did not stay.  
And should the cause remain, a second war  
Will be the offspring of our negligence.  
'T is now while all our jealousies are glowing,  
We should cut off such dangerous intercourse.

*Aristodemus.* Messene will not stoop to shameful peace,  
I grant my riches, honors, children, life,  
But will not part with my ancestral gods;  
Nor cease to worship at the Lymnian shrine.  
Here lies man's first affection, noblest duty—
Lysander. And greatest folly. Do I address a man
Who is the dupe of vulgar superstition?
Or speak I to the warrior, whose firm soul
Doth scorn all shades of shameful servile fear?
Who grasps his sword and looks not to the gods?
To us the Lymnian god ne'er rendered service,
But great the injury by him entailed,
And more he still may do us, should not prudence,
Our new found god, drag off his devotees.

Aristodemus. Frank words deserve at least reply as frank.
’T is true the gods have little aided me.
I boast not of their succor, nor despise them.
For in my breast a thousand good impulses
Urge me to fear and love them. Hast thou a cause
To own the gods, thou must have one to worship.
If thou hast not, then sure thou art accountable
For superstitious errors of the people,
Who fear the gods that rule o'er kings and men.
Of this, thy own example is a proof.
Once Elis, from the Olympic festivals,
Had once essayed to shut out Sparta.
How stirred that injury your souls with ire.
Did ye not with drawn sword resent the outrage?
And yet was not your right far less than theirs?
These were their country’s treasured deities,
While Sparta battled for a god not hers.
But here we struggle for our household gods,
And for our ancient shrines. The land is ours.
Ours are the sacred fawes. Ere we forsake
Our gods ancestral, may our lifeless corse
Feed with its mass the vultures. When aloft
Religion hoists the tattered flag of war,
We fight blindfolded, and e’en warmest piety
Transforms itself to rage; and drops the sword,
But with the last quick gasp of passing life.
Of this enough. If Sparta would have peace,
Let this then be the basis. Leave to us
The favor still to keep the Lymnian gods.
If she refuse, then be the issue war.

Lysander. Nay! peace we grant. My honor ne’er I place
In holding fast to preconceived opinions,
For such betrays the narrow sordid mind.
Aristodemus. My mind is not so low, but I can stoop
To own with candor thou hast conquered me.
I now withdraw the Lymnian pretensions.
Dost thou agree to the remaining terms?

Aristodemus. I willingly assent. Here is my hand.

Lysander. And here is mine.

Aristodemus. Dost thou require aught else?

Lysander. Naught sire.

Aristodemus. Then fare thee well.

Lysander. Farewell good sir.

Exit Lysander.

[End of ACT II.]
TALENTED, big-hearted, self-sacrificing men are too scarce, now-a-days, to require an apology for introducing to your kind notice one, who, living, was remarkable for these and many other endearing qualities, and, dying, has embalmed his name in the hearts of all those who had ever come within the magic circle of his influence. Gratitude is the noblest trait of noble minds. It is a virtue which, according to the general apprehension of mankind, approaches more nearly than any other social virtue to Justice. It is just and proper, therefore, that we should show our thankfulness to our benefactors; and who should be considered a greater benefactor of the student than he who laid broad and deep the foundations of an institution which is doing its work so manfully and faithfully—the work of God in the education of the rising generation? The name and fame of such a man should never grow dim; time, as it onward rolls, should keep it pure and unsullied, and brightly burnished in all its original splendor.

Father John Nobili, the founder of Santa Clara College, was born in Rome, on the 8th of April, 1812. His father was a lawyer, in easy circumstances. Fr. Nobili studied at the Roman College—then, as now, under the direction of the Jesuits.

Even as a student he early gave promise of that ripe scholarship, of that zeal for God's glory, and of that character so well balanced and so remarkable for its completeness and integrity which he subsequently attained. His memory was so tenacious that he could repeat a speech or sermon "verbum verbo," after having heard it once. At a public examination he wrote a long poem on a subject given him then and there, and with which he was not previously acquainted, of such merit that the examiners judged it worthy of being printed. Having finished with great éclat his collegiate studies, he aggregated himself to that illustrious body which has done so much for religion and letters throughout the world—the Society of Jesus. In Italy, where he taught for many years belles-lettres, among the numerous eminent professors he was regarded as the first; and his pupils showed, in all their public exhibitions and private examinations, that they had been taught by a master.

In mathematics and the exact sciences he was well versed, and he moreover illustrated them by his writings. As a teacher, his sweetness, tempered by a judicious firmness, was such that his pupils loved and respected him as a father, and with tears bewailed his departure to the foreign missions. Some of his pupils in Italy having been attacked by a dangerous epidemic disease, and
almost abandoned by their relatives and friends, Fr. Nobili assisted them and comforted them—nor did he leave them till they had recovered or slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Some years after his ordination he was sent to the missions of Oregon and vicinity. After a long and difficult voyage, by the way of Cape Horn, he reached his destination in the year 1844. In 1845 and 1846 he acted as chaplain at Fort Vancouver, and labored amongst the neighboring Indians. From 1847 to 1849 he announced the glad tidings of the Gospel to the Indians at Okanagan; these were sunk into the lowest depths of barbarism. There seemed to be hardly anything human about them but the form. They were most destitute and miserable; vice existed under every form. They were merciless, and without natural affections. On foot, through this dreary wilderness, without any means of subsistence but what Providence gave him on the way, Fr. Nobili made a journey of seven hundred miles. No one but God knows the frightful sufferings he endured from the want of the simplest necessaries of life, and from the savagery and blood-thirstiness of the degraded redmen to whom he bore the Gospel of Salvation. Without any other raiment save a cassock, a crucifix and chaplet depending from the girdle—the staff of the Pilgrim and the breviary of the Priest in his hand—his shoulders laden with the articles indispensable to the Sacrifice of the Mass—the humble though fearless Jesuit directed his steps to the interior of these wild and almost deserted regions. He penetrated the dense forests; he toiled through vast morasses; he waded shallow streams, and swam deep ones; he clambered over mountains and scaled brething crags; exposed to all sorts of hardships, he abandoned himself to the protection of Providence; he confronted ferocious beasts and more ferocious men. He met the savage on the war-path, or sought him amid the seclusion of his villages. By his gentle manners and soothing language, and a thousand services cheerfully rendered, he gradually gained the confidence of the Indians, and was listened to with attention. John Nobili braved not these fatigues and dangers for earthly fame or self-interest, but with an eye single to the conquest of immortal souls!

In 1849 he came to San Francisco; in 1850 and '51 he was in San José, assisting the poor, and ministering to those who had been stricken down with the cholera. Day and night he was at the bedside of the sick and dying. He never spared himself, that he might afford the consolations of religion to all, and cheer the gloomy chambers of disease and death by the sweet tones of his compassionate voice, whose accents inspired even the despairing with hopes of bliss beyond the grave.

Oh, what a blessed thing is Charity!

"'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which, by daily use,
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 't will fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely — that another
Of the great family is near, and feels."

His labors, privations and sufferings were too much for a constitution naturally weak, and he himself confined to a sick bed, was brought down to the very gates of death. Contrary to all expectations, but to the great joy of all who knew him, he recovered.

THE BELL OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Bell of Independence
Is dumb and broken now;
Compelled it is, by withering Time,
Its royal head to bow.

'T was taken from the turret proud
Where it so long had swung,
From where, with joyful notes and clear,
It Independence rung.

Sweet was its tone and loud its voice
On that immortal day,
When from their limbs, Americans
Their shackles tore away.

Its tongue it was that told the tale
To English tyrants then:
The Colonists would have their rights
As brothers and as men.

And when a haughty Parliament
Our fathers' prayer denied,
"All men are free and equal born,"
In thunder tones it cried.

What memories cling around it,
The Independence Bell!
It was the trump that sounded
Of tyranny the knell.

Let it be wrapped in Freedom's flag,
With Freedom's eagle o'er,
Then place it 'neath the dome of Fame,
To stay forevermore.
IDLE NOTES.

The 22d of February last was celebrated in the College by a literary entertainment, given in the evening. For some days previous the weather had been gloomy and threatening, and "the rain upon the roof" was quite audible several times during the exercises.

Mr. C. F. Wilcox presided, and announced, as the first speaker, Mr. Peter Byrne, who delivered an original poem, the "Day-dream of Washington." The composition of the poem, and its delivery, as well, won many marks of gratification at the time, from the audience, and have since been very much praised. Mr. John Price followed, with an oration upon "Valley Forge." Mr. Price depicted, with no little power, the heroic qualities which that "long and dreary winter" made reveal themselves in Washington's great heart.

Mr. Jas. Campbell and Mr. Rob. Forbes had prepared, with two days' notice, a debate, upon the question, "Who has been our greatest naval hero?" Mr. Campbell arose first, and espoused the cause of John Paul Jones, which he very ably defended. Mr. Forbes chose for his client, Stephen Decatur. Mr. Forbes filled up twenty minutes very pleasantly, and with good effect; but forgot entirely to accompany his hero to the dueling-field.

Mr. Martin J. C. Murphy delivered the last oration. The subject of "True Greatness" was handled by him in a style very attractive, and the speaker commanded the deepest attention during his discourse. Mr. Wilcox uttered half a dozen words in behalf of the Owls, and cordially invited the audience to attend the Owls' benefit on the night of the succeeding Monday. The day went out with the farce of the "Spectre Bridegroom." It is only necessary to say, that the greater part, or even the whole, of the cast, was very happy.

The College Band was present, in full force, and sustained excellently well the high reputation it possesses.

On the evening of Monday, the last of February, the doors of the theatre were again thrown open for the reception of a much larger and more appreciative audience than that of the 22d. Santa Clara and San José appeared to have flocked en masse, for never before, as far back as the editorial memory runs, were so many people collected here on a benefit night. The curtain rose for the farce of "Lightning Express." Mr. J. Byrne's sleepy stupidity as "Biffin," Mr. Cochrane's quaint appearance and excellent acting in "Griffin," the London ribbon merchant, and the sang froid of Mr. Martin Murphy, as the center of the piece "Col. Jack Deleware, lately of the Lightning Express," were admirable.

To the farce succeeded J. Howard Payne's tragedy, Brutus. This was
the main affair of the evening. Lu­
cius Junius Brutus, the fool, patriot,
and judge, was played by Mr. John
T. Malone. Mr. Malone is at home
in tragedy, as those who witnessed
his actually terrible personation of
Oswin, the arch-Druid in “Elma,”
may recollect, and his Brutus was a
noble conception. The simplicity of
mind in the first scenes, the throwing
aside of the mask, the burst of hon­
est fury in the thunder-storm, the
barangues to the Romans, the stern
sacrifice to justice, won for the actor
the highest admiration. Mr. Forbes
as Titus, the son of Brutus, was ex­
cellent, as he always is, but his stage­
walk might perhaps have been robbed
of some affectation without serious
detriment. Mr. Campbell in Tar­
quin, the king, the second person­
age of the play, rendered the charac­
ter with great ability. Mr. P. Byrne
as Collatinus met with marked favor,
as did also Mr. Price as Sextus, Mr.
J. Murphy as Valerius, Mr. Kelly as
Aruns, Mr. Matthews as Horatius,
and Mr. Seams as Claudius. Mr.
Lynch rendered the part of Lucretius
with merit. Messrs. Smith and Jau­
jou filled creditably a couple of minor
parts.

The farce of “Hush” concluded
the entertainment. “Doddlewobble,
the conservative, non-committal, most
unwilling Grand Master of the K. G.
C.,” was to have trod the stage in the
person of Mr. Wilcox, but, through
the latter’s illness, Mr. M. Murphy,
on very short notice, assumed his
place in the cast. Mr. Murphy lost
none of his laurels as the badgered,
terror-stricken, usly indignantDod­
dlewobble. Mr. Price made a capi­
tal gouty old Dingbatter, Mr. D.’s
very patriotic partner. “Caesar, a
gentleman of color,” was taken to
the life by Mr. James Campbell, and
elicted roars of laughter at his every
appearance. Mr. Forbes’ “Walter,”
nephew to Doddlewobble, was in that
gentleman’s happiest vein. “Blim­
ber, a detective with a star,” “Fudg­
it, an incomprehensible mortal,” and
“Rackett, a miscreant,” were respect­
ively enacted by Messrs. Jaujou, Coch­
rane and Smith. As on the previous
evening, the College band enlivened
the entertainment with classical music.

Saturday, the 19th of March, being
a feast of St. Joseph, the patron saint
of our respected and highly-esteem­
ed vice-president, Father Jos. Caredda,
was a holiday in College. At one
o’clock in the afternoon, the Band,
which, under his direction, has been
for years the garnish of every literary
feast here, collected around the foun­
tain in the inner garden, and struck
up the notes of a serenade. May his
age long continue as green as the
beautiful budding plants that sur­
rrounded the serenaders in the gar­
den. It is affirmed by some one that
the gold fish in the basin of the foun­
tain partook of the festivity, and fell
into line, and marched to the music.

Since the printing of our last issue
we have received a young paper from
Suspension Bridge, Niagara’s Trib­
ute. In our March number, through
some oversight, credit was not given
to the Italian for the play of “Aristo­
demus,” and Mr. Charles Skidmore’s
name was not affixed in the contents
to the poem “Our Patroness.”

“A Word to Students,” came too
late for the March number.
I lived on the outskirts of a large city. One pleasant day in spring, as I was going to school, the green fields, the flowery meadows, the sweet songs of birds, and the balmy perfume of the air, called me so enticingly, that I could not resist the pleasure of a ramble. I hid my books under a stone, and walked up the flowery sides of a beautiful hill. To-day, said I, I will learn my lessons from mother Nature. I picked flowers, bathed in a crystal brook, and ate the sweet fruits of the blackberry plant. I reached the summit of the hill, and, entering a wood, rambled among its cooling shades. How full of charm was the surrounding scenery! How gently did the stream glide over its shining pebbles! It was noon, and, feeling tired, I laid myself down on the soft grass, and was soon asleep. In my sleep I had a dream. I dreamed that I saw a beautiful angel, with golden wings and a beaming countenance, gathering flowers. I walked up to his side, and asked: What are you doing, sweet angel? I am gathering thorns. And pray whom are they for? For you, my lazy friend. At this I awoke, full of fear. My hand went to my forehead. It seemed as if I could feel the thorns pricking me. I rushed home, and determined never to take a ramble from school again. A. Raleigh.

An incident is related of M. Gévelot, deputy from Orne, displaying a true nobility of character. In the year previous to the battle of Men tana, an American came to M. Gévelot, who was a manufacturer of gun caps, and gave him a very large order, to be filled on a certain day, under penalty of forfeiting 100,000 francs. Only a few days had barely elapsed, when Mons. Gévelot discovered that the caps were destined for the Garibaldians, who were warring, not only against his political feelings, but also for the destruction of his religion. Instantly he resolved not to furnish the ammunition, but rather to sacrifice the great bond. The day for delivery arrived, and with it the customer. M. Gévelot quietly said that he had not prepared the caps, but that the forfeiture was at the disposal of him to whom it belonged, and counted out to the other the 100,000 francs. The days of chivalric deeds have not departed with the shields and double-handed swords of old.
Two gentlemen were sheltering themselves during a thunder-storm under a tree at the foot of a hill, when suddenly a barrel came tumbling down the declivity, and tore a large piece out of the coat tails of one of the gentlemen. "See what a rent the envious cask has made!" exclaimed he to his friend, in tragic imitation of Antony's oration over the dead body of Cæsar: "See what a rent the envious Casca made!"

**THE MAJORITY RULES.**

A man who sought all curious sights to see,
To Stockton went, to view insanity.
The man that show'd him round all sanely look'd,
The stranger asks, "How's this, that you are book'd
For this dark place; have you of brains a lack?
Did the great earthquake give your head a crack?"
"Not so," quoth he, in accents low and sad,
"You see at home they thought that I was mad.
But I said no; to finish all the row
We voted; I lost, here you see me now;
Majorities are always right, you know,
And bad is good if they decree it so.
But soon will come another voting day,
And hopes I have of getting then away;
So here in Bedlam I content remain
Till next election sets me free again." A. FORBES.

A member of the Trigonometry class gravely inquired of the professor, the other day, how many degrees there were in Noah's ark.

The Paris Charivari lately gave an account of an aspiring gentleman, who had written a five-act play, and proposed to a celebrated dramatist to divide with him the honors of the authorship—a very common practice in Paris, which explains the seeming fecundity of many French writers in repute. The dramatist, otherwise engaged, declined the offer, in the following terms:

"I cannot accept your proposition, sir. It is written in Scripture, 'Thou shalt not yoke the ox with the ass.'"

Hereupon the would-be collaborator left in a rage, and the next morning the dramatist received a challenge, commencing thus:

"Sir: You insinuated yesterday that I am an ox," etc., etc.

A young man of extraordinary appetite, dining at a miser's, and observing his host's dismay, said:

"I have a hereditary good appetite; my mother was a remarkably quick eater, and my father would eat till he was hungry again."

"Then I congratulate you," said the miser, "on uniting the perseverance of your father to the dispatch of your mother."

The young man, nothing daunted, said: "I like this round of beef; one may cut and come again upon it."

"You may cut as soon as you will," said the old man, "but hang me if you ever come again."

Professor Johnson, of Middletown University, was one day lecturing before the students on mineralogy. He had before him quite a number of specimens of various sorts to illustrate the subject. A roguish student, for sport, slyly slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The professor was taking up the stones, one after another, and naming them. "This," said he, "is a piece of granite; this is a piece of feldspar," etc. Presently he came to the brickbat. Without betraying any kind of surprise, or even changing his tone of voice, "This," said he, holding it up, "is a piece of impudence."

"Has the cookery-book any pict-
ures?" asked a lady of a bookseller. "Not one," replied the dealer in books. "Why," exclaimed the pretty miss, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner, if they give us no plates?"

A youth, after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamorata, said: "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clearer." "Suppose you pop it," whispered the blushing damsel.

Sweet Kate was heard one day to sigh, "With beauty lost, I'd wish to die." "O, no," said Tom, with humor quaint, "not wish to dye, but merely paint."

At a late Printer's Festival the following toast was given:

"The Printer—the master of all trades; he beats the farmer with the hoe, the carpenter with his rules, and the mason with setting up tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to his cases, and beats the parson in the management of the devil."

Bayard Taylor tells of a Yankee who, walking the streets in St. Peters-

burg one muddy day, met the Grand Duke Constantine. The sidewalk was not wide enough for two to pass, and the street was very deep in filth; whereupon the American took a silver rouble from his pocket, shook it in his closed hand, and cried out, "Crown or tail?" "Crown," guessed the duke. "Your highness has won," cried the American, looking at the rouble, and stepping into the mud. The next day the Yankee was invited by the grand duke to dinner.

A student was reading a newspaper in class the other day, when his professor discovered it, and directed him to put it away. "What's the rush?" exclaimed the youth somewhat irreverently. "It's not a rush," cried a third individual, "it's a reed."

Why is the Owl like a toper's nose? Because it is much read.

A young Parisian was walking across the play-ground the other day, when somebody surreptitiously introduced a handful of dust into his pocket. On the discovery, turning with an angry air, he exclaimed: "What for you putte ze land in my pock-et?"
TABLE OF HONOR.

The first place in each class for the month of February, 1870, as read out on first Wednesday, March 2d.

Christian Doctrine—
1st Class— J. H. Peyton.
Ethics— Jos. McQuade.
Mental Philosophy—J. Campbell.
Physics—W. Veuve, J. Campbell.
Mathematics—
1st or highest class, ———
2d Class—W. Veuve.
3d Class—M. Walsh, J. Chappellet.
Mineralogy—Chas. F. Wilcox.
Elementary Chemistry—J. T. Malone.

Greek—
2d Class—A. Kelly.
3d Class—J. H. Campbell.
4th Class—W. Veuve, S. Rhodes.
5th Class—Jno. Price.

Latin—
2d Class—A. Kelly.
3d Class—J. H. Campbell, Jos. McQuade.
4th Class—W. Veuve.

English—
1st Class—Rhetoric & Oratory (Jas. Byrne, W. Breene.
4th Class—W. Fallon, E. Graves.
5th Class—E. Richardson.

French—
1st Class——
2d Class—J. C. Johnson.
3d Class—J. Poujade, H. Newhall.

Spanish—
2d Class—James Smith.

German—F. Stock.
Italian—J. Radovich.

Geography—
1st Class—A. Kelly.
2d Class—J. C. Johnson.
4th Class—Chas. Levy, A. Tittel, A. Levy.
5th Class—Fr. Stern, Ed. Newhall.

History—
1st Class—H. Newhall.
2d Class—J. Chretien, J. C. Johnson.
3d Class—H. Peyton, James Judd.
5th Class—W. Whepley.

Arithmetic—
1st Class—Jos. Drown.
2d Class—J. Kifer, W. O'Sullivan, W. Whepley.
3d Class—A. Raleigh, R. Soto.

Book-keeping—
1st Class—A. and C. Levy.
2d Class—M. Murray.
3d Class—1st Div., P. Dunne.

Orthography—
1st Class—Jas. Dunne.
2d Class—E. Richardson.

Elocution—
1st Class—L. Burling, J. Malone.
2d Class—P. Byrne, A. Forbes, J. Price, M. Murray, Ig. Malarin.
3d Class—Jas. Murphy, W. Matthews.
5th Class—W. Whepley, Jno. Canelo.
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