4-1871

The Owl, vol. 3, no. 2

Santa Clara University student body

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarcommons.scu.edu/owl

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
http://scholarcommons.scu.edu/owl/12

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the SCU Publications at Scholar Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Owl by an authorized administrator of Scholar Commons. For more information, please contact rscroggin@scu.edu.
THE OWL

DEVOTED TO

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

SAN FRANCISCO:
A. L. BANCROFT & COMPANY, PRINTERS.
1871.
CONTENTS.

Ambition, Edward White, (Metaphysics) 301
True Affection Rewarded, Eugene J. Gregory, (1st Grammar) 305
Salvete Christi Vulnera, Professor Dance 310
The Prisoner of the Castle of St. Angelo, John M. J. Chretien, (1st Rhetoric) 312
The Triumphs of Electricity, Hermann Peyton, (2d Rhetoric) 317
The Sabbath Bells, Professor E. C. F. Vile 319
A Trip to Oakland, A. Sauffrignon, (1st Rhetoric) 320
Dean Swift, J. J. Donohue, Esq. 325
Education, By a Former Student 330
The Ainslades, Chapter III, (et seq.) John T. Malone, (Metaphysics) 335
Idle Notes, James H. Campbell, (Ethics) 342
Editors' Table 345
Olio, 347

THE OWL

Is issued monthly ten months in the year. Terms: $2.50, payable invariably in advance.—An extra copy for each club of five names.

EDITORS FOR 1870–71:
Charles Francis Wilcox, James Henry Campbell, J. Francis A. McQuade, J. Morgan Byrne.

Direct all communications to The Owl, Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, California.

Santa Clara College

SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

Has now the largest number of Professors and Tutors connected with any educational institution on the Pacific Coast. It embraces Schools of

THEOLOGY, PHYSICS, CLASSICS,
PHILOSOPHY, MATHEMATICS, ORATORY,
CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY, LITERATURE,
FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH,
(By Teachers native to the several languages.)

ARCHITECTURAL, MECHANICAL, LANDSCAPE, AND FIGURE DRAWING,
MUSIC VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL,
DANCING, DRAMATIC ACTION AND DELIVERY, MILITARY DRILL.

Practical Schools of Telegraphy, Photography, Surveying, and Printing; Daily Assays of native ores, in a thoroughly-fitted laboratory; One of the most complete cabinets of apparatus in the United States; Several libraries; A brass band; The fullest collection of printed music possessed by any American College.

Diplomas given in two departments, the Classical and the Scientific. No compulsory course. Youths of all denominations admitted.

TERMS: Board, lodging, tuition, washing and mending, school stationery, medical attendance, medicines, baths, fuel, lights, $350 per year, payable semi-annually, in advance.

A Preparatory Department receives boys not yet fitted to enter the College course.

For full details, see Catalogue of 1870, which may be had gratis, by addressing the President,

REV. A. VARSI, S. J.

An agent of the College may be found, daily, at St. Ignatius College, 841 Market Street, San Francisco.
THE PACIFIC
PNEUMATIC GAS
COMPANY,
Incorporated 1869.

The PACIFIC PNEUMATIC GAS COMPANY is prepared to contract for the erection of gas works, at any place on the Pacific slope. The attention of private gentlemen, principals of schools and colleges, trustees of churches, mining, manufacturing, and railroad companies, hotel proprietors, and store-keepers, is called to these works.

These works are in use at the State Institute for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, the Industrial School, the San Francisco City and County Almshouse, the Sacramento County Hospital; Horton’s New Hotel, San Diego; the International Hotel, Virginia City, Nevada; the St. Charles Hotel, Carson City, the New Hall and Theatre, Petaluma; the Eureka Gold Mining Company’s Mill and Hoisting Works, Grass Valley; The Crown Point Mining Company’s Mill, Gold Hill, Nevada; the Chollar-Potosi Company’s Works, Virginia City, and at the

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE,
SANTA CLARA.

Where the magnificent new hall, one of the largest auditoriums in the State, and extensive play grounds, have been successfully lighted since the opening night, August 9th, 1870; also at

THE UNITED STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT,
MARE ISLAND.

Including Officer’s Quarters, skeet and other lights, to the number of about six hundred, consuming three thousand to five thousand cubic feet of gas, a night, at about a cost of two dollars per thousand, and

MANY OTHER LARGE ESTABLISHMENTS.

The Pneumatic Gas Works, Rand, Loveless, and other patents consolidated, are the only Gas Works deserving of the notice of the public. No others have been successful in complying with the following conditions: 
multiplicity of machinery; regularity of lighting power; steadiness in burning; absence of smell or smoke in burning; and perfect safety. In the last particular, every other form of works for generating gas by evaporation of Gasoline, has proved itself a signal failure.

J. W. STOW, President. A. D. BELL, Secretary.

Office, 206 Sansome Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet.
In reviewing the history of ancient and modern times, the classical scholar dwells with astonishment, nay, frequently with unbounded admiration on the departed glories of the celebrated nations of antiquity. He loves to peruse the poetic effusions of those enlightened ages, and, at the same time, justly to admire the fruitful minds that were capable of producing such inestimable accessions to the literature of the civilized world. He loves to contemplate the massive ruins of the cities of the past, or to wander beneath the classic shades of an Acropolis, or a Coliseum; but his inquiring mind will ask what has caused the destruction of those great and enlightened countries, whose ruined splendor he now beholds? What has become of those great kings and haughty princes, before whose potent arm the greatest peoples fell? Where are the cultivated orators, poets and statesmen whose wonderful productions we so much admire? Why have these people so entirely disappeared, that little remains but the fame of their achievements? The history of the world will answer that man's passions, ever militant against all good, have led him astray from the path of rectitude and virtue, to the high-road of crime and misfortune, then justly incurring the terrible vengeance of an offended Deity. This is but the every day experience of nations, but it teaches us an admirable lesson, for it shows us that if we essay to place ourselves on a par with divine authority, our fall is as certain as it is dreadful.

Perhaps, of all those passions which have been instrumental in producing manifold evils to the human race, none has been more prolific of evil than ambition. When we say this, we mean that species of ambition which excites in the breast of man a lust for power and worldly honor. Nothing is more detrimental
to the well-being of society than this unhappy passion. In every age and country it has been the occasion of unlimited suffering to man. At one time we see a powerful people conquering a weaker merely for the sake of gratifying the cravings of an insatiable thirst for power; again, we behold fertile and flourishing countries become the spoil of the tyrannical and ambitious prince. He who is influenced by ambition is unable to control himself. In vain does his conscience exhort him to abandon the bent of his ambition, which bids fair to ruin him forever. In vain does the prospect of a peaceful and honored life essay to dissuade him from his ambitious designs. He rushes madly on, regardless of every peril, to the vortex of destruction which his ambition has made; and is at length himself involved in the common ruin which he has brought about by his own culpable conduct. By ambition, the dearest ties of kindred are severed; those bonds of fraternal union which band men together in the ties of brotherhood and friendship are rent asunder. By its chilling influences those tender impulses of our better nature are rendered callous and powerless to affect our career. Our hearts know but the single desire of being raised above our fellow beings in the pages of fame, and to soar triumphant amid the fleeting clouds of worldly happiness. Ambition is not limited to any age or country, to any people or generation, to rich or poor, to good or bad—all share alike in its evils and its benefits. From the earliest ages to the present day men have been animated with this most dangerous and pernicious of passions. History tells us of an Alexander the Great, pushing his victorious arms from the fertile shores of Argos to the plains of remote India, sweeping away with his exulting legions all that dared oppose his insatiable ambition, coming like a desolating tornado, spreading ruin and death wheresoever he went, enduring the scorching heat of the tropics, and all those inconveniences and privations that are the lot of a hardy soldier. We see this almost unconquerable man conquering and establishing nations, overthrowing monarchies and as quickly creating others. But what was Alexander's motive in conceiving and executing the wonderful projects which so much surprised the civilized nations of the earth? It was nothing but his ambition. In his case, as in that of every other conqueror, ambition was the prime cause of all his conquests, and had he conquered the whole known world, the promptings of an ambitious mind would have urged him on to greater deeds of conquest.

When we peruse the history of the Roman Empire, and reflect on the characters of many of Rome's public men, we find ourselves obliged on the one hand to acknowledge and admire the sterling merit, and the stern and unflinching bravery, which was so often tried and proved to friend and foe, whether by the fiery eloquence of a Cicero or the matchless heroism of a Horatius. Still, we regret to find on the other hand that ambition has deeply tarnished those illustrious names, that would otherwise be entirely irreproachable. What was it but ambition that induced the great
April, 1871.] AMBITION. 303

Cæsar to cross the Rubicon, and subvert the liberties of his native land? When we read the immortal productions of Cicero, do we not perceive that though they breath forth the ardent spirit of a patriot, yet they are not free from egotism and a certain desire to obtain praise, and that at the same time that they show us a patriot struggling for the liberties of his native country, they also plainly show us a vain man striving to gain the flattery of others?

What was it but ambition that instigated Napoleon Bonaparte to carry his conquering banners from the vine-clad hills of France to the frozen shores of Northern Europe, from the sunny vales of Andalusia to the confines of Asia? When Russia’s wintry sky was illumined with the lurid flames of her proud and towering Capitol, did it not afford another proof to the world that Napoleon’s ambition had again been present? Did not the blood of thousands of Europe’s noblest sons, poured out in torrents on the fatal field of Waterloo, proclaim with a voice of thunder that ambition had again upreared her standard?

That interior pride we take in the performance of some good and noble deed arises largely from a certain ambitious feeling we entertain for the praise and adulation of our fellow men. It is indeed surprising what privations, dangers and sufferings man will undergo to gain the ends of an ambitious and plotting soul.

When we speak of ambition, we do not merely mean to say that it always consists in urging men to deeds of plunder and injustice to gain their unlawful ends, but we also include under the head of ambition the better actions of man’s mortal career. Ambition considered in this sense has at all times been productive of true and unsullied virtue, and has instigated man to conceive and execute the noblest deeds which the pages of history commemorate, and which time cannot efface. This kind of ambition, far from being in the least way detrimental to our prosperity, is in reality productive of the greatest blessings and innumerable benefits to humanity at large. That ambition which generates in our minds the earnest desire to obey and venerate the Creator, is beyond all doubt the noblest inspiration to which our mind can aspire. By it our hearts are raised above the lowly things of earth. We no longer desire and pant for the empty flattery of man, but our entire enjoyment consists in the consciousness of our having fulfilled the end for which we were created. Such was the heroic zeal that prompted a St. Francis Xavier to relinquish the pleasures and allurements of civilized society, of home and friends, of fortune and renown, to assume the garb of the humble religious, and seek the vineyard of the Lord amid the burning sands of tropic climes, among barbarous and cruel heathens; and at length to perish in a foreign land, surrounded not by the comforts of home, solaced in his last hours not by the voice of kind and endearing parents, brothers and sisters; but comforted by the remembrance of a
well spent life, and the assurance of a happy existence beyond the dark regions of the grave.

Next to this truly divine ambition, comes that species of ambition which consists in the earnest desire to benefit our fellow creatures in such a manner that they may receive the full fruit of our labors, while we ourselves remain satisfied in the consciousness of having conferred favors upon them. Though examples of this nature are rare, still there have been bright examples, that have time and again illumined the dark vista of human crime and misfortune. Our Lord himself informs us “That no man hath a greater love for another than he that layeth down his life for his friend.” Those many noble martyrs that have sacrificed their lives at the shrine of liberty of their native country are noble examples of true ambition, and are worthy of imitation.

What greater, what nobler example can we wish to draw to our minds than that afforded us in the history of our own glorious republic?

First on the bright list stands “The Father of his Country.” Well has he deserved this endearing title, bought at the price of suffering and privations, bought by many a well fought field, bought by the strictest adherence to the principles of humanity, virtue and honor. We shed a commiserating tear over the fate of a patriotic Lawrence, of a heroic Montgomery, but we must remember that these brave men died in the exercise of their most sacred duties, and at the same time that we mourn their untimely fate we fain would exclaim with the poet:

‘Whether on the scaffold high, or in the battle van, The fittest place for man to die is where he dies for man.’

Let us always keep before our minds as models worthy of imitation those men that have been truly ambitious to promote the glory of God and the welfare of their neighbor. Let us not include in this class those worldly philanthropists who are philanthropic that they may receive their reward, not in the world to come, but in this transitory life. Before Christianity spread her benign influence over the world, men were more prone to exercise that species of ambition which mocks at all law, human and divine, and seeks only to gratify an inordinate love of power and unlawful conquest. Such was the spirit that urged the great conquerors of antiquity to undertake their perilous enterprises. But now that the religion of Christ has diffused itself through the world, man follows rather her mild teachings than the dictates of their corrupt natures, consequently that species of ambition is kept within bounds, and the Christian finds himself impelled by the noblest desire that God can bestow upon his creatures, the desire to obey and follow his precepts and teachings.

Here let us conclude, by always striving, to the best of our ability, to fulfill the end for which we were created by an all wise Providence. Let us avail ourselves of those efficient means which God has placed at our disposal, to buffet manfully and successfully the storms of life’s troubled ocean, that, by so doing, we may merit and obtain the everlasting reward of a happy immortality.
April, 1871.] TRUE AFFECTION REWARDED.

I T was a cold December day; a large ship from the East Indies, freighted with a precious cargo of rich goods, had entered the harbor of Barcelona. A crowd of people had gathered on the wharf to welcome her coming. Among the passengers on board the noble "Juan Felipe" was a gentleman to whom I will call your attention. He was a man of medium size, and well built. His slightly olive complexion at once proved that he was a native of the clime to which he was journeying—a Spaniard. His name was Don Francisco Cortez; from the East Indies now, and wealthy. He had left Spain, some ten years before, wretched and penniless. This gentleman's history was quite romantic. But, to make a long story short, I will say that poverty and distress had driven him from his paternal home to the distant soil of the East Indies. Here, by perseverance and hard labor, he had succeeded in buying a large tobacco plantation. In a few years, having accumulated a vast fortune, he thought of returning to his native shores. He disposed of his property to the best advantage, and embarked on the "Juan Felipe," bound for Spain. Such is the brief history of our friend.

"Ten years," said he, as he walked along the quay. "Ten long, weary years, and I am again at home. I departed poor and penniless; now I return blessed with plenty. When I went away, I left many true and affectionate friends. Will they care for me now? Surely my appearance among them, after my long absence, will cause great joy, and if they come to know that I am rich, their love for me will increase a hundred fold. Gold and silver work magic on the human heart. But—Ah! I have it!"

On the day after the arrival of the "Juan Felipe," an elderly man was walking through the Calle de las Flores, one of the principal streets of the city. He was very shabbily attired; an old, black hat, minus the rim, ornamented his head; his "unmentionables" had evidently seen better days; his coat was of a coarse gray, and had, most assuredly, experienced hard service and rough usage.

He walked slowly along, examining, carefully, the names on the different door plates, and finally stopped in front of a building of showy exterior, which, if we may credit the name on the door plate, was occupied by Don Fernando Cortez.

"Fernando Cortez? Yes, that's the name," murmured the old beggar to himself, as he ascended the steps and rang the bell. His summons was answered by a burly, black servant, who, after glancing at the stranger from head to foot, (which scrutiny
was evidently not of a very favorable character), said roughly: "Well, what do you want?"

"Is your master at home?" inquired the old man, paying no attention to the servant’s rudeness.

"No, he is not."

"Well, then, is your mistress at home?"

"Yes."

The Señora Cortez was reclining on a lounge in a room handsomely furnished. Everything around her bespoke riches and luxury, from the priceless sevres on the mantelpiece, and the rare chefs-d’œuvres of old masters on the walls, down to the soft Axminster carpet. But, on her frowning brow, one could discern envy and pride, and her close lips showed that they locked a hard heart. Some letter or note was in her hand, and she was listlessly glancing over its contents. She was interrupted in her reading by the entrance of the servant.

"Well, what now?" she inquired.

"A man at the door wishes to see your ladyship. His name is Francisco Cortez."

"Goodness gracious!" the lady exclaimed, stamping her foot with vexation, "Has that old fool come back again? I thought he was dead long ago; poverty and age should have laid him down. If he comes a begging, he shall get nothing here!"

With this, she descended the stairs.

"Are you Señora Cortez?" inquired the old man.

"I am, and from your looks, I can plainly see that you are—"

"Your brother-in-law Francisco! My heart bounds with joy to see once more my home, and the sweet smiles of my kindred. I have traveled a long distance before I could reach the home of my childhood; now I can die happy among my beloved relatives."

He paused, as if waiting for a word of welcome. But Señora Cortez stood by the door, with a supercilious look, waiting for him to be gone.

"I am hungry and weary," said Don Francisco; "a little rest under this friendly roof, is all I ask."

"Juan, give this man something to eat and show him out," said the proud lady, as she turned her back to him and left the room. Don Francisco quitted the house in disgust.

"I have learnt, to-day, a lesson which I shall never forget. I am cast off by my own people, because I am poor. Ha! ha! ha!"

A little higher, on the same street, lived Don Juan Fernandez. Cortez paused in front of the house.

"Well," said he, "I will now see what reception I shall obtain from my own nephew."

He ascended the steps and rang the bell. Don Fernandez answered it in person. His form was very like that of Don Cortez; his features fine and regular. Nevertheless, one could immediately discern a certain air of pride around him.

"My dear Juan," said Don Cortez, "do you not recognize me, your uncle, of whom you were once so fond! At length I have returned; the wanderer comes back to seek consolation in the arms of his kindred. Nothing is so sweet as the air of our native land; nothing so dear as the welcome of a kind relative.
TRUE AFFECTION REWARDED.

But why do you stare so coldly at me?"

"I do not know you, and, to my remembrance, I have never seen you before. You say that you are my uncle—may be—but," said he, eyeing the man from head to foot, "I never saw my uncle in this garb; 'tis hard to recognize him in such a dress; besides, there are so many imposters around, who seek to get the best of honest people."

"Don Juan," said Don Cortez, "look at that picture in this hall; are not the features a copy of my own?"

Don Juan blushed through shame and mortification.

"Here are three ducats," said he, "take them and go; I do not harbor beggars and imposters," and giving Don Cortez a rude push, he closed the door in his face.

"I seek a heart, not your ducats," answered Don Cortez, as he hurried away.

"So they are all the same. They would love me for my money. But I have a sister. Oh, she loved me dearly once; but time may have altered her too. If her heart is as hardened as those of my brother's wife and nephew, then I may truly give up in despair. But she was always so good and affectionate; I will seek her."

In an humble dwelling of an obscure part of the city, lived Ancellina Sínoin. Her husband, Auguste, had been dead for several years. She had managed with great economy, to gain a scanty living for herself and two children, a son and daughter. She and her children were seated in their little parlor, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Mamma, there is a man at the door," said little Emma.

The lady looked attentively at the stranger. As she continued, she gathered her thoughts. Her heart began to beat quicker and quicker. "Are you not my brother?" she said.

"I am."

"God be thanked!" she exclaimed, as she threw herself weeping into his arms.

"My dear brother," after a while, "you must stay here. I see that you are broken with age and poverty; I, also, am poor; but while there is a roof to shelter us, you are perfectly welcome to stay, and remain you must."

"But I fear that these rags will bring disgrace on you and on your children."

"Oh no! I have long wished that you would return. Welcome, a hundred times; my house is yours. If you are poor, you shall share your poverty with your sister."

Don Cortez, with seeming reluctance, at last consented to remain.

Ere long the dinner table was spread. It was a very plain meal; but he relished the fare more than any other that he had ever tasted in his whole career. It was seasoned with the simple graces of an affectionate heart. During the progress of the meal, Don Cortez related some of his exploits while away from home.

"Has fortune never favored you while you were away, brother?"

"Yes," he replied, carelessly, "yes, I made a little money, but one can easily lose all by a shipwreck, or accidents of the sort."
The day passed off very pleasantly. The brother and the sister had a great deal to say to each other. In the quiet and homely parlor was a piano. It must have been, at least, twenty years of age; very old fashioned it was, and all out of tune. Don Cortez remarked the dilapidated look of the venerable piece of furniture.

"Emma," said his sister, "won't you play an air for your uncle?"

The little girl sat down and played some simple tunes. Don Cortez was much pleased, and thanked the child for her kindness.

"I had intended," said the Señora, "before Auguste died, to buy a good instrument; but now, one would be an extravagance beyond our reach."

Don Cortez then excused himself, saying that he had some business to attend to.

An hour afterwards, a large wagon, heavily laden with a huge piano, stopped in front of the widow's cottage, several men accompanying.

"I say, Diego," said one of the men to the driver, "I think this is the place."

"Knock at the door, and see if Señora Sinuoin lives here?"

"All right! here you fellows lend a hand, this thing is confounded heavy."

"You have made some mistake," sir," the lady said, greatly astonished.

"No, madam," said the man stoutly, "there is no mistake."

"But there is! We have not purchased a piano. It does not belong to us."

"Yes, it does," said a familiar voice behind her.

It was Don Cortez, attired no longer in worn-out garments. He was dressed in the finest cloth; diamonds in magnificent settings sparkled on his fingers and his bosom. Señora Sinuoin was astounded.

"Why brother," said she, faltering, "are you—"

"Wealthy? Of course I am! I did not stay ten years in the East Indies for nothing. I saw that you needed a piano, so I got one. My sister," said he, "I hope you are not offended at the manner I tried your affection. I told you what reception I met with when I saw my brother's wife and my nephew. They looked for money, and blushed at my rags; you sought a brother, and did not mind his apparel. I sincerely thank God that I adopted this plan."

* * * * *

"Señora Cortez," asked a fashionable lady visitor, "have you heard of the arrival of Don Francisco Cortez, the East India merchant?"

"Yes," she replied, disdainfully, "I have heard that he is in town."

"He is reported very wealthy. It is strange that he should take a fancy to the poorest of his relatives. You know that poor widow. He has bought a fine house near our's, and is going to live there with the widow and her children."

Don Francisco was seated in his parlor, attended by several servants. Suddenly there was a ring of the bell at the door.

"Donna Fernando Cortez!" announced the servant at the door.

"Let her come in!"

Donna Cortez entered the room.
TRUE AFFECTION REWARDED.

"My dear brother! How glad I am to see you! Why did I hear so late that you were back! Oh, indeed, I am glad! oh, how glad!" She was about to throw herself into his arms.

Don Francisco folded his arms, and motioned to one of his servants, and said:

"Pedro, there is a hungry woman here. Give her something to eat, and let her begone." Saying this, he immediately turned his back upon her and left the room.

Señora Cortez saw there was no hope. She quitted the room with a crest-fallen air; a sadder, if not a wiser woman.

Don Cortez soon after reentered his parlor. But this time he had divested himself of all his fine clothing and jewelry, and was attired in his old seedy garments.

Presently, "Señor Don Juan Fernandez" was ushered into the room.

He advanced to where our friend was sitting. "Is my uncle here," he asked. "Ah! beloved uncle! Welcome, welcome, indeed!" and he stretched forth his hand to grasp his uncle's.

But Don Cortez remained stern and immovable in his chair. He looked sternly at his nephew.

"Well, do you not know me?" said Don Juan. "Do you not know your nephew, Don Juan? I have wished so many times to see you once again."

"Ah! have you? I am very glad to hear it. But why do you call me your uncle? Did you ever see your uncle in such a garb? Can you recognize your uncle in such a dress? And then, you know, there are so many impostors around! Pierre, give this beggar three ducats, and show him out."

Don Cortez and his sister dwelt very happily together. He adopted her children, and lived to a fine old age, surrounded by the love of his sister and his adopted children.
"SALVETE CHRISTI VULNERA."

Salvete, Christi vulnera,
Immensi amoris pignora,
Quibus perennes rivuli
Manant rubentis sanguinis.

Nitore stellas vincitis,
Rosas odore, et balsama,
Pretio lapillos Indicos,
Mellis favos dulcedine.

Per vos patet gratissimum
Nostris asylum mentibus.
Non huc furor minantium
Unquam penetrat hostium.

Quot Jesus in prætorio
Flagella nudus excipit !
Quot scissa pellis undique
Stillat cruoris guttulas !

Frontem venustam,—proh, dolor !—
Corona pungit spinea,
Clavi retusa cuspide,
Pedes manusque perforant.

Postquam sed ille tradidit
Amans, volensque, spiritum,
Pectus feritur lancea,
Geminusque liquor exilit.

Ut plena sit redemptio,
Sub torculari stringitur;
Suique Jesus immemor,
Sibi nil reservat sanguinis.

Venite, quotquot criminum
Funesta labes inficit:
In hoc salutis balnea,
Qui se lavat, mundabitur.

Summi ad Parentis dexteram
Sedenti habenda est gratia,
Qui nos redemit sanguine,
Sanctoque firmat Spiritu.

Amen.
HAIL, WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

[Breviary Hymn for the hour of Lauds on the Friday after the Fourth Sunday in Lent, being the day of Commemoration of the Most Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.]

Hail, blessed wounds! Hail, wounds of Christ,
Sweet pledges of a love unpriced,
From whence forth flow,—a wondrous flood!—
The eternal streams of God's life-blood!

Your sheen outgloves heaven's brightest star;
Than earth's sweet flowers more sweet ye are;
The gems of Ind in worth ye pass;
In taste all sweets that bees amass.

In you we hide, our refuge sweet,
Our shelter from the noontide heat,
Our fortress-rocks, which fiends in vain
May waste their devilish strength to gain.

O hear, within the judgment hall,
How many blows on Jesus fall!
See, from that Flesh which scourges wound,
The cruel gore-drops stain the ground!

O shame! O grief! That godlike brow
The thorny crown is tearing now;
And now, with rough and blunted points,
The nails transfixed those tender joints.

Ceases, at length, the awful strife;
For love of man God yields his life;
And, straight, from out his stricken side
Leaps forth the two-fold mystic tide.

Thus, in the torturing wine-press ground,
Jesus, the world's redemption crowned:
Thus, saving not Himself, He gave
His heart's last life-drops man to save.

Ho, ye that strive, yet strive in vain,
To quit your souls of guilty stain!—
Wells forth for you,—a cleansing flood,—
The fountain of the Precious Blood.

Thanks to our dearest Lord be given,
Who next the Father sits in Heaven;
Whose blood redeemed our human race;
Who keeps us by His Spirit's grace.

AMEN.
The procession was formed. First walked the stern judge, who had pronounced the sentence; then followed the prisoner and two sheriffs. In the rear of the procession were the citizens and peasants; some laughing, while others of more solemn aspect, sternly declared that such dangerous persons should not be allowed to roam the country around, associating with and corrupting peaceful citizens, and leading them to conspire against the state. Others, again, followed mournfully, dropping a tear or two as they went, or offering up prayers to Almighty God for their own children, that they might be kept from such an untimely end.

Just at this time a young priest, who happened to pass, being touched by the sweet and interesting demeanor of the accused, and surprised at his courageous attitude, and his look of perfect resignation to his fate, begged, on his knees, that the march to the place of execution might be conducted slowly, so as to allow him time to see if there remained any hope of saving the young man. His request was granted. With joyful heart the young priest hurried towards the Vatican. For what? He certainly did expect an audience would be given him; but could he suppose the Pope would grant his request? There was hardly a hope of it; for the crime was an unpardonable one; yet so eloquent were his appeals, so feeling his supplications, that the venerable Pope Gregory XVI. did, indeed, grant the priest’s request in part. He sat down before a table and wrote an order exempting the accused from capital punishment, and substituting for it the lower penalty of imprisonment for life.

The young priest instantly hastened towards the place of execution, and, arriving there just in time to save the accused, he delivered the order, and
fell fainting to the ground. The prisoner was then conveyed to the Castle of St. Angelo, where many rigors and much suffering awaited him.

* * * * *

Twenty-two long years have passed away since that reprieve. Many of the old people have exchanged a life of misery in this world for one of happiness above. New events have taken place. Stately buildings have been added to those of twenty-two years ago. A new generation has sprung up. Even the Pope of those days is Pope no longer; for the good old Gregory XVI. enjoys the sleep of death; but the Castle of St. Angelo remains the same. Still does it loom up fearfully above the surrounding edifices; still does it partake of that gloomy appearance common to all places of confinement; and still does it contain the weak and decrepit invalid who entered its walls as a young and stalwart prisoner twenty-two years ago. For twenty-two years has he been hard at work; for twenty-two his regular meals have been but bread and water, with, occasionally, some soup or a piece of meat. Yet, during all this time, he has not despaired of freedom. Though but a mere skeleton of his former self, he still bears patiently the needless hardships and toils imposed upon him by a tyrannical gaoler with an undaunted courage, an unflinching strength, and a heroic fortitude which command the esteem and admiration of his fellow prisoners. Though he has never been outside those prison walls, still the hope he has ever cherished within him of being once more in the possession of freedom, has kept him from giving way to overmuch sorrow, or to despondency.

The sun had already sunk behind the distant hills, the scarlet amber glow was changing to violet in the west, and the shadows of evening were fast closing in their mighty embrace the seven hills that once ruled the world, as the priest whom we have already mentioned—now no longer young—presented himself before the gates of the Castle of St. Angelo, and, in a sonorous voice, demanded admittance. The huge iron-barred gate was slowly opened by a savage-looking gaoler, and the reverend visitor asked to see a certain prisoner, by name, Giuseppe Gaetana, who had been placed in confinement in that prison twenty-two years before. No sooner did the gaoler hear this request than he discharged a volley of oaths at the priest, telling him that no one could enter the prison at such a late hour. But the priest, though shocked at such a profanation of the Lord's name, still insisted upon seeing the prisoner, whereupon the gaoler, disregarding his visitor's clerical character, gave vent to another set of blasphemous oaths, (which showed plainly his coarse and brutal nature,) and became even more disrespectful in his demeanor than before. He was just on the point indeed of ejecting the priest from the Castle, when he was shown an order, signed by the Pope himself, which required him to admit the bearer. Having read this order, which it was impossible for him to disobey, the gaoler, with a growl, led his visitor into a dark and silent corridor, and rudely pointed out the cell.
in which he would find the prisoner he wanted. The corridor was so dark that the priest could scarcely find his way through it without grop­ing. At length, however, he reached the desired cell, and there he saw such a sight as to appal the stoutest heart. There, in a small room, not more than four feet by eleven, lay the emaciated form of a man, once vigorous and full of hope, but now bowed down like any dotard by his infirmi­ties and griefs. There he lay stretched upon the floor; and, though loaded with heavy chains, he was, nevertheless, reposing in the calm embrace of sleep, and dreaming of happy days long gone by, when, in the innocence of childhood, he partook of those pleasures to which persons in old age or in trouble so often love to turn back their thoughts. But look! He stirs! He is awake! No, no! he is not awake, he is seemingly strug­gling, in a dream, with some imaginary foe. He talks loudly, then ends with a scream: and then, instead of waking, as might have been expected, calmly falls again to sleep. At this juncture the priest could restrain him­self no longer. His feelings over­came him. "O, God!" said he. "Is it possible that such misery should exist in this world? Is this the way in which our prisoners are treated in Rome?" At these words the prisoner awoke. He rubbed his eyes and looked confusedly around. Seeing the priest’s benign and holy counte­nance, and the expression of tender pity which pervaded it, so unlike what he had been used to see there, he fell upon his knees, saying, "Merciful God, why dost thou tantalize me thus? Have not my sufferings of twenty-two years appeased thy just anger? Why dost thou send such an angelic vision to deceive a wretched, forsaken old man like me?" Then, approaching the priest, he said, "O, venerable father, for many years have I been chained to this damp and gloomy cell, without a ray of the bright sun to give me light. If a living being, and not a mere vision sent to deceive me, tell me, I intreat, by that sacred garb you wear, who you are, and what you would wish?"

"I have news from your mother," replied the good priest, who saw that the poor prisoner had no recollection of his person. "My mother? Does she then live? Does she still remember her undutiful son? O, that God would grant that I should behold her once more before I die!" Then, raising himself from his reclining po­sition, he seized both the hands of his friendly visitor, embraced him, pressed him to his heart, and gave vent to his joy, bursting into tears of gratitude: "Better days await me. I shall yet be free; my heart tells me so. But it is impossible! No, it cannot be! and yet, I cannot doubt that God will have pity on me, after having sent such a messenger of con­solation to me. Yes, O Merciful God! I know that thou wilt help me, and I therefore confide in thee." "Would it not be well," said the priest, "that you should write to the Pope and beg him to liberate you? I think he would grant such a request; for is not an imprisonment of twenty-two years sufficient to cancel a crime which did harm to no one?"

"Ah, reverend father, it is well
enough to speak of writing to the Pope; but how shall I cause my letters to reach him? Many and many a time have I written, and still I have received no answer."

"But you can write again," said the priest. "Who knows but that this particular letter may reach its destination?"

"No, reverend father, my letter will never be given to Pope Gregory. It will be intercepted, like all the others."

"It shall not be intercepted," replied the priest, "for I myself will deliver it, not to Gregory XVI., who has been dead long ago, but to Pius IX. Write, now, quickly; time is precious; here are paper and pencil."

The prisoner took the pencil with a trembling hand, and though he had almost forgotten, from long disuse, how to write, still, by the help of the friendly clergyman, he managed to scribble a few lines, which were full of respect and loyalty to the Pope, and which breathed the spirit of true Christian resignation. Just as he finished the last line, the greasy-looking gaoler opened the cell door, and entered. "What! the devil!" said he, "Are you still here, priest? I gave you permission to stay but an hour, and you have been here two minutes over the time allowed. Be gone, quickly! Am I to be losing my time just in waiting upon you? Begone, I say; or I shall put you out!"

"Very well," said the priest, mildly. "I shall soon go. But tell me; suppose the Pope should come to find out how you treat your prisoners and their visitors, what excuse would you have?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the gaoler; "the Pope! Ha! ha! ha! And pray, how would the Pope ever know it? He is a man of too much sense to listen to idle tales. He minds his own business, just as I mind mine. So, you see, I am in no danger."

"Ah, my friend," said the priest, "you are much mistaken. Pope Pius IX. minds his own business, it is true; but for that very reason he seeks the love and welfare of all his children. Pray, what is your name?"

"What is that to you?" answered the gaoler. "Will you go out, or will it be necessary for me to call the guard?"

The priest quietly went out; the massive iron door was shut behind him with such force as to make the walls of the old castle tremble, and his exit was accompanied by a long string of imprecations, such as gaolers love to heap upon those who come to trouble their peace of mind by any impertinent philanthropy.

The undaunted priest went to the apartments of the governor of the Castle, and requested an audience. The governor, surprised at the audacity of the request, admitted him, saying to himself, "again trouble for nothing!" and then adding, aloud, "I am at your service, reverend father."

But, without waiting for a reply, he continued, in the same manner: "Will you be so kind as to be brief, very brief indeed, in your explanations? I am hard pressed for time this evening."

"I come," responded the priest, "to ask of you the release of one of your prisoners, Giuseppe Gaetana, who was incarcerated within these walls twenty-two years ago."
"And is it for this trifle that I am disturbed, and at such an unusual hour? Why, your understanding must be uncommonly cloudy, reverend father, if you are not joking."

"Why, what is there so strange in my demand, sir?"

"In the first place, you cannot be ignorant that the Pope alone has the power to pardon a prisoner of state."

"Oh! as regards that matter, it is all right, for the Pope has granted that pardon."

"The proof?"

"I shall produce it, sir;" and, approaching a table, the priest took up a pen, and hurriedly wrote these few words:

"I pardon, fully and entirely, Giuseppe Gaetana, condemned twenty-two years ago to perpetual confinement in the Castle of St. Angelo, for conspiring against the state. And, furthermore, I order the governor of the above named Castle to set at liberty the above named criminal. And yet, furthermore, I order him to discharge the gaoler who admitted me this evening, within this prison."

Pius IX., Pope.

The governor, overwhelmed with astonishment, threw himself at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, who graciously accepted his apologies for the bluntness of his behavior. Even to the gaoler clemency was shown. The good heart of Pius IX. did not condemn him without a chance of escape. After two months of solitary confinement, during which he must necessarily have reflected on the dangers of roughness and brutality, and the advantages of politeness, he was appointed, without having asked it, to an office equivalent in value to that which he had lost. The Holy Father had told him, and he now practically verified his words, "The Pope loves and seeks the welfare of all his children."
THE TRIUMPHS OF ELECTRICITY.

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God."

In the path of science there are few difficulties which the genius of man has not surmounted. His handiwork is truly wonderful.

When we see the locomotive rushing along on its iron track, dashing the steam in thick clouds from its brazen lungs, screaming like a thousand birds of prey, dragging after it a long train of cars freighted with humanity or the products of the teeming earth, is it not hard to persuade ourselves that this huge and powerful machine, which seems a thing of life, owes its existence to so puny a creature as man? Man, however, governs that mighty strength which would be sufficient, were its tremendous energies turned to plague the master, to tear him limb from limb, grind him to powder or blow him to the stars. To an untutored mind would it not seem more probable that a mouse should be able to rule a lion, or a sparrow a hawk, than that this marvel of strength and speed should be obedient to the will of man?

Although the steam engine is acknowledged by all to be a truly noble work, yet it is not the grandest result that has been obtained by man in the field of science. The mastering of electricity, the subject of my short sketch, is far greater, and one that reflects much more honor on his genius.

If you were to affirm to some one unacquainted with the applications of electricity made by modern science, that man had robbed the clouds of their lightning, had chained it down, and forced it to obey him like the humblest of slaves, he would certainly consider you a fool; such a thing would seem to him, and with good reason to be utterly impossible, for truly when we reflect that the very same lightning that bursts from the bosom of the angry storm-cloud, and lights up the gloomy midnight with the splendor of a summer noonday, is seized and bottled up by man, we are overcome with wonder and admiration.

First amongst the great benefits we derive from electricity is the modern telegraph, which is unquestionably the most wonderful of all inventions. Over the path of a single wire the chained lightning is forced to fly, with the same rapidity with which it darts from the clouds. Through heat and cold, through snow and ice, and across burning deserts, it travels alike, one instant on the summit of some lofty mountain, the next far down in the black and awful depths of midocean, the next over the house-tops of some large city; thousands of miles it flies in one moment; and even before the clicking of the little machine, the tool of man to control it, has died on the air, it has reached its destination, and
given its message. For rich and poor it works alike, the king cannot force it to move faster than a poor peasant, nothing can rob it of its charge, it is a messenger that nought can bribe; it only requires one thing, that its little iron path be unbroken, and if this be granted, one may swear with almost absolute certainty that his message has been faithfully carried.

It is unnecessary that I should strive to enumerate all the countless benefits we derive from this noblest and most powerful of servants, electricity; enough it is that I should mention only a few of them.

During the great contest which was lately raging upon the European Continent, we had an example of one of the greatest of its benefits.

What crowds were those who clustered around the telegraph office, waiting in breathless expectation, for the arrival of the war news, for the echoes of the conflict raging thousands of miles away: "Click! click! click!" goes the little machine rattling off its message; ah! it has come: "London, 1 p.m.," reads the clerk (it is now but a few moments after that time), "click! click! click!" continues the obedient electricity, transmitting its message (a pin might be heard to fall in the crowd), again the clerk reads: "Paris taken—King William proclaimed Emperor of Germany," the clicking ceases; its work is done. Every Prussian's heart leaps with joy, every Frenchman bends his head in anguish, but all praise the telegraph, which has brought the news to their ears, before it could have gone six miles from the seat of war by railroad or stage coach, and almost as soon as it came to the ears of Queen Augusta in the royal palace in Berlin.

Again how many questions of life and death, depend upon it; how many armies have been saved by its aid, how many destroyed? Alike it brings riches to one man, and poverty to another; one dispatch is full of joy, the next of sorrow and trouble. Alike! alike! for all alike it works; sorrow and joy, good and evil it carries alike; it breaks up the ball with an announcement of death, and may be the very next minute it will originate one by the news of a marriage.

Turning from the telegraph another prospect is open before us: Look! a noble steamer cuts her swift way through the waters of some bay or river. How beautiful she looks sailing so grandly along, her painted sides glistening in the bright sunshine, the smoke rising from her dark stacks, and floating away in a vast cloud behind her, her revolving wheels lashing the water to foam; all is calm and tranquil around her, the bosom of the water is smooth as glass, surely nowhere could one be safer than on her deck.—Say not so; look the waters are dashed with violence on all sides, like the drops of dew from a summer leaf, a dull heavy report sounds on our ears, the very ground trembles under our feet—oh! where is the proud steamer now? gone! electricity and the torpedo have done their work. Are we to wonder at the immense power of this fluid? Do we not in nature see examples of it every day? What is it that crushes the noble centuryed oak, so long the forest's pride, and lays it on the ground a mere mass of jagged blackened splinters? It is
electricity! What is it that launches itself against the face of the flinty cliff, heaving huge rocks from their foundations, like so many pebbles? Again it is the mighty thunderbolt of Jove, electricity. Although it may act on one occasion as the most dreaded of destroyers, on the next we see it preserving life. The very thunder storms so fearful and grand, and often so destructive to life and property, produce their good effects, for by them the air is rendered remarkably clear and pure; and in many cases, they have been known to carry off with them, one or another of those dreadful plagues, that so frequently ravage our fairest cities, and snatch with their yellow pestilential hands so many lives.

Nor is it only in nature that electricity acts as a preserver of man, in its confinement it performs the same holy office in many different ways; but one example will suffice, namely, the firing of cannons by the electric spark.

A few years ago, cannon were always fired by means of lighted fuses, and consequently the soldiers were obliged to be near their guns. Many lives were lost, by those explosions to which heavy pieces of artillery are so subject; now the guns may be fired by means of the electrical spark, and not only is much more precision in firing obtained, but also all those lives that would be otherwise lost are saved, for cannons can now be fired at the distance of a mile as well as at a few feet.

Many others are the triumphs of electricity, which neither time nor space will permit me to enumerate; enough it is to say in closing this short sketch, to which I have far from done justice, that man should ever be mindful of his exalted station, and thankful to God for it.

---

THE SABBATH BELLS.

Methinks I hear the Sabbath bells,
Which chimed so sweetly through the dells;
Wafting the sounds along the breeze,
Like fairy music over the seas;
The holy morn of other days,
Is glowing bright with memory's rays,
That flood the happy, happy scene
With gentle summer's loveliest sheen.

Chime on, old bells, the same as of yore,
And peel out your music from shore to shore,
Sounding alike for the sad and the gay,
Haunting my dreams, and stealing away;
So will ye chime when I am gone,
The merry peel will still ring on,
When other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praises, sweet Sabbath bells.
A TRIP TO OAKLAND.

Nearly all young men are admirers, more or less enthusiastic, of romantic adventures and wild scenery; and as I do not pretend to be any exception to the general rule, I will confess at once, that I am myself a lover of romance. At the time of which I am about to speak, I used to spend my leisure hours with two companions of about the same age and character with myself; so that when we were together, we were always planning out some expedition or other which would be likely to lead us into adventures of a romantic nature.

One fine evening when we were all three together, Louis—who was always full of fun and ready for it at any time—gave a sudden turn to the conversation by exclaiming all at once, “Boys, I have a proposition to make; and I want to know what you both think of it. Let us drive to Oakland by moonlight!” No sooner said than approved of! We caught eagerly at the idea; and, as the moon was just then full, we resolved to start the following evening.

The next day we busied ourselves, of course, in getting everything ready for our somewhat lengthy ride; for the distance from San José, our starting point, to Oakland, cannot be less than fifty miles. With the prospects of so arduous a journey before us, we judged it necessary to make an elaborate and systematic provision for the inner man; and we provided ourselves, accordingly, with a large basket which we filled with congenial pies, cakes, wines, both of Bordeaux and Champagne, cigars, etc. etc. As evening approached, our hearts beat a lively air at the thought of our coming adventures; at last, after making much longer business of it than usual, the sun really did conclude to set, and the welcome moon rose majestically above the horizon, piercing with her rays of silvery light, a disorderly mass of clouds which the wind had brought down to us, from Alaska or “some bleaker quarter.” We were all three impatiently waiting for the team which we had ordered; and glad enough we were when we at last saw it draw up at the gate for us. We were soon ready to start. Having placed our provisions in the carriage, we stowed away under the seats two guns, three pistols, and some ammunition; and then, each with a lighted cigar, we took our seats. “Crack! crack!” went the whip, and away at a lightning speed galloped our horses, snorting and tossing their heads about in a manner which made it perfectly evident that they would run away if ever they secured the chance. Still, as Louis, who was an old hand at such work, was our driver, there was nothing to fear. “Twas not long before San José was left far behind. We fell
at once into desultory and frivolous chat, upon subjects which were at every moment changed; and we kept up so continuous a fire of stale jokes incited thereto, perhaps, by the excellent tobacco, the fumes of which we were all enjoying, that, even at that early stage of the proceedings, we thought we were having a good time of it.

John, the complement of our trio, who was a naive and jocose sort of fellow, and on this occasion, full of spirits, seemed to have taken it upon himself to entertain us during our ride; for he kept us continually a laughing. Every time he opened his mouth, he would crack some joke, or make some pregnant remark which to our excited minds seemed the acme of witty absurdity.

The clouds which, at first, had partially hidden the moon, now gradually drifted away, until, at last, the skies were clear, and the brilliant moonlight flooded the whole landscape with its brightness, making every object discernible, both far and near, and casting over all a mystery and beauty of its own.

That element of mystery, by the bye, which always attaches itself to moonlight scenes is surely the secret of their peculiar charms. Beauty enough, and too pure the sun gives us. The bright and joyous beauty of morning, the glorious sheen of a tropical noon, the calm and peaceful brilliance of the sky at even, all this and much more yet of varied loveliness as of varying light, we owe to him and to him alone. But there is no mystery about him. He keeps nothing in the background. He leaves no scope for the imagination. What he shows us is beautiful, no doubt; very beautiful. But we see it all, right there before us, and the exhibition terminates. Not so with the moon. Clear and sharp as is the outline she often gives us, there is always much (or we fancy much) behind, which she holds in reserve. In the deep, thick shadow of every bush, behind every elevation of the constantly undulating ground, in all the hollows that alternate with the projections of the cliff or mountain, nay, in each crevice, dense and mysterious in its pitchy darkness, of the ever-winding road, who knows what may be hidden—or, rather what may not be hidden? For there is not only possibility, but actual suggestiveness in the glamour of moonlight, and our hearts fully felt its charm. I cannot attempt, indeed, to give anything like an adequate description of the beauty, aye, the sublimity of that night.

We had, for some time, been silently contemplating this romantic scene, when John brought us again to the realities of practical life, by the somewhat characteristic remark, that he could not fully enjoy scenes like these without some physical stimulant to quicken his heart, and excite his imagination, and so saying, he took, still more prosaically, a swallow of wine. Louis and I followed his example; and, after having repeated this operation several times at short intervals, we soon found ourselves, more or less, under alcoholic influence, and the “heart and imagination” once more resumed their sway and took us back to poetry. We now felt as gay as can be imagined, and began to
pronounce our expedition a decided success, when, all at once, our merriment stopped. We beheld an enormous fiery body on the road, not far from us. So bright was it that it pained the eyes if we looked at it steadily; and the strangest part of the matter was, that it was not stationary like an ordinary fire, but kept bouncing up and down after the fashion of some large elastic ball, tossed up by one or other of Pluto's children, perhaps from their play-ground in Tartarus. Quick, indeed, did our mirth change into deep seriousness. The horses, too, threw up their heads wildly, and snorted; and would surely have done some mischief, had not Louis, our skillful driver, checked them in time. We were now at a critical juncture. Not knowing whether to advance or retreat, we stopped, and anxiously waited for some change; but the mysterious light kept hovering in the same place, shooting, however, from time to time into the air, and then falling back to earth again. At last, summoning up all our courage, we resolved to go forward. The horses refused, at first, to advance; but, after they had received a couple of lashes, they dashed furiously towards the object which had caused their fright. "Now for it!" thought we all. To our surprise, however, the nearer we approached the fire, the dimmer it gradually became; and by the time we had reached the spot over which we had seen it hovering, it had entirely vanished. We stopped our excited horses; and began to examine the place, in order to find out the cause which had produced such an effect. All our efforts, however, were vain; and, at length, we again took our seats in the carriage, resolved to continue our journey. But we had not gone far from the mysterious place, when again the light appeared; and what seemed strangest of all, the further we receded the brighter it grew. We were now perplexed in the extreme; and not knowing what could have caused such a curious phenomenon, were naturally led into much speculation as to its nature. Our discussions, however, would have proved useless, had not Louis, summoning up all his knowledge of science, told us that it was an "ignis fatuus," or, in more common parlance, "Jack-with-a- lantern." He then explained its nature, which coincided exactly with the nature of the phenomenon which we had just seen. John, who was satisfied with this elucidation of the matter, then suddenly broke forth with: "Boys, let's take another drink on the strength of it!" and so saying he took a good draught of wine, Louis and I following his example. Each of us then lit a cigar; and we were once more enjoying the fumes of the tobacco, whilst our horses kept on at as fast a rate as though they had just come out of the stables, when all at once Louis exclaimed, "a hare! a hare! Get your guns ready, boys!" And, in fact, it was a hare, galloping easily along the road, without any apparent fear of us, or of our vehicle, and evidently imbued with the idea that Uncle Sam's highway was intended for his use, as well as for that of any other member of society. All at once, however, he changed his direction and entered a field, stopping in it when about thirty
yards from the road-side fence. Here he seemed to think he was at home, as perhaps he was, and in perfect safety, which he certainly was not. If, indeed, he had such a thought John soon dispelled it; for when we got within a moderate distance, he fired, and the hare dropped dead. I need hardly say with what delight John went after his game, or how he chuckled at the idea of having killed a hare by moonlight. Not long after this our mirth was damped by another adventure, which was a little more serious than those that had hitherto occurred.

We had not gone far after the commission of this act of leporicide, when we espied, at a short distance ahead of us, three men, seated by the road-side. "I wonder," said Louis, "what those fellows mean by sitting down there at this hour of the night." "Probably they are going to stop us," said I. "Well," said John, bravely, "if that's what they mean, I'll show them they've got hold of the wrong men. As long as I am in this carriage, I shall take care that they get more lead than 'tin' from us." So saying he pulled out the revolvers from under the seats; and each of us took one in case of necessity. We came nearer and nearer, and they did not seem to notice us, but, at the moment when we were precisely opposite to them, one of them jumped at the bridle of one of the horses, and suddenly stopped our team with such dexterity, that it was easy to see this was not the first time he had performed such a feat. "What do you mean by this?" said Louis, quite excited. "We mean to get your money," said one of the robbers emphatically. John, who was no more frightened than if he had unexpectedly encountered some old friends, said: "Well! if you fellows think you can get it you may try; but I'm afraid you won't succeed." Louis, who by this time had recovered his presence of mind, raised the big end of his whip, and with it struck a sharp and heavy blow on the head of the man who was holding the horses; which at the same time started off briskly and soon broke into such a headlong gallop that it made us dizzy to look towards the ground for an instant. When we were well out of the reach of the robbers, John hallooed to them, in a chaffing tone, "Why don't you fellows come and get your money?" He was promptly answered by the report of a pistol; and we heard the bullet whizzing as it passed us. Whilst Louis and I were trembling, John, on the contrary, kept laughing as he thought of the adventure, saying that it was the best we had had as yet. I could not help admiring the coolness he had shown during the encounter. In fact he had been as I told him a perfect hero; and that on easy terms too, for not a stroke of actual fighting had been required of him.

It was one o'clock in the morning when we arrived at Oakland; and after having crossed many a street and turned many a corner we at last reached the house of Charles M——, a particular friend of ours. Astonished enough he was, as may be supposed, on seeing us drive up at such an hour of the night. Our horses, however, were quickly stabled and otherwise looked after by the workmen; whilst we entered the house. A blazing fire
was soon started in the dining room; we instinctively seated ourselves around it. Charles, who was desirous of hearing about our ride, was gratified by a minute account of it from Louis, to whom he listened with great attention, evincing especial interest in our encounter with the robbers, on the strength of which he pronounced us perfect heroes of romance.

While we had thus been talking the moon had set, and the shades of night which followed her disappearance had been dispersed by the brilliant rays of the rising sun. "What a beautiful morning!" I exclaimed, as I saw every thing around me smiling with the fresh and happy life of the new day; the sun's rays refracted by the diamond-like dew drop that hung upon every flower, and every blade of grass; the larks were hopping about the trees, and pouring forth their melodious strains, the welcome murmur of a streamlet accompanying their song. How could one but admire this beautiful and happy serenity! John, the fighting man, who had no relish for the charms of nature, remained in the house, conversing with Charles, whilst Louis and I stood on the piazza outside admiring the scene, as we might long have continued to do had we not heard new voices within. On re-entering we found Charles' parents, who warmly welcomed us, and at once called our attention to the prosaic, though important, subject of breakfast which was soon served up, after which, accompanied by Charles, we took a walk about the town. Time flew so fast that when we looked at our watches it was eleven o'clock. Seeing that the day was so far advanced, we resolved to retrace our steps to the house, on reaching which we found the dinner table well filled with a most palatable spread. We were soon seated before it; and our appetites, after so many adventures, may easily be imagined. Dinner over, we began to talk of returning to San José. Our friends would not at first consent to our leaving so early; Louis said that as we were already tired, both from our ride, and our loss of sleep, the previous night, it would hardly do to travel again by night; and this being admitted by all, our team was called, and we soon saw it waiting at the front gate. After having exchanged many friendly words we took leave of our kind hosts; and such was the rate at which our horses travelled that we soon found ourselves far enough from Oakland. Somewhat sleepy, I must confess, through the country we rode, occasionally passing by a solitary farm on the road-side, until we arrived at San José without any adventure worthy of mention. Thus ends the account of our trip to Oakland,—unentertaining, I fear, in the perusal, but full of interest and delight to those who planned the expedition, and took part in the occurrences which made it, to them at least, so memorable.
DEAN SWIFT.

JAMES, the Dean's servant; RICHARD, servant of Mr. Goodman.

Richard. Good morning, James. This is fine weather we have. How do things go on here?

Jas. Well, can't say, indeed, that I am very robust, having suffered from an attack of asthma; but, comparing our condition with that of many others, I have every reason to be thankful. But, what in the world brings you here so early?

Rich. Nothing particular; only a bit of an errand my master sent me on. Is your master the Dean at home? I have a special message to him.

Jas. Yes, as good luck would have it. He is in his study, poring over dusty volumes from morning till night. Thanks to goodness, Dick, my eyes are never so troubled. My head I'm sure will never ache with such stuff as the poor gentlemen of his sort are bothered with.

Rich. I guess there is a stuff your eyes would never be sore with looking at, though your head may be a little bothered now and then.

Jas. Well, Dick, I believe if you had one leg in the grave, you would be for quizzing a poor fellow, whom Nature hasn't been over kind to. Though you know not the book learning, you have so much of mother wit in your head, that, barring the Dean, you could not get your equal for smartness in the neighborhood. What did you mean by that stuff that would not pain by looking at it?

Rich. Faith! my dear fellow, nothing very particular. You are like those people who would have a passing remark to have a world of meaning.

Jas. Now, Dick, you will not put me off that way. I know by the mischief lurking between your two eyes, that there is meaning—and deep meaning too.

Rich. Well, I'll tell you. By stuff that wouldn't give an eyesore of a cold morning, I mean what is stored up in the Dean's Museum, called by gentlemen who never call things by their right names—a wine cellar. There will be found a treat, and a literary one, for a genius like yourself to spend brilliant mornings, and burning noons, and effulgent evenings, and starry nights, in deciphering the learned lore to be found on the labels of each cask of mellow wine. What ecstasy to find a cask sixty or seventy years of age! What beautiful sensations, when copious draughts prove the contents far superior to the description! There, my boy, is a lucid enlargement of a flying remark. Are you satisfied?

Vol. III.—47.
Jas. Why, I have heard people saying often you are nigh crazy; but, thinking 'twas through envy they said so, because they had not your abilities, I did not give credit, till my eyes have seen for themselves. I pity you from my heart—so I do. You have words at your bidding, I grant. Don't take it hard of an old friend, if he remark, for your benefit, that words without good sense are little worth. Pardon me, if I cannot wait to talk to you much longer, for I think I hear my master moving about his study. So, perhaps 'tis best to lead you to the study door, and you can rap. But, Dick, my parting word, don't let the tongue get the better of you in his presence.

Rich. Much obliged for your advice. Be not afraid; my dear friend; I'll not act out of season. Few men are so blind to self-interest, when there is question of being on good terms with big folks, like the Dean.

[Dean within, and Richard from outside.]

Rich. Raps at the door.

Dean. (roars out) Come in....(Rich. raps.)....Now, if this be any of my noble friends, I will let him into the secret of my writing this work; but from his hesitating to enter after so many repeated orders, it cannot be any of my friends. It must be some plebian who has some ignoble request to prefer. I am sure such fellows are the worst plague society can meet with. ....(Come in.)....The moment the fellow puts in his confounded cranium, if I do not pour on him the vial of my wrath, I am not Dean of St. Patrick's.

Rich. enters. My master bids me ask how your Honor feels this morning?

Dean. As to how I feel, that depends sometimes on circumstances, sometimes on the weather, and oftenest how I wish to feel. But, truce to patience, what way should I feel when a fellow of your condition puts me in such a state of agitation. I thought eternity itself would have passed by before you had an idea of coming in. You should have been trained to better manners; to more respect, to more civility, before you entered the service of my friend Mr. Goodman.

Rich. Lord sees your Honor is perfectly right. The like of us, your Honor, without learning, or any of that sort of thing, in which your Honor by all account swims like a big whale in the wide ocean, don't know how to say one word to big folks like you, your Honor.

Dean. Why did you not come in when first I gave the order to walk in? You know, my man, it is not proper to keep your superior waiting for you.

Rich. Oh! then may the Lord bless your Honor, I was never before so puzzled. (Dumbfounded would be the right sort of word to tell what I felt; but it would not be right for the likes to use so big a word before my betters.) I considered a thousand times—not a word of a lie—what I should do to come decent into your sacred presence. I stroked my hair, if I did once, I did I'm sure a hundred times; and I don't like to swear before your Honor, or I'd swear how often I pulled my jaw, to put it into a decent fix, when I'd have to stand before your Honor. But, Lord, the last roar you gave, your
Honor, so dumbfounded me—I can't help to use that big word—I'm sure I'm not myself—that my hair, instead of being straight down, stood upright, as if I saw not one but ten or twenty ghosts—the Lord between us and harm—and as to my jaws, as I have no looking-glass, I can't tell how they are; very likely they are the wrong side. Then, I hope you will give me your pardon if it is not the proper way I should appear before my betters.

Dean. Well, that's a good man; you have properly accounted for your not being as you should be. But on what intent came you so early?

Rich. (in an abrupt manner.) Here is a present of fine fat fowl my master has sent your Honor. (He lays them down roughly and retires abruptly.) I wish your Honor a good morning.

Dean. Hollo! fellow! It is thus you present the good things sent by your kind master. Come here, fellow! I guess I'll teach you how to address your superiors when you have the honor of being admitted into their presence. I'll show you how to hand a present. You will take my place; or, in other words, you are to act as if you were the Dean.

Rich. And am I to sit down in your chair, and be as if I were yourself and nobody else? No, your Honor, that can't be. Do you think I'd let any low fellow throw it in your Honor's face that Dick, the know-nothing, sat down in the Dean's chair, and acted all over the Dean?

Dean. Do, sir, as I direct you.

Rich. And what will you be doing while I am sitting down in your seat? That part of the game I cannot get into my skull.

Dean. I will meanwhile act the part of Mr. Goodman's servant. That is, I shall act the part you should have done, and did not.

Rich. Ah! now I think I have you. I am to be Monsieur le Dean, and you to have the place of Dick, the know-nothing. You will teach me what I did not; and I will teach you. Aye, faith, that's capital. Hold, your Honor, one more question. For how long a time will we have one another's situations?

Dean. For such a length of time as will be needful to show you how to deport yourself becomingly, in the matter of making presents at least.

Rich. (aside) I wish to Heaven 'twas as long as we are to live. Faith I'd live it decently; and if I wouldn't be a perfect gentleman, my name's isn't Dick, that's all.

Dean. No, be ready, and let this lesson I have the condescension to give you, sink deep into your mind. [exit.]

Rich. Yes, and at the same time I'll give his Honor a little bit of a lesson, I have been these last twenty years carrying to the old miser presents from my master, and he never laid a shilling in my hands. I hear a tap at the door. I guess 'tis that old fool, who now fell into one of his eccentric fits, to torture poor servants because they do not present gifts with all the grace of folks brought up in the drawing-room. The best way to cure him is to let him remain at the door till he cools off. In this manner he will
have more feeling for that dull-headed fellow who, in polite parlance, is called a servant. Now, as the present beautiful opportunity does not present itself every day, I would be a fool, worse than the Dean, not to improve it. (opening a drawer.) Hollo! I see here a lot of that yellow commodity, vulgarly styled gold. These are sovereigns of shining gold. (shakes them in his hands). What a beautiful thing to look at. Had I to question them—"Who is your owner?" they would answer, "his Honor the Dean." But Dick is now the Dean; then I may as well put them into my pocket.

Dean raps louder.

Rich. Can any one object to my argument? Am I not invested with the rights and privileges of the Deanery? Without these, how could I keep up the dignity of my present situation? Here is a bottle, perhaps it contains some of that black liquid stuff into which his Honor dips his pen. But it smells like something else. By jingo, 'tis some of that other stuff into which the Dean dips not his pen, but his wits, before pouring them out on paper. Oh! what a magic virtue! Oh! what a pleasant sensation! This must be, of course, the source of all the Dean's inspirations—and of mine too.

Dean raps still louder, and comes in.

Rich. Come in. Why, man, you should have entered the moment I ordered you to come in. Why does a fellow of your condition dare to put me in such a state of agitation? I thought eternity itself would have passed by before you had an idea of coming in. You don't suppose that a gentleman, like the present incumbent, has no duties to perform—no obligations to satisfy. Now, sir, a person of my literary tastes—of my dignified position—has too many duties to perform to be kept waiting for persons of your class in life. Come, tell me, my good man, what's the meaning of disturbing my morning's orisons.

Dean. My master, Mr. Goodman, your Honor, bid me convey to you his kind respects, and directed me to inquire specially about your health. At the same time he commanded me to say that this small present, which he has entrusted me with, inadequately represents his great regard for your Honor, and his high estimate of your services in the cause of humanity.

Rich. Oh! then you are Mr. Goodman's servant. Your master is a very excellent man. Would to God we had more of his kind—we would not have to witness many of those scenes which disgrace humanity, and make the angels weep. How is your kind master? You will have the goodness to convey my respects and thanks to all the family. Very nice present, indeed, very. How long have you been with Mr. Goodman, my fellow? I didn't think his means were such as to enable him to keep such a grand-looking man as you for a servant. If I am a good judge of character, methinks you were reared in high position in society, and you must have seen better days. But such reverses of fortune are not unwonted. They are sometimes owing to the caprices of fortune; sometimes they are the result of dissipation to which young men deliver themselves up; and not unfrequently they are caused by
fits of a disordered, eccentric mind. You are, if I judge aright, a fit example to caution other young men against the Charybdis on which you have fallen.

Dean. (aside.) Faith! this is a clever fellow. Since College days I have not received such a lecture.

Rich. I will inform your master of your excellent behavior, and of the polite manner you handed the present. It is creditable to his family to have such a genteel young man as a servant. (Rings the bell.)

Jas. What do I see? Is not this Mr. Goodman's servant? and does your Honor suffer him to occupy your seat?

Dean. 'Twas only to give him a lesson; but I have got the worst of it.

Jas. Dick, you must have an ocean of blarney to make the Dean act like a fool. Many times I heard all the neighbors say you were a regular joker; but the like of this joke I never saw in all my born days.

Rich. Sirrah, do you hear? Leave off this blubbering of yours, or I'll have summary punishment inflicted. Is this the way you demean yourself when called upon? I am ashamed of your conduct in the presence of this excellent servant of Mr. Goodman.

Jas. I wish some good spirit would whip you off that place, if your tongue is not as bad as a fishwoman's.

Rich. James, I am ashamed of you. Are you giving heed to my words?

Jas. Yes. (aside) What a confounded old fool my master is to give this miserable upstart a chance to rate us both. But master deserves it for his folly.

Rich. I am glad at your efforts to master the rovings of the imagination. See, James, here is Mr. Goodman's servant. You must remark how discreetly he behaves himself. I know I have given you tenfold more instructions than this man has received, and could not get you to behave with half the beautiful propriety he does.

Dean. The like of his impertinence I shall never see. I could wish the farce was over. He has taught me with a vengeance.

Rich. Now, James, be more careful in future. Take this man to the kitchen, and see that he is well attended to. Provide him with the best my pantry can afford. Be sure you observe my orders. One word more before you leave, my man. Tell your master how extremely thankful I am, and that I will shortly make him a visit. Here, my man, take these two sovereigns, and drink my health.
HE subject of education is one which, perhaps, more than any other, has, in all ages, engaged the attention of mankind. Philosophers of all times have devoted no small part of their labors to the discussion of its various branches and relations, while the statesmen of all enlightened countries have ascribed it a prominent place among objects of national importance. It interests, not only isolated members of society, but humanity at large. Its influences are not circumscribed to individuals. They mould the character, determine the prosperity and shape the destinies of nations.

Yet, while all admit the importance of education, and are anxious to secure its advantages, all are not equally agreed upon the objects which are its legitimate goal, or the means best adapted to attain them.

It is not my purpose to go into an examination of the relative merits of the various systems of education which prevail in the world. Such an undertaking would far exceed the limits necessarily prescribed to this article. Still farther from my thoughts is the pretension of having discovered something better, or even different, from those systems. But, it may not be foreign to the scope of a college magazine, to invite students to pause while in their eager pursuit of knowledge, to fix clearly the aim of the education which they seek, and examine the means best adapted to reach the desired object.

In this investigation, the first and most obvious question that presents itself is, what is education? What do we mean, when we speak of being educated?

These are questions easily asked; but, as a moment's reflection will convince us, not as easily answered. Nor are the responses to them, which may be gathered from different quarters, always in harmony with each other. Indeed, there is, perhaps, no subject upon which men more radically differ than upon this.

If the young man, who, for the first time, crosses the threshold of the college, should be asked what is his object in entering there, he would not hesitate to answer that it is to get an education. He intends to be educated and, therefore, comes to college. But, ask him what he means to do, in order to reach the desired object; in all probability, he will answer that he will study and learn. He enters the libraries, where the eloquence, the poetry and the philosophy of ages are stored; he passes through the museum, where the secrets of the formation and development of the world are unfolded to his view; he pauses in the laboratory, where the mysteries of nature are solved in the crucible of the chemist. All this,
while it fills him with wonder, awakes within him the emotions of a generous and lofty, but vague and ill-defined, ambition. The thirst for knowledge burns within him. He longs for the day when he, too, may be able to hold converse with the great masters of thought, the poets, orators and philosophers of antiquity, and of his own age. He yearns to have explained to him the great principles which presided at the creation, and still preserve the existence and harmony of the universe. To know all this and more is the great craving of his heart, and seems the only object worthy of his efforts. He has entered the institution for the purpose of learning. Education and knowledge are to him convertible terms.

These are, no doubt, the thoughts of nine out of ten students who enter college. Are they to be encouraged or reproved? Is the student, who yields to these emotions, not losing sight of education, in seeking the mere gratification of curiosity? Are education and the acquisition of knowledge really synonymous terms? Is the object of colleges and universities confined to the imparting of knowledge to their members? Is that system of education which furnishes the greatest amount and variety of information to the mind, necessarily the best?

These are great and important questions; questions, which, as each one must, in some degree, determine them for himself, well deserve ventilation.

An examination of ourselves will teach us that three things in man are the subject of education—the mind, the heart and the body. To educate these means to train them—to strengthen them by exercise. To develop the faculties of the mind, to confirm the true moral instincts of the heart, to ensure the health and increase the vigor and endurance of the body; this, I conceive, is the true aim of the education of man. Education is not an end, but a means. The training of the school, like that of the gymnasium, is not final, but preparatory. The college and the university are places of mere transition. Their ultimate object is beyond and outside of them. Their only legitimate aim is to fit the youth who enters them for that sphere which he is to occupy as a man.

The system which best attains this end is the best; and that institution which sends forth its members with that degree of development, mental, moral and physical, which will enable them properly to discharge the duties of that position in the world which by nature and circumstances they are destined for, is the most perfect.

But, by what means are these objects to be accomplished? What pursuits must be followed in order to reach the desired state of fitness and capacity? What are the essential characteristics of the system which will furnish the necessary development of the various faculties of man?

It is difficult to give a particular answer to these questions. There is no such thing as a universal system of education, or one that will be equally adapted to all ages, countries and men. Though the general principles and governing idea of a system
may be founded in such high reason as to be invariable, yet its details and practical operation may, and necessarily must, admit and undergo infinite modifications. The perfection of the exercise consists in its perfect adaptability to the subject and the object of the training. That which, in one man, would merely develop, might, in another, shatter and disorganize. The weight which one lightly tosses, it might strain another to raise from the ground.

But, though it may be impossible to particularize, it is not so difficult to reach the general principles and foundation of all education.

And, first, of the education of the mind.

The province of the mind is truth. The nearer its faculties approach that state, where their perception of truth, in all things which are presented to them, is unerring, the nearer they reach their perfect development. Absolute perfection, a universal and faultless perception of truth can never, it is true, be reached by the human mind; for, when we contemplate the intelligence to which all truth in all things is manifest, we stand in the presence of Omniscience—God. But the object of educating the mind is to bring it as near to perfection as its nature will admit, by developing its inherent power of distinguishing truth from error, and thus rendering it, as far as possible, a safe guide to the actions of man.

The process by which the mind perceives the truth, is thought. To think correctly is the primary object of its education; while, at the same time, thinking is the act by which it is educated or developed.

It must be evident, therefore, that the education of the mind does not necessarily consist in the acquisition of knowledge; nor in its becoming a storehouse of learning. It consists in developing its innate power of discovering the truth, in making it a safe guide to avoid error in the various transactions of life, in increasing its capacity to safely think and judge for itself.

It may be said that this development of the mind can only be attained by learning. This is true. But, in that sense, learning becomes a means not an end. We learn not so much that we may know, as that the power of the mind may be developed by the very act of learning, as we are taught the various feats of the gymnasion, not for the purpose of knowing them, but that, by the labor which accompanies the lesson, the body may receive a salutary exercise.

This proposition may at first seem a little strange. But, let us pause for a moment over it and see if practical experience does not demonstrate it to be true. Much time is devoted to mathematics, by many to whom the knowledge of that science is of no conceivable benefit. Many years are spent in the study of the classics, by many who never open a volume of Greek or Latin after they leave college, and who soon forget, in the pursuits of active life, the very alphabet of languages whose literature was once familiar to them. It does not follow, however, that their labors have been of no utility, or their studious
hours wasted in vain. The knowledge, which they acquired at so much cost, has vanished from them, it is true. It has faded from memory. But the faculties of the mind which were brought into play, the power of thought, the active perception of truth have, by the very act and exercise of the acquisition itself, gained elasticity, accuracy and strength. The knowledge received has fallen from memory like a cumbersome load; but the vigor of the mind is not impaired by the loss. The knowledge is of no advantage, since it is forgotten; but the benefits of the act of learning remain.

It is difficult to perceive how it can be maintained that knowledge should be acquired for its own sake, or that men should learn for the mere purpose of being learned. This seems to me to be merely the gratification of curiosity or vanity. It is waste of power which might have been otherwise more profitably employed. Knowledge is not an end but a means; and, without adapting any doctrines of utilitarianism, it may safely be said that knowledge should always have for its object some useful aim—some benefit for its possessor or the rest of mankind. The jurisconsult learns the law, not for the mere purpose of knowing it, but that, by knowing it, he may the better aid in its administration or amelioration. The mariner learns astronomy, only that he may the safer guide his course upon the ocean. The architect learns mechanics that the stability of his structures may be ensured by a conformity with the laws of nature. None of them acquire this various learning for its own sake. With all, it is but the minister to some ulterior, practical end.

Since knowledge is always, in a greater or less degree a necessary means of attaining various objects in life, the acquisition of some of its branches becomes indispensable to the different occupations of man. Success in any pursuit will always mainly depend upon the possession of the knowledge which belongs to that pursuit. In all proper study, therefore, the two-fold advantages of study should be attended to and secured. The first, which I have already spoken of, is that which results from the very act of study. The second, that which is reached by the retention and possession of the knowledge acquired by study.

This will, of necessity, lead to a proper and judicious selection of studies. It will confine each individual to the investigation of those branches whose knowledge will be adapted to those pursuits for which nature and circumstances have destined and fitted him. There can be no such thing as the possession by any man of universal knowledge. The finiteness of our faculties and the brevity of life forbid it. The effort to learn everything necessarily leads to imperfect acquisition and partial ignorance. The attempt to fit a man for every occupation results, if persisted in, in unfitness him for any. There must be a choice. The mind must be allowed to follow some inclination or some defined course. It cannot be bent in every direction nor made to proceed in conflicting or contradictory ways.
There is a period in the life of each individual, when the particular occupation of his future years is, in a great degree, determined by circumstances or his own natural inclinations, tastes, habits and mental and physical constitution. From that moment the proper and real education of the man commences. From that moment begins the task of fitting him for that occupation, of developing those faculties which in it are brought into play, of imparting that knowledge which will secure the attainment of its peculiar objects, the proper performance of its labors and the correct discharge of its duties. Then it is that the choice of studies can be rationally made, the labors of the mind confined within proper limits, and all foreign matter, tending to distract or confuse, sedulously excluded. The consistent devotion and study of a whole lifetime is not more than necessary to the attainment of eminence or success in any of the pursuits of life. The sooner the task is begun, the more perfect will be its achievement.

It will be said that this would require a special education for each individual. It may. The sooner we get rid of the idea that there ought to be, or can be, any general and universal system of education, equally and indifferently applicable to all men, all countries and all time, the better. Are not the capacities, inclinations, tastes, powers and circumstances of individuals infinitely various? Is there then a standard to which all must be made to conform? Is there any procrustean rule upon which all degrees of intelligence must be stretched? Is there any method of training which is equally applicable to all? The answer to these questions seems obvious enough. Nature never proceeds by uniform and universal rules. The various branches of her different kingdoms are developed by laws peculiar to themselves. The pine tree does not grow in swamps, nor the willow on barren mountain tops. The common sense of man teaches him to give a racer different exercise from that which he gives a draft horse, and to train a hound differently from a bull dog.

But, this article has already exceeded its limits. The substance of what I have said may be summed up thus:

A proper system of education should train the mind in those studies which, while they develop the faculties which must be employed in the occupation or pursuit of life for which the student is destined, furnish him, at the same time the knowledge which will enable him to follow with success that occupation or pursuit.
THUS it was that the elder Mr. Wilkes received the letter we wot of on the particular morning upon which our story opens; and thus it was that on that same morning the junior Mr. Wilkes stepped blithely upon the platform of the early train at the New Haven depot, and in company with his friend Ainslie, made a very pleasant trip to the great metropolis. Inclination might perhaps lead you to prefer hearing the recital of some thrilling accident, from which our two friends would escape "by the merest chance;" but truth obliges us to chronicle, that whilst the elder Mr. Wilkes, standing upon the depot platform, was just looking at his watch for the second time in five minutes, the 9:20 train came rattling along quite as usual, not a moment out of time and creating just as much confusion and noise amongst the small babel awaiting its arrival as it had every morning for years. The old gentleman was not long in finding the objects of his solicitude amidst the throng of passengers that issued from the train like a swarm of bees from a hive. After a hasty introduction to Ainslie, he hurried our two friends off to the carriage in waiting for them, and they were all soon safely ensconsed beneath the hospitable roof of the Wilkes mansion. George was immediately at home in the pleasant family circle in which he found himself. If he had discovered Tom a true friend, he found also in Tom’s father and mother friends none the less warm-hearted and sincere, friends that were truly such, even though they met him there for the first time, for Mr. Wilkes and his worthy wife were of that warm-hearted kind, who feel an affection for the friends of those they love, and who make especially their friends the friends of their children, even before these are known to them otherwise than by the praises heaped upon them. Tom Wilkes as an only child, as the only surviving member of the little household that once divided the love of the parent hearts, had inherited the full measure of a father’s noble care and the affection of a mother, whose very soul was wrapt up in his. Some years younger than her husband, this estimable lady had married the man of her choice when still young and unknown, he was struggling against adversity, and yet slowly and surely laying the foundation of his future wealth and independence. She had been his faithful comforter in affliction, the happy sharer of every joy, and now, when old age was creeping upon them both, though the once raven locks were silvered, and the once rosy cheek was marked with the traces of care, though nearly a quarter of a century
had seen them united, this good old
couple were still as loving to each
other as on their marriage day, in the
heyday of their youth, they had been.
Wealth had showered its abundance
upon them, but its glitter had not
blinded their eyes to virtue, and its
temptations had not been able to
draw them from the same sober path
of upright, simple honesty that their
forefathers had followed and in which
they had learned to tread. Mrs.
Wilkes, though surrounded by wealth
was the same pure-hearted, good and
kind, though somewhat changed by
sorrowful years—as she had been
when she was but an humble New
England farmer’s daughter. In such
a household young Ainslie felt that
the welcome which was tendered to
him was heartfelt. Weak and debili-
tated as he still was, the kindness of
these friends was doubly welcome to
him. Under the direction of his kind
hostess, immediately upon his arrival
every comfort of the house was placed
at his disposal. His friends saw what
George would fain have hidden from
them, that he was really very unwell
and fatigued. Tom, therefore, sec-
onded by his mother, insisted that he
should immediately retire to his room
and refrain from any exertion. Ainslie,
though he did not wish to tax the
kindness of his friends too far, and
was loth to let it appear that he was
in truth so ill, was still very willing to
take the rest which his overburdened
strength demanded. Therefore he
was easily prevailed upon, and was
soon cosily situated in one of the
pleasantest rooms of the house, Tom
going with him “to see that he was
comfortably settled,” the lady hostess
to the kitchen, to order the preparation
of some delicate refreshment, dictated
by her motherly care, and the old
gentleman to his library to answer
some correspondence.

“Tom,” said George, as he sank
wearily into a chair, when they had
reached the chamber which Tom told
him was to be his during his stay,
“I used to wonder how you could be
always so light-hearted and happy. I
wonder no longer. With such a father
and mother as yours, the fellow that
would not be happy would be un-
worthy of happiness. I have never
known a mother’s love; I have never
heard a father’s voice. I have often
thought when I have been alone how
happy I could be if I had but a
mother to love me; some one to
whom I could look for consolation
and advice. I believe it is the very
solitude of my life, that has been the
cause of my melancholy disposition.
You know the story of my life, Tom.
When I think over what an unhappy
castaway lot is mine, I feel such a
depression of spirits, that I believe those
very thoughts have more than once
thrown me into fever. But do not
blame me for complaining, Tom, for
when I see you surrounded by the
love of your parents, the thought of
my lonely life past, oppresses me with
a double burden, and I cannot repress
my words. I tell you, Tom, when I
saw your mother kiss you at the door
when we came in, and thought of my
own poor mother dead, so long, long
ago, that her face is but like a child-
ish dream to me, I could scarcely
keep back my tears.”

“Come, come, George, I cannot
let you go on in this way,” said Tom,
winking very hard, for something seemed to cloud his sight just then. "It will never do in your state to give way to such melancholy thinking. Why, you are a man, now, George," he continued, seeking to divert Ainslie's thought, "and I dare say," with a roguish smile, "you will soon find some one among your fair southern beauties who will replace a mother's love, in a nearer tie. Is it not so, Georgie?"

"No, no," said George, sadly, "I fear that will never happen; I fear my life will not be so happy as you would wish it to be, Tom. Do you believe in presentiments? I feel sometimes," he continued, laying his hand upon his breast, "that this matter here is not as trivial as I would hope it were. I feel, too, that few as they have been, my days are almost numbered. It may sound strange in one so young as I am to speak in this manner, but I have lately suffered a most unaccountable melancholy. I have tried to drive it away by hard study, and I have exceeded my strength and, perhaps, shortened my life."

"O, nonsense, George, for Heaven's sake drive such foolishness out of your mind. Don't you see that you are only doing harm to yourself, and aggravating your illness by keeping your head in such a condition? Upon my word, I shall begin to scold you, if you do not quit croaking. I have a right to constitute myself your physician, which I do, and remember I prohibit any further indulgence in such gloomy thoughts. Why, if you continue at such a rate you will be more crazy than Hamlet in the height of his madness. A truce now. I will not hear another word." At this moment, a servant appeared at the door, bearing a tray with the refreshments ordered by the hostess.

"Ah," cried Tom, "apropos of the mad Dane, here my abridgement comes!" "Well John," he continued to the waiter, "what is this?"

"Some slight refreshment, sir, which Mrs. Wilkes begs that Mr. Ainslie will partake of."

"Tell Mrs. Wilkes that I am very grateful to her indeed," said George, as the servant placed the tray upon the table.

John bowed, and turning to Tom as he was going out, said:

"Mr. Wilkes wishes to see you for a moment, in the library, when you come down."

"Very well, John, say that I will be down in a few moments."

John bowed again, and left the room.

"Now Georgie," said Tom, "amuse yourself with these substantial, and let melancholy care for itself. I will go down and have a little chat with father, and leave you alone for a while."

So saying, and without waiting for an answer, he left the room. George sat buried in thought for a few moments after Tom had gone, but, at last, seeming to think it best to take Tom's good advice, and wishing to drive away the thoughts that had taken possession of him, began to discuss the dainties which the kind consideration of his hostess had placed before him. We will leave him now, for a while, and follow Tom to the library.

Upon entering the study, our friend
Tom found his father seated before the fire, reading some letters.

"Ah, Tom," he said, as that young gentleman opened the door, turning around to look over his spectacles at his not at all unhandsome son, you are quite prompt, sir, upon my word you improve in obedience as you grow older. I did not suppose you could leave your friend so soon, by at least, half an hour."

"Oh, as to that," said Tom, smiling, "I dare say I left him to the enjoyment of better company than mine—he is entertaining himself with some of mother's best confectiones and sweetmeats."

"Well, that is not bad company, I must acknowledge," said the elder Wilkes, as Tom seated himself. "But seriously, Tom, I have become quite interested in this young man, and it was partly to hear more of him that I wished to see you. But first, let me tell you concerning what I desire to see you. It is this. Since you are going to Richmond with your friend, would you undertake the attention of a little matter of business there for me?"

"Certainly, sir," said Tom, "I will do so with the greatest pleasure."

"Well, let me tell you what it is, first, before you make any rash promise. You are too hasty to promise. I have been negotiating, some time since, for the purchase of certain property near Richmond, but as there was some difficulty about the title deeds I had determined to delay the affair until I should go to Richmond myself, in order to attend to the purchase in person. This, you can do, as well as I can, and will, besides, do your old father a great favor by undertaking it."

"Is that all," said Tom, with a mock sigh of relief. "I thought, at first, from the opening, that nothing less than a task of Hercules would be required from me. But to this I heartily agree, and thank you for the commission, which I will endeavor to execute to the best of my ability. Is that all?"

"I will give you the necessary papers and instructions before you go," said his father. "I suppose you do not go for some days yet."

"I do not think we will set out for three or four days. I have prevailed on Ainslie to remain in New York for that length of time, only by representing the inconvenience that would accrue to his health from so long a journey."

"I hope his illness will not result seriously," said Mr. Wilkes. "He seems to be a very talented and intelligent young man."

"So he is," said Tom, "talented beyond his years, but of a delicate constitution; and the hard study that he has undergone has already undermined his health. Why, at college, a person would never think of looking on the recreation-ground for Ainslie, at any hour. He was always in his rooms, poring over his books. From what he has told me of his history, too, I surmise that, not only at college, but in his own home, he has been a constant student."

"Are his parents living," asked Mr. Wilkes.

"Unfortunately no," replied Tom, "and this has been a cause of much sorrow to the poor boy, and, if I mis-
take not, has had much to do with his present illness. He is just on the verge of consumption, brought on, the doctors say, by too severe study and sedentary habits. But I know that upon Ainslie's constitution, not hard study alone, but the peculiar circumstances of his life have made sad ravages. If you desire, sir, I will tell you what I know of his life."

"I wish very much to hear something of him, Tom, pray do tell me his story," said Mr. Wilkes.

"His life has been a strange one," continued Tom. "His father and mother were both of the best families of Virginia, and, beyond this, he knows but little of them. His father was lost at sea but a few months after his marriage, and his mother, never recovering from the shock of her husband's death, died when George was but two years of age. His only relative now was his grandfather, his father's father, a wealthy planter, to whose care George was recommended by his dying mother. The little orphan was taken and rear ed by the grandfather. But Francis Ainslie was a stern, morose man, almost a tyrant, and, though he never treated George harshly, he never displayed any affection for the little child, who was the only living member of his own race, besides himself. Thus George grew to boyhood, with no one to love him or sympathize in his troubles but his old negro nurse, whom he had learned to love almost as a mother, and whom he still regards as his dearest friend. The grand, gloomy old mansion house, in which his grandfather lived, into which there never came anyone but the old man, the child and the black servants, and into whose dark and dusty rooms and corridors he used to look with childish awe, had also an influence to render his nature sad and melancholy. With such surroundings can you wonder that his early recollections—which, to others, are the happiest of life, are tinged with sorrow. When he grew older, he found the books a relief from the monotony of his former life, and he would bury his cares in the all-absorbing volumes of his grandfather's library. So great was his thirst for knowledge, that he never took delight in the pleasures of fashionable life, although they were within his easy reach. With his grandfather he had not had much intercourse, until his twelfth or thirteenth year, when, one day, he was surprised by a message, calling him to the old man's presence. He was there told, in a cold, formal manner, that, as he was the only male member of his family living, he would be his grandfather's heir, and the possessor of the broad Ainslie acres. Therefore, his education was immediately to be begun. From this time, his grandfather began to pay him more attention, and, indeed, soon seemed to have a kind of cold affection for him, but not that which he longed for. Even to the present time, there is very little intimacy between them; and, though George is indulged in every wish, it is done as a mere matter of course—no more. From what I can learn from George, there seems to be some dark mystery hanging over the mind of his grandfather, but what, he knows not. From this history, which I have learned, partly from George.
himself and partly from others, you may see why I take so great an interest in this boy, and why I desired to accompany him to his home. I feel as if he were my brother."

"I do not blame you, my boy, I do not blame you," said the old gentleman, feelingly, when Tom was done. "I am proud to hear you say so. From what you have said, he seems to be in every way worthy of your regard. You have interested me in this young man very much."

"I assure you, father, he deserves all the praise I can give for his worth and nobleness."

"I hope, Tom," continued the old gentleman, "you will always continue a good friend to him; for I think, both from what you have told me, and from my own observation, that he will be a good friend to you. By the bye," continued he, musing a moment, as if striving to call to mind some lost remembrance, "his features seem to me like those of some one I have known, but when or where I cannot remember. You say he has no relatives living, except his grandfather."

"None," replied Tom.

"It must be a mistake," said the old man, slowly, "but it did seem to me, when I saw his face first, to-day, that it was like one I had seen long ago."

"It may be but a fancied similarity," said Tom, "there are often people who resemble each other greatly, though not relatives."

"True," said Mr. Wilkes.

"By the way," said Tom, after a short silence, "how careless I am. I have not once asked about my friend Henry Allen. I hope he is doing as well as ever."

"Yes," replied Mr. Wilkes, "Henry is seldom ailing, but is constantly at work. He is laying the foundation of a useful and distinguished life, Tom, or I am mistaken. He is not a common man, and he will not hold a common station in life. I have invited him to dine with us this evening."

"That will be jolly," cried Tom. "I shall be glad to see George and him acquainted with each other. He is a Virginian, too, is he not?"

"Yes, I believe he is," said Mr. Wilkes. "But," he continued, suddenly, "I am letting myself forget all about our business. I have to instruct you in what you are to do for me in Richmond, and give you the necessary documents."

"I had almost forgotten," said Harry, and so they remained in the library, turning over manuscripts and examining records, until the servant came to announce luncheon.

At lunch, George was in better spirits, and looking better than he had been in the morning. The meal passed off very pleasantly to all, and George went back to his room doubly confirmed in his opinion, that Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes were a very estimable couple.

During the afternoon, when Mr. Wilkes had gone down town, Tom proposed a drive, as the weather had brightened up. George acceding to the proposal, the carriage was ordered; and they proceeded to "do" the Park, and returned in excellent spirits.

"George," Tom had said, during
the ride, "a friend of mine is coming to dine with us to-night—Mr. Henry Allen, my father's confidential clerk. I wish you to know him; you will find him a good friend. Besides, he is a Southerner, and from your own State."

"Indeed," said George, "I am glad to hear it. I shall be very much pleased to meet him."

So that evening in the parlor, when the servant announced Mr. Henry Allen, after that gentleman had duly paid his respects to our friend Tom, and to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes, he was introduced to Mr. Ainslie by the irresistible Wilkes Jr., in something like the following form, which served to overthrow at once, by a kind of flank movement, the reserve of both.

"Harry, a friend of mine I wish you to know, Mr. Ainslie. George, my friend Mr. Allen," and in due course, the two gentlemen named were friends, and before dinner was announced they were on as intimate terms as it was possible for two young gentlemen of their age and disposition to be under the circumstances; that is to say, they were as firm friends as if they had known each other for years. It was a very pleasant evening that, spent in the princely mansion of the broker; pleasant to all who were of the company; pleasant to the genial host and hostess, and pleasant to the guests. So thought George as Tom and he were retiring to their rooms which were near each other, and he expressed his satisfaction aloud.

"I did not think this morning, Tom, that it was possible for me to feel so well. I have not passed such a pleasant evening as this has been for a long time."

"I knew it," said Tom, triumphantly, pausing to open George's door. "I knew we would bring you out in spite of your croaking. But how do you like our friend Allen?" "Oh, he is worthy to be your friend!" replied George, "he is a noble young fellow."

"That he is," said Tom, earnestly, and bidding George good night, he went to his own room.

Meanwhile, Henry Allen, as he entered his modest boarding-house apartments was thinking in much the same strain, and he too remarked, to himself however, that "George Ainslie was an excellent young fellow." Henry had already prepared everything for his journey in the morning, and therefore after recommending himself to God, as was his custom, he retired to dream of the morrow and his meeting with his family.

[to be continued.]
THE semi-annual election of the Philalethic Literary Society was held on the 23d of February. The result is here given: President, Rev., E. J. Young, S. J.; Vice President, James H. Campbell; Recording Secretary, W. P. Veuve; Corresponding Secretary, Charles F. Wilcox; Treasurer, James M. Byrne; Librarian, J. C. Johnson; Censor, Edward White.

The speakers for the Grand Annual of the society (which will come off early in June), were elected in the order of their names: John T. Malone, Charles F. Wilcox, Stephen M. White. The Committee of Arrangements (appointed) for the same occasion, are: James H. Campbell, Chairman; W. P. Veuve, John C. Johnson.

The Phenix B. B. C. (our chief club), has at length organized (Feb. 28th), and furnishes us through its secretary with a list of its officers for the present term: President, Mr. A. Cialente; Vice President, Peter Byrne; Recording Secretary, E. J. Gregory; Treasurer, D. G. Sullivan; Censor, F. Trembly; Capt. First Nine, Jos. F. McQuade; Capt. Second Nine, H. J. Harrison.

The opinion has been expressed by many that orange trees will not bear well in Santa Clara Valley, the climate being too vigorous. Whoever entertains such a belief, may, by visiting the college garden, assure himself that orange trees, well cared for and sheltered from the north wind by a high wall or other protection, will yield abundantly in this region. We have there two orange trees loaded with healthy looking fruit.

On the 9th of last month a literary entertainment was given to the students, in the college theatre, in honor of our esteemed President, Rev. A. Varsi, whose birthday it was. The stage was fitted up and adorned in a tasteful and handsome manner, and the literary and musical tributes there offered, were in general very creditable to the young gentlemen who had part in the exercises. We furnish a programme:

- Norma, College Band.
- Presentation of a handsome bouquet to the President with appropriate verses, Peter Donahue.
- Sheppards' Quickstep, College Band.
- Congratulatory Address, Charles F. Wilcox.
- Morning Star Waltz, College Band.
- Society of Jesus, H. J. Harrison.
- Tableau—Baptism of an Indian Neophyte.
- Song—"Put me in my little bed," Jos. F. McQuade; piano accompaniment by Mr. E. C. E. Vile.
- Christianity in Japan, James H. Campbell.
- Selections from Trovatore—Piano, Peter P. Irigoyen.
April, 1871.]

IDLE NOTES.

St. Aloysius—a poem, Jos. F. McQuade. New Year’s Hymn, College Band. Tableau—Santa Clara College.

In a recent contest between the Young Original and Excelsior B. B. C. (both junior college clubs), the latter carried away the palm by a score of 20 to 18.

Our justly praised college band lent its efficient aid to the concert given a short time since in San José, for the benefit of the French sufferers.

The subject for the prize debate in the Philhistorian Society, of which notice was given some time since, has been announced. It is thus expressed: Resolved: That the civilization of the United States owes more to the Anglo-Saxon than to the Latin race.

All who have a reasonable hope of success (and some who have not), are straining every nerve for the victory, the college libraries have been diligently ransacked and every thing that might serve to throw even a glimmer of light on the matter has been carefully gathered up. The precise time for the debate is not yet certain; we know only this that it will be very soon—a few weeks more at the farthest. In our next issue we hope to be able to give our readers an account of it.

Several changes have lately been made in regard to the officers of the college cadets. Mr. R. L. Cochrane, formerly First Lieutenant of the senior company, has accepted the captaincy of the junior company. His place in the senior company has been filled by the promotion of the Second Lieutenant, Mr. Peter Byrne. An election was then held to fill the vacant post which resulted in the choice of Mr. Charles F. Wilcox as Second Lieutenant.

The birthday of the Vice-President, Rev. Joseph Caredda, was celebrated March 19th, in a jubilant manner by the band; and the college community repeatedly testified to their warm personal regard for the worthy gentleman, by their vociferous demonstrations at his appearance.

Not long ago a fire broke out in the dormitory of the junior department, caused, it is said, by the breaking of one of the lamps that are kept burning all night. Fortunately, the flames which were making rapid headway, were discovered and extinguished before any great injury was done to the building.

Six extra prizes will be given this year besides the usual premiums given in the various classes. They are enumerated as follows:

1st. A gold medal, value $40, the gift of Mr. A. Waldtenfel, San José, for the best original essay on “The Circulation of the Organogens.”

2d. A gold medal, the gift of John T. Doyle, Esq., San Francisco, for the best original essay on “The Life and Times of William III.”

3d. A prize of $10, the gift of Dr. Geary, of San Francisco, for the best original essay on “The Glories and Reverses of Napoleon III.”
For the first prize named, the two classes of chemistry, and all students who have completed the chemical course will be allowed to compete; the second is open to the second class of rhetoric and the classes above it; the third to all the classes below the second rhetoric.

There are three important conditions to be observed:

1st. All those who desire to compete for any of the above prizes are required to subscribe their names to a pledge, which binds them not to seek assistance from any source except the legitimate one of books and other publications, and not to quote from these any passage, sentence, or even phrase, without giving credit for it in the usual way.

2d. The competitors must hand in their essays on or before the 8th day of May next; after that time no compositions will be received.

3d. No student can compete for more than one of these prizes.

In addition to the above, three extra premiums will be given in the first, second and third classes of mathematics respectively. It is not yet known in what the competition will consist, nor what will be the conditions required. These will be made public only a few days before the time fixed upon for awarding the premiums. A student contending for one of the literary prizes, may also compete for the premium offered in his class of mathematics, if he belong to one of the classes named.

As the unfavorable weather prevented a large attendance at their last entertainment, the Dramatic Society have concluded to repeat "Damon and Pythias," with a side-splitting farce, entitled "An Unwarrantable Intrusion," as an afterpiece, after the Easter Vacation.

On the 24th ultimo, the Cecilian Society (college band), held a meeting for the election of officers. The successful candidates are as follows:

President, Rev. Joseph Caredda, S. J.; Vice President, Joseph F. McQuade; Secretary, Leo Pinard; Treasurer, E. Jaujou; Censor, H. Maison; Music Keeper, A. Sauffrignon.

The "Beggar of Valaverde," in the March No. of the Owl, was written by J. C. Hayes.

We publish this month the words of a new song, "Sabbath Bells," soon to be issued. Both the words and music are by Mr. E. C. E. Vile, a gentlemen whose gifts as a composer are doubtless well known to our readers.
EDITOR'S TABLE.


The University Echo is published at the University of California. It is a small four-page paper, well printed and creditably conducted.

We are glad of the opportunity to add the Miami Student to our exchange-list. We would have solicited an exchange long ago, but could not ascertain the address.

The Russian government donated to the University of Kasan, last year, about $200,000.

Some of the professors in German universities give their lectures in a declamatory manner, and, generally, in a standing position, and paying due regard to all the rules of oratory. Such lectures are usually fine rhetorical compositions, calculated to arouse an interest in the topic involved in the mind of the hearer, and to lead him to personal investigation and study.—G. F. B. in the Cornell Era.

Under the head of "Trifles," the Yale Literary gives the following account of the death of two young ladies, daughters of President Woolsey: They were traveling with their sister and her husband, Rev. Mr. Hermance, from Damascus to Jerusalem, when they were suddenly taken ill. Medical assistance failed to revive them on arriving at Jerusalem, and they gradually sank till death took them. It is supposed their death was due to climatic influences. The two ladies left New Haven last April, intending to remain abroad till next fall. Their sudden decease was a severe blow to the President, although he has endured it with the faith and patience of the true Christian.

The chime of bells at Cornell University can be heard at a distance of ten miles.

The library of Amherst College has 25,000 volumes.

The Boat Club of Rutgers College has erected a boat-house on the Raritan at an expense of $12,000.

During the late war, the German women sent by post, cigars, tea, chocolate, shirts and slippers to their ab-
sent friends in the army. A pair of slippers could be sent in two letters, one in each. One woman sent her husband a flannel shirt in six pieces, and by six posts; the last letter contained the left sleeve, with the needles and thread for sewing the shirt together.

The way Robert Bonner laid the foundation of that ridiculously large fortune of his, is said to be this: He worked at the case at $8 a week, and wrote letters to country papers; when he had saved up $500, he bought the *Merchant's Ledger*, and now he owns "Dexter," and "J. Eliot," and "Nebuchadnezzar," and "Ramises the First," and ever so many other nags. He has, besides, much city lot, two or three millions in stocks and things, and an income of $4,000 a week, on which he manages to rough it. But then he's an economical man.

John Simmons, a wealthy merchant of Boston, has given $1,400,000 for establishing a female college in that city.

Amherst College (Mass) is trying the division of classes according to scholarship.

The University of Moscow has 75 professors and 1600 students.

The salary of the Harvard professors has been raised to $4,000.

The German universities have lost upwards of 200 students in the Franco-Prussian war.

James De Mille, who has become famous from his "Dodge Club" in Harper's Magazine, is a professor in Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Princeton has lately received donations to the amount of $115,000.

Professor Strave, a distinguished professor of Pultoua, who has made it a rule to be a constant observer of the planet Saturn, and its rings, has discovered that the inner ring, which was partly transparent and had the appearance of a body of vapor, had inclined more towards the planet, until the attraction between the ring and the planet was so great, that the centrifugal force of the ring was overcome, and it was drawn to the planet, leaving no trace of its existence.

An immense and valuable deposit of bones has been found in a cave, near Phoenixville. Among them is a mastodon's trunk, 11 feet long, the bones of the great cave bear, a gigantic sloth, and a curious little horse.

We have to thank our publishers, A. L. Bancroft & Co., for the *Aldine* for February, accompanied by a handsome oil chromo, ("Ducks") a copy of an oil painting by Lange of Dusseldorf. This chromo will be sent to all the yearly subscribers of the magazine. The *Aldine* is a monthly periodical of the largest size, faultless in style and execution, and filled with well-written, interesting matter. Each number contains many excellent engravings, for the publication of which the form and size of the magazine is especially adapted. We furnish our readers with the contents of the number before us (February): Illustrations; Dante at the River (Title Page); Hon. George Opdyke (Portrait); "As a Hen gathereth her Chickens under her wing" (Full Page); A waterfall in Norway; The stolen Child (Full Page); Somnolence; Christine Nilsson (Portrait); Modern Joshua (Caricature).
Articles: College Libraries; The Tale of a Pony; one touch of Nature; Travel; Truth; Hon. George Opdyke; Garden Humors; Sowing in Tears; The Malefactor's Violin; Dante at the River Eunoe; The Phantom Hunter; Book Table: Art Notes; Christine Nilsson; Meeting at Night; Publisher's Corner. The Aldine is issued monthly, at $2.50 per year, by James Sutton & Co., 23 Liberty St., New York.

OLIO.

Hints to Bathers.—Unless you are staying at a very fashionable hotel, it will not be necessary to enter the water attired in a dress coat and white kids; and if you are not very anxious about staying in a certain length of time, do not take your watch in with you. Persons liable to take cold from damp feet will find gum shoes serviceable during the bath; and if the ocean is as dusty as it is sometimes in the theatres, a linen duster will be nice to have along to protect your suit.

If you are a small man, never try to bathe a fat woman who weighs more than three hundred pounds. Never bathe while you are at dinner; but it will be well, if you intend to try swimming over to Europe, to take a little lunch along in a hermetically sealed sardine box. If there are indications of a freshet in the ocean, it will be better not to go in at all: If the water is very cold, the wisest plan is to dress yourself warmly.

It will be prudent to take a bar of soap in to bathe with you, so that if the undertow carries you out you can wash yourself ashore. Diving for the Atlantic cable, so as to read the despatches, is strictly forbidden at all the watering places. If you get too far away from shore, and find yourself sinking, it will be prudent to write off your last words on a piece of paper, and then tie the document to a stone and throw it ashore.

Matrimoniy, says Mrs. Partington, is a very solemn scene, where the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus and goes through the ceremony of man and wife. It ought to be husband and wife—for it's not every husband turns out to be a man. I declare I shall never forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said—"With my worldly goods I thee endow." He used to keep a dry-goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and did not know till afterwards, that he only meant one calico gown a year. It is a lovely sight to see young people plighting their troth, as the song says, and com-
ing up to costume their responsibilities.

A green servant girl was told by her mistress, to wash her clothes and hang them on a horse to dry. Biddy O'Flanagan having washed the articles, suddenly disappeared, and in about an hour returned, leading a donkey. "What on earth," says the lady, "do you want that for? "Oh, sure," cried Biddy, "I could not find a horse, but I've got a donkey, and won't that do as well?"

An Irishman was once indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The bird chirped as it went down his throat, and he very politely observed, "Be the powers, my friend, yer spoke too late."

Jerrold once went to hear the Rev. Robt. Montgomery preach. He never tired of repeating the commencement of that strange parson's sermon. It was in these words: "My beloved brethren, why did the Almighty create Satan?" This being a poser far above his congregation's power to answer, he answered for them by saying, "To place Himself in a moral dilemma! Why, then, did the Almighty create our Saviour? To release himself of this dilemma!" Jerrold waited for no more—this was enough to last him all his life.

"Bridget," said a lady to her servant, "Bridget Donlay, who was that man you were talking with so long at the gate last evening?" "Sure, no one but me eldest brother, ma'am," replied Bridget, with a flushed cheek. "Your brother! I didn't know you had a brother. What is his name?" "Barney Octoolan, ma'am." "Indeed, how comes it that his name is not the same as yours?" "Throth, ma'am," replied Bridget, "he has been married once."

Snooks's mother and old Mrs. Stubbs were talking about little babies. "Why," said Mrs. Snooks, "when I was a baby they put me in a quart pot and then put the lid on."

"And did you live?" was the astonishing inquiry of Mrs. Stubbs.

"They tell me I did," was the astonishing reply.

"Well, did you ever?" and Mrs. Stubbs fell to knitting like one possessed.

The most original spelling we have ever seen is the following. It beats phonetics: 8o you be—a tub. 8o oh! pea—a top. Be 8o—bat. See 8o—cat. Pea 8o—pat. Are 8o—rat. See oh! double you—cow. See you be—cub. See a bee—cab. Be you double tea—but. Be a double ell—ball.

"Did you say that my brother Jim didn't know as much as Smith's yellow dog?" "No, I said Smith's yellow dog knew more than your brother Jim!"

To what color does a flogging change a boy? It makes him yell O!
Having removed to our new and spacious building, on Market Street, we are now prepared to supply the finest stock of

American and Foreign Stationery,

ever offered in the city.

We have made arrangements for receiving, direct, from LONDON AND PARIS, the latest styles immediately upon introduction, and shall keep constantly on hand the choicest qualities and most fashionable styles of

Wedding and Ladies’ Stationery

that can be imported.

We have secured the services of an artist engraver, lately with Tiffany, New York, who is acknowledged to be the most skillful workman in the city, and are prepared to execute every variety of

Engraving

for Wedding Orders, Visiting Cards, Business Cards, Monograms, Crests, Mottos and Initials, in the most exquisite taste, after the latest styles. Wedding Stationery with all its appointments, furnished in the most superior style, upon short notice. Wedding Invitations carefully addressed and delivered, both in the city and country.

Visiting and Business Cards

Engraved and printed in any style, according to the taste of the purchaser.

Monograms and Initial Letters,

For Stamping, designed and sketched at a short notice, without charge.

Particular attention is given to

Initial Stamping,

which is done in a superior manner, in Relief, Cameo, Color-relief, Two Colors, and Gold.

Monograms Illuminated in Gold and Colors.

A large stock of Initial Stationery, in color and relief, constantly on hand.

Every description of work executed in a most superior manner, at the lowest prices consistent with good work.

All work intrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention.

A. L. BANCROFT.

H. H. BANCROFT.
NEW SPRING DRY GOODS.

TAAFFE & CO.

No. 9 Montgomery Street, (Lick House),
SAN FRANCISCO.

Have opened and are now exhibiting for sale at WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, the largest and most elegantly selected Stock of

DRY GOODS

Ever imported into San Francisco, consisting of

Elegant New Style Silks,
Chintz Stripe Satin du Chene, (new),
Plain Silks in all shades and qualities,
An immense Stock of Black Silks,
French, English and American Piques,
Plain, White and Figured Marseilles,
Bareges, Tissues, Mozambiques, etc.,
In great variety.

HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS.

Barnsley, Scotch and Irish Damasks,
Damask Table Cloths and Napkins,
Towels and Toweling,
Linen and Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings,
Blankets and Quilts,
Piano and Table Covers,
Lace Curtains, etc.

AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.

HOSIERY.

Ladies', Children' and Gent's Hosiery of all sizes and qualities, Gloves, Laces,
Embroidery in Sets and by the yard, Handkerchiefs, etc.

Manufacturers of Santa Clara College Uniform Suits, which bore the palm at the last Mechanics' Exhibition.

Our Wholesale Department is complete, and we continue to sell to the Jobbing Trade in quantities to suit, at the Lowest Market Rates.

TAAFFE & CO.
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,
San Jose, California.

YOUNG LADIES’ INSTITUTE.

This Institution, which is incorporated according to the laws of the State, and empowered to confer academical honors, will commence the Nineteenth Annual Session on Tuesday, August 17th, 1870.

The course of instruction embraces all the branches of a thorough education.

**TERMS:**

- Entrance to be paid but once ............................................. $ 15.00
- Board and Tuition, per quarter ............................................. 62.50
- Washing, per quarter ....................................................... 12.50
- Physicians’ fees (unless it may be preferred to pay the bill in case of sickness), per quarter ............................................. 2.50

*Piano, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting* form extra charges; but there is no extra charge for the *French, Spanish or German Languages*, nor for *Plain Sewing and Fancy Needlework*.

*Payments are required to be made half a session in advance.*—*Pupils will find it much to their advantage to be present at the opening of the Session.*
"PEBBLY BEACH MAZURKA,"

By E. C. E. VILE,

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

"SHE WEPT AGAIN,"

Music and Words by E. C. E. VILE.

On sale with: CHAS. EATON, SAN FRANCISCO; L. FORBES, SAN JOSE;
E. C. E. VILE, SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

"Take me again to my Island Home."

IN PUBLICATION:

A Duetto: "Cupid's Perplexities."
PETER N. RYAN,

DEALER IN

Books and Stationery

TOYS AND FANCY ARTICLES,

No. 40 4th St., under Brevoort House, near Jessie,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HIBERNIA

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,

OFFICE:


OFFICERS:

President, M. D. Sweeney,  Vice-President, C. D. O'Sullivan.

TRUSTEES:

M. D. Sweeney,  M. J. O'Connor,
C. D. O'Sullivan,  P. McARan,
John Sullivan,  Gustave Touchard,
R. J. Tobin,  Jos. A. Donahoe,

Peter Donahue.

Treasurer,  -  -  -  -  -  -  EDWARD MARTIN.
Attorney,  -  -  -  -  -  -  RICHARD TOBIN.

Remittances from the Country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Office, or any reliable Banking House; but the Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery. The signature of the depositor should accompany his first deposit. A proper pass-book will be delivered to the agent by whom the deposit is made.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED FROM $2.50 UPWARDS.

Office Hours—From 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.
EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.

Book and Job Printers,

BOOK-BINDERS

AND

Blank Book Manufacturers,

Leidesdorff St., from Clay to Commercial,

SAN FRANCISCO.
THE OWL.

A Magazine, Edited by the Boys of Santa Clara College, California.

The columns of the Owl, filled with only original matter, are devoted to

Scientific and Historical Essays;

Tales, Dramas, Poetry, Humor;

Miscellaneous Notes and Book Notices;

Class-Standing.

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

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

The articles are secured by copyright.

TERMS:

$2.50 per annum, (payable in advance), 30 cts. per single number.

An extra copy will be sent gratis for each club of five names.

Back numbers may be obtained at the office, or from agents. Postage on the Owl, within the United States, is 24 cts, a year, payable at the office where received. The necessary amount must accompany foreign subscriptions.

Agents:

IN SAN FRANCISCO,


IN SAN JOSE.—A. Waldteufel, Bookseller, Knox's Block.

IN SANTA CLARA.—R. S. Forbes, Franklin Street.

An Excellent Advertising Medium.

The circulation of the Owl has already attained a very respectable latitude, and is constantly on the increase.

TERMS FOR EACH INSERTION, MONTHLY.

| Outside Cover, full page | — | $10.00 | Facing Index, full page | — | $10.00 |
|—— | — | — | — | — | — |
| Inside half-page | — | 10.00 | Inside pages, half-page | — | 7.00 |
| — | 6.00 | — | quarter-page, half-page | — | 4.00 |
| — | 4.00 | — | quarter-page | — | 2.00 |

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

Importer and Dealer in

Books, Stationery, Sheet Music,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, FANCY GOODS, Etc.

Agent for Chickering & Son's Celebrated Pianofortes

And the Burdett Combination Organ.

PIANOS AND ORGANS FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

Catholic Books, and others, in all their different branches.

Liberal Discount made to Colleges, Schools and Libraries.

Foreign Books imported to order at short notice and small advance.

A. WALDTEUFEL,

Music Hall, First Street, San Jose.