"STABAT MATER SPECIOSA,"

OTHERWISE CALLED THE "STABAT MATER OF THE CRIB."

Stood the Mother in her beauty,
By the crib whose godlike duty
'Twas the Babe of babes to bear;
Holy joy her soul upraising,
Joy transfixing, joy amazing,
Joy beyond what earth might share.
O, how blest, past all comparing,
Was that stainless Mother, bearing
Him, the Sole-begotten One!
Sorrow past, mirth cometh after;
Joyous now, and full of laughter;
Stoops she o'er her glorious Son.
O, what eye, that sight beholding,
Mary's arms her Babe enfolding,
Would not gleam, such bliss to see?
Who is he could keep from joying,
Saw he Christ's fond mother, toying
With the Infant on her knee?
For her people's ancient sinning,
Saw she Christ—their pardon winning—
With the beasts, in pain and cold;
Saw Him wailing—Him, the Holy—
Yet adored by shepherd's lowly,
In that stable poor and old.
Him, their Lord, in manger lying,
Angels, with each other vying,
   Hail in songs of high delight;
Songless, speechless, stand before Him,
Brooding, wonder-stricken, o'er Him,
   Aged man and maiden bright.

Mother, fount of love upspringing,
May thy prayers, my weak love bringing,
   Make it ardent as thine own!
Let my heart with love burn higher!
Christ, my God, be my desire,
   Till I bow before his throne!

Holy Mother, hear my pleading;
O, imprint those wounds all bleeding,
   Firmly on my inmost heart:
Christ came down for my offending,
To the manger condescending,
   In His pains, O grant me part!

With thee let me joy, believing,
To the little Jesus cleaving
   Whilst I live this earthly life:
Let thine ardor burn within me,
Thy sweet Infant's sweetness win me,
   Exiled here 'mid sin and strife;
Be my love with thine in union,
And my soul in such communion,
   With love's longing ever rife!

Maid of Glory, high up-reaching,
Hear, O hear my fond beseeching!
   Let me clasp thy Child divine!
Let me bear that Babe all-glorious,
Who, by birth o'er death victorious,
   Gave his own life up for mine!

Hold me close whom thou hast captured;
Be my heart, like thine, enraptured,
   Till for very joy I leap;
Till each sense, on fire and burning,
Melt away with holy yearning
   Such sweet converse aye to keep.
ADMIRAL DAVID GLASCOE FARRAGUT.

If we should search in the pages of American Naval History, for a hero who has combined consummate prudence with truly heroic deeds, I doubt if any could be found more worthy of mention than David Glascoe Farragut. In him we discover the very personification of honor, integrity, and truth; and he affords also the rare example of a man who has lived through a life of sixty-nine years, without a slur upon his private character, and whose pleasant demeanor and unaffected modesty have endeared him to the hearts of all true Americans.

Admiral Farragut, whom we may truly style "the American Naval Hero," was born at Campbell's Station, East Tennessee, in the year 1801. When but nine years of age, he was appointed midshipman at large; and was commissioned as Lieutenant in the month of January 1825. From 1825 to 1866 we see him promoted to the different grades, Commander, Captain, Rear-Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Admiral. In a life of sixty-nine years, he has served his country twenty-eight years at sea and eighteen on shore, not reckoning fourteen during which he was not regularly employed. The name of Farragut is one of the most famous in the annals of the United States Navy, and that not so much on account of his heroic deeds as of his perseverance, intrepidity, sagacity and ingenuity. When a boy, not yet in his teens, his father procured him an appointment in the navy. His first cruise was in the "Essex," then under the command of Commodore Porter. While serving in this vessel he participated in the engagement which resulted in the capture of His Britannic Majesty's ship "Alert." But soon after, a bloody and desperate fight of three hours, took place between the "Essex" and His Majesty's ships "Phoebe" thirty-eight guns, and "Cherub" twenty-four guns. Midshipman Farragut, then twelve years of age, was wounded while busily engaged in fulfilling some orders—he was knocked through a hatch by a man falling from a mast. He was, in this engagement severely wounded. But strange to say, it was the only wound he received in a naval career of sixty years.

Under Commodore Porter in the West Indies, Midshipman Farragut took part in the attack on the rendez-
vous of the pirates at Cape Cruz, in the southern part of the island of Cuba. The forces of the United States consisted of but two ships, commanded by Lieutenants Kearney and Beagle. This was a desperate fight. For twelve long hours the obstinate pirates resisted. Men were mowed down on all sides, groans and shrieks issued from every place as night approached, the fury and determination of the pirates increased. But longer still the combat lasted, and when the end was approaching it seemed as if not a man would escape to tell the tale of carnage. But what was Farragut doing all this time? From official documents still existing in Washington, we find that he either contended with the sturdy pirates or administered to the comfort of the wounded and dying. The pirates were finally defeated and their village razed to the ground. In his official report, Commodore Porter, did not forget to mention Farragut’s bravery and intrepidity; but was constrained to say, with appropriate regret, that “the boy was too young for promotion.” From this time for nearly forty years, he was either sailing about the world or quietly serving at different naval stations; and, at long intervals, rising by seniority from grade to grade. When the rebellion broke out, Captain Farragut was sixty years of age and had been in his country’s service forty-eight years. He was living at Norfolk in Virginia. Here he married and being a native of the South, it was hoped by the rebels that he would cast his fortunes with the seceding states. As a native of the South he should have adhered to the land that gave him birth; but as a supporter of the Constitution, as a loyal and truly noble American, his determination led him to uphold the Star-spangled Banner. “Though ills may come to me,” he said, “though fortune—all—be taken—even my life, my proudest wish is that

“Thou flag of the bravest thy folds may fly
The sign of hope and triumph high.”

In consequence of his firm determination to remain true to the flag, he was plainly told that it would not be safe for him to remain in the South, with the sentiments which he then held. He accordingly left Norfolk on the 18th of April 1861, just the night before the burning of the Navy yard and the government vessels.

His first appointment was to the command of the naval expedition organized for the purpose of capturing the city of New Orleans. His final orders reached him toward the end of January of the following year, and in the beginning of February he set out from Hampton Roads; thus showing the promptitude with which he executed his country’s commands. The rest of his career is too well known to require further comment from me. Who can behold his gallant deeds before New Orleans without feeling a pride within him? Who cannot admire his coolness and bravery before the murderous batteries of Port Hudson? In September 1864, Farragut was offered the command of the naval expedition then fitting out for the attack on the defences of Wilmington, South Carolina, but impaired health obliged him to decline. In the summer of 1867 he was or-
adered to the command of the European Squadron. He sailed in the frigate "Franklin" and returned the following year, 1868. During his cruise, Admiral Farragut was received everywhere with great respect and courtesy. The crowned heads and titled nobility of Europe seemed to vie with the humblest of their subjects, in doing honour to this noble specimen of the American naval officer. But now his toils are over. He calmly reposes in his tomb insensible to all earthly feelings. Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has deemed it necessary that He should summon to Himself a man whose memory will be ever dear to his countrymen, a man who carries with him the blessings of millions, and a man whose coolness, bravery, intrepidity, modesty and charity, will be cherished by the free sons of America until earth shall be no more.

NOTES OF THE EARLY MISSION.

I

N the beginning of August, 1776, a small party of travelers might have been seen wending their way along the laurel-fringed bank of a silvery stream, since known by the name of Guadalupe, that waters one of the many fertile valleys of California. The party consisted of seven individuals, two of whom, from their gray garbs, might easily be recognized as Franciscan friars, while the remaining five bore all the appearances of natives of the country.

The former were Fathers José Antonio de Murguia, and Thomas de la Peña, and the latter a few converted Indians, whom they had brought with them as means of communication with the natives of the country. The western hills were already throwing their dark shade over the valley, and the yellowish rays of the setting sun on the eastern slopes, were bringing forth in bold relief each undulation and deep ravine, when our travelers, wearied by the toilsome journey of the day, pitched their tents in the cooling shade of an aged sycamore that looked in majesty upon the placid water of the Guadalupe.

Having partaken of a frugal repast, the two fathers, accompanied by three of their Indians, set out for a short walk along the thickly-wooded banks of this quiet stream. As they pressed their way through the more dense spots, a slight rustling now and then in the bushes, sometimes followed by the soft sounds of retreating footsteps, would arrest their progress. This having occurred more than once, they feared to advance any further, lest they might inadvertently fall a prey to wild beasts. Hardly had they turned to retrace their steps, when their eye suddenly caught the form of an Indian, as he sprang from their view into the wildest of the thicket. Chi-
wack, one of the Indians who accompanied the missionaries, leaped in after him, and the other two immediately following, the three were soon lost in pursuit of the fugitive. The latter, hoping to escape rather by concealment than flight, had hid himself a short distance from the place whence he had at first disappeared from view. Chiwack, unable to discover any traces of his flight, soon penetrated this artful design, and with his two companions crept noiselessly through the bushes in search of the concealed. In a few moments they discovered him stretched by the side of a fallen tree, from whose dark trunk he was scarcely distinguishable; cautiously they crept up behind him, and in another moment he was their prisoner. He stood a youth of some twenty summers, and his erect form and flashing eye seemed to defy an encounter under more advantageous circumstances.

As they brought him, however, before the long-robed friars, a sudden dread seemed to take possession of his frame, and he stood with drooping head, in their mild presence. The fathers, wishing to gain his confidence and friendship, in order to obtain whatever information they could concerning the natives of the country, which was now to be the scene of their labors, greeted him most kindly, and informed him that it was not by their order that he had been taken prisoner, but as he was now in their company, they hoped he would accept of their friendship, and bring a few tokens of their regard to his chief. The young Indian, on hearing these words assumed a more confident air, and thus replied, "O mighty medicine-men, sun after sun has brought to our tribe the dreaded tidings of your approach, and like captives awaiting their fates, have we looked forward to your arrival. The fleet winds have borne to us the renown of your deeds, and your power over the spirits of the air; but, since you bring with you tokens of friendship, thrice glad will be chief Olino, to have in his camp, such powerful magicians." The fathers understood from these words the false impressions under which the natives labored as to their real character, and with the design of using these harmless impressions to further their holy work, made no endeavors to correct them. Having brought the captive to their tent, they loaded him with presents for himself and chief, and dismissed him much satisfied with his treatment. During the course of their conversation, they had understood from him that he was the adopted son of their chief, and heir expectant to the royal calumet. They also judged from his noble bearing and generous conduct, that he was surely the beloved of his tribe. It was therefore with the satisfaction of having at least made a favorable introduction to the natives that our travelers, wrapped in their blankets, threw themselves down by the sycamore to recruit in sleep their weary limbs.

The morning dawned—it was the twelfth of August, the fathers and their Indians were already astir, and had erected a rude altar against the massive trunk of a wide spreading oak. "Oh, what a beautiful and delightful valley this is!" exclaimed
Father Murguia to his companions, “nature, untouched by the hands of man, seems to reign here in all her lovely simplicity, while those majestic hills that yonder rear their blue tops to heaven, reminds us of her grandeur. It is truly in its primeval loveliness! To what saint-father shall we consecrate such innocence and purity?” “To-day,” replied Father de la Peña, is the feast of the pure and holy Santa Clara; under her heavenly protection let us found our new mission.” To Santa Clara consequently was dedicated the new mission, and the place was hence called Santa Clara Valley.

Father Murguia was offering up at the rude altar, the holy sacrifice of the mass, and all were bent before the elevation, when there suddenly appeared, during this solemn scene, a deputation from the Indian tribe. None of the christians appeared the least distracted at their approach, but remained kneeling in pious adoration. The Indians stood as if paralyzed. The mysterious rites, the solemn silence, and the rich vestments of the priest, filled them with awe, wonder and admiration. Fearing lest they might be consumed by fire, or struck dead, or cast to the earth by the Mighty Spirit of the strangers, they all, on invitation of the christians, prostrated themselves solemnly before the altar.

Thus they remained, trembling with awe, during the remainder of the sacrifice. When it was concluded, Father Murguia arose from his knees, and approached them. Instead of wearing the dark awful look of the medicine-men of their tribe, his countenance was lit up with a heavenly smile of welcome, at the same time his cowl thrown back, displayed a noble forehead, which adding to the dignity lent by his long robe, was well calculated to inspire the beholder with respect and reverence.

Nor did his kind greeting fail to have its effect upon the awe-stricken Indians; inspired by confidence, they fell—their dread of the mysterious stranger already changing into love. They advanced and laid at his feet numerous presents of variously dyed skins, handsome bows and ornamented quivers. The young warrior, whose heart on the night previous the christians’ kindness had won, stood forth as spokesman of the embassy, and thus addressed the missionary: “Great stranger, our aged chief has sent these few warriors to ask thy mighty will. Why has the Paleface come from the peaceful land where his wigwams raise their tops above the lofty oaks, and his hunting path is made smooth by polished stone, where his captive enemies provide for his winter store, and unknown beasts lend him their beauteous skins for covering, where the lurking foe dares not invade him, or the Great Spirit has lent him his lightning and thunder for his defense? Why has he quitted this happy land, and journeyed to the poor country of the Indian, where the summer suns must parch his skin while in pursuit of the winter store, where the distant foe may come and lead him into perpetual captivity? Strange indeed does it seem to our chief, Olino, that the white man should thus visit this land.”

Father Murguia, with his companions who had crowded around, listen-
ed in solemn silence to this speech of the young Indian, hesitating to make an abrupt declaration of his mission, apprehensive that the Indians might misunderstand him. He stood for a moment undetermined what to reply. At length, commencing in the same figurative language of the red man, and adapting his thoughts to their comprehension, he thus answered the embassy: "The warrior is here in obedience to his chief, as the strangers are here in obedience to theirs. Their chief is the Great Spirit that dwells in yonder sky; who has made the sun, the moon, the stars; likewise all this beautiful earth, and who rules alike over the Indian and the Paleface. He has ordered us into thy country, and like faithful followers have we obeyed His commands. But our reward is not these decaying spoils we receive from you, but an eternal life of happiness in His land of eternal spring. Nor are we to make you His captives of war, but to lead you with ourselves into this country of everlasting bliss. Nor must we make a long and weary journey before we teach that happy land—it is when the spirit of the warrior has left his body, that, like the fleet winds, he passes to the beautiful country above. But the Great Spirit has given His laws from the clouds, and unless both the white man and the red man obey, they shall never see the light of His verdant hunting grounds. To instruct you in these laws, then has the stranger come here, when you know and obey them the Great Spirit will bless you on this land. Go therefore, tell thy tribe to rejoice, for the stranger has come to teach their children the way to greatness, and their warriors the path to happiness. Tell them that the stranger wishes to dwell amongst them, as a grandfather to the young, and a father to the old, teaching all the ways of wisdom and peace."

During the deliverance of this speech, the Indians stood mute with astonishment and awe, when it was concluded, the young warrior again spoke, "O mighty stranger, what shall I say? How will the red man receive the messenger of the Great Spirit? Come to our camp, and consult with our aged chief, for his warriors know not what to reply."

The missionaries received this invitation with joy, for they felt that they had already commenced the work of conversion. Eagerly they prepared for departure, and presented fine presents of blankets and beads to each one of the embassy. It was not long before the party came in sight of the Indian village, whose inhabitants the report of their approach had brought forth to meet them. The old chief came first, borne on a seat of wickerwork, and surrounded by a number of his warriors. He descended from his wicker throne, and, with dignity and respect, received the missionaries. They in their turn laid before him numerous presents of blankets, and such things, with which they had carefully supplied themselves. Rude music now led the way into the village, and escorted the missionaries to the council lodge, a large hut which rose conspicuously above the surrounding wigwams. A council of the Indian sages was immediately convened, to which the fathers stated the object of their mission, promising to instruct
them in all the knowledge of the white man, and to dwell with them until the Great Spirit should take their souls to His happy abode. Each member of the council, having in turn welcomed them with feelings of sincere joy, the tidings were announced to the eager crowd that pressed about the hut in anxious expectation. Clamors of joy now rent the air, and report soon shaped into the most extravagant forms the knowledge that the strangers were about to impart. Indians flocked from the other three villages, situated some distance from the principal one where the missionaries were resting, and wigwams soon lined, far and near, the banks of the Guadalupe.

The worthy fathers immediately commenced their severe labors in this field of innocent souls. Both chiefly employed themselves in giving religious instruction, though at the same time they did not neglect the temporal concerns of their new mission. In a large open space in the centre of the village, the Indians assembled twice a day for religious instructions. Every morning with respect and reverence they attended mass celebrated in the open air. In a short while, though with indefatigable exertions on the part of the missionaries, a great number of them were sufficiently instructed in the principles of our faith to receive the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, and in two months time nearly the whole tribe had been cleansed by the regenerating waters. The fathers now gave their attention to the erection of a church, and as winter was fast setting in, great exertions were necessary for its speedy completion. The ground should be cleared, and lumber hauled from the neighboring mountains, adobes should be made, and finally the church itself built. In the accomplishment of this undertaking, the fathers had two difficulties to contend with, viz.: the natural indolence of the inhabitants, and their ignorance of all sorts of mechanism; yet, by almost super-human efforts and incessant labor, they had the satisfaction of seeing on the 12th of January, 1777, a neat little adobe church raise its tiled roof above the evergreen banks of the Guadalupe, at a spot called by the Indians, "So-coistaca," from the laurels which abound there. The missionaries now, during the remainder of the winter, occupied themselves in organizing the mission, and in adopting such rules and regulations as might be suitable for its government. They divided their labors into two kinds,—the spiritual and temporal; the former embraced the delivery of religious instruction, and the education of the young, while the latter enjoined the superintendence of the field, and mechanical labors in general. Father de Murguia took charge of the former, while Father de la Peña executed the latter. They sent to the lower mission for tools of every description, likewise for ornaments for the church, among which arrived a great quantity of mirrors, set in curious gilt frames. The summer opened, and the swollen streams began to sink into their former channels, the little village presented a gay scene of bustle and activity. Here, along the banks of the Guadalupe, the ring of the anvil, the stroke
of the axe, and the flat sounds of the hammer mingled strangely with the shrill songs of the morning warblers. The fallen trees, the stakes set in straight lines along the ground, and here and there the rising walls of some small buildings, each enclosing an open quadrangle, pointed out the site of the new village. The sweet sound of the evening hymn as it died away with the setting sun, denoted that the calm spirit of religion was the soul of all this enterprise. As soon as the first rains of the following winter had softened the ground, the plough was applied to its virgin surface, and in the fertile soil a large crop of maize and wheat was sown, which, when reaped at the harvest, furnished the mission with an abundant supply of provisions, and opened to the Indians the dawn of their prosperity. The next season brought from the lower mission a great amount of stock, particularly cows, sheep, and horses. But the winter of 1779 proved a considerable check to the growth of the young mission. The Gaudalupe had often before overflowed its banks and covered the surrounding low land, but during this season, owing to great rains, the water rose to the height of three or four feet above the usual level, and on the night of the 9th of November, a great storm completely inundated the little village, destroying many houses, and what was of greater consequence, laying the new church in ruins.

The destruction of the church was a great source of discouragement to the new christians; but the fathers, with undaunted energy and perseverance, laid the foundation of another church, situated about a mile north of the former. It was of larger dimensions, and being built on higher ground, was supposed to be beyond the danger of a similar fate. At this time also the mission was destined to suffer a new loss, in the death of Father de Murguia, whose place was supplied by Father Junipero Serra. This happened four days previous to the dedication of the church which took place on the 12th of May, in the year 1781, amid the joy and acclamations of the Indians.

Don Pero Fauls, Lieutenant-Colonel of royal troops, and Military Governor of California, attended by the Vice-Governor, was present, together with nearly one hundred and fifty troops. The spectacle was an imposing one. The ceremony commenced by Father Junipero's handing the keys of the church to Don Pero, thereby placing the sacred edifice under the temporal protection of the Lieutenant-Governor. This part of the ceremony was accompanied by the thundering of artillery, and discharging of musketry, to the consternation and awe of the Indians. Don Pero, having with much ceremony opened the door, entered the church at the head of a procession, while the strains of the music, raised triumphantly on the still air, gave solemnity and interest to the scene. Here the dedication commenced, and the church was placed under protection of Santa Clara.

The mission might now to be said to be in the height of its glory. It possessed fine orchards, large droves of cattle, and annually raised an immense crop of wheat and maize. All
the natives received at least the rudiments of education, and many even attained a proficiency. Every one obtained either a profession or a trade, and some of their rude attempts at painting are still to be seen in the church now existing. In fact, the missionaries labored to make there a little world of their own, perfect if possible in all its parts. They now enjoyed a period of happiness for thirty-four years, during which time, however, Fathers Junipero Serra and De la Peña were called to receive their reward for their labors in the land of bliss. Both were greatly mourned by the Indians; especially the former, under whom many of the tribe had grown up from infancy to manhood, and who had been to all as a father for a space nearly thirty-six years. Their places were supplied by Fathers José Voaden and Magin Batala. These were hardly inaugurated into office, when a new calamity befell the mission.

On a night in the year 1818, as the inhabitants of Santa Clara were buried in slumber, they were suddenly awakened by a violent thundering of the earth; some of the larger houses came crashing down, and the noise of falling tiles, and the clamor of the affrighted Indians, welcomed a scene of the utmost confusion. The fathers had barely time to escape from their dwelling, which was adjacent to the church, to behold the sacred edifice itself tumble to the ground.

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NAPOLEON MUSING AT ST. HELENA.

Westward from Afric’s sun-burnt shore,
Some thirteen hundred miles or more,
There is a bleak and storm-drenched rock,
Which has for ages, braved the shock
Of angry waves, that dash and foam
Around its crags, the eagle’s home.
Its sides are rent by many a seam,
Wherein the brooding sea birds scream,
Its jagged cliffs like spectres stand,
To guard a drear, terrific land.
The wildest winds which sweep the sea,
Meet there to hold high jubilee.
Around its tops they shriek and howl,
Or through its gloomy caverns growl;
This dismal isle was erst the cage,
Where Europe's Lion spent his rage,
Where that proud heart, which naught could sate,
Was broken by the bolts of fate;
Where England, prodigal of fame,
Bequeathed to infamy her name.
It was an evening in July,
As clouds went muffling up the sky,
Napoleon, oppressed with grief,
In musing, sought and found relief
From the fierce tempest in his breast,
Which would not down at his behest.
Below, the sea was churned to foam,
Above, darkness veiled heaven's dome.
He saw the lightning's blinding flash,
He heard the thunder's startling crash,
But felt no fear: it was the sound,
A hundred fields had echoed 'round,
He stood and gazed: the lurid light
Recalled the bivouac and the fight:
The battles he had fought and won,
The mighty exploits he had done.
'Tis morn upon Italian hills;
And song of birds the vineyards fills,
The mountains stand against the sky,
While gentle Adda ripples by,
And every tree upon its side
Is mirror'd in its limpid tide,
The meadows, clothed in brightest green,
Present a rich, enchanting scene.
Napoleon leads a gallant band,
The champions of their father land,
Who, swooping down from Alpine height,
Are eager panting for the fight.
Ay, there they stand in martial pride,
Firm, solid squares of valor tried;
There nodding plumes and sashes gay
And prancing steeds provoke the fray.
Soon Adda, stained with human blood,
Rolls onward in a darker flood
Than when the rosy-fingered morn
First tinged with gold its dewy lawn,
Now Lodi's bridge is wet with gore,
As he and Lannes go thundering o'er.
Lo! shouts of triumph rend the sky,
As Austria’s hosts are forced to fly,
Demoralized, and pale with fear;
The French artill’ry ploughs their rear.
Around his lips there plays a smile,
He’s standing by the sluggish Nile;
He sees the Pyramids uprise,
And lose their summits in the skies,
From whence four thousand years look down
Upon his glory and renown.
He sees the Mamaluke advance
Against the chivalry of France;
In vain the Paynim hordes are hurled
Upon the conquerors of the world;
As well might they have sought to pass
Cyclopean walls, and gates of brass;
Ten thousand pagan horsemen slain
Feed birds of prey upon the plain.
Lo! now his roving fancy flits,
Across the Alps to Austerlitz.
Bright is the sun and clear the air,
When banded Europe meets him there,
Brave Marshal Soult his vet’rans takes,
And through their serried centre breaks.
As murky vapors melt away,
Before the rising King of Day,
Lo, Austria—Russia, break and fly,
While fifty thousand Frenchmen cry,
“The day is ours, the field is won;
Long live the great Napoleon!”
Behold he stands on Danube’s banks,
And views his thinned and staggering ranks,
On either side a granite wall
Which might the stoutest hearts appall,
His brows are knit, his cheeks are pale;
An empire trembles in the scale.
Up, ’tween two sheets of with’ring flame,
Macdonald springs and wins a name,
Which will be syllabled at night,
‘Round happy hearths, when fires burn bright.
No sooner is that gauntlet run,
Than Wagram’s gory field is won.
Now Jena’s fight bursts on his view,
When he proud Prussia's throne o'erthrew,
Beneath his storm of leaden hail,
He sees her stalwart legions quail,
Who ne'er had blenched in war till then
Before the might of mailed men;
Sees the Old Guard go sweeping past,
Like the wild rushing of the blast;
As th' avalanche, with hurtling sound,
And many a crash and many a bound,
Sweeps rocks and trees and towns away,
So rushed the sons of France that day.
And when, at length, the sulphur smoke,
Was lifted, and the day awoke,
He gazes on a scene of woe,
Which only fields of carnage know.
Then, when the work of death is done,
Lie broken wheel, and sword and gun;
There is the war-horse, stiff and cold;
There mangled men in war grown old;
There moans the fair-haired drummer boy;
No more to feel a soldier's joy,
No mother near, his wounds to dress
Or soothe him in his sore distress,
No sister stands beside him now,
To kiss his cheeks and bathe his brow.
The ground is slippery with gore,
With brains and entrails spattered o'er,
Curses and groans, shrieks of despair
From dying soldiers, fill the air.
Napoleon sickens at the sight,
And tears well up, as just they might;
His jailors heard him then exclaim:
"Can this be what the world calls fame?"
Ambition thou hast urged me far,
Yoked war's red dragons to my car,
Caused me to drench the world in blood.
Europe with countless ills to flood;
The imperial crown I longed to wear,
I clutched the bubble—'twas but air,
I pressed it to my dizzy head,
The bubble burst, the phantom fled!
Had I but toiled for crown divine,
I should not now be doomed to pine
A prisoner on this barren rock,
A thing for scornful foes to mock,
But thanks to God, whose chastening hand
Has written with a singeing brand,
That earthly pomp and power are vain,
A pleasure dearly bought with pain.
He turned away: the storm had past,
Wisdom and peace were his at last.

EXPULSION OF THE SPANISH MOORS.

In the breast of every man there is a certain principle, an essential element of his nature, that teaches him to abhor and detest oppression. It teaches him likewise that there are certain privileges given him by his Creator, which he is bound to guard and preserve from the polluted hand of tyranny. One of these rights or privileges, is his liberty; not licentiousness, not what is often miscalled liberty, by which is meant the unrestrained gratification of passion. No, not that. This right, this freedom of which I speak, exalts the mind of man. It imprints in his soul the consciousness that he is not bound to bend the knee before a usurping monarch, or honor in his halls the sworn foe of his nation. Nay, true liberty teaches man that he is not only not bound thus to do homage to the would-be destroyer of his nation's happiness, but that it is his duty toward his God, his country, and all who are dear to him, to strive to overthrow the usurper, drive the proud invader from the land, and restore the rightful government. This principle is as ancient and widely spread as it is true. It was that spirit—the spirit of liberty, which animated the heart of the Gaulish hero when he faced the cohorts of invincible Rome, and which told him that to conquer or to die was his only alternative. It was that spirit, likewise, which nerved the arm of the Grecian warrior when struggling for his country's rights. And, finally, that spirit of liberty has ever opposed a mighty barrier to the progress of despotism and ignorance. A barrier that the proudest despots of ancient and modern time have never been able to surmount. Therefore, this intuitive principle, written by the natural reason of man on his soul, and stamped with the universal testimony of ages, can hardly be denied by any reasonable being. Viewing then from this stand-point, the facts relative to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain; and judging the Spaniards and Moors by these established principles, it will be apparent that
the former were not only right in expelling the latter from Spain, but that they were bound in duty to do it.

Here it may be well to relate in a few words some of the historical facts bearing on this question, and then it will be less difficult to judge of the merits of the case. About the year 711, Spain was governed by a weak and licentious prince, whose name was Roderic. This monarch dishonored, by his immorality, the family of Count Julian, one of the principal noblemen of the nation. In order to avenge the insult, the exasperated noble called the Saracens of Africa to Spain, and offered to assist them in working the ruin of his country's government, and consequently of his nation. The Saracens, ever ready to trample on Christianity and its sacred institutions, readily accepted the invitation. They invaded Spain, defeated the armies of King Roderic, overthrew the entire government, and with their swords yet stained by Christian gore, entered the territory of France, and were threatening all of Europe, until Charles Martel and his band of heroes, totally routed them, and drove their armies, victorious until then, beyond the Pyrenees. Although, at this period of their history, the Moors were possessed of nearly all Spain, yet a few undaunted sons of the Visigoth race, held possession of the province of Asturias. Gradually, partly through the weakness of the Moorish sovereigns, and partly by means of their own bravery, they gained back a large portion of the lost territory, so that in the year 1492, on the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella to the throne of Christian Spain, the power of the Moors was principally confined to the fertile province of Andalusia.

During the reign of these sovereigns, the Moors imprudently broke the truce then existing, and the Spaniards, after a desperate and bloody struggle, succeeded in driving them from the peninsula, and thus winning back the soil bequeathed them by their ancestors.

Such is a brief statement of the career of the Saracens in Spain, from their invasion to their expulsion. It now remains for us to ascertain, whether or not, there was good and sufficient cause for the invasion. The only reason ever given in justification of the course pursued by the Moors, is the importuning of Count Julian, the noble who had been so outrageously treated by Roderic. Now, in the first place, had Count Julian any right to request the Saracens to invade Spain, or had he any right to work the ruin of millions of men, merely to punish the crimes of one of those men, even though that man were ruler of the nation? We can easily understand how a man, exasperated by the atrocious actions of one beyond the reach of his power, can be driven, by a spirit of revenge, to punish the aggressor in whatever way he may be able. But when that punishment involves, not alone the downfall of the aggressor, but likewise the ruin of an innocent people, we must at once acknowledge that the end, the punishment of the individual offending, does not justify the means; the introduction of an invader who will destroy the liberties of the masses of the people; and
farther, that the man who uses such means to obtain such an end, far from being a true lover of his country, proves himself the worst of traitors. But had the Moors any right to listen to the importuning of the discontented noble, even though he had cause for his discontentment? It may be said, yes, if they wished to reinstate him in his rights, and chastise the wicked Rodric. Is there any one so foolish, so dead to the undeniable testimony of history, as to assert or think, even for a moment, that the Moors invaded Spain for a philanthropic purpose? If there be such a person, let him read the history of the followers of Mahomet; let him trace their bloody career in the east, from the time that Mahomet proclaimed his fiend-originating doctrines, to the time when their power began to decline before the arms of the heroes of Christian Europe. Let him pause and reflect upon the acknowledged end, that every man who believed in the Koran fought for, which was the overthrow of Christianity and the substitution of Mahometanism. If he think the Saracens of Africa less cruel than their Asiatic brethren, let him show a single instance of their magnanimity, a single deed of theirs tending to advance enlightenment. The Mahometans sought not to aid true progress; they endeavored rather to plunge man into the darkest depths of ignorance and oppression, and level him as far as possible with the brute creation.

Knowing these doctrines to be the avowed teachings of the Saracens, knowing that they had sworn to make the Crescent triumph over the Cross, we can easily perceive that Spain was invaded merely for the sake of conquest, and to prepare the way for the overthrow of other European governments. The very course pursued in Spain by the Saracen armies, proves these facts. They spread devastation and ruin over the most beautiful, fertile and prosperous portions of the peninsula, placed the people under the galling yoke of servitude, and not content with having subjugated the country and enslaved her people, the invaders thinking it a favorable opportunity for the accomplishment of their long-cherished design, attacked the French nation, who had given them no cause for complaint.

From what has been said, it must be evident that the Moors held Spain by right of conquest, or by no rights at all; and that being invaders, it was but just that they should have been treated as such. And here what has been said relative to the right every man has of defending his liberty, may well be applied. The Spaniards felt within their breasts an instinctive hatred of the oppressor. They felt, that although the chains of bondage were about them, it was possible by a giant effort to burst those shackles, and fling them in the face of the tyrant. They felt likewise that the privilege given man by the Creator, of battling for his rights, belonged as much, and more, to them than it did to the Spartan or Athenian hero. They therefore waged incessant warfare against the Mussulman. Not that warfare which lasts for ten, twenty, or one hundred years, not that which is carried on by the father and forgotten by the son; no, it was
a war of life or death, it was a mighty combat of liberty against oppression, of virtue against vice, of truth against error. It was necessary for one to conquer, that the other should be uprooted and totally destroyed. Such was the spirit that animated the Spanish people from 711, the time of the invasion, to 1492, the time of the expulsion. War was incessantly carried on, a truce was now and then agreed upon, merely to prepare for more bloody deeds. And the Moors, as if to give fresh proof of their perfidy, violated a truce existing in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and thus brought down their impending doom.

Before concluding, I will mention another reason in justification of the expulsion of the Moors. No one will deny that it is the duty of man to aid in advancing truth, and consequently to battle against error. But the Spaniards, in fighting against the Moors, fought against error in its worst and most hideous form. They kept back the mighty torrent of infidelity, and its attendant horrors, that was threatening all Europe, and endangering the welfare of Christianity, and therefore it is just and right that the Moors have been expelled.

It may be well enough for pretended lovers of right to raise their voices in behalf of the infidel invader, and denounce Spain for expelling him. But when we, as lovers of true liberty, consider that the Spaniards were battling, not alone for their homes, for their freedom, for all that was dear to them in this world, but that they were fighting likewise to protect the interests of civilization, and, above all, to defend the sacred institutions of Christianity, we cannot, unless we utterly discard every principle of human right, do otherwise than praise their self-sacrificing heroism, in driving the Mussulman from their shores. And, finally, when the standard of Castille and Arragon waved above the domes of the Alhambra, it proclaimed to the world that the redemption of Spain had been accomplished, and announced to mankind another victory of liberty over oppression, and another glorious triumph of the sacred doctrines and teachings of Christianity over the unhallowed precepts of the Mahometan invader.

A DREAM WHICH WAS NOT ALL A DREAM.

SLOWLY the soft delicious feeling of rest stole over me, and my tired mind, and still more tired body were fast sinking into a deep sleep, which would strengthen and invigorate both for the expedition of the following morning, because my time was mainly taken up with sports, games and doing nothing, "for that certainly requires time." Soon the last thing in my chamber fades away; my shooting costume on the wall travels off further and further into dim distance; and the heavy eyelids close upon a slumbering, dreaming piece of mortality. By degrees, I pass into an-
other existence, where everything is new; where everything is strange. A vast garden surrounds me; its blooming flowers of every tint and perfume delight and enchant me. Gorgeous pyramids of blossoming shrubs stand far above, with fire-tipped points climbing toward the sky. Mounds of opening buds and creeping flower-bells lie at my feet, with their delicate cups turned toward the heavens, diffusing a delicious fragrance around. Glistening columns of water shoot up from a thousand different marble fountains, sparkling brightly in the golden sunshine, and with many-colored rainbows flashing around, descend again into the cool clear lakes below. Among the flowering plants, and among the boughs of the tall green trees, flutter innumerable bright songsters, with brilliant plumage and caroling voices, adding a new and pleasing feature to the lovely scene. Oh! I exclaim, how beautiful! Who may be so happy as to possess this Paradise? Turning I am surprised to behold a tall, majestic figure standing beside me, clad in a flowing white robe, pure as the snow. The unknown bending downward, displays a heavenly countenance, as of an angel. The broad white forehead and deep luminous eyes, together with the conscious, though simple majesty of look, impress me with grave respect; and, kneeling, I would kiss the white robe. A hand, however, raises me commandingly to my former attitude, and the angel, "for it could be naught else," leads the way deeper amidst the flowers, beckoning me to follow. After a space we stop, and I behold a new sight. Beneath a vine-clad bower sits a being, similar to my guide, in all except a golden wand, flashing with costly gems, which he holds with unassuming grace. Soon there come forth from the thick shrubbery which before concealed them, a band of youths, like myself. A closer glance reveals the faces of a number of my friends, whom I did not associate with frequently, on account of their studious habits, and also because they would not enter into my sports and games at all times.

The angel 'neath the arbor motioned them to approach, and then rising placed upon the head of each a most beautiful crown, or wreath of flowers, such as I never had before seen, with these words: "Take this, my child, as a reward of your industry, and faithful performance of your duty. Your studies now are o'er; from henceforth you will dwell in this charming garden, which is yours, given as a due reward for your industry and merit." The young band bowed low to the glorious one, and were preparing to withdraw, amid the strains of enchanting music, when I eagerly turned and begged my guide to lead me forward also to be crowned. A sorrowful look was my answer, as he took my hand and led me away across the garden, far from the fair scene. We passed the garden wall, and after a long walk entered a deep forest, with gloomy trees towering above, in stately dignity, the monarchs of the wood. My guide stopped not here, but, emerging upon the other side of the great darksome forest,
came to a sterile and rocky place, where grew naught but the thistle and the brier.

A few young children were lying on the bare ground, busy weaving wreaths of these weeds, and, when finished, placing them aside in a great heap beside them. When the children had finished their ugly work, a stern sad-eyed being stepped forth, and in severe tones bade the guide bring me to the heap. At the same moment, from different directions, there came others of my kind, led by similar beings. They were the companions of my idle hours. With them I had often passed many a day in pursuit of pleasure, and I had always regarded them as first-rate fellows, and as my best friends. Turning to me, then, the stern angel placed upon my head a loathsome crown of the brier and the thistle, with these comforting words: "Child, you have been endowed with great intellect and powers, to be used, not wasted. You know full well how you have repaid the kindness of God in this; and how you have spent the best part of life. Now receive your punishment." I turned, with the disgraceful crown galling my temples, and beheld the gentle guide, with a flaming sword, motioning toward a dark and dreadful pit, and with a great shudder—I awoke.

A VOYAGE ON A FISH-BOWL.

THE thought of travelling has been to me a source of great pleasure. Many a time have I longed to visit foreign countries, and see the great wonders of the world; and many a time have I been tempted to travel, but, owing to my very timid disposition, I was always fearful of incurring too great a risk to my precious life; and, consequently, had never the courage to start. Notwithstanding my fear of travelling, my desire for it could never be satiated, and finally, after many toilsome days and restless nights, I contrived a way by which I could satisfy my desire, without putting myself in any danger whatever. According to my new invention, I could visit the different foreign countries without the necessity of moving a muscle. The reader may be surprised at this, and doubt whether I could do as I say; but he shall soon find out that my mode of travelling is quite easy, and probably practised by many.

The lands and oceans on which I travelled were nothing else but my room; and my railways, seamers and stage-coaches were nothing else but my rocking-chair. I therefore travelled around my room, sitting in my rocking-chair; and any one can see that my mode of journeying had many advantages over the general methods used by the people. When
they wish to travel, they get into steamers, cars and stage-coaches, and thereby incur a great risk of losing their lives. Any moment when thus travelling they may be killed by a collision, an explosion, or an upsetting. Besides the danger of travelling, it is also very expensive; and I am sure that a person of my disposition does not care about endangering his life, and at the same time going to any great expense.

I will now endeavor to explain the route by which I journeyed. I sent for a dealer in paintings, and had him furnish me with a number of those artistic beauties. I had them hung up in my room, and the next day I was ready to travel to almost any part of the world. These paintings were beautiful in the extreme, and represented scenes in almost every part of the world. Now, whenever I wished to make a tour, I would sit in my rocking-chair and gaze on the pictures. For instance, if I wished to visit France, I would turn to a picture representing a scene in France, and so on. The reader can easily see that this mode of travelling suits my timid disposition admirably, as also my slim store of cash-in-hand. Thus, from time to time, I made tours to England, France, and in fact all the principal countries in Europe. I also visited places of my own country by these means.

Perchance the reader would like to accompany me on one of my trips; if he will give me his kind attention, I shall endeavor to do the agreeable. First, allow me to finish my breakfast, and to enjoy a comfortable smoke. After this, I shall sit in my rocking-chair, close by a cheerful fire, and then commence my journey.

Having concluded these preliminaries, I commence by turning to a beautiful picture on my right side. This picture represents "country life" in France. The powerful king of day is already rejoicing in the east, and the peasants, obedient to his call, are to be seen hastening to their scenes of labor—the harvest-fields; some with cheerful, and others with sad and gloomy countenances. Some bent by many years of incessant toil; others in the spring of life, straight and comely. Little children are to be seen toddling by the sides of their parents, bearing a tremendous load for them—the lunch-baskets. All of the peasants are carrying the various implements of agriculture—as scythes, hoes and rakes. At a distance may be seen a small village, where most of the peasants dwell; and on the right hand of the village is another harvest-field, where many peasants may be seen already engaged in cutting grain, in digging up vegetables, and collecting them for the market. I will now turn to the next picture. I see that the peasants have just finished the labor of the day. The fields are again abandoned, and no one can be seen in them, save a few stragglers. Near us now, almost completely surrounded by a high range of mountains, is the little village. The peasants who had returned earlier than the rest have concluded their evening meal, and are sitting beneath the porches of their little cottages, enjoying the cool evening air, and conversing with their neighbors, whilst their children are gamboling about, and playing sundry
games for their amusement. Such gatherings as these must be really delightful; in fact, in the country more true happiness can be found than in a large city.

Thinking that the reader would like to have a change of scenery, I will convey him to a place of fashionable resort. It is a noted watering-place in England. The favorite season has just begun. This can be seen by the gaudy dresses of the ladies, and the flashy vehicles in which their fashionable escorts drive them about. It is a beautiful scene. The sun has been up but a short time, and reflected from the glittering sands of the sea-shore, casts upon the eye sparkling hues of various colors. At a distance may be seen the magnificent mansions of the rich and fashionable gentlemen, who have come to spend the summer in pleasure-seeking. The angry waves roar and lash the shore, bidding defiance to all. Yet all seems as “merry as a marriage bell.”

My next picture represents a stately ship crossing the great Atlantic Ocean.

“She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strive.”

She is overtaken by a terrific storm, yet bows herself only before the overwhelming strength of the terrible tempest. She has already lost a mast, and tremendous waves are madly rushing o’er her deck; mariners, officers, passengers, all are holding to the ship by means of ropes in the rigging.

Now a poor sailor has been rudely flung into the sea, and

“He sinks into the waters with a bubbling groan,
Without a grave, uncoffin’d and unknown.”

and I can almost hear

“A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of the strong swimmer in his agony.”

The eyes of all on board are raised to heaven, as if beseeching God to help them. I turn to the next picture, and see by it that the storm has abated. The seamen are setting everything to its proper position; many of the passengers are on their knees thanking God for having protected them from the storm. Everything again assumes the cheerful aspect of happiness.

Having seen enough of foreign countries, I will turn to a picture which represents a scene in my own country. It is the first battle of the revolutionary war—the battle of Lexington. The American troops, although a mere handful, compared to the numbers of the enemy, are fighting with undaunted courage for their liberty. On! on! come the Britishers, their ensigns floating in the gentle breeze, while their officers, with their swords high waving in the air, are cheering them on. But where are our countrymen? They, not possessing numbers enough to go in companies, are to be seen, here and there, in small squads, dealing death-blowes to their enemies. The women, also, are playing a heroic part, for in the back ground they can be seen performing acts of mercy to the wounded and dying.

“O bloodiest picture in the book of time,”
When heroes fought and drove th’ tyrant from our shore.

I turn to the next picture, and I see that it represents the Capitol at Washington. It is a noble structure, and demands the admiration of all who see it. Toward the right of the pic-
ture is a scene in the Senate Chamber. There are the United States' Senators in council. They are all seated, with the exception of one, who is speaking and offering his opinion on an important subject before the house. The reporters are busily engaged in noting the strong arguments of the speaker.

My next picture represents a street scene in the city of San Francisco. It is Montgomery. Fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen are to be seen promenading the sidewalks. Large and magnificent buildings stand on every side, decorated with flags and streamers, for it is the anniversary of our national Independence. Nothing can damp the enthusiastic patriotism of people who crowd the streets, and who have come to witness the procession, which is just passing by. Besides the many military companies which are accompanied by brass-bands, and "march to the music of the martial air," there are other kinds of societies in the procession, which give to it a more prepossessing appearance. Boys with pistols, fire-crackers, bombs, and other Fourth of July noise-making articles, are everywhere enjoying the day; in fact all are in for a good time, which they certainly have, for the 4th of July processions in San Francisco are always successful.

But I fear that I am encroaching too much on the valuable time of the reader, and I must, therefore, conclude my voyage. Not having quite exhausted my stock of pictures, I would be most willing to take the kind reader on another trip around my room, should he again favor me with a visit.

**CONSCIENCE.**

Oh! coward conscience; how thou doth afflict me!—Shakspeare.

**WHAT** would be the value of our earthly laws, what fear of earthly punishment would help men from their transgressions, were it not that each man has, in the inmost recesses of his heart, a spirit that points out to him the right path, and that lashes him with a thousand fiery scourges whenever he disobeys its dictates? Oh! what are the pangs of a man whose conscience smites him for some great crime? Surely, even if men's good deeds are not rewarded on earth, their evil actions never go unpunished, although the laws of man may not overtake them.

Look, for instance, at the murderer. In some secluded spot he awaits his intended victim. Even before the deed, his frame trembles with fear, and his soul warns him not to perform this awful action. But, spurred on by jealousy, hatred, or deep-rooted revenge, he rushes upon his enemy, strikes the fatal blow, and the deed is done. No eye has watched him,
no ear has caught the death-shriek of the murdered man—none has heard his dying groans. Every clue is hidden: it cannot be discovered who committed the murder, and it never will be discovered. But think not that he goes unpunished—that very moment his punishment begins. The dying eyes of his victim, turned upon him with a last petition for mercy, plead forever to his conscience, though the mangled body lies buried deep in the ground. He flies from the spot as though a demon chased him; but, when he is far away, the dying eyes still plead for mercy. He feels that some dread spirit follows him. At first he tries to escape it; but, failing in this, he seeks to face his imaginary pursuer, yet still it is at his back. He cannot see it, but he feels that it is there. He resolves to look boldly forward—but, see! there is a frightful phantom of the mangled head of his victim.

It is night. The bright stars twinkle in the heavens; and the moon, emblem of purity, sheds her soft rays upon the earth. The murderer tries to distract his thoughts—he cannot. When he looks up and beholds the moon and the stars, he remembers that they shine also on his victim, and they mock his misery. Do not tell him there are no ghosts. Whichever way he turns, a horrid phantom looms up before him, and that long death-shriek ever haunts his ears. Oh! how he longs for the day. And when at last the sun whirls up in its brilliant course, he tries to enjoy its light. But it, too, saw his crime. He cannot look upon God’s dazzling light. He tries to listen to the joyous birds as they pour forth their melodies; but the voice of each bird cries out to him—“murderer! murderer! murderer!” Those eyes set in the ghastly head, gaze on him from the midst of every green bush—and still they ask for mercy. Oh! what a mockery! it is not the dead but the living that needs mercy now.

At last, the body is found. The community is in mourning. The great bells in the churches are ringing; and, to him, every knell is a loud accusation. Their brazen voices cry—“dead! dead! dead!” and the long echoes dying away, say in his ear—“You murderer! you murderer!” He is near the church-door; and in a short conversation with some one who has just remarked the loud ringing of the bells, he ventures to ask him if he understands what the bells are saying. “No, but perhaps you may understand their language.” “Oh! God, yes!” are the words that come to his lips, but he chokes them back.

His whole life is one continued flight from the bleeding phantom of his victim; and, when at last wearied of existence, hoping for relief in death, he sinks into his miserable grave, alas! there too lies his mangled victim, the blood rushing from his horrid wounds; his eyes starting from his torn head—no longer begging mercy, but demanding revenge, with arms outstretched, waiting to grasp him in the embrace of hate and retribution.

Who shall say that this man was happy in escaping the gallows. Alas! his trespasses were forgiven as he forgave.
"THE TALISMAN."

AN ADAPTATION FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Oasis in the Great Desert—A spring in the centre.

KENNETH of the Leopard, and SHEERKOHF, the Saracen, discovered with lowered swords.

SHEERKOHF. There is truce between the hosts; why should we
So disregard it, as to war upon each other?

KENNETH. I am content that we should cease this broil,
But what security dost offer that thy tongue
Lie not unto thy heart?

SHEER. A Moslem’s word
Was never broken—Nay, ’tis thou, brave Christian,
From whom I should demand security.

KEN. Now tongue may never say a Moslem’s honor
Outweighed a Christian’s. By this trusty sword,
And by our late encounter, do I swear
Thy true friend will I be while Fortune list
We should remain together.

SHEER. Thy intent
Comes to my wish, as water does to thirst—
But, brave Nazarene, inform me, prithee,
Why thou wanderest, clad in heavy mail,
Upon this scorched desert? Knowest thou not
’Tis dangerous thus to tempt an enemy
Within his own confines?

KEN. I have a pass—
The hand and signet of the Soldan’s self.

SHEER. Rash Christian, thou hast sinned against thyself,
Who didst not show this when we met in strife.
Ken. You offered first the quarrel; if a troop
Of Saracens had thus opposed me, then
My honor would have let me show the pass;
To one man, never!

Sheer. (proudly). Yet one man availed
To stop thy course!

Ken. 'Tis true, brave Saracen,
But few can wield so dexterous a sword
As thou—

Sheer. (gratified). Thy speech is fair! And yet it is well
I failed to slay with the sign upon thee—
I'll soon would cord or sabre venge my guilt;
But tell me, if thou list, thy destiny.

Ken. I must pass this night in penitence
And prayer with the hermit of Engaddi,
Whose fame is wider than thy desert home.

Sheer. 'Twere better I should guide thee thither.

Ken. Nay—
Though 'twere a pleasant convoy, yet I fear
It would endanger the good Saint—
The hand of Heathenesse is red with blood
Of those who serve the Lord in solitude;
Hence come we hither to lease the tomb of Christ,
And to protect his chosen ministers.

Sheer. Nazarene, in this the wily Greeks
Have much belied us, seeing we but war
Upon the priests of Satan, who compound
With shaven heads, decoctions hot from hell.
Those who sincerely worship in the faith
Of Issa Ben Mariam we shield and love.

Ken. He whom I now would visit is no priest,
But he of that sacred order,
My good sword would prove 'gainst Infidel and—

Sheer. Let us not defy each other, friend,
Enough of ready Franks there are,
Or Moslemah, on whom to use our swords.
Theodoric is friend to Turk and Arab,
And though at times of strange condition—yet
He bears himself so well, as though a Christian,
To merit the protection of our—

Ken. What!
By my country, if thou darest but name
The man of Mecca in a breath with—

Sheer. (guivering with rage, but replying coolly). Stop!
Ne'er slander him thou knowest not. Myself
Will see the cavern which thou sekest.
'Twere difficult to find it without guide,
And on the way let's leave to peaceful monks,
The bickerings of Faith. Let fearless wars,
And love and honor be our pleasant themes.
Our faithful steeds await us.

Ken. So, lead on.

Scene II.

Theodorick (solus). How clear my sin looms up against my soul,
And mocks and laughs at my repentance!
O God! what discipline may I invent
To ease me of that direst load of guilt—
Long years of penitence within this cave,
Continued self-inflicted punishments,
Repeated prayers, have failed to lift the pall
That fell upon my soul that cruel day—
And yet my prayers here had some slight avail,
For, since the hour when bowed with deep remorse,
I first set foot within this lonely rock,
One stray reflection of God's brilliant light,
Must sure have shot into my sinful soul,
Since I, albeit unworthy, am allowed
To glance into the depths of dark futurity—
Foretell events unknown to mortal man,
And look on the designs of God himself.
Grant, then, O Thou, who reignest on high,
That in my wisdom I may never prove
Unworthy of the gift thou sheddest upon me.
But what is this? A new decree of Heaven?
It breaks upon me like a flood of light,
Illumining the labyrinth of Time,
And makes the Future present to my eyes!
O, Richard, steel thy heart—for that awaits thee,
That never crossed the dial of thy mind.
But hark, I hear the clank of spurs
Upon the cold, resounding stone, and now
An almost noiseless tread accompanies.
Attend ye Angels, that I utter naught
Unwilled by God.

(Enter Kenneth and Sheerkohf.)

Whoe'er ye be, ye are
Theodorick's friends—the grace of God come with ye.
What would ye? Speak—

Ken. First do I crave thy prayers for me, a Christian;
That I may never wander from my faith,
And for this Nazarene, who only now
Offered to guide me safely to thy cave,
That he, although possessing Christian honor,
May yet enjoy our Christian faith.

Sheer. What? Never!

Ken. Now to the purpose of my visit here—
Which I must tell to thee alone. (glancing at Sheer.)

Sheer. Think not, suspicious Christian, that I wish
To pry into thy plans. We've measured swords,
And were companions in the desert; now,
Lest suspicion poison our late friendship,
I leave thee to thy mission. (Exit.)

Ken. Pardon zeal;
Accept my gratitude and my respect. (to Sheerkohf.)
(To Theod.) I bear the written orders of the conclave,
Which they have bade me tender thee in person.
I know not what the contents are in sense,
But feel they do portend important changes.

Theod. (taking papers.) I leave the reading to the contemplative night
Till then, let us retire—thou need'st repose, my friend,
And what repast my humble cupboard offers. (Exeunt.)

Scene III.

Tent of Richard Coeur de Lion; Richard lying on a couch, sick and restless. Thomas de Vaux, Richard's adviser, standing near.

Richard. And so thou hast no better news, Sir Thomas,
To cure my fever with, than this thou bringest;
Our valiant knights turned women, sayest thou?
And all our ladies trembling devotees?
Ha!

Thom. The truce, my Lord, has quieted their souls,
Preventing them to bear themselves as men.
As for the ladies—please your majesty,
I'm no great reveller, and seldom doff
The steel and buff to strut in gold and velvet—
But this I know, her majesty, the Queen,
In company with ladies of the court,
Has gone upon a holy pilgrimage
To the convent of Engaddi, there to pray
That you, my Lord, may rise to strength again.

Rich. And is it thus that royal maids and matrons,
Go risk their lives where heathen dogs may slay them?

Thom. Nay, nay, my Lord; they have the Soldan's word,
That harm will not betide them.

Rich. True, most true!
I did the heathen brave injustice rare—
I owe him reparation. Would to God
I were but fit to offer it in body,
Beneath the gaze of both contending hosts! (starting up.)

Thom. (restraining him) My Lord, bethink thee of the fever!

Rich. A rough, though willing, nurse thou art, de Vaux,
Methinks a coif would well become thy visage,
As a nurseling's biggin would beseem my own.
Thomas, we should be a babe and nurse,
To frighten girls with—

Thom. We have frightened men
My liege, in our own time, and I do trust
We may have chance to frighten them again—
What is a fever that we should not bear it, Sire,
To rid us of it sooner?

Rich. Fever! Fever!
Aye, brave de Vaux, a fever-fit with me—
But what is it with all the other Christian knights,
With Philip—him of France—with the dull Austrian—
With him of Montserrat—the Templars—all?
What is it with them all?—hold, I will tell:
'Tis a cold palsy—a dead lethargy—
A disease depriving them of speech and action—
A canker that has eaten through the heart
Of all that's noble, chivalrous and brave,
That makes them traitors to the noblest vow
Knight ever swore to; that has made them false
To fame, to country, and to God.

My Liege,
For love of Heaven, calm, subdue thyself;
The common soldiery will hear thy voice;
Believe me, Sire, such speeches are too current
Throughout the camp. Bethink you that your illness
Does mar the mainspring of the enterprise;
A mangonel will work without a lever,
Better than Christendom without King Richard.

Thou flatterest me, de Vaux. (pause.) Despardieux,
But this is smoothly said to soothe a sick man.
Does a league of European monarchs,
A convocation of bright chivalry,
Droop under one man's sickness, even tho'
He chance to be the King of merry England?
Why should Richard's illness, or his death
Check the march of thirty thousand men
As brave as he! Why—when the master stag
Is stricken down, the herd do not disperse;
And when the falcon strikes the leading crane,
Another guides the phalanx! Why do not
The powers convene, and choose another leader?

Forsooth, and if it please your majesty,
I hear consultings have been held among them,
For some such purpose—

Ha! and is it thus?
Do they hold me dead already?—Hold!
Yes, they are right—but whom did they select
As this new leader of the Christian host?

Dignity and rank do point, my Lord,
To him of France—

(O! ay! the noble Philip!
The valiant King of France, and of Navarre!
Dennis Montjoie; his Christian majesty!
Mouthing—filling words are these—one risk there is—
That he might 'haps mistake, "en arrière"
For "en avant," and lead us back to Paris,
Instead of marching on Jerusalem.

Thom. What if they choose the Duke of Austria?

Rich. What! because he's burly, like thyself?
And, Thomas, near as thick-headed? but lacking
Thy indifference to danger. No!
Out upon him! He a leader
Of chivalry to deeds of glory? No!
Give him a flask of Rhenish wine to drink
With his besmirched lance—knechts and baaren-hauters.

Thom. There is the Templar Knight—the good Grand Master,
Undaunted, skillful, brave and wise in council;
Having no separate kingdom of his own,
To turn aside his purpose from his vow—
What thinks your majesty of him as leader?

Rich. Ha, Beau Seant; our brother, Giles Amaury?
O! no exception to our brother Giles!
He understands the ordering of a battle,
And what is more, the bravely fighting in it.
But Sir Thomas, were it fair and just
To take the holy land from Saladin,
So full of virtues, tho' unchristened,
To give it to a pagan worse than he?

Thom. What say you of the Grand Master of St. John?

Rich. What! Is he not a sordid miser, Thomas?
Has he not been more than once suspected
Of selling to our foes advantages,
They would never have won by honest force?
Tush, man! 'Twere better to make us merchandise,
And barter us to shrewd Venetian skippers,
Than trust us to the Master of St. John.

Thom. Well, then, I venture but another guess;
What of the gallant Marquis of Montserrat?
So wise, so polished, so good a man-at-arms.

Rich. Wise? Cunning you would say, Sir Thomas,
And, if you will, right elegant—O, ay!
Who does not know the popinjay by sight?
Versable—his purposes he'll change you
As often as the trimmings of his doublet—
You'll never guess his vestment's inner hue
From contemplation of the outward colors—
A man-at-arms! A man-at-arms, de Vaux?
Ay! a faultless figure on his horse—
And can bear him passing well at jousts,
And at the barriers, where swords are blunted,
And spears are tipped with wood instead of steel.
Were thou not with us when I said to him—
"Here be we, three good knights: on yonder plain,
There pricks a band of three-score Saracens—
What say you to a charge? But twenty pagans
To each true knight"—

Thom. I recollect; he said
His limbs were made of flesh, and not of iron,
And that he'd rather bear the heart of man,
Than of a beast, though that beast were the lion—
But I see how it is—where we began
We'll end; and never see the sepulchre,
Till Heaven restore King Richard to his health.

Rich. (laughing heartily.) Why, what a thing is conscience! Thro'
E'en such a thick-head northern lord as thou,
Can't bring thy sovereign to confess his folly.
'Tis true that did they not propose themselves
As fit to hold the leading-staff of Richard,
I'd never move to pluck the silken trappings
From off the puppets thou hast shown me here.
What care I what tinsel robes they wear,
Unless they rival me in what I'm vowed to?
Yes, brave de Vaux, my weakness I confess,
And my ambition—Doubtless many a knight
The Christian camp contains better than Richard,
And it would be wise to assign the best
As leader of the host; but (excited) such a knight,
As soon as health allowed, would have to meet
In mortal combat, Richard Coeur de Lion.
But hark! what distant trumpets those?

Thom. Methinks
That of King Philip.
Rich. Thou art dull of ear; Hearest thou not that clash and clang? By Heavens, The Turks are in the camp; I hear their cries. (Endeavoring to rise, but restrained)

Thou art a traitor, Thomas; would I were
But strong enough to dash thy brains out!

Thom. Sire!

I would you had the strength, e'en with the risk,
It should be so employed. 'Twould be our fortune,
Were Thomas Moulton dead and Richard well.

Rich. My honest, faithful friend, forgive me, Thomas;
'Tis this hot fever chides thee, not thy master.
But go, I prithee, bring me word, good Thomas,
What noisy strangers those—those sounds are pagan.

(Exit De Vaux.)

Thou bluff, but open-hearted Northerner,
I love thee! Were Christendom made up
Of such as thou, our cause would soon be won.
But, oh, it pains my soul to see the faint
And craven-hearted fools delay our march
By long unmeaning counsels; words they'll give you
In abundance; but they halt, demur,
And hesitate, when action is proposed.

Scene IV.—The Christian Camp. A knot of Saracens making noisy music
with their kettle-drums and pipes; a crowd of idle soldiers assembled
round them. Enter Thomas De Vaux.

Thom. What means this noisy novelty in camp?
Has it come to this? Has the truce so weakened you?
Ye sometime braves, that not a hand is raised
To prevent the ingress of these yelling heathens?

Kenneth, (approaching) My Lord de Vaux of Gilsland, I have in charge
To speak with you.

Thom. What sayest thou? With me?
Then let your pleasure, Knight, be shortly spoken,
I'm on an errand for the King.

Ken. Mine touches,
King Richard yet more nearly. I bring him health.

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Thom. (sarcastically.) Thou art no leech, I think, Sir Scot, I had
As soon thought of your bringing Richard wealth.

Ken. Health to the King, is wealth to Christendom;
And thee. I pray you, may I see the King?

Thom. Surely not, fair sir, until your errand
Be more distinctly told. The couch of Kings
Is not a northern hostelry, that all
Should visit it.

Ken. My lord, the cross I wear,
Commands me bear thy insolence, which else
I were unapt t' endure. To speak plainly
I bring a Moorish leech, who promises
To work a cure upon King Richard.

Thom. So!
And who will warrant that he brings not poisons,
Instead of remedies?

Ken. His life, his head,
Which he forfeits, if he fail.

Thom. Sir Scot,
I've known ruffians do the same, ere now.

Ken. But thus it is, my lord; brave Saladin,
Whom all acknowledge generous and valiant,
Hath hither sent this leech, "el Hakim,"
With honorable retinue and guard,
And with refreshments for King Richard;
And praying him to be recovered soon,
The better to be fit to meet him, sword
In hand; and will it please you, Lord de Vaux,
Who art the counc'lor of the King, to cause
"El Hakim" to receive th' attention due him?

Thom. Wonderful! And, prithee, who will vouch
For Saladin's good faith?

Ken. Myself will be
His guarantee, with honor, life, and fortune.

Thom. Strange! And may I crave of you, Sir Knight,
How you became concerned in this affair?
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Ken. I have been absent on a pilgrimage,
In course of which, I had a message
To discharge to the hermit of Engaddi.

Thom. May I not know it, and the hermit's answer?

Ken. It may not be, my lord.

Thom. Sir Kenneth, I
Am of the secret council of England.

Ken. To which land I owe no allegiance;
Though I have followed in this war the guide
Of England's sovereign, I was dispatched
By the council of the Princes and the Kings,
And leaders of the army of the cross—
To them, and them alone I tell my errand.

Thom. Ha! Sayest thou? But know, thou messenger
Of the Kings and Princes, as thou mayest be,
No leech shall near the sick bed of the King,
Without consent of him of Gilsland, (turning away.)

Ken. Stop!
Dost thou esteem me as a faithful Knight?

Thom. It were a sin to doubt you for a brave
And valiant Knight.

Ken. 'Tis well: now let me swear
To you, Sir Thomas, that, as I am a Scot,
The which I hold a privilege indeed,
And as I am a belted Knight, come hither
T' acquire worldly fame, and peace hereafter,
And by the blessed cross I wear, to you
Do I protest, that I desire naught
But Richard's good, in recommending now
The ministry of this physician.
In proof of what I say; in yonder tent
Where yesterday there lay a dying squire,
There now reposes, free from feverish heat,
One who calls down, in gratitude from Heaven,
Its grace upon "el Hakim."

Thom. Noble Scot!
I hesitate no longer, for thy oath
Without the proof is guarantee enough. 
I'll to the King, and take his council on't.

Ken. Then offer him this letter from the Soldan,
Accrediting "el Hakim" as his leech. (Exeunt.)

SCENE V.—Richard's Tent.—Richard reclining on a couch.

Richard. A strange tale this, Sir Thomas; art thou sure
This Scottish man is to be trusted?

Thom. Your majesty should note men's bearings; sure
This Leopard Knight has borne himself right bravely.

Rich. Aye, that he has; my leading staff were worthless,
Had he escaped my notice—but continue.

Thom. Thus runs the tale: he lately was dispatched
To the hermit of Engaddi, whom—

Rich. (Starting up.) 'S death!
By whom dispatched, and for what! Who dared
Send any thither, when our queen was there
In pilgrimage for our recovery?

Thom. The Council of the Cross, my Lord; the purpose
He declined to give me.

Rich. So! Is't this?
Well, it shall be seen to—so this Scot,
This envoy, met a wandering physician
At the grotto of Engaddi? Is it thus?

Thom. Not so, my liege; but meeting in the desert
An arm'd Saracen, he did engage
With him in proof of valor, and in short,
Finding him worthy to bear company
With Knights, he traveled with him—the Saracen;
Learning your majesty's unlucky illness,
Undertook that Saladin should send
His own physician to you with assurance
Of his wondrous skill. The Scot remained
A day or more, until the leech arrived,
When they set out together. Here are letters,
Signed by the Soldan, and addressed to you,
Pertaining to this strange physician.

Rich. (Reading,) "Saladin, King of Kings, the light and refuge of the
earth, to the great Melich Ric, King of England, greeting: Whereas, we
"have been informed that the hand of sickness hath been heavy upon thee, "our royal brother, and that thou hast with thee, only such Nazarene and "Jewish mediciners as work without the blessings of Allah and our holy pro-"phet; we have therefore sent to tend thee, the physician to our own person, "Adonbec el Hakim, before whose face the Angel of Death spreads his "wings; who knows the virtues of herbs and stones, and can save man from "all that is not written on his forehead. And this we do, to the end, that thou "mayest rid thyself of the fever, so that we may bring this controversy to an "end, either by honorable agreement, or by open trial in a fair field."

Sir Thomas, I will see this leech forthwith,
I will repay brave Saladin his favor,
I will meet him in the field full soon,
And he will have no cause to brand me ingrate;
I will unhorse him with my battle axe,
I will convert him to the church with honest blows,
I will baptize him on the battle field,
Tho' the cleansing waters reddened with the blood
Of both of us. Haste, haste de Vaux, haste!
Why delay such happy ending? Fetch
The Hakim hither.

Thom. Nay, my Lord, bethink you
The Soldan is a pagan, you his foe.

Rich. And hence, Sir Thomas, much the more obliged
To do me service in this matter, lest
A paltry fever end the noble quarrel
'Twixt two such kings.

Thom. Howe'er, my Lord, 'twere well
To wait the issue of the medicines
Upon this Scottish squire.

Rich. Well, begone,
Thou suspicious mortal: go, and wait
The progress of the remedy; by Heavens,
I almost wish 'twould either kill or cure me,
For I am weary, Thomas, lying here
So like an ox that's dying from the murrian,
While tambours beat, and trumpets sound without.

(pause.) What, is Thomas gone? and am I left
Alone, to weary out the feverish hours?
What ho! Without there!

(Enter Attendant.)
Sire, what is your will?

Summon Sir Kenneth of the Leopard. Tell him
That Richard would forthwith hold converse with him.

I'll probe this envoy of the council. Yes,
Methinks he knows much more than what he told
To Thomas. Hal! what if the knave has nursed
A double purpose in this journey. Sure
He knew the Queen and ladies of the court
Were there on pilgrimage. I have been told
These Scots are soaring in their loves.
By my good sword, if he but dared to gaze
In admiration, on fair Edith's face,
I'll pluck his bold, ambitious eyes from out
Their amorous casings, and cast them out for dogs
To make a meal on.

Kenneth of the Leopard,
From whom hadst thou degree of knighthood?

I took it from the sword of William the Lion.

A weapon worthy to confer the honor,
Nor was it laid on undeserving shoulders.
But enough of this: I'd know, Sir Knight,
Wherefore you took this unexpected journey,
And by whose authority?

By order
Of the council of the Holy Cross.

And how dared any one give such an order,
When I, (not least most surely in the league)
Was unacquainted with it?

It was not
My part, an' it please your highness, to inquire
Into such particulars. I am a soldier of the Cross,
Serving for the present 'neath your banner, sire,
And proud to do so; still am bound to obey
The orders of the chiefs and princes who
Direct this enterprise.
Rich. Thou sayest well.
The blame rests not with thee, Sir Kenneth, but
With those whom, when it pleases Heaven to raise
Me from this cursed bed of pain, I hope
To reckon roundly. But, Sir Knight, I must
Know more from thee than this; inform me, Sir,
Saw you my royal consort at the cave?

Ken. To my knowledge, no, my Lord.

Rich. I ask you,
Saw you not the ladies of the court,
In company with Berengaria,
Queen of England, on their pilgrimage?

Ken. My Lord, I speak the truth as if confessing.
In a subterranean chapel, whither
Theodorick conducted me, I saw
A choir of ladies doing prayerful homage
To a relic of great sanctity;
But as I did not see their faces; as
I did not hear their voices, save indeed,
When chanting hymns, I cannot surely tell
If Berengaria was of the bevy.

Rich. And was there no one of the ladies known
To you?

(Kenneth silent.)

Rich. I ask you as a knight and gentleman,
Did you, or did you not know any lady
Amongst that band of worshippers!

Ken. My Lord,
I might guess.

Rich. And I also might guess.
But 'tis enough; brave leopard as you are,
Beware the lion's paw—now hark ye, Knight.
To become enamored of the moon
Would be an act of folly—but to leap
From some high battlement in wildest hope
To come within her sphere, were self-destructive
Madness. (a sound without) Enough! enough!
Speed thee to de Vaux, and send him hither,
With Moorish leech el Hakim—quick, begone.

(Ext Kenneth.)

My life for the faith of Saladin. Saint George!
Would he but abjure his pagan law,
I'd aid him with my sword, to drive this scum
Of French and Austrians from his proud dominions,
And think them ruled as well by him as when,
In ancient times, the Lord did send them kings,
IDLE NOTES.

If the readers of the Owl do not perceive the name of Mr. James H. Campbell in this number, as author of the "Idle Notes," they must not imagine that he has ceased his editorial labors. The fact that he has been quite ill sufficiently explains why the "Idle Notes," for the month of December do not emanate from his pen; and it also accounts for the non-appearance of the "Editor's Table," which was to have occupied a place in this Owl, as it will in future numbers. Next month, however, these deficiencies will be supplied, since by that time the above named gentleman will be able to resume his duties.

The students of Santa Clara College are now unusually busy preparing for and passing their examinations. This being the semi-annual examination is, of course, a very rigid one; and even those who have been diligent during the past half session find it necessary to review. Some of those who have not applied themselves to any remarkable extent are now endeavoring to make up for lost time. Others enjoy a good novel as much now as they did when they first entered the College. I heard one gentleman remark, in rather desponding tones, that he wished they would examine him in "Pickwick" instead of ancient history. Taken in general, however, the students do not find much time for anything but their studies. The principal theme for conversation in recreation hours is the coming Christmas holidays.

The rules of the College prescribe that the vacation shall commence on the 23d of December; but, this year, through the kindness of the President, we will be allowed to go home on the 22d. This being the case, it is but natural that all should feel inclined to be jubilant. As Christmas approaches, the Owl also feels better than usual, and delights in the expectation of the numberless subscriptions that will be received at the opening of the new year.

Different boys make different plans for vacation. Some expect to spend the larger portion of it in hunting, fishing, and other like amusements. Others throw out certain hints relative to the mysterious disappearance of turkeys and mince pies. Others, let us hope, intend to say a good word for the Owl; and all long for the pleasure of meeting their friends, and recounting to them their many adventures at school; taking care always to tell where they have got the best of others, but often forgetting to tell where others have got the best of them.

On the twenty-fourth of November, the Dramatic Society gave an entertainment to the Faculty and students of the College. The representations
were the farces of "Box and Cox," and "The Limerick Boy." In the former, Mr. J. S. Murphy as "Box," and Mr. Jas. Byrne as "Cox," are worthy of special mention. In "The Limerick Boy," Mr. Jas. H. Campbell as "Paddy Miles," elicited roars of laughter from the audience at his every appearance. During the interim between the plays, Mr. Martin J. C. Murphy read, in a very able manner, George H. Miles' poem of "Inkerman." The College band, as usual, did its duty well, and added not a little to the pleasure of the evening's entertainment.

The annual supper of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was given on the 15th of this month, and was most satisfactory, even to those who are admittedly judges of good things. Everything was of the best, and plenty of it. During the course of the evening several toasts were proposed and responded to. For want of space we are unable to give the responses in full, but will merely allude to some of the principal points touched upon by each speaker.

The first toast of the evening, "His Holiness, Pope Pius IX," was proposed by Mr. Jas. M. Byrne, who called on Mr. M. J. C. Murphy to respond. The latter gentleman, in replying, touched upon the many wrongs that had been inflicted on the Pope—how his dominions, to which he had an indisputable right, had been wrested from him by a hired band of miscreants, without even the formality of a declaration of war. The speaker also said that the de-thronement of the Pope was an insult to the civilization of the nineteenth century.

On the conclusion of Mr. Murphy's remarks Mr. Henry J. J. Harrison arose, and proposed the toast, "Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany, Archbishop of San Francisco," and called on Mr. Stephen M. White to reply. The latter gentleman arose, and briefly responded to the toast. He called the attention of those present to the many noble traits of character which were peculiar to the Rev. Archbishop, and mentioned the fact that whenever a question demanded his decision he always decided as he knew was right, regardless of the disadvantages that might in consequence follow.

The third toast of the evening, proposed by Mr. Alfred I. J. W. Kelly, was, "Rev. Fr. Varsi." Mr. J. F. McQuade, being called upon, responded. He spoke of all that our Rev. President has done for us—how he has always striven to make the College seem like home; and remarked that, although sometimes we imagine that certain restrictions should not be placed upon us, yet, whenever we impartially look into the matter, we always find that Father Varsi is right.

The fourth toast, "The Director of the Sodality, Rev. E. Young," was proposed by Mr. Richard L. Cochran, who requested Mr. J. V. Coleman to reply. Mr. Coleman, in responding to the toast, stated that it was no easy matter to do justice to Ft. Young's character. He showed that in him were all the qualities necessary for a true man, and mentioned some of the reasons why Ft. Young was so universally loved and respected by the students.
The fifth toast, "Santa Clara College and its Faculty," was proposed by Mr. D. G. Sullivan—and Mr. Charles F. Wilcox, being called upon to reply, arose and made many good remarks, interspersed with some of the gentleman's peculiar wit.

On the conclusion of Mr. Wilcox's remarks Mr. Edward White arose, and proposed the toast, "The land we live in," and called on Rev. Father Young to respond. During the course of his eloquent response Father Young reminded the Sodalists that before long it would be their turn to assist in ruling the nation. He spoke of American liberty as differing from all other kinds of liberty. He called the attention of his hearers to the fact that liberty in other countries had been a complete failure, because the people of those countries did not know what true liberty was. He concluded by telling us that we were bound in duty, when men, to take part in the affairs of our nation, and see that she was ruled according to the teachings of her founders.

When Father Young had finished Mr. J. A. Waddell proposed the toast, "To our invited guests," and called on Prof. D. Dance to respond. Prof. Dance spoke of the pleasure he felt in being one of the invited, and expressed his thanks, not only to the Faculty but also to the students of the College, for the kindness which he said they had always shown him, and after many other well-timed remarks the gentleman concluded. As no other toasts were proposed, and as the hour was rather late, the Sodalists and guests adjourned, well pleased with everything, and all agreed in praising the Rev. Director for the manner in which he had conducted the affair.

Base Ball is as lively as ever in Santa Clara College. The "Opposition" B. B. C., whose defeat of the "Columbians" was mentioned last month, growing over presumptuous from victory, met the "Unknown" club of Santa Clara, composed entirely of full-grown men, in a match game, on the seventeenth of November. The juveniles became disheartened from the outset at the superior batting of their adversaries, and did not play with their accustomed energy. The result was inevitable; the "Oppositions" were beaten by a score of 46 to 32.

Since the above, the "Oppositions" engaged in a game with the second nine of the "Unknowns." The latter were not able to make much headway against the skillful playing of the "Oppositions," and were defeated by a score of 45 to 10.

The "Nemean" B. B. C. of Santa Clara proclaimed itself champion of the county; but the "Ætnas" of Santa Clara College, feeling able to contest for the championship, engaged in a series of three games with the "Nemeans." The first game was played on the third of December, and after an exciting contest, victory declared in favor of the "Ætnas," Score—Nemeans, 26; Ætnas, 33.

The second game took place on the fifteenth ult., and after a hard-fought battle, the Ætnas triumphed, Score—"Nemeans," 13; "Ætnas," 18. As two games had been won by the Ætnas, the match was of course decided in their favor.
THE SCHOOLMASTER'S LOVE-LETTER.

O mea cara, pulcra Mary,
Quam vellem tecum concordarem
What bliss with thee, my Noun, to live,
Agreeing like the Adjective:
Not—Heavn' forbid it!—genera;
But—being one, and only so,
Concordaremus numero;
And I'd agree with thee, my pet,
Casu; ay, casu quolibet;
Likewise as Relative, I'd fain
A Concord Personal maintain;
Thus borrowing from two parts of speech
The partial harmony of each;
May be, from “qui” if more we'd borrow,
I'd be in “quo,” and thou in sorrow;
For, Mary, better 'tis to give,
Than borrow with your relative,
Three grades are in Comparison;
My love admits of only one:
Only Superlative to me
Thy beauty is, like “optimè.”
O Mary, Mary, seal my fate;
Be candid, ere it be too late;
Is thy heart open to my suit,
Free as an Ablative Absolute
~
Do, while I'm in the Mood Optative,
Follow me, darling, in the Dative:
Though I should be, for that condition,
Compounded with a Preposition:
Well, sure, of all the girls I see,
To each and all prrepono te;
Te omnibus prrepono: quare
Thou art my Preposition, Mary.
Ah, dear! should everything go well,
And love should ring our marriage-bell,
Our happiness—to be prospective—
Would still, like “Ambo,” be defective;
But Plural-except should we miss,
While Sgular and complete in bliss?
No, no: for a while, my pearl, my jewel,
We'd linger patiently in the Dual;
Yet, ere a year had circled round,
In cursu rerum naturali;
Some morn or eve we should be found,
Happy in numero plurali:
Then, one in heart and soul and mind,
We'd grow in love, as years Declined;
Moods of Command and Dubitation
We'd blot from out life's Conjugation;
Our love, like all things sweet and good,
Were best express'd when understood;
Timidly noiseless, purely shy,
Unheard of all, yet plain to see.

Like peeping moon in fleecy sky,
Or H in Hora or Homine.
But life, alas! to all that live,
Unlike true love is Transitive:
To love, Intransitive love, is given
To Govern all in earth and heaven:
Yes, Mary! the ring that would bind you to me
Were a poor Conjunction that death might sever,
A thin frail “et,” and a life-long “que”;
But the link of our love would bind for ever.
And so, when came the certain Finis,
We'd be content, my own, my dearie,
Sub uno tumulo duplex cinis,
Two Supines in one grave, jacere;
With folded hands upon heaveless breast,
Side by side, in our little earth-bed;
Silent as Gerunds in "Dum" we'd rest,
While the thunder of noisy years rolled overhead
And we'd sleep a sleep, still, calm, and sweet,
Till our graves grew forgotten and Obsolete;
Waiting the Voice that, as good men trust,
Shall make Active of Passive, and spirits of dust.

A PARROT belonging to a country clergyman was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear that he might join irreverently in the response. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and for some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length instead of "Amen!" out he came with "Cheer, boys, cheer!"
On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door, when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, "Sorry I spoke!"

A green 'un, who had never before seen a steamboat, fell through the hatchway down into the hold of the “Winfield Scott,” and being unhurt, loudly expressed his surprise, “Well, if the darned thing ain’t hollier!”
Mose Skinner says there is no stated rule for writing love letters. You should write on fools-cap paper, and bear on as soft as you can, using words of such burning love that they will sizzle on the point of the pen. It is also advisable to sling in a hunk of pathos occasionally, such as, "Dearest Augusta, I love you with a love larger than an elephant's; I think of you every day, and by-and-by, when the days grow longer, I shall think of you twice a day." It is also well to put an inkblot in the corner, with the observation, "Darling, I kissed this spot," or "I have a sigh in this vicinity." A tear or two aren't bad, if dropped in the right place. If you are short of tears, a drop of vinegar is good.

We do not know whether anybody has or has not printed the story which relates how a certain genial bald headed gentleman, while in Paris one day, went to the Zoological Gardens. The weather was warm and he lay down on a bench. Presently he fell asleep, and he was aroused by a strange feeling of warmth coming on his head. An infatuated ostrich had come along, and mistaken his bald head for an egg, settled down with a resolute determination to hatch it, or set there forever. Our friend yelled for help until the keeper came and led the disappointed and regretful ostrich away to its cage.

A countryman stopped at the Maxwell House, Nashville, for dinner. The waiter inquired what he would have, and was told by the countryman to bring "something of what he had." The waiter brought him a regular dinner upon small dishes, as is the usual form, and set them around his plate. The countryman surveyed them carefully for a moment, and then broke out, "Well, I like your samples; now bring me dinner."

A major in the United States army was crossing from England in one of the Cunard steamers, when one afternoon a band on deck played "Yankee Doodle." A gruff Englishman who stood by inquired whether that was the tune the old cow died of. "Not at all," said the major, "that is the tune the old Bull died of."

"The Cup of Patience." What a goblet! It is set round with diamonds from the mines of Eden; it is carved by angelic hands, and filled at the eternal fount of goodness.

Jerrold says that a suspicious man would search a pincushion for treason, and see daggers in a needle-case.

Love the sea? I dote upon it—from the beach.

How beautiful can time, with goodness, make an old man look!

To fan treason into a full blaze, always fan with a petticoat.

Nature's abhors a vacuum, 'tis said, And yet to every dandy gives a head.
# TABLE OF HONOR.

Credits for the month of November, as read out on Wednesday November 30th, 1870.

## Christian Doctrine.
1st Class—P. Dunne, 90; W. Fallon, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; M. Walsh, 90; A. Campbell, 70; J. Drown, 70.
2d Class—S. Fellom, 100; T. Tully, 100; R. Soto, 92; J. Burling, 78; L. Palmer, 78; Wm. Veuve, 77; J. Smith, 72; D. Sullivan, 70.
3d Class—T. Morrison, 100; J. Kennedy, 99; P. Soto, 98; G. Videau, 95; H. Thompson, 95; P. Donohue, 90; J. Harrington, 90; C. Ebner, 90; A. Bernal, 80; N. Camarillo, 80; A. Den, 80.

C. Wilcox, 75; J. H. Campbell, 70.

## Ethics.

S. White, 75; J. T. Malone, 75; J. Byrne, 75; H. Harrison, 75; S. Rhodes, 70.

## Logic.

J. H. Campbell, 86; J. T. Malone, 86; S. White, 85; E. White, 77.

## Organic Chemistry.

A. Arguello, 92; J. Johnson, 90; O. Dobbins, 90; A. Kelly, 88; M. Walsh, 88; J. Poujade, 77; I. Malarin, 70.

## Elementary Chemistry.

Mathematics.
1st Class—C. F. Wilcox, 95; J. H. Campbell, 95.
2d Class—J. C. Johnson, 89; J. T. Malone, 89; S. White, 84; H. Newhall, 80; H. Harrison, 80; M. Wilson, 80; R. Cochrane, 80; J. F. McQuade, 78.
3d Class—A. Veuve, 95; M. Murray, 90; D. G. Sullivan, 80; A. Arguello, 70.

Greek.
1st Class—J. T. Malone, 90.
2d Class—J. H. Campbell, 75.
3d Class—W. Veuve, 85; S. Rhodes, 76.
4th Class—Peyton, 70.
5th Class—A. Levy, 83; G. Bull, 80; A. Veuve, 75; M. Walsh, 70; A. Dobbins, 70.

Latin.
1st Class—J. T. Malone, 90; A. I. Kelley, 70.
2d Class—J. F. McQuade, 80; J. H. Campbell, 80; S. White, 78.
3d Class—W. Veuve, 94; A. Campbell, 90; J. Johnston, 88; H. Newhall, 70.
4th Class—
5th Class—R. Soto, 90; W. Burling, 95; W. Fallon, 90; C. Ebner, 80; A. Levy, 80; G. Bull, 77; W. Newhall, 72.

English.
1st Class—Rhetoric and Oratory.—J. Johnson, 70.
2d Class—Rhetoric and Poetry—J. Poujade, 95; H. Peyton, 90; H. Bowles, 88; J. Drown, 85; J. T. Murphy, 85; M. Walsh, 75; J. Smith, 74.
TABLE OF HONOR.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>J. Kennedy, 90; J. Judd, 75; A. Veuve, 70; A. Dobbins, 70; H. Maison, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>E. Richardson, 89; R. Soto, 89; E. Udell, 87; T. Tully, 78; F. Kellogg, 75.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th</td>
<td>C. Walsh, 100; C. Ebner, 100; J. Temple, 98; W. Johnson, 95; T. Durbin, 95; P. Colombet, 90; T. Scully, 79; N. Camarillo, 78; G. Wilson, 76; F. Hall, 70.</td>
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French.

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<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>A. Sauffrignon, 100; A. Campbell, 100.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>H. Peyton, 95; G. Bull, 92; J. Radovich, 85; H. Bowles, 84.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>J. Reale, 84; A. Reale, 78; A. Pierotich, 72.</td>
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Spanish.

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<tr>
<th>Class</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>J. Smith, 70; P. Byrne, 70.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>N. Camarillo, 75; H. Maison, 74; S. Fellon, 72.</td>
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</table>

Italian.

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<th>Students</th>
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<tr>
<td>J. Reale, 84; A. Reale, 78; A. Pierotich, 72.</td>
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German.

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>F. McCusker, 100; E. Udell, 95; P. Dunne, 80; D. J. Murray, 70; W. Fallon, 70; H. Peyton, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>R. Soto, 100; H. Morrison, 90.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>T. Durbin, 90; G. Wilson, 90; O. Beaulieu, 70; A. Bernal, 70; M. Bernal, 70; T. Dore, 70; J. Greer, 70; G. Lion, 75; R. Mayers, 70; N. Patterson, 70; B. Trobok, 70.</td>
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</table>

Book-keeping.

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<tr>
<th>Class</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>L. Burling, 75; A. Forbes, 75; Levy, 75; J. Radovich, 75;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>R. Soto, 100; P. Dunne, 95; J. Kifer, 95; E. Udell, 90; Levy, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>F. Kellogg, 98; T. Tully, 95; V. McClatchy, 90; P. Soto, 84; W. Walsh, 80.</td>
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</table>

History.

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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>J. Johnson, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>P. Dunne, 100; F. McCusker, 75.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>J. Judd, 100; J. Kennedy, 75; W. Fallon, 70; Levy, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>E. Richardson, 100; R. Soto, 98; E. Udell, 93; R. Smith, 90; T. Tully, 85; T. Morrison, 80; F. Kellogg, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th</td>
<td>J. Grant, 96; J. Thompson, 80; W. Johnson, 72; T. Durbin, 70; H. Caldwell, 70; N. Patterson, 70; H. Thompson, 70; T. Dore, 70.</td>
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Geography.

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>J. Johnson, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>P. Dunne 90; J. Burling, 80; J. Raleigh, 75; M. Walsh, 75; H. Peyton, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>J. Judd, 100; H. Maison, 100; J. Kennedy, 75; Levy, 75; W. Fallon, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>E. Udell, 100; R. Soto, 100; T. Tully, 98; F. Stern, 89; A. Deck, 79; R. Smith, 79; E. Richardson, 70; F. Kellogg, 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th</td>
<td>C. Ebner, 100; T. Durbin, 95; T. Scully, 87; T. Dore, 80; H. Caldwell, 75; G. Wilson, 75; N. Patterson, 73; W. Johnson, 73; C. Walsh, 70; H. Thompson, 70.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Orthography.
1st Class—1st Division—P. Dunne, 75; A. Raleigh, 70; E. Richardson, 70.
2d Division—J. Dunne, 80; W. Walsh, 70.
2d Class—1st Division—S. Fellom, 80; P. Soto, 80; L. Wolter, 80; J. Byrne, 75; J. Greer, 75; G. Wilson, 75; T. Durbin, 70; J. Thompson, 70; E. Udell, 70; A. Valencia, 70; C. Walsh, 70.
2d Class—2d Division—V. McClatchy, 80; R. Soto, 80; L. Palmer, 75; W. Geary, 70.

Reading.
1st Class—1st Division—E. Joujou, 70; J. Kennedy, 70; A. Raleigh, 70.
2d Division—J. Dunne, 75; W. Walsh, 70.
2d Class—1st Division—J. Thompson, 75; J. Greer, 70; F. Richardson, 70; H. Thompson, 70; L. Wolter, 70; C. Walsh, 70.
2d Division—V. McClatchy, 75; L. Palmer, 70.

Elocution.
1st Class—P. Byrne, 75; O. Dobbins, 75; A. Forbes, 70.
2d Class—J. Poujade, 75; F. McCusker, 70; I. Malarin, 70; H. Bowles, 70.
3d Class—Marshall, 70.
4th Class—T. Egan, 90; P. Donahue, 80.
5th Class—O. Beauleau, 100; P. Dore, 98; J. Day, 95; J. Thompson, 92; C. Walsh, 90; W. Furman, 85; A. Valencia, 75; H. Thompson, 75; T. Durbin, 70; D. Egan, 70.

Penmanship.
1st Class—W. Fallon, 75; R. Soto, 75; G. Bull, 74; J. Kennedy, 73; A. Saufrignon, 72; A. Rowland, 71; A. Veuve, 70; L. Wolter, 70; P. Dunne, 70.
2d Class—T. Morrison, 75; P. Soto, 73; J. Byrne, 72; J. Temple, 72; J. Judd, 71; W. Walsh, 71; N. Camarillo, 71.
3d Class—J. R. Arguello, 75; C. Walsh, 72; L. T. Palmer, 71; R. Smith, 70; T. Scully, 70.

Piano.
1st Class—L. Burling, 80; C. Ebner, 70.
2d Class—G. Wilcox, 70.

Brass Instrument.
L. Pinard, 70.

Drawing.
Linear Drawing—J. Chretien, 75; P. Donahue, 70; V. McClatchy, 70; F. McCusker, 70.
Figure Drawing—G. Auzar, 70; Marshall, 75.
Landscape Drawing—

Violin.
A. Lenz, 75.

[Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.]

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