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THE OWL

DEVOTED TO

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

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

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CONTENTS.

Dana's Geology, (Art. I.) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 181
W. P. Veuve, (2d Rhetoric.)

The Burning of Moscow, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 186
John Rice, (2d Rhetoric.)

A Brush with the Indians, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 188
Mason Wilson, (2d Rhetoric.)

A Word to Students . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 191
J. W. Lannon, (Oakland.)

Aristodemus, from the Italian of Vincenzo Monti, (Acts IV. and V.) 193
James H. Campbell, (Mental Philosophy.)

The Story of Glencoe, (Chapters IX. to XI.) . . . . . . 207
R. S. and A. W. Forbes.

In the Country, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .214
Lucian Burling, (1st Rhetoric.)

Idle Notes, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .221
Chas. F. Wilcox, (Mental Philosophy.)

Olio, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .224

Table of Honor, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .227

THE OWL

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It really gives the farmer the soil which he cultivates; the mechanic his tools; the mason his bricks; the manufacturer his machinery; and the jeweler his precious stones. It gives iron for the construction of railroads; marble for the building of houses; and gold and silver for the making of ornaments. Perhaps some one may ask why we cannot have them without this science. The diamond in its natural state resembles a pebble; so do other precious stones. The most valuable ore of silver can barely be distinguished from common earth, and much less from many minerals. The same can be said of the ores of iron, copper and lead. Now, without the aid of mineralogy, we could not distinguish one of these minerals from another. We could not tell whether what resembled a pebble was in reality a pebble or not, because we would not know to what mineral its distinguishing properties belonged. But, on the contrary, if we were well acquainted with mineralogy, we could immediately ascertain its characteristics, and classify it. Hence, mineralogy includes, among other things, the detection of minerals; that is, it gives the characteristics of each mineral, so that we are enabled to distinguish it from others.

Many persons, through their igno-
rance of the characters of minerals, have been led astray. Emigrants have often thought they had discovered gold, when, in fact, the substance which they mistook for gold was only the yellow variety of mica, which so much resembles that precious metal that it often requires an experienced miner to detect it.

It has been said that mineralogy is a modern science. So it is, though many facts regarding minerals were long known. The ancients were skilled in working those minerals which they had discovered, yet they knew little or nothing concerning their properties. Thus we see that the practice long preceded the science. Only half a century ago it could hardly be said to exist. The description of many minerals had already been given, but no regular system of classification had been attempted. All knowledge of minerals was strictly empirical; their description was based solely on the experience of a few; all the different species were unconnected—they in fact remained isolated; no bond of union had been discovered among them; and it was almost impossible for a student to determine a mineral he had never seen. Mohs, a celebrated German professor, was the first who attempted to extricate mineralogy from this state of chaos, and to elevate it to the level of a regular science. He adopted the plan followed in botany and zoology; carefully studied the physical characters of each mineral, and on these characters he founded his classification; thus looking upon mineralogy as a strictly natural science. For a time, his system found almost universal favor. But soon a class of mineralogists arose, who contended that a classification founded on physical characters only, was unsatisfactory, and that a study of the chemical composition of minerals should be added to that of their physical properties. Mohs and his disciples resisted this new opinion, as subversive of the newly established science; and thus two schools of mineralogy were gradually formed. The party in favor of considering the chemical, as well as the physical properties, gradually received new additions to its number, in consequence of which, within the last twenty years, the system of Mohs has been steadily losing ground; and it may confidently be asserted, that it will soon be entirely abandoned. In fact, at the present time, it has been dropped everywhere, except in a few places in Germany and Austria. The best proof of what we advance, is to be found in the last edition of a work of a former pupil of Mohs, which offers a system the most completely founded on chemistry that has appeared as yet.

Is this fact to be hailed as a progress—lessening the difficulties of the science—or is it to be deplored as a retrogression, increasing the confusion in a study already sufficiently intricate? We hope the following pages will show that mineralogy has not lagged behind, when all other sciences have been daily progressing; and that, in spite of the lamentations of the remaining disciples of Mohs, the student of mineralogy has no cause to complain of the ideas which prevail at the present time.
As has been said, Mohs should be regarded as the real founder of mineralogy—not of the present science, however, but of the one which existed half a century ago. To him belongs the honor of having extricated it from the confusion and darkness which had enveloped it for years. He is the real author of what may be called the first system of mineralogy. Being opposed to chemistry, he made his classification depend entirely on the physical characters of minerals—the least important—ignoring the chemical characters—the most important. Many others, before and after him, were led by a certain analogy to consider it as a simple branch of natural history, similar to botany and zoology. Mohs, in particular, was the champion of this view. He not only scouted the idea that mineralogy could not subsist as a perfectly independent science, but even denied that its advancement could be facilitated by subordinating it to chemistry. In his lectures he would say: “I find it hardly necessary to contend against the admixture of chemistry with mineralogy. Those who know what mineralogy ought to be, clearly see that it cannot be such as long as it is not separated from chemistry. Those who do not know it, are not competent to give an opinion. Therefore, I do not advise you to engage in any argument on the subject, for he who has the least idea of the question must agree with you; but he who does not understand it, is not entitled to be heard.” Yet it is a great error to suppose that the inorganic is perfectly identical in character with the organic kingdom, as Mohs thought. In the organic kingdom, the determination of the class to which a species belongs, rests on a fact which renders it comparatively easy. This fact consists in the non-interrupted succession of existences: that is, one individual of a species gives life to another, exactly identical in all its parts; this one to another, and so on.

Now, for example: we have man; all over the world he is the same. The European, the Mongolian, the Malay, the Indian, and the Ethiopian are all identical, except in a few particulars—the result of the climate of the country in which they live. Man once seen, will easily be distinguished again. No other animal possesses the same physical characters. These characters are peculiar, and serve at once to distinguish him. A person who has seen a Chinaman, will never find any difficulty in distinguishing others of the same race. If it is thus easy to distinguish an individual of a race, it is no less easy to distinguish one of the human family. No one has ever found it difficult to distinguish a Malay from a horse or a lion, or to tell that the Malay belonged to the human family, and the horse or lion did not. These facts—the succession of existences, and the identity of the species—are the causes which render botany and zoology so easy.

But in mineralogy it is different. The determination of the species does not rest in the fact, that all the individuals of a class are identical in characters; so that grouped together in our class we have substances of different color, texture, degree of
hardness, and specific gravity. The most striking illustration of this fact is found in the different varieties of carbonate of lime. These varieties are so different in texture, color, etc., as to preclude all possibility of similarity. Statuary marble and black marble belong to this species; so also does chalk, so different in exterior properties from the marbles. The beautiful white, semi-transparent marble of Carrara possesses the same composition as chalk. In fine, Iceland spar, so limpid and transparent, is nothing but crystalized carbonate of lime. The differences which these varieties show, is owing to the conditions which presided at their formation. These have influenced their state of aggregation without disturbing their chemical composition. The different colors of the several varieties are owing to the presence of other substances, which exist in them in the mixed state, but not in the state of combination.

It will be seen that these varieties of the same species are classed according to their chemical properties, and not according to their physical ones; hence, a class or group, in mineralogy, is to be considered as including a certain number of minerals, united according to their chemical composition. In the example above, each of the varieties is composed of lime and carbonic acid in the same proportion. From what has been said, it follows that minerals should be studied according to their physical and chemical characters; but especially according to their chemical ones. In the organic kingdom, the individuals should only be regarded physically.

In his haste to create a science, Mohs entirely overlooked the dissimilarity existing between the organic and inorganic kingdoms, and rested mineralogy on one class of facts—the physical characters. It seems strange that this dissimilarity should have been overlooked by one so eminent for his learning. His classification is founded solely on these characters, which can be determined without altering the nature of the mineral. Since the blow-pipe characters, and the property of being soluble in different liquids, in their determination changed the nature of the mineral, he would not take them into consideration.

In his treatise on mineralogy, he divided the minerals into three large classes. The first class comprised those which affect the taste, give no bituminous odor, and are of a specific gravity, less than 3.8. This class was divided into four orders: first, gas; second, water; third, acid; fourth, salt. The second class embraces those minerals which do not affect the taste, and are of a specific gravity, above 1.8. To this class nearly all the minerals appertain. It is subdivided into thirteen orders, whose names are derived from some property of the species: first, haloid; second, baryta—the type of this order is sulphate of baryta. Its physical characters serve to distinguish the other minerals of this order, which comprises the most dissimilar minerals; for instance, carbonate of iron and chromate of lead. Third, kerate, which chiefly embraces the chlorides of mercury and silver, as different in exterior properties as in composition. Fourth, mal-
achite. The green color is the characteristic of the minerals of this order; yet it does not include all those which have a green color, which is against his method. In this order are united arseniate of iron, malachite, chrysocola, and other green ores of copper. Fifth, mica. The micaceous structure distinguishes the minerals of this order. To it, Mohs referred arseniate of copper, which should have been comprised in the malachite order, since it possesses a green color and every other property which distinguishes the minerals of that order. Sixth, spar. This order includes such minerals as have a stony aspect, yield a colorless powder when scratched, and are foliated. Prehnite, diallage and feldspar belong to this order. Notwithstanding the foliated structure, which is one of the essential characters of this order, several minerals are included which do not possess it, for instance: lapis lazuli, of which the fracture is unequal. Seventh, gem. Hardness is the dominant character of this order. The minerals included are more analogous than those united under any of the previous orders.

Eighth, oxide order. This order, as its name signifies, embraces minerals in the state of oxides; yet wolfram, which is a tungstate of iron and manganese; lievrite, is a silicate of iron; and cerite, a hydrated silicate of cerium, which are included, are exceptions. Ninth, metal. Tenth, pyrite. Their lustre gives the minerals of these two orders a particular property. Eleventh, shining order. The minerals belonging to this order should have been referred to the metal order, on account of their metallic lustre; yet, because of a slight difference in hardness, and in the color of the powder yielded, Mohs formed a separate order. Twelfth, blende. The red powder obtained is the principal character of the minerals composing this order. Sulphate of manganese, which is comprised, does not, however, possess it. Thirteenth, sulphur order.

The third great class comprises minerals having a bituminous odor, and a specific gravity below 1.8. It includes the oils and bitumens which form the combustible class of most authors.
THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Tears plough my cheek; with grief my heart is torn,
As I adown the stream of song am borne;
War and its woes terrific shadows cast
Athwart my course, along the mighty past.
The bell which topp’d the Kremlin’s highest tower,
With brazen lips had knelled the midnight hour,
Sleep o’er the French her soothing balm had shed,
And Moscow’s burghers all were snug in bed;
All save the watchman, who through drifting snow
Deep curses muttered, tramping to and fro;
While on their beats the sentinels are growling.
Through the long streets the wintry winds are howling.
But hush, but hark, there is a cry of fire
Which now has kindled Moscow’s funeral pyre.
Far off thick clouds of billowy smoke and flame,
To Russia vengeance, woe to France proclaim.
Exploding mines and screaming shells affright
The icy ear of that cold northern night;
Volcanic fires could not so dreadful prove,
Nor earthquakes when the seated hills they move.
Now marble palaces are tossed in air,
And fall in fragments, scattered here and there.
The storm-king shrieks, and rushes fiercely on,
Nor stays to see the ruin he has done;
The flames are swept through every wind-scour’d street,
And lick with red-hot tongues whate’er they meet;
The fiery demon flaps his wings on high,
And lights with snake-like blaze the gloomy sky.
As prowling wolf leaps down upon the fold,
Devours the lambkin, nor yet spares the old;
Nor gives the brute his savage pastime o’er,
Till gorged his chops are clotted with their gore;
So madly sweep the flames from dome to dome,
Consume the palace and the cottage home.
A mighty terror blanches every cheek,
As with their household gods they safety seek.
Children and women with dishevelled hair,
Toss up their arms, and shriek in wild despair;
Old men with snow-white locks were pushed along,
Their age no safe-guard in that maddened throng.
The weak were trampled whilst imploring aid,
By friends whom danger, hard and selfish made.
All those dear ties that bind our race together,
In that dread hour were lighter than a feather.
On, on they rush, a refuge fain to find
From the fierce flames that round their dwelling twined.
Some send up prayers to Him who reigns on high,
Whilst others curse their fate, their God, and die.
They perish shrieking in that white-hot blaze,
No more on home or loved of earth to gaze;
Reduced to ashes by the scathing heat,
Their bodies never knew a winding sheet;
But by the winds to every point were blown,
And over plains and rock-ribbed hills were strewn.
When on the morrow the bright King of Day
Had yoked his steeds and sped him on his way;
With glowing wheels from eastern realms afar,
Had come, till Moscow lay beneath his car;
He scarce could pierce with spears of golden light
The smoke that hid the havoc of that night.
Napoleon saw his new queen's fatal dower,
Read in that gloom the downfall of his power.
"These Muscovites are savages," said he,
"They roast themselves, that they may banish me."
Grief tore the fibres of his heart in twain,
While bitter thoughts came crowding on his brain.
He thought of Josephine divorced—in tears,
And of the Pope, whose threats he'd met with sneers;
He thought perchance that in those frozen lands
Might fall the musket e'en from Frenchman's hands.
Sheer o' the brink of ruin now he hangs,
A prey to tortures, sharp relentless pangs.
"Strike tents, decamp," the universal cry;
"Back, back to France, nor tarry here to die."
How few alas, of that heroic band
Ere caught a glimpse of their dear fatherland.
Those victors on a hundred fields of fight,
Of sunny France no more shall have a sight;
So sleep the dead deep in the ocean's breast,
Rocked by the waves in their eternal rest.
Their bones lie bleaching on the Russian hills,
Their fate the darkest page of history fills.
A BRUSH WITH THE INDIANS.

ON the shore of Emigrant Lake, a small sheet of water, situated in Jackson County, Southern Oregon, in the year 18—, a sturdy pioneer, by the name of Simpson, fixed his abode. His christian name was Thomas, but his neighbors, who were few and far between, found it more convenient to call him Tom. He had a wife, and a son named John, both of whom he dearly loved. Tom's cabin stood in the middle of a small clearing, about a hundred yards from the lake. Tom was a fine specimen of a backwoodsman. He was about six feet high, well made, lithe of limb, with a clear eye which dared to look anybody in the face, and an open countenance—for he always kept his mouth open whether asleep or awake. He imagined, as many before and since his time have done, that he could hear better when his mouth was open. He wore a coon-skin cap, and his garments were of the coarsest material and of home manufacture. He was the owner of a rifle nearly as long as himself. Practice had made him perfect in its use, and he was considered one of the best shots in that part of the country. His son, John, was a veritable chip of the old block, and could handle a gun almost as well as his immediate ancestor. Tom and his family subsisted on game from the surrounding forests; fish, from the lake; and vegetables, which the scanty tillage of their ranch afforded them. Tom had a neighbor by the name of Glenn, living about a mile distant towards the upper end of the lake. At this time, the Rogue River Indians, whom Commodore Stockton found so troublesome during his sojourn on the coast, were hostile to the whites; frequently made raids on the few settlements around, and occasionally visited the solitary cabin of Tom Simpson; but only at certain seasons, and generally at long intervals. Tom was often compelled to go out on hunting expeditions, and to be gone two or three days, in order to get a supply of food for his family. On these excursions, many a skirmish had he with the red skins, and many a hairbreadth escape. One day he was out on one of these hunting expeditions, and had left his son at home to guard the cabin and his wife during his absence. He had been very successful during the first part of the day, and determined to return home immediately, as it was then only two o'clock in the afternoon. It was near four o'clock when he came to within about a half a mile of his cabin, when suddenly he heard the firing of guns, and saw smoke rising in the direction of his clearing. He immediately suspected the Indians were up to some deviltry, and throwing down a deer which was slung over his shoulders, he quickened his pace to a fast run,
A Brush with the Indians.

the sooner to reach the scene of danger. The firing had ceased in a few minutes, and he hurried on, apprehensive that the savages had murdered his wife and son. He reached the edge of the clearing in a few moments, but nothing met his eyes except the smouldering ruins of his cabin. His suspicions had been but too well founded. He hurried to the spot, but there found nothing but his two pistols which he had left with John before starting out. The loads had been discharged, plainly showing that some defence had been made. "The devils have taken my wife and son," and I must recover them and have revenge, he exclaimed, as he stood for a moment leaning on his trusty rifle, while his angry eyes seemed to flash fire.

The prints of moccasined feet were plainly visible on the ground, showing the direction the Indians had gone. Another thing they also showed, and that was their numbers.

"Too many for one man," said Tom, "but if those other four were gone, I could take care of three myself. However, I will go up to Glenn's and get some help, and then I will teach the red-devils to take care with whom they meddle."

He then placed his huge rifle upon his shoulder, and with long strides struck out for Glenn's, a mile away, but to such a man it was nothing, and soon he was there.

"Hey! old friend," said he, when he met Glenn, I need your help. The red-devils have burned my cabin and carried off John and my wife, but they are too many for one, and so I've come to ask your aid."

"What! the imps at work so soon," exclaimed Glenn.

"Yes," put in Tom; and if we are in a hurry we can overtake them soon, for they have not much the start of us, and——."

"I'll go," interrupted Glenn; "but I think it will be best to take some provisions along, for they may lead us a long chase."

They were soon ready, and then struck out for the ruined cabin. It was soon reached; and after gazing on it for a few moments, they began to follow up the trail of the retreating Indians.

They had gone about two miles before either spoke a word, but at last, as it began to grow dark, Glenn broke the silence by——. "We'll soon have to be hunting a resting place for the night, friend, for if we try to follow up the trail in the darkness, we may lose it altogether."

So busy was Tom in contriving means of revenge, that he did not answer for some moments, but at last he said: "Let us follow it till we can see, and no longer, and then there will be plenty of time to sleep."

It soon became too dark to see, and then wrapping their blankets around them, they both lay down to sleep in that dark and dense forest, with their trusty rifles by their sides.

Nothing disturbed them during the night; and daybreak found them once more on the trail. They soon came to the place in which the Indians had rested during the night, but found it deserted. All day long they followed the trail; and when night came on again they knew they were near to the Indians by the fresh-
ness of the tracks. Next morning, after eating some dried venison, they again resumed the pursuit, and in about an hour came to a place where the Indians, by this time thinking themselves secure from pursuit, had built a fire, which was still smoldering.

"We are near them," said Tom, "and must be cautious now."

"That's so," said Glenn, "for we may come upon some straggler at any moment, and if we do, I, for one, will be ready to send a bullet through him the moment I see him."

"Caution, man; that would be rashness. We must wait till we get them together, and then fix them."

"It seems that I am getting out of my senses," said Glenn, who was somewhat excited, "or I should have known that such a course as mine would be downright foolishness."

Nothing more was said just then; and before night they came in sight of the Indians, but wisely kept themselves concealed from view, until it should be the proper time. At night, when the savages were gathered around the fire, was the time they had chosen for making the attack and liberating the captives. Darkness came at length, and the Indians built a large fire, around which they squatted themselves, laughing and talking, not even thinking anyone was near.

Tom and Glenn, with their rifles in their hands, crept up to within a few rods of the camp, close to where the two prisoners were tied to a sapling, and guarded by two stalwart savages. Here the two white men waited in breathless silence for "something to turn up," favorable to their emancipation schemes. Nor had they to wait long. The two savages on guard, after having examined the cords which bound their captives, withdrew to the group around the fire, leaving their muskets leaning against a venerable pine tree which threw its dark shadows over the prisoners. The Indians were preparing to take their evening meal.

"Now, or never," whispered Tom to his companion, as both drew their knives from their belts. They soon found means of attracting the attention of the captives, and enjoined profound silence. Keeping around behind the big trees, with the noiseless tread of cats, they got possession of the guns left by the guards, and then, "quick as a tailor or a thought," they severed the cords which bound the prisoners, and placed a musket in the hands of each; but they were discovered.

The Indians sprang to their guns, but the whites were too quick for them. Taking deliberate aim, they discharged a volley into the dusky group; and with a yell that woke the echoes of the solemn woods around, four of the Indians fell to rise no more. The whites, swift as lightning, darted behind the huge trees that stood near, and there waited until they had drawn the fire of their enemies. Owing to the darkness, the Indians could not take sure aim. Four of the Indians having been killed at the first discharge, there were only three left. Tom, his son and Glenn then rushed upon them; they grappled and struggled for life or death. Tom and Glenn,
A. Word to Students.

SCHOLARS are not always made by schools. Education cannot be obtained without time and work. There is no royal road to learning. Teachers are only helps—excellent helps—it is true, but yet of no extraordinary value without labor on the pupil's part. And here let me remark, that more is to be expected from the boy of only common ability, who is a hard student, than from all the misdirected efforts of wayward genius. It is a very frequent mistake of many people, who think that talent distinguishes men and women more than industry does. This is not so. What is talent without industry? There are higher and lower walks in scholarship; but the highest is a walk of labor. The great Newton said, that it was only the habit of patient thinking that made him different from other men. In the lapse of centuries, may be found a youth like the famous Ferguson, who can tend sheep on the hill-side, and correctly mark the positions of the stars, with only a bead and a thread. But, you know, such examples are "like angels' visits—few and far between." We cannot all expect to be so luckily born. The large majority of mankind need instruction to aid and guide them; and this necessary instruction is not to be had for the mere wishing. There is a Latin maxim—"labor conquers all things"—which is especially true with reference to education. The pursuit of knowledge by the vast majority of our distinguished men and women, both living and dead, has been made under difficulties. And in this connection let me say, that no student should ever become discouraged at school, because others, of brighter parts, can learn the lessons more readily. Almost innumerable characters might be instanced, who were exceedingly slow school-boys. Newton, Franklin, Johnson, Curran, Sheridan, and Patrick Henry, were nearly always at the tail-end of their class. Curran, in particular, besides other disadvantages, stuttered so badly, you know, that he went by the
nick-name (never call nick-names) of "Stuttering Jack Curran;" but by hard study and perseverance, "Stuttering Jack Curran" became one of the most eloquent orators of the eighteenth century; and, together with Grattan, Emmet, and O'Donnell, will live forever in the memory and affections of his countrymen.

An old adage says, that "learning is better than houses, lands, or money." That it is the great object of life, few will deny. That it makes people better, and prevents crime, is certain. No doubt, some distinguished scholars have been bad men; but we do not know how much worse they would have been, were it not for the beneficial influence exerted on their characters by their love of learning. A genuine relish for intellectual enjoyment, cannot harmonize very well with gross sensuality and vicious pleasure. Knowledge is, essentially, power, virtue, and happiness. It can be obtained by both sexes; by the young and the old; in town, or in the country; in company with others, or in solitude—in fact, it is said that "learning makes a man fit company for himself." Ignorance, in an age of schools like this, is nothing less than a crime.

Choose then the better part, boys, while you are able to do so. Take advantage of your youthful days to obtain what you cannot afford to do without, and which is no load to carry.
ARISTODEMUS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Theonis with a wreath of flowers; Aristodemus in the tomb.

Theonis. The friendly gods have hindered our departure;
And I shall profit by this forced delay
To seek again my old sequestered haunts.
Here did I leave the deeply stricken king.
Perchance he may return, and I meanwhile
Above this smouldering dust, will place my tribute.
Receive, loved shade, this token of endearment.
O Dirces! why dost thou no longer live,
To be my friend, companion, more than sister?
Even thy lifeless dust I warmly cherish,
And Dirces’ hallowed memory e’er will rest
Sacred and sorrowful in my heart’s recesses.
But hark! what hollow dismal sound was that,
Like a low moaning.

Aristodemus, (in the tomb.) Leave me horrid spectre!

Theonis. That surely is his voice. Ye gods! assist him!

Arist., (comes out of the tomb.) Away! grim spirit to thy caverned house!
Spare me these horrors. Have a little mercy.

Theonis. Where can I hide me from those frightful eyes?
I cannot look, nor weep, nor even flee.
Who will instruct me what ’tis best to do?
How may I aid him! Ah! a death-like pallor
Spreads o’er his quivering visage. From his brow
An ice-cold sweat pours down his bloodless cheeks;
His hair stands stiff with fright; his eyes protrude
In deadly horror. King!—Aristodemus!
Wilt thou not hear me?

Aristodemus. Away! cursed spirit!
Keep off thy hands!

Theonis. Dost thou not know me, sire?
Aristodemus. What! has it vanished! Whither has it flown? Who now has screened me from its vengeful ire.

Theonis. Whom dost thou speak of, sire! Why look you round?

Aristodemus. Didst thou not see it? Nor perceive its presence?

Theonis. I see naught, but I tremble at thy words.

Aristodemus. Who then art thou, that cometh to my aid? If the gods send thee, tell me who thou art, And prostrate, I will turn and worship thee.


Aristodemus. Well, and who is he!

Theonis, (aside.) Oh! Heaven! his mind has flown. Hast thou forgotten Thy late loved boy, Theonis?

Aristodemus. My aching heart, Where thou art deep imprinted, loudly speaks, And to my longing, troubled sight reveals thee. Sweet comforter! Who gives thee to my arms? Let our tears mingle in a joyful stream; Perhaps 't will still the fearful pangs I suffer.

Theonis. Ay! pour thy griefs into this echoing heart, Which longs to share thy pains. Thy words Came grating harshly on my listening ear. Who is this cruel shade that nightly haunts thee?

Aristodemus. A guileless girl, that haunts an impious wretch.

Theonis. Who is this guilty man.

Aristodemus. 'Tis I.

Theonis. What! thou. Can I believe thee such?

Aristodemus. Yes, for I killed her.

Theonis. Whom did'st thou kill?

Aristodemus. My best beloved daughter.
Aristodemus.

Theonis. His reason wanders still. What madness moved him
To enter into that sepulchral vault.
Bounteous Heaven! if thou would'st so be called,
Restore his rambling sense. Let pity move thee.
Why dost thou tremble, sire? What dost thou stare at?

Aristodemus. Defend me; hide me from this dreadful sight.

Theonis. Tho’ ravest sire. I see naught but the tomb.

Aristodemus. Look! where it stands upon the marble portal;
On me its fiery glance is fixed. Grim spirit!
Be thou appeased. If thou be Dirces’ shade,
Why hast thou borrowed so uncouth a form?
Why oppress nature, and thy father too.
It speaks not; it falls back; Ha! it is gone.
Didst view that frightful vision.

Theonis. I saw nothing;
And yet I feel my heart-blood freeze with dread.
The fearful moan from out the opened tomb,
The chilling horror of that gloomy sepulchre,
Thy cries of terror, and thy ghastly face,
Leave me no doubt a spirit dwells within.
But why dost thou behold him, and not I?

Aristodemus. Thy soul is guileless, and was never formed
For viewing secrets which the gods reveal,
In penal rage, to guilty eyes alone.
Thou hast not shed the blood of thine own child,
And nature does not loathe thee.

Theonis. Is it then true
That thou art guilty?

Aristodemus. Have I not so said;
No further question me. I pray thee, go!

Theonis. I leave thee. Nay! Whate’er be thy offence,
Compassion will find great excuse for it.

Aristodemus. Oh! horrible sentence writ in Dirces’ blood—

Theonis. Will not the powerful dead grant pardon?
Aristodemus. Beyond the tomb, forgiveness is reserved
To the gods only. Now, wert thou my child,
And had I taken thy life for impious ends,
Could'st thou still pardon thy unnatural sire?

Theonis. No more! No more!

Aristodemus. And think'st thou that the gods
Would sanction such compassion?

Theonis. Can Heaven then allow,
That children should so long retain their anger,
And persecute their sires?

Aristodemus. Severe seems Heaven's decree;
But mortal eye ne'er penetrates the veil,
Nor views, in all their depth, celestial things.
Heaven wished, perhaps, my hideous torments
Should warning prove to all, that sires may learn
To fear and reverence nature; and may see
How harsh is Heav'n's law, when she is outraged?
The name of sire is sacred; he who spurns it
Will soon, or late, weep for his folly.

Theonis. And thou hast wept. 'Tis time to dry thine eyes,
And humbly ask from the offended gods,
The fruits of thy remorse. Take courage, sire;
There is no crime too great to be atoned for.
Seek to propitiate yon angered shade
With balmy incense and well-chosen victims.

Aristodemus. Thou hast well said—I will—the victim waits.

Theonis. I would be present at the sacred sacrifice.

Aristodemus. Nay! come not near, I would thou should'st not.

Theonis. I wish with sweet wild flowers, to crown the victim;
Praying to Heaven that thy fate be bettered.

Aristodemus. It shall no doubt be better. Ay! much better.

Theonis. I trust it will. All evils have their bounds.
Though Heav'n delays, her mercy cannot fail;
And thou hast earned it by thy penitence.
Aristodemus.

(aside) He hears me not, but sits with vacant gaze; Nor stone more motionless. What is he thinking of?

Aristodemus, (aside.) Ay! this will end it. But a moment's pang, And I will calmly rest. (Aloud) I have decided.

Theonis. Hast thou decided—and on what my liege?

Aristodemus. Naught but to gain my peace.

Theonis. And say'st thou thus, And still art so disturbed.

Aristodemus. Nay, I am calm. Dost not see it? Am I not quite calm?

Theonis. 'Tis a strange quiet, that alarms me more Than e'en thy former frenzy. In Heav'n's name—

(aside) He minds me not. What seeks he 'neath his cloak? I thrill with horror.

Aristodemus. I will get another; Any one will do.

Theonis. Nay! rest thee here. I pray thee harbor not such dreadful plans.

Aristodemus. What dreadful plans, boy, dost thou dream of.

Theonis. Ah! ask me not to speak; thy face betrays thee. I know thy thoughts, and tremble.

Aristodemus. Do not so; I plan no evil. Do not fear for me, But let my smiles assure you.

Theonis. Ah! my lord, That feigned smile is fiercer than thou thinkest. My fear increases. No! thy present purpose Is far from guileless. Tear it from thy heart, And do not leave me, since 'tis I that pray for you. (aside) O! Heaven! he will not hear; he is unconscious. What must be done. (Aloud) Stop! reckless king! I'll follow him. (Aristodemus threatens and exit.) Now Phoebus lend thine aid!

Enter Gonippus.
Aristodemus.

He bade me stay here, with a stern, fierce look
That chills me even now; but praised be Heaven
That sends thee at so fortunate an hour.
He is deranged; now haste and succor him
In the strange madness that possesses him.

Exit Gonippus.

Ye gods assist him! What a furious torrent
Of fiery passions rushes through my heart.
I know scarce where I am; some hidden force
Now urges me to weep, but weep I cannot.
While from my bosom's depth, a voice comes forth
Whose meaning is above my feeble senses,
And what to hope, or what to fear, I know not.
Let me sit here. So stricken is my frame,
That my tired limbs refuse to bear me longer.

Enter Eumeus.

Wearied and worn with our long march from Sparta,
At length we reach Messene. Ay! kind gods!
Thanks to thy bounty, I am once more free.
My shackles broken—which my life imperilled—
And given to breathe again my native air.
How sweet is freedom, when one knows its loss.
Again I gaze on dear, familiar scenes;
The verdant landscape, and this towering palace,
Make my heart pulse with long forgotten raptures.
But one sad thought intrudes to mar my pleasure:
That I but bring thee, king, fresh cause for sorrows;
Eumeus thou shalt see, but not thy son.
For Heaven decreed I should not save Cleontes,
And fixed his fate far otherwise. Who will come
To lead me to his presence. None I see
Of those that were my friends. The vaulted rooms
Seem all deserted. Let us try this way.

Theonis, (aside.) Who is this stranger. (advancing) Pardon me, old man,
Whom dost thou seek for in the monarch's palace?

Eumeus. I seek, good boy, an audience with the king.
He will be joyed to meet me.

Theonis. Most ill-timed
Is this thy coming. On Messene's king
Aristodemus.

Griefs press so sorely, that he shuns his friends;
And we dare not even to speak to him.
But if my prying tongue does not displease thee,
Pray, who art thou?

_Eumeus._ If e'er Eumeus' name
Hath reached thy youthful years, know I am he.

_Theonis._ Eumeus? Mighty gods! Who does not know thee,
Or who forgets 't was thee the monarch sent
To Argos, with Cleontes. But 't was said,
Thou with thy tender infant charge, wast slain
At Ladon's mouth, by roving Spartan bands.
The king hath trusted it; and since that day
He ceaseless mourns his loss.

_Eumeus._ If that he lives,
Or where, or how he is, I cannot tell.
But since the Spartan foe hath spared my life,
His too perchance was granted. Ay! 'tis sure,
If they knew aught of his high lineage.

_Theonis._ But how did'st thou escape? How camest thou here?

_Eumeus._ A gloomy dungeon was my sad abode;
And well my captors knew the doleful end
For which they gave me life. All gleams of hope,
Nay! 'e'en the love of liberty itself
Had left me. All save one heart pulse,
That kept alive the memory of my country—
The fields, the groves, the smiling happy shores
That bound the leaping waves of old Parnius;
And oft I sighed that I no more might see them,
And prayed that death, at least, might quickly come
To end my term of woe; when suddenly
The prison gates were opened, and I heard
That the long hatred Sparta bore Messene,
Was to give place to peace and amity.
And that a Spartan chief, moved to compassion,
Had gained my freedom ere the appointed time.
Going to pay my debt of gratitude,
I found my benefactor, an aged man,
Just lingering before the gates of death.
He clasped me warmly in his shrunken arms,
And weeping, said: Eumeus, seek thou not
Aristodemus.

To know the cause, why I have loosed thy shackles. 
Thou shalt be told this in Messene. There inquire 
If there be a captive named Theonis.

Theonis. O Heaven! Theonis.

Eumeus. Ay! and he drew out 
A note, and gave it me with trembling hand, 
Charging me to bring it to Theonis.

Theonis. Tell me I pray, his name.

Eumeus. Taltibius.

Theonis. Merciful gods! Taltibius! said'st thou so?

Eumeus. Ay! was he known to thee!

Theonis. He is my father; 
And I am that Theonis whom thou seek'st.

Eumeus. If thou be he, receive the entrusted note.

Theonis. Give it me. (aside) What can he wish to tell me? 
(reads) "Theonis, ere this meets thy saddened eyes, 
My feeble life will have attained its end. 
But ere I die, I would inform thee this: 
That I am not thy father, save in love. 
Lysander only, canst thou call thy sire. 
He knows this well, and if he seek to hide it, 
'Tis that it shames him, and he would betray thee. 
Now fare thee well. To tell thee more, I am 
By dreadful oaths prevented. Trust my words, 
Taltibius lies not." What can all this mean? 
What have I read?

Eumeus. Now, I perceive poor child, 
Why the old man, at intervals kept crying: 
"O gods that I had not deceived that guileless youth," 
And weeping floods of tears.

Theonis, (reading.) "This he knows well, and if he seek to hide it, 
'Tis that it shames him, and he would betray thee." 
Ah! he betrays me, treacherous villain. Come! 
Let's hasten after this base, impious man.

Enter Lysander and Palamedes.
Theonis. (to Lysander.) In good time art thou come. Take this, and read.

Eumeus, (aside.) That face I've seen elsewhere; but where? or when?

Lysander. The paper lies, and old Taltibius raved.

Theonis. Taltibius rave? Nay! Nay! peridious man. 'Tis not the speech of one who raves.

Eumeus. Ay! it is.
(aside) I cannot be deceived; it is himself.
Just gods! grant me to speak. (aloud) Lysander, turn thee.
Let thine eyes rest on this care-wrinkled face.
Dost thou know it?

Lysander. It seems not strange to me;
Yet at this moment, I cannot recall it.

Eumeus. Did'st thou so soon forget the Ladon’s mouth,
And the abducted boy?

Lysander, (aside.) I know him now.
By what good fortune is he here alive?

Theonis, (to Eumeus.) Of whom speak'st thou.

Eumeus. Of the young prince, Cleontes.
This is the chief who stole him from me.

Palamedes, (aside to Lysander.) Speak, friend!
Or I, myself, will tell the tale.

Eumeus, (to Lysander.) Now, answer me.
What has become of that unhappy boy?

Lysander. I can withhold no more. The stolen child,
The lost lamented boy, for whom thou seek'st,
Stands at thy side.

Eumeus. I had foreseen it so.

Theonis. What said he?—Who am I?

Eumeus. The monarch's son;
His long lost child. My heart had told me that.

Cleontes, (to Lysander.) I, the king's son. O! odious, hateful man!
Thou long hast known this, yet thou kept it secret.
Detested soul! I hate thee. In my eyes,
Thou art more worthless than the trampled dust.
I know thy schemes, but Heaven has thwarted them.
Hence! dog! I can no longer bear thy sight.
(To Eumeus) But lose not precious time; let's haste away
To my poor sire. I will embrace his neck,
And quick convert his sorrows into joy.

Exit Cleontes and Eumeus.

Lysander. Friend, did'st thou hear?

Palamedes. I did.

Lysander. Then let us go.
Let my chagrin, my spite be elsewhere hid.

Palamedes. Ay! let us start. Now I leave willingly,
For I have not betrayed nor stained my honor,
Nor feel I the remorse of unjust silence.

End of ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene 1.—The Tomb; Gonippus, alone.

Gonippus. Where has he hid himself? With throbbing heart,
I've sought him everywhere. 'Tis not long since—
Why does he cheat me by pretending rest,
And quickly disappearing? Ho! Cleontes!

Cleontes. (entering.) I am here, Gonippus.

Gonippus. Hast thou found him?

Cleontes. No.

Cleontes. Hast thou seen aught of him?

Gonippus. I've searched in vain.

Cleontes. O wretched I—
Gonippus. Nay! be not so disturbed; Thy father has no sword. I took it from him.

Cleontes. Hast thou it with thee?

Gonippus. Ay! and here it is.

Cleontes. But should he find another. Pity him, Heaven! Come! let us search again.

Gonippus. But should the king Meanwhile come here.

Cleontes. I myself shall stay, Whilst thou look elsewhere. Go! lose not a moment.

Exit Gonippus.

Ah what an ominous feeling weighs upon me. Aristodemus! father! canst thou hear me? Nay! all is silent, and my only answer Is the low echo from yon dismal tomb. O! holy gods! mayhap 'tis there he hides himself. And frenzy's grasp hath seized on him anew. There will I search. But should the spectre tenant— What, shall I blench—and my sire's life in peril? No! I will enter; I will seek him there, Though hell itself should gape before mine eyes. (Enters tomb.)

Scene 2.—Interior of the Tomb; Aristodemus alone.

Aristodemus. Here is the tomb, the altar, and the victim. At length I've found a sword. Now will I thrust The cold keen point into my quivering heart. What? Dost thou quail my soul? Thou did'st not shrink When thy swift steel did rend thy daughter's bosom. Impious wretch! It is not just to doubt. Yes, I will die. Now haste thee, dread tormentor, To witness thy revenge. Here is the weapon; Do thou thyself direct it to my heart. He hears; he comes; I hear his hurrying tread. The tomb resounds; he thunders at the entrance; Come, merciless shade, thou hast demanded blood, And here I give it thee. (Stabs himself.)

Enter Cleontes, Eumeus and Gonippus.
Aristodemus.

Cleontes. Hold! Hold! O piteous sight. Deluded man! What fury led thee into such a crime?

Gonippus. Eumeus—quick—support him on that side; And rest him here.

Aristodemus. Away! all aid is vain; And pity useless! Leave me.

Cleontes. Calm thy frenzy.

Cleontes. Look! it is I—

Aristodemus. Why hast thou come, rash boy; With far more peace and ease my shade had flown, Hadst thou stayed hence. What fiend has led thee hither? And thou old man, that weepest at my side, And hid'st thy face, who art thou? Turn thee, Let me behold thy features.

Eumeus. Look! my lord, Dost recognize this face?

Aristodemus. Ay! friend Eumeus.

Eumeus. And thy lost son—

Aristodemus. Cleontes?

Eumeus. Whom thou gav'st In trust to me, and whom thou mourn'st as dead, Is here before thee. Thy own loved Theonis.

Aristodemus. Theonis, my lost child?

Theonis. Ah! What avails it, If I lose thee?

Aristodemus. Oh! gods! do I regain thee, And in this state. Now wrathful Heaven, I see, Thy vengeance is complete. Now, in my breast The pangs of death begin. O! terrible fate! O! wretched boy! some fury tempts my soul, Bidding me curse the hour I came to know thee.

Cleontes. Offended Heaven! give me back my sire, Or on this spot let me expire with him.
Aristodemus. Dost ask the gods for mercy, foolish child? These torments prove to me their dread existence, But they are merciless. 'Twas their dire cruelty, That drove me to this deed.

Cleonites. List to me, gods! Look on my tears. Blot out those senseless words. Father, do not augment thy former evils By this the worst of crimes, despairing blasphemy.

Aristodemus. This is the only good that's left to me. Shall I seek mercy in this fearful plight? Could I expect it? Could I even wish for it?

Cleonites. Nay! father calm thy mind. Shake off this fear. Raise up thy soul to Heaven.

Gonippus. He downward looks, Shuddering and changing color.

Aristodemus. Hence! mad spirits! Where would ye drag me thro' this darksome plain. Keep off! Keep off! Ye grinning ghastly fiends; Ye seek to hurl me in yon sulphurous flames.

Cleonites. My heart despairs.

Eumeus. Unhappy king!

Gonippus. The woes of death, Have robbed him of his reason. Ho! my lord! Dost thou not know thy ever faithful servant, And this thy new found son, Cleonites.

Aristodemus. What would my daughter have! If I have slain her, I have wept too for her. Is that not enough To satisfy her vengeance? Let her come. I will confront her; I will speak to her. See the rough thorn-like hair that masks her visage; The eyeless sockets, red, and gashed, and bleeding; And the gore streaming from her bruised nostrils. Ah! hide the rest—thou, with my regal mantle, Shalt shroud my corse. Tear into myriad parts The fatal crown gained through my daughter's blood; Scatter its dust o'er thrones of earthly kings,
To warn them, that the crown gained but through crime,  
Will prove the wearer's ruin. See the myriad fiends  
That on me rush. Back, swarming imps of hell!  
Ah! how their touch consumes my shrinking soul.  
See how they leap, and dance, and howl around me;  
Goading with their fiery pronged darts;  
And I must yield to them. Come! damned spirits!  
Work out your will; wreak your fierce malice on me.  
Earth, Heav'n, friends, kindred, I have lost them all,  
And lost forever. Dirces is avenged!

THE END.
CHAPTER IX.

DAYS passed on, and Hubert, having gone through the fever, began slowly to recover. Day and night Laura had watched by him amid his wildest ravings, and often was her name mingled in his dreams. She soothed his pain and cheered him, for while talking with her he forgot his sufferings, and it seemed as though an angel had been sent to comfort him. To soothe the pain and suffering of others is a task which only woman can perform. He would wake from his sleep and find her lovely face bending over him, and when she sat at his bedside he would gaze long and earnestly at her, for without her he could not rest. Now as he grew better, and visits to him became fewer, the more he yearned for her bright presence, while his eyes spoke the love his lips could not utter.

The old chieftain saw Hubert’s attachment to his daughter, and felt pleasure at the sight. Soon Hubert left his couch and once more joined the little circle, where he was most heartily welcomed. The month of November wound slowly past, and the chieftains of the clans had taken the oath. M’Ian still refused, and though several neighboring lords showed him his danger, yet he laughed them to scorn, and was unyielding.

One evening, seated in the library, where a bright fire burned on the hearth, were M’Ian and his two sons, Hubert still looking a little pale, and Laura. Laura was reading, and the others conversing.

“Father, I heard to-day that Glencloch hath taken the oath. Why do you not, father?”

“Hush, sir!” exclaimed the chieftain, angrily, to his son; “dost think that I will bend the knee to the haughty William?”

“But, father, it is your duty, for we are unable to cope with the British troops, now that all have deserted us, and we can expect no aid.”

“True, John,” spoke Hubert; “and chieftain, in the name of my father I would urge, aye, beg of you, to sign the pledge. By resisting you will only call down destruction upon yourself, your family and your clan. Your enemies are strong and watchful. They have no mercy, and will give none. What will become of your family? As you will be outlawed, none will shelter you; and without a place to rest your head, you will be exposed to storm and rain, and then—I shudder to think of it; it is dreadful. In my father’s name again I urge you to take the oath, and it is a prayer to which all here heartily respond!”

He ceased speaking, and for a moment seemed abashed at his own boldness. Laura regarded him with a low bow of thanks, which from her heart
she longed to speak in words. There was a heavy silence for a long time, till at length the chieftain muttered: "I'll think of it! I'll think of it!"

Still days rolled on, and the first of January came nearer and nearer, and not a word had been spoken. Again Hubert appealed to the chieftain, on the 29th of December, the last moment. The chieftain for a few days had been moody and silent; but this time he yielded, and gave a reluctant consent to the preparations.

Joy kept fluttering about in Laura's heart when she heard of this, yet she dreaded their long journey amongst the hills now that the storms of winter were fiercer than ever they were known by old white-headed men of the hamlet to have been for years and years. All preparations were quickly made, a strong guard was left in the castle, and, the following morning, with about twenty men, the chieftain, his sons, and Hubert, set out. They traveled steadily on, seldom stopping at the villages through which they passed; for their destination was Malkuk, a large town many miles distant.

The wind roared and whistled down the glens, driving the snow fiercely into their faces. The roads were deep with snow and mud, and though the horses tramped wearily along, they were true Highlanders, tough and strong for miles yet to come. The chieftain held his peace during their ride, and it was already past noon when the house tops of Malkuk broke upon their sight. Hubert led the way to the commandant's office at the barracks, but with what dismay did they receive the news that the officer could not administer the oath, and that they must pass on to Marnigh! This fell heavily on them all. Their horses were tired; the chieftain wished to return at once. "On! on! laird; it's life and death we ride for now!" and away the band dashed through the town. Over hills they went, down glens, across bridges; still onward they spurred, for their only chance was in their horses.

"We will make it yet," said Hubert, addressing the chieftain; then aloud to the men, "My men, for your chieftain's sake!" The strong Scots yelled loudly to their horses, and tore on madder than ever through the heath lining the road, their tartans fluttering in the wind. The snow now commenced to fall heavily, and all of a sudden rang out the cry, "The path! we've lost the path!" It sounded like a death knell to those weary men. They felt as they heard the words that they could calmly lie down in the snow and wait for death. Hubert saw at once the terrible accident that had met them, but his presence of mind did not desert him. "Search for it! Let us look for it. Some go in each direction. For your lives, rouse yourselves!" The chieftain bowed his head at the intelligence, and a strong battle raged within him. His sons looked on in silence. "Come, John, with me," said Hubert, and walking their horses they commenced to seek for the path. All around were rocks and hills, covered with snow—a barren sight to the eye. All at once a loud halloo broke upon their ears. The path was found, and in a moment, with loud yells and cries, the party again flew past rocks and trees, glen and
torrent. At last their horses' hoofs struck the rock-paved streets of Marnigh. As they stopped at the magistrate's door, the clock sounded loud and clear, through a lull in the storm, five o'clock—six hours late. The magistrate was roused, and Hubert made him acquainted at once with the case.

"My power to administer the oath has ceased; you are six hours behind time; and though I deplore your misfortune, I cannot do as you wish," answered the magistrate, a somewhat burly looking Scot.

"It was owing to our losing the path," said Hubert; "can you not make a note of the fact? I will stand all responsibility of any mistakes."

"And pray who are you, sir?" exclaimed the burly Scot.

"The Earl of Shaftesbury's son, at your service."

"Yes, yes, I will administer the oath, but will also report the fact to the Lords."

Here one and all, with their hand upon the Holy Book, swore the oath of fealty to the king. As Macdonald accepted the book, a struggle ensued within him, but he thought of Laura, and the tears rushed to his eyes, as, with a trembling voice, he took the oath. They all followed, and once more Hubert felt secure, though for a time there lurked a feeling of uneasiness in his bosom. Slowly they walked from the room, leaving the old Scot writing hastily in a large book.

"What will my Lord Argyle and Stair say to this?" he soliloquized. "Methinks there will be danger for Macdonald of Glencoe."

CHAPTER X.

Again we must revert to the worthy trio, Argyle, Stair, and Breadalbane. It is in an apartment at Glenorchy Castle where we now behold them. The room is fitted up as a library, but the book-shelves are rather scantily furnished, and the whole chamber wears a cheerless look. A large stained glass window admits the light, and shows us, each seated at a desk, the three named gentlemen, poring over bundles of papers, documents, etc. The papers are the reports of the various magistrates deputed to administer the oath of fealty to the Highland leaders. Their faces express anything but pleasure at the reports, as they find that all the rebellious chieftains have taken the oath.

"It is queer," said Argyle, "that I cannot find M'Ian's oath recorded, as a rumor reached that he had taken it."

"Trust not to rumor, Argyle," answered Stair, looking up from his papers; "and I very much doubt that M'Ian hath done so. Can you find it in your reports, Breadalbane?"

"It should be in the report from Malkuk, if at all; but here is a report from Marnigh, which is near Malkuk." He opened the report, and having read a few lines, he turned to Stair. "He has escaped us," he exclaimed; "his name is on this list. What do I see?" he added, glancing at the paper, and reading aloud:

"Macdonald of Glencoe came six hours too late, owing to his having lost the road. The Earl of Shaftesbury's son was with him, and at his request I administered the oath.

JOHN MURROUGH."
"What are you dreaming, Breadalbane?" exclaimed Argyle, rising from his chair, and snatching the paper from Breadalbane. "Yes, it is true. But he has not escaped; it was too late. The Earl of Shaftesbury's son at Glencoe!—this bodes no good to us. The Earl suspects us; perhaps hath sent his son to M'Ian. We are foiled!"

"Not so!—it's false!" screamed Stair; "quick, let us dispatch a courier to the king; for as M'Ian's oath was too late, it is null and void; not a word else. We'll catch the old scoundrel yet."

Breadalbane hurriedly wrote a report to the king, sealed it, and dispatched it by a private courier to London; and the three, in a very bad humor, left the room.

In a few days an answer was received from the king, stating that, "as M'Ian had failed to take the oath, measures were to be commenced against him, in accordance with the edict." Upon reading this the three chuckled with delight, and set their villainous brains at work to plot vengeance on Glencoe and its clan.

"Come, Stair, stir yourself. How shall we catch the old wolf? It would not do to attack him in his lair; so we will put that aside at once. We must surprise him; come upon him suddenly with the troops, and then the game is ours."

"Not so fast," said Dalrymple, staring blankly at the wall, as though there to read his plan; "it would be impossible to send the troops into the Highlands without his knowing it, and it is likely he would be prepared—for the Earl of Shaftesbury's son may know the oath is void. No, that would not do."

"I have it!" exclaimed Argyle, as if all of a sudden some bright thought had at length penetrated to his sluggish brain; "we will send some troops up to his hamlet, as though stationed there for a matter of caution, and then when all is ready they will—enough said; you know what then."

"Yes, that is it, Argyle," spoke Breadalbane; "but we must have a man to command the troops—one who is not troubled by a little thing they call conscience, and who knows how to keep his tongue still. I have that man at once—Col. Whitestone. What say you to him?"

"Just the man," said Argyle; "and would it not be better to take two hundred of your men, Breadalbane, for they are deep in hate against the Glencoe clan?"

"Yes, that would be exactly the thing. Ring the bell, will you, Stair?" said Breadalbane.

Presently a servant entered.

"Send Col. Whitestone here, immediately."

The man retired, and having found the Colonel, led him to the apartment. The Colonel walked in, and having bowed around, stood still and upright, as if awaiting orders.

"Well, Colonel," said Breadalbane, "I have some work for you. Hold yourself in readiness with two hundred of my men to-morrow morning, to march to Glencoe. The master of Stair will give you your further instructions, and mind, sir, that you mark well his words."
The Colonel bowed and withdrew. The next morning Glenorchy Castle was a scene of confusion. Here big brawny Scots, with large claymores and shining shields, ran to and fro; and there English troops, with their bright uniforms and shining muskets, talked and laughed, while the jokes went round. A few horses neighed in the court-yard—those of the officers who were to command the English body of about fifty men. At length everything was in readiness; and with colors waving, shields and muskets gleaming, and bag-pipes mingling with the shouts of the officers, the troops marched out of the court-yard, and were lost to view among the hills.

Meanwhile, at Glencoe all was quiet, and Hubert had fully recovered—though his ride that night had again prostrated him for a few days. He had at length declared his love to Laura, and won from those lips a favorable answer, while the old chief-tain, who was fully expectant of the issue, had joyfully acceded to his daughter's choice. But she could not yet leave him, and, too happy in his love for her, Hubert spent his days continually with her.

One morning a courier dashed up to the castle and brought the news that a large body of troops, under the command of Col. Whitestone, by the order of the king, had been sent into the Highlands, and the Chief-tain of Glencoe was to provide shelter for them. This news fell like a storm-cloud upon the chief-tain and Hubert, for immediately they thought of their taking of the oath. But thinking it better not to appear alarmed, nothing was done except to prepare quarters in the hamlets for the soldiers. In a few days they arrived, and were soon in their new barracks. Col. Whitestone was a rather handsome looking man, tall, and well formed, but with an evil eye. He could tell a good story, and sometimes, when it suited his end, could be a very agreeable companion. But under this mask was a black heart, great conceit, and a miser's love for gold, though when he got it he squandered it fast enough. Days passed on, and the Colonel and several of his officers had been invited to the castle by the chief-tain, and soon spent their evenings there, talking with the old chief-tain and his sons. It was during these visits that the Colonel acquainted himself with every part of the castle, and also the gates and walls. Time passed on; the chief-tain and the officers would go out hunting with their neighbors, and the time flowed very swift. The Colonel and his officers became constant visitors at the castle, and he spared no pains to ingratiate himself into the chief-tain's good favor, and took great care that none of his troops molested the inhabitants of the hamlets. They talked of different matters, and the Colonel seldom returned to the barracks till late at night. Letters daily passed between him and Breadalbane, with instructions and orders. The soldiers amused themselves in contests with the young Highlanders—leaping, racing, wrestling, and other sports, and seemed greatly to enjoy their change of quarters. At length the day, "big with the fate" of Glencoe, drew near, which
was to fall like the avalanche upon them all!

CHAPTER XI.

It is near the hour of midnight, and all in the vale of Glencoe are wrapt in sleep. Not a sound disturbs the stillness; man and beast are both silent. The night is clear, the moon looks down, shedding her pale rays upon all beneath, glittering on the snow-clad hills, and shining upon the troubled waters of the little stream. All is peaceful and calm. Not a breath of wind is felt, and the dark pile of buildings of the castle upon the crags, stands out clearly against the sky. But hark!—is not that the tramp of armed men? Down in the hamlet the troops are collecting, in three divisions. One marches towards the farther hamlet, one towards the castle, with Colonel Whitestone at its head, and one stays in the hamlet where the barracks are. Slowly and silently they march along, and now they hear the castle. The other two divisions are ready. There is a sound as of the click of locks. Colonel Whitestone draws his sword. "Forward!" he yells, and on they rush. The stillness of midnight is broken by the report of the muskets which rolls down into the valley. At once there arose from both hamlets shrieks and groans, yells and curses, as the terror-stricken inhabitants rushed from their dwellings, and were shot down by the troops. Now they have set the hamlet on fire, and the flames spring up into the air; as though rejoicing at the bloody scene. The people shriek and groan, the soldiers shout and yell, shooting all down like dogs; and the flames grow redder and redder as they lap the pools of blood. Mother and infant, old age and sickness, are not spared, but butchered on their steps; and the fiends yell and shout, their hands red with the blood of their victims. But now the Highlanders commence to gather, in a large band with drawn claymores they charge upon the king's troops. A volley peals out, and a hand to hand fight commences. Urged by despair, hate, revenge, all, they fight desperately, and often both are devoured by the huge hissing flames which color the heavens as with blood, and rend the air with their fiery tongues. Meanwhile the castle has been assaulted by Whitestone. He has stationed guards at the gates, and with a large band he rushes into the hall. The men at the castle are roused from their sleep by the horrid din. As they fly along the hall they are shot down mercilessly. Whitestone, with a few others, rush to the chieftain's apartment. Twenty guns soon force the door from its hinges—not trying the bolt. They rush in with torches. Confronting them are the chieftain, his two sons, Hubert and several men, determined to resist in this last stronghold. For a moment they stand glaring at each other. The tiger's fire gleams in M'Ian's eye. He grasps a large double-bladed claymore. One minute more and they rush upon each other. Claymores clash on claymores, they grapple and roll upon the floor, while the torches are thrown down. The shouts are deafening to hear. But see, the torches have fired the wood-work, and it blazes up, lighting the whole room. Hand to
hand, fighting with Whitestone, is the old chieftain. Hubert is down on the floor, a soldier on his breast, feeling for a dagger. He finds it, and raises his arm to strike—a battle-axe comes crashing down on his skull, wielded by John. Hubert springs up and looks around. All are engaged in the deadly struggle. The old chieftain is free from Whitestone, and raising his claymore with his two hands, he attempts to strike him—a report is heard above the din, M’Ian clasps his hands to his heart, and falls face downward on the floor. Hubert and John spring upon Whitestone; he attempts to shield himself, but is struck down to the floor. “To Laura’s room, John!” exclaims Hubert. Through the halls, filled with fighting men, they rush. Already the flames have reached the roof, and the noise of conflict is dying away, as the Scots have ceased to oppose the troops, and only seek safety in flight. Hubert, followed by John, rushed up to Laura’s apartment. The flames are near the door—he dashes in—she is not there. Out he springs, when a voice reaches him, “Hubert, Hubert, save me!” Back he rushes—it is Laura, in the hall. Lifting her with his left arm he rushes back; too late—the stairs are burned away. “The secret passage, Hubert,” Laura exclaims, and then is an insensible burden in his arms. Quickly he dashes aside the panel, and springs into the darkness.

Whitestone, being only stunned, before long rose from the floor, and rubbing his head, he exclaimed: “Confound that knock. But now for the Master of Stair’s love, the fair Laura. How can I find her? Perhaps that Hubert hath her already. But she shall be mine, and soon lodged in Glenorchy Castle, for Dalrymple to make love to. Ha! ha!” and he rushed out. As Hubert advanced with Laura to the postern gate he met Whitestone and two men. Immediately they fell upon him, and unable to resist the three, he was stricken to the earth. The castle now was a mass of flames, and the heavy walls shook as the beams and rafters fell. The yells and shouts had died away, save when now and then a soldier cut down some straggler in his flight. The flames of the hamlets had died out, and left nought but a bed of burning ashes.

The soldiers had well done their bloody work, for few of the inhabitants had escaped—and those, left without shelter, save the rocks, and exposed to storm and rain, perished nearly every one. A few out of all those hundreds of souls succeeded in reaching a place of safety and shelter. The troops had lost many of their number in their struggle with the Scots, but now, with blood-stained hands and blood-shot eyes, they watched the burning of the old castle.

For a time Hubert lay unconscious from his precipitate leap, for the panel, with which he was little acquainted, simply opened to the outer air a few feet above the pavement. He soon recovered, and, rising from the walk, his mind was at once full of what had happened. As he thought of Laura, a low cry burst from his lips, and finding his claymore, he arose. Going down by the side of the road, he
saw Colonel Whitestone kneeling beside the form of Laura, while two men brought water and dashed it on her face. Near by stood the Colonel's horse, all saddled. Hubert's mind was made up in a minute. He rushed upon Whitestone, struck him with his claymore, and seizing Laura he swung into the saddle, and turned the horse's head down the road. The men ran for their muskets and fired, but their bullets flew by harmless, and soon Hubert neared the front of the castle, where stood the soldiers watching the fire. With a loud shout he urged on the horse, and sprang past the crowd. Immediately a hundred bullets whistled by him, but he escaped unhurt, save a graze in the arm. That night he reached the house of a chieftain—a friend of M'Ian's—where he found safety and rest.

The soldiers yet stood at the fire. Suddenly a wall tottered, another and another, and with a crash, as of loud thunder, they fell into the middle of the fire. A shout from the soldiers rent the air, and that terrible night of horrors was past.

IN THE COUNTRY.

It was toward the end of a very late vacation—a beautiful summer's day—that, with two friends, I started for the well known resort—Sulphur Springs. Four o'clock had just struck when we stepped on the deck of the New World, with our trunks, guns, fishing tackle, and in fact everything that could contribute in any way to our sport and pleasure. We were not a minute too soon, for we had barely seen our baggage safely stowed away, when the last bell rang: planks were drawn in, the fasts cast off, the wheels began to stir up foam, and the steamer's bow slowly swung from the wharf. Adieu to our friends on the shore; and we turned our faces in the direction we were going—steaming up San Francisco's noble bay, on our route to Vallejo.

Before we travel further, I will take the liberty to describe my friends and our numerous preparations for a splendid time. To commence with the oldest of our party: he bore the name of Robert Hill. Already stray bits of down had made their appearance on his upper lip; of a jolly nature, quite stout, careless of what was going on around him. His dearest desire was to lie in the shade of the trees, reading and sleeping. He had a beautiful breech-loading gun, with all its necessary adjuncts; also, a fine fishing rod, and its accoutrements. He seldom used them though, for he was too lazy to perceive any sport either in hunting or fishing.

The other was of a different nature, and responded when a person inquired for Charles Kennedy. He
was one of those daring sort of spirits; but as for work—a jack-of-all-trades. Here was the wag of our party, always something to say about everything: and such ludicrous companions, that to discourage them by not laughing, was impossible. He was always ready for a hunt, and seldom would he return without his game-bag well filled. As for fishing, he was an adept; usually though, he was dripping wet at the end of his sport.

Last of all came myself. I had the same means of amusement as had my companions; but, in addition to my gun and fishing tackle, I thought it advisable to bring two fine fox-hounds.

We had a large tent, capable of holding half a dozen persons, and all the necessary articles for cooking. Hill was cook—and practice had made him understand the art very well, though it was with difficulty we prevailed upon him to accept the situation.

In the cabin of the steamer, on one of the cushioned seats, lay Hill, sound asleep, and snoring like a young bull. A short distance from him sat Kennedy with one of the fox-hounds beside him, quietly looking over a traveling book which he had brought.

I walked towards him, leaving my stout friend to himself; for I knew he would be tired before we would reach our destination. Kennedy raised his eyes from his book at my approach, and I at once noticed that he seemed very pale. I asked him what was the matter; and with much reluctance he owned he was sea sick. As we sat conversing, our attention was called to one of our colored citizens, who, grinning from ear to ear, walked through the cabin ringing a bell, and yelling to the passengers, "dinner was ready."

He passed us, but when he came to Rob, I suppose he thought it his duty to awaken my sleeping friend: and in order to do so with more ease, he rang his bell in close proximity to Hill's ears, which of course aroused him. After rubbing his eyes a few times he was fully awakened, and just in time to hear the negro's exclamation—forcible exclamation—for the last time: "Dinner's ready!" Up sprang Rob, and jumping on the stairs leading to the dining room, cried out: "Come along, boys, I'm nearly starved;" with this he disappeared below, and we, the salt water having given us an appetite, followed his example, and all three were soon making havoc among the viands that lay within reach of our hands. We did justice to the dinner, as the numerous empty plates around testified. Having visited White Sulphur Springs the year before, I fully remembered the route, and told the boys to stow away as much as possible, as we would not get another thing to eat until nine o'clock that night. After we finished our dinner, we ascended again to the deck, and in the distance we could see Vallejo, a small, though rapidly growing town, where our boat was to stop. In the course of half an hour we were tied to the wharf, and then there was confusion.

At this place are two trains of cars, one of which runs to Sacramento,
and the other to Napa. Being bound for the Springs, we had to take the Napa train. After running along the shore of the bay for about a mile, we turned off among the foot-hills. Nothing was to be seen now as far as the eye could reach, excepting wheat. But even that was a change for us, who are accustomed to live in a city. It was now about half-past six, and the sun began to disappear behind the neighboring hills. It was a delightful sun-set, such a one as is seldom seen in our city—the sun going down, tinted the wheat with a golden beauty. Numbers of birds were flying about from tree to tree, each giving his song to the departing sun. Not a human being was to be seen, and soon stillness, save the sound of the cars, reigned over all. I had taken a whole seat to myself and one of my hounds, who sat quietly beside me, looking at the beautiful scene that was spread out before us, as if he enjoyed the change as much as myself; and thus we sat until we reached Napa City.

We dare not leave the cars for fear of being left behind, so we sat in our seats watching persons hurrying to and fro, which gave the place an air of business. After discharging very much freight, for such a small town, we once more sped on our way. That night, fortunately, the moon was full, and she had just shown herself above the old oak trees that cover the hills as we left Napa, making everything almost as light as day.

It was a beautiful evening; and as the cars entered the woody region, leaving the everlasting wheat fields far behind, the scenery became sublime. There happened to be a few young ladies in the train, who, at the suggestion of their friends, sang several beautiful ditties, and though Hill was asleep, he hurriedly sprang from his couch at hearing the first sounds.

About an hour and a half after leaving Napa our cars arrived at the station of St. Helena, where those persons bound for the Springs had to disembark and take the stage. We sprang on the platform, and looked after our baggage. I was well acquainted with every man round about this little town, and I had barely placed my foot on the platform, when my hand was caught by half a dozen men, who shook it heartily; glad to see me back, they said. I had telegraphed the day before to the hotel, that my elf and friends were coming, and ordered one of the cottages to be reserved for us; so John Greer, the livery stable keeper, expressed no surprise at seeing me, but immediately conducted my party to a carriage, and soon we were driving fast on our way to the hotel.

The Springs are about two miles and a half from the station. The road was in splendid condition; the scenery magnificent. The cottages were situated in a beautiful valley, which made the ride delightful as we drove rapidly along at the base of two high ridges of hills. We soon arrived at our destination, and going at once to our apartment, we retired for the night. We slept soundly, for the trip is very tiresome; but, notwithstanding, we awoke just as the sun showed his broad disk above the surrounding hills. We tried hard to make Rob turn out, but he said he...
was tired and wanted his sleep out; so Kennedy and myself, in the course of half an hour, issued from our cottage with our guns slung across our shoulders, and our dogs following at our heels, determined to try our luck in the line of shooting.

As we went to bed the night before without any supper, we felt hungry, but unfortunately not a soul was stirring. We were rather provoked, and Kennedy, with his impulsive nature, was about to fire off a cartridge in order to awaken the lazy people; for who can be in the country, and during the morning, the best part of the day, lie a-bed? But I restrained him, for a happy thought struck me. On looking at the dining-room, I perceived all the windows were open, and I well knew, if we could once get inside, we would find enough to satisfy us till we returned, when breakfast would be ready. The windows were about eight feet from the ground, but we thought we could reach them by a running jump—we tried, and after three ineffectual attempts, in which we made noise enough to awaken ordinary people, we came to the conclusion that the window could not be reached in that manner, so we began to think about bringing a seat, which we saw in front of one of the cottages, to place it under the window. Standing on it, we could surely reach the sill. We were about to start for it, when Charley asked me how it would do to climb one of the numerous trees that grew close to the house, and dropping from a branch, run the chances of catching hold of the window. We laid aside the guns, and immediately acted on his idea. We picked out a tree nearest one of the windows; up we went, and soon were on the branch we had selected. I dropped first, and catching a firm hold of the sill, easily pulled myself through the window, and stood in the dining-room, where pies, cakes, fruit, etc., which were left from the supper of the preceding night, lay scattered about in profusion. Kennedy joined me in a moment, having been as successful as myself, and in a few minutes we were voraciously at work. After taking a good drink of milk from a pitcher which we found on one of the tables, we jumped on the window, carefully dropped to the ground, snatched our guns, and, with our dogs, ran as fast as our legs could carry us down to the stable. Once there, we took things quietly; and proceeding down a small creek that rippled by the hotel, we soon killed enough doves and quail for our breakfast, then we returned to our cottage, well pleased with our morning sport.

We found Hill yet asleep, but we made him turn out, for we would listen to no remonstrances, as we wished to go to the breakfast table together. Kennedy and myself left Rob, while we went with our birds to the cook, for we wanted them broiled for our breakfast. As we left the kitchen, we saw there were signs of other human beings around, and we thought it was time somebody made his appearance, it being half-past ten. Soon Rob made his appearance, extremely hungry, having been hurried up more than usual; and we went to breakfast. Kennedy and myself eat but little, for we had
and the other to Napa. Being bound for the Springs, we had to take the Napa train. After running along the shore of the bay for about a mile, we turned off among the foot-hills. Nothing was to be seen now as far as the eye could reach, excepting wheat. But even that was a change for us, who are accustomed to live in a city. It was now about half-past six, and the sun began to disappear behind the neighboring hills. It was a delightful sun-set, such a one as is seldom seen in our city—the sun going down, tinted the wheat with a golden beauty. Numbers of birds were flying about from tree to tree, each giving his song to the departing sun. Not a human being was to be seen, and soon stillness, save the sound of the cars, reigned over all. I had taken a whole seat to myself and one of my hounds, who sat quietly beside me, looking at the beautiful scene that was spread out before us, as if he enjoyed the change as much as myself; and thus we sat until we reached Napa City.

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In the Country.

ing we arrived at a spot up in the mountains that Jim called Kohn Valley. Here we stopped and jumped from the wagons, and removed their seats and robes.

Three gentlemen went fishing; old Jim, Kennedy, Hill and myself went to hunt; the ladies, with the remainder of the gentlemen, remained at the grounds, to amuse themselves as best they could. Several gentlemen had brought rifles with them, at Jim’s suggestion, for he said that seeing a deer in those parts was not uncommon. As for himself he had his old Kentucky, and very few men could beat him shooting.

It was settled that all should return at twelve o’clock, when dinner would be ready, and then start out again after and amuse ourselves till five, when we would return to the Springs. We hunted round till nearly twelve, shooting quail and hares. Jim remarked we made too much noise with our small guns for him, and he would never kill a deer if we went on in that way; so we fired no more, but followed in his footsteps, and having seen not a sign of deer, we returned to the grounds, where the rest of our party were preparing dinner. We arrived in good time; all were happy excepting old Jim, who said if it had not been for our little guns he would probably have killed a deer.

As the gentlemen that had gone fishing had not yet arrived, we all commenced making as much noise as our lungs would allow, and when they were exhausted we fired off our guns together; and, we thought, between the yelling and the guns going off they would surely hear us. In a short time they all returned, except Mr. Brown. That gentleman had gone fishing, as he was passionately fond of that sport. We waited considerable time, and at last sat down to our meal without him. Dinner was just over, and we were talking about what to do next, when suddenly the breaking of dead branches, as though some heavy animal was running through the thick underbrush, came faintly on our ears. We sprang to our guns, for, with the exception of a few, we were all terrified. Nearer came the tramp; we held our guns in readiness to fire the minute the brute showed itself, for we believed it to be a bear. Still nearer it approached, till, broke from the underbrush, the missing Mr. Brown, pale with fright, and running as though he was chased by the old one; his clothes were all in rags, his fish basket lost, dragging his pole behind him, his face scratched by the brambles, all bleeding, his hat and coat off, his watch lost, and a pair of pistols in his hands, he looked more like an animal than a living man. He ran towards us and threwed himself on the robes. It was impossible for him to speak; yet in a few minutes he had recovered enough to ask for something to drink. It was given to him in the shape of brandy and water. We still stood in readiness with our guns, expecting to see some animal make its appearance, but as none came, we all crowded around Brown, anxious to learn what had been the cause of his fright. But as he was still tired and weak, from his long run, we refrained from asking any questions till he had sufficiently recovered. In a short time he regained his composure, and told his
story thus: "When I left here, I immediately started down the creek. I followed it down for about half a mile, having good sport, my basket being nearly filled. I continued on a little way farther, seeing several fine holes in front of me. From where I was I could hear the falling of water, and I knew there must be a dam somewhere around, and determined to go to it, and then return to the camp. The underbrush all along the creek is very dense—so much so, that I had to crawl on my hands and knees. Well, I neared the dam, creeping very cautiously, for fear of frightening the fish. I let out sufficient line, and prepared to throw it over the fall. I could not, from my position, see the water after it fell; so I did not exactly know where to throw my line. But still I thought I would run the chances. I tried to throw it over the fall, but trees and brush were so thick that I could not; so I intended to move a little more forward, when I noticed that the water was very muddy. I could not for the life of me see anything that could cause it to be so, and I drew near the brink and looked down.

One glance was quite sufficient for me; for there, wallowing in the water, was a large bear. I no sooner saw the beast than it saw me; and giving a growl, started to leave the water. I waited no longer; but throwing away my fish-basket, started through the brush as fast as my legs could carry me. I pulled out my pistols; I did not look to see if the bear chased me, but legged it; nor did I stop until I reached you." John Greor said he did not think it was a bear, and thought Mr. Brown was mistaken. "Well," said Mr. Brown, "John, I'll give you a half a dollar for every fish you catch, starting on the creek about a half a mile below here, and continue on about half a mile." John said he felt tired, had to attend to the horses, et cetera; a good excuse.

Old Jim and a Mr. Ladd, each armed with a rifle, went down the creek to ascertain whether it was a bear or not. They easily discovered the place by the noise the water made in falling, and they cautiously drew near the brink—forced an opening in the brush, where they could plainly see the hole, and there they beheld—an old sow, with two young pigs. They laughed till they could laugh no more at Mr. Brown's bear, and commenced returning to the camp, when they heard a crackling of twigs, which brought them to a stand still. In a few seconds a noble buck came upon their view, walking, as though he apprehended no danger. In an instant the rifles were at the shoulders, and cracked simultaneously. The deer jumped high in the air and fell dead, with two rifle balls in his heart. They hid their prize in the underbrush, to take it when we returned to the Springs. They soon arrived at the camp, where we elicited from them what they had seen and done. We enjoyed a hearty laugh at Mr. Brown's bear; and for a long time afterwards, whenever a pig would be seen, some person would remark: "there's Brown's bear." The rest of the afternoon we spent in talking, and at an earlier hour than the one named we were on our way to the hotel, well pleased with our day's excursion.
On the evening of Thursday, the 17th of last month, came off the banquet of the Philalethic Society. Through the activity of the gentlemen on the Committee, and the generous assistance of the College authorities, "a feast of nectared sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns," bade defiance to the shadow of a complaint or after-suggestion. Fowls of the air, and fish of the sea, and everything intermediate and successive, and the drop or two which they say the stomach needs, for digestion's sake, were faultless. Accustomed for a whole year to "feasts of reason," the banqueters could appreciate more solid viands very well.

The first regular toast of the evening was proposed by Mr. M. J. C. Murphy, "Our College," and responded to by Rev. Edmund Young, the President of the Society. The President dwelt at considerable length on the affection which the College always retains for her offspring; the pride which the professors experience when an old student becomes distinguished, and the warm greeting which meets his return. He spoke of the prospects for an Alumni Society, and exhorted his hearers to bear in mind that whatever success shall meet them in after life will be in great measure due to their college days. Mr. P. Byne gave the toast of "Our Society," and was answered by Mr. Jas. H. Campbell. Mr. Campbell pleaded his recent acquaintance with the Society as an excuse if he should fail to render it its due. His cue, of course, was to praise the Society, and this he did very successfully. Mr. Price proposed "Rev. Father Rector." In reply, Mr. Wilcox passed, in hurried review, the improvements which the institution has received during Fr. Varsi's presidency, and anticipated those which shall surely follow under his energetic management. The fame which the College enjoys in our State, and its spreading reputation in the East—as daily testified by the number of eastern visitors—were noticed, and the happy faculty of the President of ruling with firmness, and at the same time without discontentment on the part of those who grumble with very slight provocation.

"Rev. Edmund Young" was proposed by Mr. Seamans. Fr. Young took this occasion to say the last words of the college year to the society. He mentioned with compliments the good will that had existed among the members, and towards the presiding officer, and congratulated them on having made the society better this year than he had ever known it to be since his connection with it. Some of his remarks were very feelingly uttered, and met with a hearty response. Mr. Alex. Campbell gave "Our Guests," which was shortly answered to by
Professor J. Pascal. "California," proposed by Mr. Hubbard, was responded to by Mr. Wilcox, in the few following lines, scribbled off on short notice:

Drink "California!"—indeed 'twould seem,
Why, at the very least, a muse-dementing theme.
But if the grinders of the poet's mill
One swings around with rather dubious skill,
What course, perchance, may seize his frezzied eye!
To do the very best he can—just try.
With order and with ease—in what's our State
Most proud to claim the title of "the Great!"
In arts is it? in commerce or in war,
In manufactories, or in the gas-pushed car?
The Californian warrior never falls
Into the feasting of king Odin's halls,
And in the hurry of our golden rush
Apollo's just begun to tie his brush.
Let's hope—the woolen mills of San José
May yet build up our solid name—they may.
But if the Atlantic rolls in war's renown,
The glory of New Orleans, of Yorktown,
The victories of Erie and Champlain,
We're first in this—we beat her in champagne—
White juice and red, Angelica and Port,
The jolliest specimens of each nectar sort;
Though in the drama called "The Bibbling Art,"
We a little, little overdo our part.
Let's laud the State whose ample fields of grain
In commerce's chorus carry the refrain;
Who quickly to the world's necessity flies,
When people hunger, and a nation dies.
All silvered 'neath the midnight sky of June,
The gridding earth the precious granules yields,
Full armed at once for discord and for death.
Hail to the Queen of all Agrarian art!
Hail land where surely throbs great nature's heart!
Where o'er the burning 'cactus sweeps the swan,
And parrots chatter by a field of corn;
Where tropic creepers climb around the oak,
And rank rice-plants in snow-fed marshes soak!
Calm dwellers in this vale of Tempe, we
Judge one whole heritage from what we see;
And wraps the budding country far and wide.
But mere exceptions to a general rule:
Our western nature never went to school.
With your consent a couple of lines I'll quote,
The final of an "epic" once I wrote:
May she the chain of safety never drop,
And rest for eke the Union's firmest prop.

"Our Honorary Members" was proposed by Mr. James Murphy, and responded to by Mr. Malone. Mr. Malone occupied some minutes in speaking of the distinguished persons on our honorary list, very many of whom have once been active Philalethics, and the sort of honorary members that should be formed from the present society. The last regular toast, "The Ladies," proceeded from Mr. P. Byne, and was answered by Mr. Forbes, who stated the difficulty under which he was laboring, since the ladies now-a-days generally prefer to speak for themselves. He gave what every man thinks to be the true type of woman, rejecting strong-mindedness and its companions.

"Professor Ford" was afterward proposed by Mr. M. J. C. Murphy, who spoke of the able manner in which the society had been governed by him in a former year, and the respect and consideration which is universally entertained for Mr. Ford in his present dejected health. Mr. Murphy also arose in response to the toast, "The Vice-President of the College, Rev. Joseph Caredda," proposed by Mr. Hubbard, and exhibited the material assistance which, for the last fifteen years, Fr. Caredda, in his capacity of First Prefect, has offered to the prosperity of the institution, by keeping the wheels of the clock-work of discipline in good order. Mr. Murphy did full justice to a theme.
which needs *multa* as well as *multum*.

"Rev. Fr. Masnata," the immediately preceding rector of the College, was proposed by Mr. Breen, and "Our Officers" by Mr. Kelly.

An adjournment to another room ensued, where an hour or two was spent in amusement. The Grand Annual Meeting of the Society will be held August 10th, 1870. All old Philalethics are cordially and especially invited to attend, and renew the bonds which bind them to old associations.

The following Circular has been dispatched to the homes of the Students:

"SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, Cal.

Parents and guardians having sons or wards at Santa Clara College are hereby informed that the present session of the Institution will terminate on the 14th day of June next, but that the Annual Distribution of premiums and Commencement Exercises will not take place until the evening of the 9th of August, following, when the new College Hall will be inaugurated. They are most earnestly requested to be present at the inauguration, and to come in the early part of the day, to avoid confusion and disorder, which would naturally occur by a late arrival. We confidently expect that all the present students of the College will be in attendance on that occasion. On the following evening, the 10th of August, the Philalethic Literary Society of the College will hold its Grand Annual Celebration, when an Oration and a Poem will be delivered by two of the most gifted sons of California.

This change of time for the Annual Commencement has been rendered necessary by the unfinished condition of our new Hall.

Yours, very respectfully,

A. Varsi, S. J.,
President.

Santa Clara College, May 28th, 1870."

From A. Waldteufel, San José.

A *PRACTICAL GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE*. By Hermann D. Wragé, A. M.

In this book, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have added another to the many works which endeavor to smooth the way to the acquisition of a foreign language. The author claims that the methods now in use impose upon the memory of the pupil too many rules, and the system of learning which he forms is, to acquire the language just as the infant does. The book consists of exercises and vocabularies, with the fundamental principles of the German language indicated in the heading of each lesson. The theory demands the careful attention of teachers. For sale by A. Waldteufel, San José.

No number for the months of July and August. "Earthquakes" will be concluded in the September number.
OLIO.

THE HUMMING-BIRD AND BUTTERFLY.—In a beautiful garden decked with blooming flowers, a hummingbird was sipping sweets from bloom to bloom. Proud of his gold and emerald plumage, he darted on his shining wings, buzzing and whizzing as if to tell every one that he was there. At a short distance a bright little butterfly was sailing along on outspread wings silent and noiseless, kissing the blooming rose-buds and scarlet pinks, that seemed to beam with joy at its approach. The humming-bird glanced with disdain upon the butterfly, and poising himself on his wings, said: "Oh! the contemptible little creature! Indeed Nature's gifts are wasted upon you—pray, tell me, what is the good you do? You fly around, robbing the blossoms of their sweets, and to what purpose? Were I a flower, I would blush at your contact. Be not so proud of your glittering wings—soon the cold blast of the north shall blow from the mountain-top, to rob you of your boasted colors, and cast you on the ground to die." "True," said the butterfly, "my life is short, but my days were not spent in vain. Do you see yonder trees shining with gold and silver fruits? Those are the fruits of my labor. When I shall be no more, man shall find in them precious silks and glossy velvets. But pray, what have you done? Poor thing! The beauty of your sparkling hues shall also fade away; your golden crest, your purple wings, your ruby-colored throat, shall lose their glory, and nothing shall remain of you, but the empty hum of your proud buzzing.—A. Raleigh.

Many years ago when Prof. filled the chair of Modern Languages, students were no more decorous in the recitation room than at present. One day while the Professor was busy at the board, some evil genius moved to throw a bunch of lighted fire-crackers at his feet. The effect may be better imagined than described. As soon as he had recovered from his astonishment, the Professor angrily burst forth with "Who did that?" No one replying, he addressed himself to our friend particularly; "Who did that, Mr. H—?" "They came in through the window, sir," responded he. "Did you see any one out there?" "Yes, sir." "Who was it?" "I don't think I ought to tell, sir." "But you must tell."—"Well, sir, if you really must know, it was Professor Harrington."—College Argus.

GOOD JOKE.—While up the river a few days ago, says the Mississippi Democrat, we heard a rich one on some fellow whose name has escaped us. He was paddling to Vicksburg
in a dugout, and had been informed of a locality called Rick's Bend, which is eighteen miles around, and in one place about one hundred yards across. He was advised to land at the narrow point and drag his craft over, but he passed the spot without observing it, and paddled on eighteen miles around until he struck it on the other side. Landing at once he dragged his boat across, and paddled on down with a light heart, till he came within a few paces of the same spot where he had dragged across before. Thinking it was a new cut-off, he went ashore and tugged his canoe over again. When he got back to the river a second time, he sauntered around a little to stretch himself, and soon discovered an old newspaper, out of which he had taken his breakfast that morning. It was now about sundown, and as he had paddled thirty-six miles without any flattering progress, he scuttled his dugout with a hatchet, built a camp, and waited till next day for a steamboat.

Many years ago, when Prof. —— filled the chair of modern languages, he habitually called on his class to recite in alphabetical order. One of the other Professors, surprised at the uniform excellence of the recitations in this department, suggested that he should sometimes commence the recitations with the other end of the class, and then note the result. The suggestion was adopted; and accordingly the next time the class met, the following announcement was made: "Gentlemen, I have usually called for recitations in alphabetical order. It has been suggested that I sometimes reverse the order, and therefore you will take notice that after to-day, I shall begin with the other end of the class." — Yang Lang.

Some years ago an emigrant ship arrived off the Battery in New York harbor, and anchored near by the old North Carolina, which punctually fired off a gun at sunset each day. On hearing the report of the gun, for the first time, an Irishman on board the emigrant vessel turned to a sailor, and said in astonishment:

"Arrah! thin what's that?"

"That's sunset, you greeny," said the sailor.

"Great Moses!" exclaimed Paddy, "an' diz the sun go down with such a clap as that in this country!"

The members of a society in Maine, by dint of long exertion had erected a small church. One of the members was dispatched to a large town, to request a noted divine to take part in its dedication. Not getting his errand exactly, he simply applied to the minister to come and dedicate the new church.

"What part do wish me to take?" said the clergyman.

"Why, we want you to dedicate the church," was the reply.

"But do you want me to deliver the sermon, or make the opening prayer, or only make some remarks?"

"Why," exclaimed the brother, piqued at the obtuseness of the minister, "we simply want you to dedicate the church—the whole on't. It's only seventy-five feet by fifty—want you to dedicate it."
COLLEGE JOURNALISM.—In a recent editorial in *The Independent*, the writer sums up their work and usefulness in the following words:

"The many College newspapers are of the greatest use, and fully justify the outlay of time and money which they require. Every college, of any vitality, has a journal; and although they are by no means perfect as yet, still these student-papers are very creditable, and every year improve in their appearance and their substance. They are a sign of the times. They indicate the influence of culture in the world. They assert the presence of a mighty body of men and women toiling under the best inspiration for the noblest intellectual object. The immediate value of these papers to the students is very great. They are an incomparable machinery for rhetorical practice. The best way to learn to use the English language is to write for the columns of a newspaper. College journals are also great instruments of manliness, industry and good order among the students; they constantly manufacture public opinion on the right side. A good college paper is worth more for the moral and gentle-

The following notice is said to have been torn from the postoffice door of the same town where the church was dedicated:

"Notice! ! !—Teacher Wanted.—
The scule in Holestown, being out of a proctor (the last one havin been discharged fur want of incompetiveness.) Noe wun nede apply without tha have the follerin kwali-ferkasun, to whit:—Tha must not be agin the moderight use of licker, kozsum of the skowlers air eddicated to be licker dealers. Naw we dont want noboddi witch belongs to the church, seem as how that wood pregerdis the mines of the children as menn'y up here dont bleeve no sutch thing. He must produce satisfacturre evidens that he is agin all fannytic aberlisherners wich hev soe oftin destroyed and dizzolved ower glorious unun. Rytin must be tort, and uther hyer bran-chiz.

Pose Script.—It is expected that the teacher will git his health inchoored, in order that there ma be noe interrupshans ov the skule.
### TABLE OF HONOR.

The first place in each class for the month of APRIL, 1870, as read out on **First Wednesday, May 4th**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subject</th>
<th>1st Class</th>
<th>2nd Class</th>
<th>3rd Class</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Christian Doctrine</strong></td>
<td>J. C. Johnson,</td>
<td>Alex. Campbell,</td>
<td>Juan Canelo, R. Soto</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Mathematics</strong></td>
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<td>W. Veuve,</td>
<td>M. Walsh, H. Chappelet</td>
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<td>1st or highest class</td>
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<td><strong>Ethics</strong></td>
<td>J. McQuade,</td>
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<td><strong>Mental Philosophy</strong></td>
<td>Jas. H. Campbell,</td>
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<td><strong>Organic Chemistry</strong></td>
<td>Chas. F. Wilcox,</td>
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<td><strong>Geology</strong></td>
<td>C. F. Wilcox, R. G. Forbes</td>
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<td><strong>Elementary Chemistry</strong></td>
<td>J. T. Malone,</td>
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<td><strong>Physics</strong></td>
<td>Jas. H. Campbell,</td>
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<td><strong>Greek</strong></td>
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<td>Frank Hubbard, J. T. Malone</td>
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<td>2nd Class</td>
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<td>Jas. H. Campbell</td>
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<td>4th Class</td>
<td>W. P. Veuve, S. Rhodes</td>
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<td>5th Class</td>
<td>John Price,</td>
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<td><strong>Latin</strong></td>
<td>A. I. W. Kelly, F. Hubbard</td>
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<td>2nd Class</td>
<td>Jas. H. Campbell,</td>
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<td>4th Class</td>
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<td>5th Class</td>
<td>John Price, D. G. Sullivan</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>English</strong></td>
<td>Rhetoric &amp; Oratory</td>
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<td>1st Class</td>
<td>J. T. Malone, R. Cochrane, W. Breen</td>
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<td>2nd Class</td>
<td>Rhetoric and Poetry</td>
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<td>3rd Class</td>
<td>H. Peyton,</td>
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<td>4th Class</td>
<td>E. Graves,</td>
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<td>5th Class</td>
<td>R. Soto, Juan Canelo</td>
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<td><strong>German</strong></td>
<td>F. Pfister,</td>
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<td><strong>Spanish</strong></td>
<td>J. Smith,</td>
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<td>2nd Class</td>
<td>Mason Wilson,</td>
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<td><strong>French</strong></td>
<td>Jos. Ghirardelli, Chas. F. Wilcox</td>
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<td>3rd Class</td>
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<td><strong>History</strong></td>
<td>Lucien Burling,</td>
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<td>1st Class</td>
<td>J. C. Johnson, J. Chretien</td>
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<td>2nd Class</td>
<td>Jas. Judd,</td>
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<td>4th Class</td>
<td>A. Levy, W. Fallon, E. Graves, M. Walsh</td>
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<td>5th Class</td>
<td>Juan Canelo, R. Soto, W. Whepley</td>
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<td><strong>Geography</strong></td>
<td>A. I. W. Kelly,</td>
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<td>4th Class</td>
<td>W. Fallou, E Graves, M. Walsh</td>
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<td>5th Class</td>
<td>E. Newhall, R. Soto</td>
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<td><strong>Arithmetic</strong></td>
<td>W. Drown,</td>
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<td>1st Class</td>
<td>J. Kifer,</td>
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<tr>
<td>2nd Class</td>
<td>A. Raleigh, H. Graves, R. Soto, Geo. Mowry</td>
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<td><strong>Book-keeping</strong></td>
<td>F. Stock, J. Radovich</td>
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<td>1st Class</td>
<td>M. Murray,</td>
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<td>3rd Class, 1st Div.</td>
<td>P. Dunne,</td>
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<tr>
<td>2nd Div.</td>
<td>H. Graves, A. Hill, J. Kifer, R. Soto</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Reading</strong></td>
<td>Lucien Burling, L. Campbell</td>
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<td>1st Class</td>
<td>Alf. Raleigh,</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Orthography</strong></td>
<td>Jas. Dunne,</td>
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<td>2nd Div.</td>
<td>Julian Burling,</td>
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<tr>
<td>2nd Class</td>
<td>Ed. Richardson,</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Table of Honor.

Elocution—
1st Class—J. T. Malone.
2d Class—P. Byrne, A. Forbes.
3d Class—Jas. Murphy.
4th Class—A. Hill.

Penmanship—
1st Class—Juan Canelo, J. Coddington.
2d Class—W. Fallon, J. Atchison.
3d Class—John Byrne, D. Egan

Flute—W. Newhall.
Brass Instrument—Jos Ghirardelli.
Violin—
1st Div.—Alex. Lenz.
2d Div.—J. Burling.

Drawing—
Linear, 1st Div.—J. Chretien.
2d Div.—W. Newhall.
Landscape—H. Peyton.
Figure—W. Marshall, — Englebret.

(Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.)

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Miscellaneous Notes and Book Notices;

Class-Standing.

Our State, taking such rapid strides in all lines of progress, is not at all backward in that of Educational Institutions. A reflex of the interior of one of its most prominent Colleges ought to meet with liberal encouragement from every person who feels an active interest in education. It is the endeavor of the Editors strictly to exclude all matter of a puerile nature, and give the Magazine a literary merit, and a fair standing among other periodicals. They desire to make it, not a mere novelty, as being the only California College Magazine, but a source of pleasure and profit to the general reader. How far they are successful, the work itself proclaims.

The Owl contains about fifty pages of double-columned reading matter, and appears ten months in the year. It is handsomely printed, in one of the principal typographical establishments of San Francisco, and will well bear comparison with any American magazine in this respect.

The articles are secured by copy-right.

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" " quarter-page, - 4.00
Facing Index, full page, - $10.00
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" " half-page, - 3.00
" " quarter-page, - 2.00

Advertisements and articles must be in by the fifth of the month to secure insertion in the succeeding number.
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