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THE OWL

DEVOTED TO

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

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CONTENTS.

Among the Gnomes and Salamanders, .......................... 349
James V. Coleman.

Classical Education, ............................................. 352
St. Louis University.

In Exile, ............................................................. 356
St. Ignatius College, San Francisco.

Immortality of the Soul, ........................................ 357

A Legend, ............................................................ 362

Aenone, ............................................................. 363
Professor Dance.

Chat about the Cloister, ......................................... 364
Justice, San Francisco.

The Talisman, ....................................................... 367
James V. Coleman.

The Ainslies, Chapter IV, (et seq.) ............................. 369
John T. Malone. (Metaphysics.)

Mountains, .......................................................... 377
J. Poujade.

Conscription and Standing Armies, ............................ 378
Charles F. Wilcox. (Ethics.)

Cupid's Perplexities, ............................................. 382
Professor Dance.

Idle Notes, .......................................................... 384
James H. Campbell. (Ethics.)

Editors' Table, .................................................... 388
James H. Campbell. (Ethics.)

Olio, ................................................................. 390

Table of Honor, .................................................... 394

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O! for the Quicksilver mines! Trundling behind a comfortable-looking nag, with sleek coat and uniform pace, we were nearing the mines of New Almaden: A fine road, a pleasant prospect, and occasional bon-mots from the heavy weight on my right, who, by the way, handles the ribbons with all the grace of an expert, rendered the journey anything but tedious. In about an hour and a half, a number of white cottages emerged from the haze overhanging the mountains, and the mines were in sight. At this portion of our journey, we noticed a paradox of nature worth mentioning. Either of us would have sworn that we were riding down hill, and yet running by the side of the road was a stream, evidently taking an opposite course. The illusion is so complete, that every visitor to the mines notices the seeming anomaly. The time between our arrival and our entrance into the tunnel, was passed pleasantly enough in straying over the mountains, admiring the grandeur of the scenery, and complacently discovering new ore of surpassing richness, which we wondered no one had ever turned to any profitable advantage. After a lunch had been disposed of, the steed was again brought into requisition, and we labored up the steep ascent, towards the mines. Little children, hardly able to walk, discontinued the pleasant recreation of peering over the dizzy heights, to peer at us. With the exception of a delay, now and then, owing to the lumbering ore wagons creeping up the road, we reached the plano without incident. A few detached houses, a bar-room and a blacksmith shop, compose the town. In front of the blacksmith shop stood a knot of talkative Cornishmen, murdering the Queen's English. Conspicuous among them all was a big, burly fellow, luxuriating in a giant chest and brawny arms,
who, in answer to our inquiry concerning the whereabouts of the foreman, regaled us for about a quarter of an hour with the various methods of finding him, dilating on the shortness and difficulty of this route, and the length and convenience of that, and finally deciding that the best way would be to secure the horse where we were, and walk up the hill with "Benicio," who would introduce us to the gentleman. Following his advice, we made our way through a number of Mexicans, who were smoking the eternal cigarito, and were at last ushered into a crowded bar-room. Here we found Mr. McKee, who, after reading our letter of introduction, kindly volunteered to show us through the mines. As we were leaving the room, a broad-shouldered Mexican testified his regard for his boss by a hug that would have done honor to a hungry bear, turning him in the air and throwing him on his feet, with all the ease imaginable. The recipient of this testimony of affection took it all in good part, and with the remark: "Well, gentlemen, I am at your service," preceded us to the office of the mine. Here we were shown an exact map, done in various colors, so as to designate the depth of the different tunnels. Providing ourselves with a goodly supply of candles, we proceeded to the entrance, where a smart-looking guide, about fifteen years of age, was awaiting us. In answer to my look of inquiry, the foreman remarked, that although an employé of the mine, he was not sufficiently acquainted with its twists and turns to be a safe guide himself, but that the boy was as much at home beneath as above ground. We entered in Indian file, the guide preceding us and occasionally crying out "water," which warned us to observe greater caution lest our clothes should suffer. After proceeding in this style for some time, until I lost all idea of the points of the compass, we commenced the descent. The novel Mexican ladders appalled us somewhat at first, but observing the ease with which our young guide descended, we made the attempt, and were much flattered at our success. The ladder consists simply of a thick pole supplied with notches at regular distances. The method of descending is rather tedious, as one has to place one's feet sidewise in the notches. The Mexicans, however, as we were told by Mr. McKee, would use no other sort, looking on the Cornish ladders with disdain. Up and down these the live-long day they toil, bending under the weight of three hundred pounds of rock, preferring to do this sort of work in the dark depths of the earth than to labor under the light of Heaven for three times the wages. After essaying three or four of these ladders, we came on a party of carpenters, erecting timbers to remedy the effect of a fearful "cave" that had happened the day before. The force of these underground avalanches is terrible. Monstrous timbers are broken and shattered as pipe-stems, or flattened completely out. The miners, however, seem to court the danger, and go to work as willingly on the ruins of a "cave" as if they were tripping to a feast. Our passage through the mine was varied by the selection of rich specimens of ore, and
by the interesting conversation of the foreman, who seemed to take a pleasure in answering our many questions. We asked him if the miners were orderly and peaceable in their relations towards one another. "O," said he, "peaceable enough—we have no need of policemen here. Things go on generally just as you see them now. We pay the men every two weeks, and off they go to spend their hard earnings in carousing and drinking. The Mexicans congregate in the upper part of the town, and drink and gamble to their hearts' content. Occasionally we hear of one of their number being ripped open or shot, but then that's only a pleasant diversion here." Speaking of the habits of the Cornishmen, he said they gave very little trouble. "Sometimes," said he, "they will bandy hot words over their mugs of ale, but, bless your soul, a Cornishman will never fight."

By this time we had seen everything of interest in the mine, and were hastening to the light of day. A good breath of fresh air was a real luxury, after sweltering for an hour or so in the close, dark mine. Bidding Mr. McKee a grateful farewell, we proceeded to the smelting works at the foot of the mountain, taking time to admire the beautiful expanse of luxuriant grain that lay like a panorama beneath. My companion, at this juncture, indulged in a poetic flight of fancy which I would transcribe for the benefit of the reader, if my memory did not fail me: suffice it to say, it was good. We found the manager of the smelting works without any trouble, and received at his hands the same courtesy that had been shown us during the day. He explained fully, and in a business-like manner, the mysteries of furnace and condensers, and exemplified the curious pranks of that witch of metals, mercury. All around us it was dripping, oozing through the brick walls and collecting in bright globules on the ground. "Doubtless," said Mr. F., "if we were to demolish our works here, we would be repaid by many a ton of mercury, collected beneath;" and yet with all this waste, quicksilver mining pays, and pays well. The noxious fumes arising from the process of distillation, are carried to the top of the hill by a large chimney extending along its side. From the mouth of this chimney the poisonous clouds are continually rolling, reminding one of the mythological fumes of Hades. The baneful effects of salvation were naturally discussed and deplored; but, alas! there is no help for it, and the man who enters the smelting works strong and stalwart, generally leaves them a decrepit, toothless, tottering wreck. There is a substance deposited on the walls of the condensers, of which the exact composition is not known. Mr. F. remarked that he had shown it to many chemists during his time, but none had ever given him the components, although everyone confidently asserted his intention of assaying it. On taking it from the condenser it is a white, limy-looking substance, but on wetting, becomes of a bright yellow color. Mr. F. gave it as his opinion that mercury, sulphur, and arsenic were present, but said he would be thankful if some of our scientific men would decide the ques-
tion for him. He also furnished us with a specimen of the plaster from the walls of the condenser, on which was deposited crystalized cinnabar, formed from the combination of the volatilized mercury and sulphur.

After examining a choice selection of ores he had made, we departed, well pleased with our visit to New Almaden and the gentlemanly courtesy shown us by the managers of the mine. A visit to the Cinnabar regions will amply repay one for the journey, and, I think, increase his idea of the natural resources of California.

CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

For many years past there has been considerable discussion among the learned, as to whether the Classics are the best means of educating the minds of the young. Many wise and learned men have entered into this discussion; many literary periodicals, and even many of the daily papers, have occasionally found opportunity for an interesting article, or some appropriate remarks upon this question. It cannot be expected, therefore, that in such a short paper as we are about to submit, we can treat at any considerable length, or that we can do justice to, so important a question.

This, like many another important question, had its origin in necessity. When education, or at least a certain amount of information became useful and necessary to men of every station of life, and there was a demand for well-informed employes to manage business affairs, the young men, especially of the middling classes, hastened to acquire the necessary amount of learning, that they might enter into business and press forward to a mistaken object of life—the accumulation of wealth. They did not wait to go through the long course of classical studies, but sought to acquire a knowledge of modern sciences and business affairs. They succeeded passably well in business, were satisfied with their store of knowledge, and were not anxious that their children should have any more information or mental culture than they themselves, since what they had received had been sufficient. In the course of time it began to be a question of dispute, whether the classics were necessary or even useful; and gradually those, who knew little or nothing about them, became bold enough to assert that they were not the best means of developing the mind, but that mathematics and the exact sciences, were equally well, if not better, adapted to this end. This, then,
is the question which we are about to examine, and of which we hope to be able to find an answer for the inquiring.

In the first place, let us see what are some of the principal objections to the classics. It is asked: "Why should so many years be spent in studying the classics; in pondering over obscure and difficult authors; in committing to memory the words, phrases and idioms of languages, which we shall never use? If employed in a house of business, we shall never have a customer who can speak only Latin or Greek. If lawyers or doctors, we shall never meet with clients or patients who can make their complaints only in the dead languages. A young man, by applying himself to the classics, wastes the best years of his life; time which might be more profitably spent in learning modern languages, and in acquiring knowledge useful and applicable to business; knowledge which might fill his coffers to the brim."

Before answering these objections, let us understand the exact meaning of the question. The question in dispute is as follows: "Is the study of the classics the best means of acquiring the culture and development of all the mental faculties?" This surely is not saying that we should study the classics and neglect the modern languages and exact sciences; no one is justifiable in such an interpretation of the above question. Neither does it refer to the amount of technical and professional information which one may acquire. But the point lies between the classical and scientific methods of educating, and their relative values in fathoming the mind and in bringing all its powers into action. Here lies the true line of discussion, and to it we shall confine our attention.

Now, if a mere superficial knowledge of things is desired, or if mere technical or special instruction is sought, we admit that the study of the ancient literature is unnecessary, and that the young man may enter business sooner, and succeed, perhaps, as well, merely with a knowledge of popular modern languages and sciences. But if, on the contrary, a thorough education or development of the mind is desired, previous to the acquisition of a useful store of knowledge, and for the purpose of being able to make a more judicious use of it, we maintain that the best means of obtaining this education is the study of the classics; in proof whereof, and in answer to the objections before noticed, we shall proceed to consider some of the advantages of the classics.

The first advantage which we claim for them, is the cultivation of the taste, and of great powers of expression. The taste, as we all know, is a faculty capable of being improved by exercise, or by the study of the works of such authors as are recognized models, on account of the grandeur of their ideas, the purity and elegance of their style, the felicity and copiousness of their expressions. Where shall we find writers so remarkable for all these qualities as the classical authors, who, for two thousand years, have been the models of all writers? The grandeur of Homer, the fiery eloquence of Demos-
thenes, the elegance of Virgil, and the splendid oratory of Cicero, furnish unparalleled examples for the exercise of the judgment and taste of the diligent student. The copiousness of their language makes him acquainted with numberless turns of expression, and will bring all his powers into action to find equivalent expressions in the idioms of his own tongue. They are such masters of speech, so precise, so forcible and varied in expression, that the translator frequently reviews the whole vocabulary of the words, phrases and idioms of his own language, to find an expression for the conveyance of the idea of the original. Many of our modern authors have translated whole volumes of this ancient labor, for the purpose of acquiring copiousness of expression in their own languages, and of having at command, and adapting, the beautiful turns of expression so frequently occurring. Then, when we consider that many of the modern languages, as the Italian, the Spanish, the French and the English, are founded upon, or have been greatly enriched by, words from the Greek and Latin, is it not evident that to appreciate the force of these words in their derived meanings, we should know their original signification, or, in other words, know their force in the languages from which they have been adopted? For instance, the common word “to succor,” we all know to mean, “to assist;” but how tame the idea conveyed, unless we revert to its derivation, and find the force of the original meaning to be, “to run under” for the purpose of sustaining; immediately the idea becomes more vivid and striking; again, the idea conveyed by the word “decide,” becomes far more striking when we refer it to its origin and find its full force to be “to cut off,” as applied to disputes. Such is the case with many words, and, by knowing their origin, we not only feel their full force, but we are also enabled to apply them to greater advantage.

But there is a still higher excellence claimed for the writings of antiquity. The object of education is not the acquirement of a certain amount of information; information is only the instrument of the educated mind; but it is to develop and train the mind, to open its hidden stores, to bring into requisition its dormant powers. For this end we claim that no means is better adapted than the classics. Genius is brought out, and the powers of the mind are called into action, by coping with equal or greater geniuses; and the stronger the spirit with which we are brought into contact, the greater will be the demand for energy and exertion of the mental faculties. This we know from every day’s experience in private conversation. When we stand in the company of those who are by far our inferiors in intellect, there is little or no opportunity to exercise our faculties, and they become dormant and weak. When, on the contrary, our minds come into contact with equal or greater minds, the exertion and tension, which are required of the intellectual powers, develop and strengthen our faculties. Now, an author is like a companion. If he is of a weak or inferior mind, there is no need of
exertion to comprehend his meaning, or enter into his thoughts; but if he is of a superior mind, and if he is a master of thought and language, all our faculties are brought into action, exercised and strengthened. But where shall we find more genius displayed than in the writings of the ancient authors? That these are recognized great geniuses and standard authors is proved from the facts, that they have been extant for two thousand years; that they have withstood the severest criticisms; that they have come into contact with the greatest minds succeeding them, and have not only been judged worthy of immortality, but have received unlimited praise and approbation from all who have been thoroughly acquainted with them. In rubbing against these labors, and in applying himself to the study of them, the student requires the strength and exertion of all his faculties, and the necessary consequence is the development of his mind.

His taste, as we have before shown, is cultivated by beholding, and learning to appreciate their excellencies; his reason is taxed to discover their meaning, to understand the logical and grammatical construction of sentences, to distinguish the different shades of signification in words, which they so often and nicely express; his memory is exercised in grasping and retaining the words, phrases and idioms used by his author. He must master the thought and become familiar with the forms of expression, so various in the classical authors; and he alone can tell of the oft-repeated yet useful, task of finding equivalent expressions in his own language. There is an objection sometimes made, but one which is in reality an argument in favor of our subject; this is, that they are "Dead Languages." Those who bring this forward as an objection, take only a superficial view of the classics. They call them dead, because the merchant does not need them to converse with his customers; the lawyer and doctor, to understand their clients and patients. But if they are dead, it is not in the sense of being of no interest and utility, but in being fixed and immutable in their splendor; their present beauties can never become faults on account of the fluctuations in the manners, customs or character of a people. Each succeeding age shall look upon them as we do, and as past ages have looked upon them, and in interest and utility they shall ever live, as they have lived for more than two thousand years; they shall be useful, not as the modern languages, for the purposes of conversation, but to train the mind of youth; to develop its faculties; to afford to the learned of each succeeding generation, delights which never tire. For these ends, they will be more useful than modern languages, which can generally be learned in conversation, without much study or severe application, and which have no authors so universally excellent as those of antiquity; more useful than mathematics, which require the application of the reasoning powers almost exclusively, to the neglect of the other faculties. The classic authors shall ever be the delight and the companions of all who have a taste for letters, an ambition to be educated.
IN EXILE.

It was near the golden sunset
    Of a still October day;
Mirror'd were the slanting sunbeams
    On the bosom of a bay;
Piled all round were purple mountains,
    Framed in atmosphere of gold,
Melting in the myriad glories
    That a Southern sunset fold.

It was near the blue Pacific,
    Main of the enchanted isles
Crown'd with myrtle, palm and spices,
    Deck'd with Nature's brightest smiles—
That an Exile, lonely, weary,
    Stood upon the shell-strewn shore,
Little heeding all the beauty
    That the Southern landscape wore.

Like the nautilus, fair, frail thing,
    That across the ocean wide,
Menac'd by ten thousand perils,
    Reaches shore, whate'er betide;
So, his soul, on mem'rys surges,
    Drifts to a far distant land;
Victor over time and distance,
    Lo! he sees his native land.

Bold green headlands; haunts of sea-birds,
    Stand around a shelter'd bay,
On whose tranquil shores his childhood
    Spent its brief but blissful day;
There his blithesome boyhood sported,
    There in youth he loved to roam,
There Romance's fairy vision—
    Dawned on him, and there his home.

There, too, 'tis the peaceful waning,
    Of a still October eve;
Shy-eyed twilight drops the curtain
    Which the shadows grayly weave.
Fishing craft are homeward gliding,
Spectre-like, at close of day;
All seems steep'd in dreamy languor
Round thy coast, sweet Galway Bay.
Dreamy as the low pulsations
Of the tide along the shore!
Fitting clime for love to bloom in,
Fitting time to tell it o'er.
But the clime and hour have vanished
From yon dreamer on the strand,
And alone, unloved, he wanders
In a fair but foreign land.
And the golden, sunny Southland,
What are all its charms to me?
Golden lands but golden dreams are:
Fantasies that please the free.
Yon lone Exile knows how true 'tis
That, tho' 'round the world he roam,
Ne'er will he find clime as fair as
That which shelters "home, sweet home."

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

DOES HUMAN REASON TEACHING BY ANALOGY, PROVE THE IMMORTALITY
OF THE SOUL?

FROM the numberless arguments
to be drawn from natural reason
in favor of the immortality of the hu-
man soul, let us select one, since it
would be impossible profitably to con-
sider them all in the limited space
of one short essay.

In the present discussion of this
question it is proposed to adduce no
arguments not fairly drawn from hu-
man reason, independent of revela-
tion, because most of those who reject
the doctrine of the immortality of the
soul, reject also revelation; and it is
folly to expect them to accept a prop-
osition as true, upon the evidence of
a witness, whose testimony they reject
as false.

The writer does not, however, wish
it to be inferred, because he now
makes no appeal to revelation in support of his position, that, therefore, he rejects revelation. Such an inference would be as illogical as to suppose that a physician denies the nutritiousness and utility of the finest article of food because of his refusal to prescribe it for the use of a patient by whose diseased stomach it would surely be rejected. But to our subject.

In all matters of scientific inquiry outside of what are known as the exact sciences, there is no mode of reasoning in more general use, or more generally recognised as legitimate, than that which proceeds upon the principles of analogy. It is by analogy that having found certain properties in a given substance, we at once infer the presence of certain other properties which are already known to exist in kindred substances. For example, we will suppose the case of a sailor, born and reared on the seas, who, by observation and experience, has become familiar with all the essential properties of water. He has seen it expanded by the rays of the sun, and lifted in its evaporated state into the clouds, and when re-condensed by the cold upper air, he has seen it return by the force of its own weight, sometimes in globules of hail, and sometimes in drops of rain, back to the bosom of the ocean. From these and kindred observations he has learned that water may be expanded into vapor by heat, or congealed to icy hardness by cold. Experience has also taught him that water will extinguish fire, and when unmixed with certain other substances, will allay thirst. He has also learned that water, although divisible to an unlimited degree, is in its nature—as far as philosophy teaches—indestructible.

All this knowledge we will suppose has been acquired by studying the properties and qualities of the sea, by one reared upon its bosom, who has never set foot upon the land, and to whom all the world beyond the ocean's beach, is as yet a sealed book.

Now, let us suppose this sailor taken from his ocean home and set down some bright summer's morning in the midst of a beautiful garden, where shining dew-drops moisten the lips of each opening flower, and hang in quivering globules from the tips of the gracefully bending leaves. Entirely ignorant at first of its nature and properties, he approaches one of these beautiful pearl-like drops and touches it with his finger, when at once he discovers that it is a drop of water, made after the image and likeness of the ocean—that same mighty ocean which girdles the world; across whose expansive bosom sweeps the commerce of the nations; whose fathomless depths swarm with myriads upon myriads of fishes; and beneath whose mad billows have gone down the proudest ships that ever floated upon its tempestuous waves. The moment he ascertains that this little liquid globule is a drop of water, that moment will he, without subjecting it to any further test, at once conclude that it possesses the power to extinguish fire; that it will evaporate under the influence of heat; congeal to ice by the application of cold; that it is capable of being divided into an almost infinite number of particles; but that it cannot be annihilated; and all
these deductions he will draw from the analogy that this insignificant dew-drop bears to that stupendous ocean which enfolds the world in its watery embrace.

Turning now from this material ocean, let us, after the example of our supposed sailor, study for a moment some of the properties and characteristics of that boundless ocean of mind which pervades the universe: that master mind at whose bidding sprang into existence the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the sea, the air, the plants, the trees, the beasts, the birds, the fishes, and even man himself. Pausing now in the awful and mysterious presence of this mighty mind, let us contemplate for one moment with humble reverence some of its wonderful properties.

Unlike all that we know of the material universe, it can neither be measured nor weighed nor divided into parts. It is neither expanded by heat nor contracted by cold, nor otherwise affected by the changes of temperature. Upon the mountaintops, in the lowest depths of the ocean, amidst the everlasting frosts and snows and icy peaks of the poles, deep down in the fiery billows of the volcano, everywhere, this Almighty, mysterious mind is present and everywhere it performs its functions with the same unerring precision.

Though the earth, the sun, moon and stars were sundered into atoms, and those atoms themselves were utterly annihilated, yet it is impossible to conceive how a single attribute or faculty of this all-pervading mind could be thereby in the least impaired.

Its properties are altogether different from those which characterize the universe of matter.

Among those properties are will, memory, and understanding. Such is the irresistible power of that will, that the earth, the ocean, and all the planets that people space, obey its behests. Such is the memory of that Almighty mind, that the entire past, even to the minutest movements of each mote, which, since the morning of creation, has quivered in sunbeam or floated in air, stands as plainly visible to its all-searching gaze as do today the grandest orbs that roll in undimmed splendor around the eternal throne.

The understanding too, of this all-powerful and all-remembering mind is so perfect, so comprehensive, and so boundless, that it embraces a perfect knowledge of all truth, whether it relates to the past, the present, or the future; and whether to the universe of mind or the universe of matter.

That these are some of the leading characteristics of the great, all-pervading and all-governing mind, no one who admits the existence of a God pretends to deny. That that mind,—in the eternal future as in the eternal past,—will live on unchanged and unchangeable, is a proposition which forces itself upon human intelligence with all the power of a first truth.

If any one be found so blasphemous as to assert that the Divine Mind can ever die, let him tell us how and by what process, according to his philosophy, such a result is to be brought about. What poisonous drug, what dangerous disease, what deadly weap-
on, can inflict death upon that mind by whose sufferance alone all created things exist?

Turning from the contemplation of God—the great illimitable ocean of mind—and looking at man, we find him endowed with a small atom of that same kind of unseen, intangible, indivisible something, which wills, remembers and understands, and which so much resembles in its general features that all-pervading intelligence of which we have been speaking, that the whole world, with one accord, pronounce it mind. Even the most unyielding skeptic, who denies man’s immortality, while forced to admit that of the Almighty, does not hesitate to call the thinking principle in man by precisely the same names which he uses to designate the corresponding principle in Deity.

As soon would he think of denying to a drop of dew the properties of water, as of denying to the thinking part of man the properties of mind.

Not only does man’s whole material organism obey to the fullest extent of its powers the dictates of his will, just as the earth, the ocean and the heavenly bodies obey the will of the Almighty, but all the other faculties of the mind itself are subject to its control. At the bidding of the will the memory dives into the deep and dusky recesses of the remote past, and calls up faces and scenes and facts and circumstances which the lapse of years and the intervening barriers of oceans and continents have placed far beyond the reach of the material senses. In obedience to the will too, the understanding unfolds, reads and derives instruction from the great book of nature, wherein the Master Mind has written in plain and unmistakable characters his most wonderful, consistent and harmonious code of laws, by which is regulated, moved and governed the whole universe, material and immaterial, from the minutest insect that crawls, up to the most gifted intelligence, and from the smallest grain of sand up to the brightest star that twinkles in the firmament.

Finding the whole world too limited a field for the display of its stupendous powers, this truly God-like faculty of the human mind, in utter defiance of gravitation and all the other laws that govern mere matter, and, in the twinkling of an eye, soars amid the stars, measures them, weighs them, and calculates with mathematical certainty, the frightful velocity with which they whirl through the limitless realms of space.

Now, if it be true that the Almighty mind, characterised as we have seen, by the faculties of will, memory and understanding, is destined to live on forever, in spite of all the mutations to which the material universe may or can be subjected, upon what principle can it be claimed that the mind of man, which is only known by like properties and faculties, is doomed to perish?

If it be said that the human mind is immeasurably inferior in strength and capacity to the Divine mind, I answer: and so is the solitary dew-drop immeasurably inferior in power and capacity to the mighty ocean. Yet human reason would find it as difficult to devise a process for the annihilation of the one as of the other.
Should it be claimed that the foregoing argument has a tendency to prove the existence of an immortal intelligence in the brute creation, my answer is, that if it be shown that philosophy is at fault, in attributing to the brute no higher a species of intelligence than an unreasoning instinct, akin to that principle which sends the branches of a tree upwards in pursuit of light and air, and its roots downwards, in search of moisture and nutriment; which causes the sensitive plants to shrink from the human touch, and which directs, through magnetic agency, the needle, towards the poles of the earth; and if it be demonstrated that the brutes are, like man and man's creator, possessed of a mind with free will, memory and understanding; that that mind is so distinct from and independent of the material body, as to be subject to the most agonizing pain, while all the faculties of the body are in the perfect enjoyment of everything which can contribute to the pleasure of the senses; that the brute, like the martyrs of old, with his body stretched upon a gibbet, roasted upon a gridiron, and tortured in all its senses to the fullest capacity of endurance, can, with a mind composed, look death calmly in the face, and, from the keenest physical pain, extract the sweetest delights of the soul; and if it can be shown that this remarkable phenomenon of a brute, mentally happy, and bodily miserable, springs from an abiding hope and firm belief on the part of such brute, that the death of the body is only the door to the mind's everlasting felicity, in the society of the Great Parental Mind; and finally, if it be shown that these qualities have, from the first morning of the brute creation, been prominent features in the mental structure of the great mass of brutes in all ages and all countries, and more particularly of the best specimens of the brute family, such a showing, while it should go far towards proving the existence of an immortal principle, even in the brute, would certainly argue nothing in favor of the non-existence of such a principle in man.
IN the small city of Santeran, two twin children were in the habit of coming to the chapel of the holy Dominican, Bernardo, for their daily instruction. While waiting for him to perform his morning duties they frequently sat upon the steps of the stone altar, and sometimes even partook there of their simple repast. A beautiful chapel it was, the walls covered over with pictures of saints and angels, and the high, arched roof painted to represent the blue vault of heaven. Above them stood a statue of the Virgin, bearing in her arms the infant Jesus; and He seemed ever to be smiling so sweetly upon them, that they almost imagined it to be a real child, and not a piece of hard, cold marble.

Thus would they pass away their time in gazing upon these ever increasing beauties, until the good Bernardo came to teach them lessons of wisdom and piety. One day, when he as usual, drew near the chapel, the twain came running eagerly toward him, and both tried to tell him, at the same time, the wonderful thing they had witnessed in the chapel. "Hold thy tongue still, Pietro," said the holy father, "thou art always over-ready to talk; let the gentle Inez tell me what you have seen."

The child narrated the story in a simple manner, "Father," said she, "while we were eating our bread and fruit this morning, the statue of the Infant Jesus looked so natural, that we could not help asking it to come down, and partake with us of our simple food. As we were speaking, it did come down, and smiled upon us, and remained with us a long while, until we heard your footsteps approaching."

"My children," said the pious Bernardo, "you have been highly, very highly, favored. Return to the chapel to-morrow; spread out your unaffected fare, and beg the holy Infant to descend again. Do not forget your old teacher, but ask that he may be permitted to partake, together with you and Jesus at another feast. Now, good-bye, and God's choicest and most tender blessings accompany you." So saying he sent them to their home.

The ensuing day they hastened to meet him as before, and both began speaking at once. "Nay," said the reverend Bernardo, "let Inez speak."

"Well, father," she said, "He came down again and played with us. Then we told Him what thou hadst bidden us. At first He smiled and shook his head; but we begged so hard and so
long, that He at last consented. Then He returned to his place, and noticed us no more.”

“God be praised!” exclaimed the devout Dominican, “God be praised. Now am I about to receive the reward of my long services here.”

* * * It was evening, and the priests of the monastery had assembled in the great church. Vespers had been sung, the benediction given, and all were dispersing for their various apartments, except Bernardo, with the twins close beside him. They proceeded to the little chapel. While they three were praying it seemed to them that the Child descended for the third time; the whole place became filled with one dazzling blaze of light; a subtle influence stole over their senses, and as a view of the happiness of Heaven gradually spread out before them, they lost all consciousness, all sense of being, in their newly found joy, and fell asleep in the glory of their Lord.

The next day they were discovered kneeling before the altar, their forms rigid and cold, and their countenances fixed in the expression of beatitude and prayer. They had gone where they might ever be present with Him, whom they had loved so dearly and so faithfully here below.

ÆNONE.

Est ubi, innigro salicis vetustae
Tegmine, Ænone, cruciata curis,
“Vae mihi,” clamans, “miseræ! puella
Mæsta sedebat.”

“Astitit falsus juvenis, Jovemque
Hoc sub arbusto, superosque cunctos,
“(Ante sævum quam tetigisset æquor)
Sæpe precatus,

“Quamdiu pontum peteret fidelis
Lubrico cursu fluvialis unda,
“Tamdiu casto mihi se tenendum
Semper ab igne.

“Qualis in pontum fluvius ruebat
Nunc ruit, fidus; sed abest Deos qui
“Impiis quondam precibus vocavit,
Non reiturus.

“Ille consortem thalami est potitus
“Perfidam terris Helenam remotis,
“Perfidus; dum ‘me miseram!’ relicta
Murmurat Ida.”
CHAT ABOUT THE CLOISTER.

"To man in this his trial state,
The privilege is given,
When toss'd by tides of human fate,
To anchor fast on heaven."

(WATT’S HYMNS.)

ALMOST everybody, at some thoughtfull moment in life, has felt the sting of retributive memory at sight of his shortcomings, and sighed for a place where fewer temptations might inhabit, and greater facility in serving God be offered than is found amid the turmoil of the world. We are so often humbled at our own, and shocked at others’ wrong-doing, that we could almost forsake the haunts of men forever for some "vast wilderness where rumor of deceit would never reach us more." That these moments of grace, of the "Deus transeuns," as St. Augustine styles them, are frequent, not being theologians, we presume not to assert; but confident we feel that few become so thoroughly hardened as not to say at some period of transgressing:— "Well, after all, this is not as it should be." Burns tells us, and, we think, rightly, that

"The really hardened wicked,
Who know no check but human law,
Are to a few restricted."

With most of us, the "still, small voice," speaking to our hearts is drowned in the bustle of busy life. Our sorrow, like water poured on frozen fields, penetrates not within but freezes quickly on the surface. Yet, others again there are, souls of giant grasp, who rise at such times to brave resolves, and feeling

"'Tis wisdom to beware,
And better shun the dart
Than struggle in the snare,"

shake the dust from their feet and fly the world, like Joseph from the tempting wife of Potiphar. In religion, within the shadow of the sanctuary, the faint flickering light of virtue, hardly kept alive amid the contending winds of worldly doctrines is expanded into the glorious flame of perfect faith and love, thence to be carried in "good report and bad report" to enlighten the ignorance and squalor of the American Indian or the false civilization of Asiatic oppression. That mortals have found in these calm retreats wherewith to satisfy the hunger of their souls, the devotion of their arduous lives in every age most fully proves. There, selfish men and vainer women have been transformed into angels of light, walking the earth and abiding with us. What rapture seemed to be theirs in dwelling where there was no aspiration except for Heaven!—where the bell that summoned them from rest, the words of counsel spoken by superiors, or the necessities of the
neighbor, were invested with heaven-delegated authority, telling them to be up and busy about their Father's business." Nightly vigil, daily penance, unceasing prayer, assimilate them so nearly to their bleeding Lord that we do not wonder when they exclaim like the saintly Suarez, "I did not know it was so sweet to die." And oh! how many death beds have we seen where it was not at all sweet to die; where the primal curse fell in all its bitterness, and the departing soul recognised, too late for consolation, that "all was vanity and vexation of spirit." Friends pass away from us daily on the last dread voyage, poorly provisioned, and our troubled hearts cling doubtingly to hope and mercy. The truth is then forced strongly home that the dwellers in the temple, like her of old, "have chosen the better part."

Who that has read Bishop Kip's "Early Jesuit Missions," will not agree that the food which supported these laborers in the vineyard of Christ was something better than the manna of which the Israelites eat in the desert and died? Who that has seen our Sisters of Charity in the Crimea, and even in our own rebellion, forgetful of the high rank whence many of them descended, performing the most menial services for our wounded soldiers, will fail to recognise that the prayerful seclusion which fitted them for such heroic deeds was heaven-inspired in its origin and observance? And yet, there are wittings who will scoff at such things, who will indite scurrilous articles, such as we saw in a late number of the Yale College Courant, where the ravings of a woman, acknowledged by the writer himself to be insane, are put forward as irrefutable arguments against cloistered life. Here we are reminded of something pertinent, which took place in Boston during our early days. The Massachusetts Legislature authorized a Smelling Committee to investigate the affairs of the convents of that state. What was the result? The vindication and triumph of the nuns, and shame and contempt and confusion from every corner of the land upon the heads of the smellers. And, now, at this late day, we see the old leaven still at work. We thought that our late war had brought its lesson, that the gallantry of our catholic soldiers, who, almost alone, sustained the national honor at the first Bull Run battle, (the 69th N. Y. Reg't.) and who bore the brunt of the fight at Malvern Hill (9th Mass. Reg't.) and on other hard-fought fields, should have spared them such aspersions on their co-religionists as characterized the Courant of March 25th.

Just listen to the expressions: "Evils and errors of the Romish Priesthood." (My dear fellow, "assume the virtue of politeness if you have it not" and say Catholic priesthood.) "The vows broken, the deception used, the crimes committed, were unable to find an avenue of escape from the convent walls." "Edith O'Gorman (the text of the diatribe) was beaten; exposed to insult." "Her superiors conspired to ruin her," &c. Our gorge rises at it that any man could so effectually write himself down an ass as to pen words like the above. The charred and crumbling
ruins of Mount Benedict, in Charleston-town, taunt us with our past credulity in such matters and call the blush of shame to all honest men's cheeks when they remember Miss Spofford's undeniable proofs of the wantonness and groundlessness of that act of vandalism.

Our profession has made us visit religious institutions at all hours. We have seen their inmates in sickness and in health, at labor and at leisure, for many years, and, therefore, we know whereof we speak. Notwithstanding, we can readily grant that there will be religious, both male and female, unworthy of their high vocation, albeit we have not seen them. We know that the influence of no creed is more powerful than the words and presence and example of Christ, with whom, we are told, a Judas associated. We believe, too, that there will be some (like the sainté manquée of the Courant's article) regardless of Horace's advice, "Versate diu quid ferre recuperent, quid valeant humeri," who will assume greater responsibilities than their weak shoulders can support, and believe themselves destined for lofty things until their "high-blown pride breaks under them and leaves them sore and needy," in the hands of such men as the Rev. Mr. Corda and Mr. Emerson mentioned in the Courant's article. Fondly imagining themselves to be holy, they rush to touch theArk, like Oza, and are stricken for their temerity. And this stroke sometimes follows desertion from religion in the shape of momentary popularity, in becoming the lion of the hour. Witness Gavazzi, Hyacinth and others. We are not surprised, therefore, at hearing that Edith O'Gorman was induced by Mr. Emerson to lecture on the "Wrongs and errors incident to the Romish system." We have seen in the Valley of the Shenandoah, that, when a horse unable to proceed further on the march, fell by the roadside, even if no foul-feeding bird could before be discerned for miles, thither instantly gathered they in thousands. The moral is obvious. "Not being able to enter nunneries," says the Courant, "the world could not learn what it so much wished to know." How strange that assertion must sound in the ears of the young protestant ladies of New England, who have received a conventual education, some of them of the first families of the land, whose fathers at present represent their States in Congress.

The Arabs have a proverb that "people throw stones only at trees bearing golden fruit," and when we contemplate the self-sacrificing spirit of the last meek sister who died in the small pox pest house, the complete submerging of her being in God's great charity, her identity—her very name changed for that of some holy virgin of the olden time—all gone, we do wonder that such golden fruit should tempt the harpies that "know not the spirit that is of God." Verily, "we fools esteemed their lives madness and their end without honor. Behold how they are numbered among the children of God and their lot is among the saints."
"THE TALISMAN."

AN ADAPTATION FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ACT I.—Continuation of Scene V.

RICHARD’S TENT.—Enter Jocelyn the Chamberlain.

Jocelyn. My Lord, a deputation waits without—
The Master of the Templars and the Marquis Of Montserrat.

Rich. Our Brother fair of France
Loves not sick beds, and yet had he been ill,
I would have visited his couch long since.
Jocelyn, lay me the couch more fairly, man;
Like a stormy sea ’tis tumbled: reach me
Yonder mirror; haste you—pass a comb
Through my hair and beard and bring me water quickly.

Jocelyn. My Lord, the leeches say cold water’s fatal.

Rich. That, for the leeches! If they cannot cure me
Think you I will allow them to torment me?
(Having washed.) There then, admit the grand ambassadors.
They now, I think, will scarcely see that illness
Has made the King more careless of his person. (Exit Jocelyn.)
Now will we see what fair and sweetened words
These masters of deceit will treat us to.
I am prepared to be politely told
I am a fool for trusting to this leech;
But they will waste their eloquence on me,
For bring he death or health within his lotions
El Hakim will at least destroy the fever.

(Enter Conrade of Montserrat and the Grand Master of the Templars.)

Conrade. My Liege, we have been sent to make inquiries
Into the health of our magnanimous
And valiant ally, by all the Kings and Princes
That make up the league.
Rich. We know full well
The deep regard in which our health is held,
And we are well aware how much the Council
Must have suffered by so long suppressing
Their curiosity, for fear, no doubt,
Of aggravating our most grave disorder
By showing their anxiety to us.

Conrade. (With some confusion.) My Lord—

Gr. Master. Most noble king and much respected ally,
Besides the inquiries we were bidden make
Into your present state, we also come
With prayers from all the Council, in the name
Of Christendom, that Richard will not let
An ignorant and infidel physician
Tamper with his health until the just
And proper measures shall be entered into,
To strengthen or remove the great suspicions
Now entertained concerning the intent
Of such a person.

Rich. If it please you, Sirs,
To wait a while, you presently shall see
What heed we pay
The remonstrances
Of our great and princely colleagues in this war.

(Enter Thomas de Vaux, Sir Kenneth and Physician.)

Rich. My noble Lords, you represent the League—
Richard will be with you once again
Or you shall bury what is left of him—
De Vaux, lives he or not, thou hast the thanks
Of thy prince—ah, there is yet another—
But this fever dims my eyes. Aha!
The valiant Scot, who would attempt to climb
The Heavens without a ladder. Welcome him.
So ho! In truth a goodly fellowship
Have come to see their leader take his leap
In the dark; come now, Sir Hakim, to the work.

[The physician feels Richard's pulse, fills a cup with water and
dips into it a small red purse which he takes from his bosom,
and is about to offer the solution when he is interrupted by the
King.]

Rich. Hold an instant, thou hast felt my pulse,
Let me lay my finger upon thine.
I too know something of thine art, Sir Leech.

(Feels the Hakim’s pulse.)

His blood beats calmly as a healthy babe’s.
So throb not theirs who poison princes; Thomas,
Whether we live or die dismiss this leech
With honor. Commend us, friend, to Saladin.
If I should die, I do not doubt his faith—
If I should live, I’ll thank him valiently
As he, a warrior, wishes to be thanked.

(Raises himself in bed, takes the cup from the leech and turning to the deputation says)

Mark what I say, and let my royal friends
Pledge me in Cyprus wine—“To the honor
Of the first Crusader who shall strike his lance
Upon the gate of proud Jerusalem—
And to the shame and infamy of him
Who shall turn his back upon the plough
On which he once hath laid his oath-bound hand.”

(Drinks and falls back upon his couch.)

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THE AINSLIES.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY upon the morning succeeding the events detailed in the last chapter, our friend Henry Allen was on his way to the goodly city of Philadelphia. Though he knew not why, a strange feeling had taken possession of him since he had received his mother’s letter; one of those feelings which are as indescribable as they are unaccountable. He feared all might not be well at home, and yet he knew not why he feared it. His mother’s letter had spoken of nothing to stir his apprehensions; indeed, although he had received the missive the morning preceding, it was not until he had set out upon his journey that his present thoughts had entered his mind. He strove to cast off his gloomy reflections, but they clung to him with strange pertinacity during the whole of the journey, and it was not until the train had nearly reached the point of his destination that he succeeded in freeing himself from them. In the bustle at the depot he
soon forgot his recent vexatious thoughts, and by the time that he had obtained a carriage to take him to his mother’s residence, was in as cheerful a mood as ever. He was driven through the bustling streets and beyond the din of the city, out into the quiet suburb, and was at last set down at the gate of a neat, modest looking cottage, upon one of the quietest streets. Here he dismissed the carriage, and walking briskly up the well-kept gravel walk to the door, rang the bell. In a moment the door was opened by a stately elderly lady, who uttered a cry of surprise and joy, and in another moment Henry Allen was in his mother’s arms. A noble, queenly looking woman was she, though far advanced in the vale of years. Still, the regality of a southern beauty was but little dimmed, and her dark eyes lit up her care-worn face with a grateful joy, as for a moment they were turned to heaven and her lips whispered her heart’s gratefulness. In feature Henry resembled her very much, and an observer would at once have proclaimed them mother and son.

“My dear Henry” said Mrs. Allen, “I am not able to tell you how glad I am to see you. I did not expect you so soon.”

“I am glad, mother. But come, you look pale and weary. I must not keep you standing here. I must see the little ones too.”

But we will let the good reader imagine the rest of this happy family meeting. Suffice it to say that when the little household were assembled in the cozy cottage parlor, a more contented and happy group could not have been found, perhaps, within the broad limits of the city. But yet, ere the day had passed, Henry noticed at times, an expression as if of some grief which his mother did not wish to let appear, and when he questioned her about it, she said,

“I have been thinking of your dear, dead father, Harry, and my heart is always sad when I do so.”

Henry was satisfied and said no more upon the subject; but in spite of his efforts to suppress it, the same indefinable feeling that had oppressed him when leaving New York, came back upon him every time that he would look into his mother’s sorrow-worn countenance. More than once during the day he was about to speak to her about this strange sentiment, but when he would consider for a moment it would seem to him too absurd, almost, to trouble his mother with the recital of such a groundless anxiety. But, still, during the whole day he could not rid himself of the idea that something un-wonted had occurred to disturb his mother’s peace of mind. He had never been so strangely affected before, and though his father was but lately dead, still, his mother, he knew, would not have been made so sad by thoughts of him alone. Loth to
trouble her by what might be ill-timed questions, he forbore to speak to her upon the subject, but endeavored to banish his anxiety in the enjoyment of his short respite from business. He visited his friends, and time passed so pleasantly with him that the morning of the third day came almost before he was aware of it. Upon this morning having to pay a visit to a friend who lived at some distance from the city, he was absent during the greater part of the day. Returning about one o'clock in the afternoon, as he was going to his own room, being obliged to pass that of his mother, he noticed the door ajar; and looking in, was astonished to see her sitting in her easy chair with a small portrait in hand and an open letter on the floor beside her. Her eyes were filled with tears, and so absorbed was she that she had not even noticed his approach. Surprised beyond measure, for her face wore a strange expression of mental suffering, Henry was about to speak, when suddenly rooking up, she recognised him. Starting up and dropping the picture which she held, she ran to him and fell upon his neck with a passionate burst of tears. Henry, in whose breast was mingling a tumult of emotions, could scarcely command himself to speak, but at last he found voice to beg his mother to tell him the cause of her sorrow. She, at last, when the first gush of tears had passed, seemed more calm and relieved, as Henry led her to her chair, and still holding her hand in his, seated himself upon an ottoman by her side.

"I beseech you, mother," said Henry, "for heaven's sake, tell me the cause of these tears. Tell me how I may comfort you. It is not an ordinary sorrow, I know, that has caused you to be so sad of late. But," he continued quickly, as he saw the look of deeper grief that passed across his mother's face at these words, "forgive me, mother. Perhaps I have no right to be thus importunate. I may have no right to know it. Still, mother, if it be anything that I may alleviate, let me learn it that I may share it with you."

"Ah! Henry, my dear, good boy," said his mother slowly, while she laid her hand upon his head and kissed his upturned brow, "your presence at this moment is to me like sunlight after a dark storm. I have been very sadly engaged this morning, Henry, and I have been trying to make up my mind to confide to you, my child, the history of a very sorrowful life. You have a right to know it too, for since your dear father died, there is none other that does; at least none that can give me the sympathy which I crave."

"Tell it to me then, mother, and do not keep yourself in torment and me in racking suspense. You know I would give my life for your happiness."

"God bless you, Henry, you were ever a good, kind son, and Heaven knows I have longed to tell you the story of my life, but I have recoiled from opening the old wounds which have torn my heart. But, alone this morning, I was thinking of you and of your father, and my thoughts wandered on over the scenes of the dreaded past. A strange feeling came over me. I seemed to fear no longer to call up from memory the scenes of
my life, which I had so much striven to forget. I took all the old mementos from a trunk where they had been hidden for years, and wept over them again. Yes, I will tell you all that I have suffered, Henry, for it will show you how much a mother loves who has never known a mother's love herself."

"I pray you, mother, do not do so if it is painful to you to think of these things. It is enough for me to know that you are sad and that my heart sympathizes with you."

"Not so, Henry. It is no longer painful to me. God has to-day given me the strength to pass in review my life, and He will give me the courage to make the recital to one to whom I know it is my duty to make it. Besides, the ice is already broken and I can now go on with calmness."

"You see this picture," she continued, taking up the miniature, and the letter which had fallen at her feet. "They are my only remembrancers of my childhood's home, my parents, my early friends. One is the sweetest—this, the picture—and the other the most bitter—that letter—for it is the sentence of banishment from my only other friend on earth, except you and my little ones. This picture my son, you see, is a double case miniature. That stern, dark-browed man is your mother's father, my son, and like that heavenly beauteous face, I have been told my mother's looked. But, I know not, Henry, for I have never seen her. I have never felt her hand upon my brow, or her warm breath against my cheek. I can only remember, but so faintly, that it more resembles an almost forgotten dream of childhood, a fair face like that which once smiled upon me. She died when I was very young, leaving me, with a little twin brother, to the care of an old faithful nurse and the protection of a stern and almost unloving father. Nurse would always weep when we spoke of our mother, and so we never learned anything of her until we were in our eight or tenth year. Meanwhile, we were well cared for by our dear "Nurie," whom whom we learned to love as a mother. Our father troubled himself but little about us; we grew almost to fear him. We were left nearly alone. Our mother had been a devout catholic and she had desired that my brother and myself should be reared as such. "Nurse," who was herself a very pious catholic, was our first teacher, and when we grew older, we made another friend, good old Father Francis, the parish priest. But there was a dearth of love, which could not be supplied, and we grew up loving each other the more that we were deprived of a mother's love. When we were old enough to understand it, "Nurse" told us our mother's story. She had been one of the most beautiful women in Virginia, and this, combined with his own disposition, had made our father extremely jealous. He accused her unjustly and would not believe the truth. Our mother, broken hearted, never survived the blow and died leaving her two little orphans a legacy of sorrow only. My father never opposed her wishes as to our education, although he was not of our faith, and so in time we were sent to school; my brother George to a college, and my-
May, 1871.] THE AINSLIES. 373

self to a convent academy in Richmond. This was our first parting, and many were our tears and protestations. But, despite of all, we were separated. Scarce had the freshness of this grief passed when we were summoned home again, but to stand by poor old "Nursie's" death-bed. It was the first time we had witnessed such a scene, and our sorrow and our terror were so great that when we had knelt by the bed-side and received the last blessing of our second mother, we were led from the room. This new affliction lasted longer. Indeed, it never left us. We mourned for poor "Nursie" as if for our own mother. After we were separated again we saw each other no more till a year came.

We were now fifteen, and were at home during vacation. We were out in the world now, and the world's ways were usurping a little our old clinging affections for each other. But it was very little. It was just as difficult to part at the end of vacation as if we had never parted. During this vacation we were both much in our father's society, and a change seemed to have come upon him. He often chatted with us and petted us, but in a cold manner. And our life was much the same during the next three years. At eighteen George was graduated and came home. I had completed my course also, and had come home to live in the old mansion house. George was to study law in Richmond.

One day, a short time before the closing of the college session, George had written to me that he had invited a very dear friend and class-mate, to spend some time at home with him. In a short time they came. James Allen to my mind, even from the first day we met, was a perfect nobleman. He was talented and well educated, but he was poor. I never thought of that, however, and when he offered me his heart and hand, accepted them gladly. George was delighted when he heard of it and expressed his warmest approbation. I was happier now than ever in my life, but I little suspected the mine that was prepared beneath my feet. My father, whom now I had begun to love, had often brought to the mansion with him a young gentleman, the son of a rich capitalist of Richmond. This man I despised and hated, for, though he was not wanting in the outward polish of a gentleman, his supreme conceit and vanity, and that without a wondrous amount of brains to support them, rendered him utterly ridiculous in my sight. You may then imagine my astonishment when, one day, having received a message from my father to attend him in his library, I was informed that I had received an offer of marriage from that man. I was struck so dumb with surprise that I knew not what to answer. My father, thinking my embarrassment arose from a different cause, began in a cold, formal manner to recount the many advantages that I would enjoy as the wife of this gentleman. I at last found speech to tell him that I could not and would not wed such a man. At first he treated my words contemptuously, but as I persisted in the same declaration, he became angry, and at last
declared that I should marry him whether I would or not. I told him then of my engagement and to whom my heart was pledged. God pity me, may I never behold such a scene again. I cannot tell you half the rage which was poured out upon my head. I left my father with the alternative, to marry the man of his choice or the man of my own; if the former, I would be richly endowed; if the latter, I would be cut off forever from my father’s home and heart. In time, from the moment upon which I would determine to disobey him in this, I would cease to be an inmate of my father’s house.

Grievous as was the alternative, I had but one course, and that I determined on immediately. I wrote to Richmond to my brother George. He came up immediately. I cannot speak of the scene between him and my father. My father was still firm, and George came to me to tell me that if I were exiled, he too would go with me. I tried to dissuade him, but to no purpose. I dare not repeat to you the bitter words which he spoke against my father or the awful reproaches he heaped upon him. In spite of my prayers and entreaties, he still remained fixed to the same determination. Here was I placed in a position, where upon the one hand my own happiness and prosperity, perhaps my very life, were at stake; upon the other, I would not only deprive myself of the little love of my only parent, but would also drag my only brother from the parent’s roof to share my banishment. My poor head was almost crazed. I scarcely knew what to do or say. O! Henry, when I look back upon those days and think of that excruciating agony, I often wonder that my senses did not forsake me. I had written to James, who was in Washington, and on the next day after George’s arrival, he also came. I was the first to meet him, and I told him all, from the beginning to the end, and I acquainted him with my determination. He went immediately to my father and was coldly received by him and was informed that I was free to dispose of myself as I wished—that I knew the condition; no more. I went again to my father; I begged and prayed him not to sever the bonds that held his only children to him. He replied sternly and bitterly in some cruel words which I did not hear, for I staggered blinded and fainting from the room, and rushed madly along the corridor until I reached my own, where I sank fainting and utterly broken. There I was found a few minutes afterwards by George and James, who were looking for me. After many efforts, and with the assistance of the servants, they succeeded in bringing me back to consciousness.

When I was fully restored, George announced his intention of leaving the mansion immediately, and as I did not demur, he sent for the carriage and asking old Bessie, the negro cook, to look to the packing of my effects, he led me out to the door and assisted me into the carriage. We were quickly borne away from our home, and as the carriage was leaving the old mansion far behind us, I looked back with streaming eyes, upon my home, now my home no
longer. In Richmond I found shelter with a good family. Here I remained for a year, at the end of which James and I were united in marriage, and we removed to Washington. Here I lived happily enough in the love of my husband, to partially bury the sorrows of the past. With my brother George I kept up a frequent correspondence, and he often came to visit us in our new home. One day, not quite a year after my marriage, I received a letter from George telling me that he was to be married, and so he was within two weeks after his letter was written. They paid us a visit, he and his young wife. She was a woman altogether worthy of my noble brother and I loved her from our first meeting. They remained with us but a few days and returned to their home in Richmond. Soon, after you were born, and I thought happiness would be mine again. But scarcely a year had passed, when one day I received a letter—the most crushing blow of all—telling me that my darling brother was dead. Henry, I cannot speak of the agony that terrible news caused me. So intense it was that for a season I was almost crazed; but time, that buries at last all sorrows, made even this one lighter for my poor heart to bear. But never shall I forget that meeting with the heart-broken widow. Left alone with her little baby boy, her silent grief was painful to behold.

A short time after this we came to New York, and though I wrote many times I could receive no answer from my poor brother's widow, and when, a couple of years later, we went back to Washington, we knew that she had died but shortly after our departure, and that her son had been welcomed into her family. Of many of the following years and of your own dear father's death, you know the history well, and I need say nothing further, but this: After your father's death, mad with grief and smarting with my afflictions, I wrote a most bitter letter to my father, and received these words which you see written here, in answer:—"You have chosen your course and you must bear the consequences." Only that. God help me, my dear boy; if it were not for my love for you and the dear little ones, I should have been dead long ago, with this burden of sorrows on my heart. Now, Henry, my dear," continued Mrs. Allen, her eyes filling with tears, "you know the cause of my sadness, and why I love you so strongly. You are my only stay; you and your brother and sisters, and should you be taken from me I know not what would become of me."

"Great God," said Henry, "have you suffered all this and never told me of it before? My poor, dear, mother," he continued embracing her, "you shall never want a protector and comforter while your Harry lives. I would that you had told me this before."

"I am glad now, my boy, that you know it. You can forgive me now, that I may have appeared unloving at times."

"Forgive you! I have not anything to forgive. Do not pain me by speaking so, my mother."

"There, now, my boy. It is getting late and the children will soon be home from school. I must go and
prepare supper. We will speak of this again. Recollect your return to New York. You know you are to go on the early train."

"True, mother, I had almost forgotten everything."

"Ah!" said his mother, "here are the children, now we must not let them see us sad."

When the noisy trio rushed into the parlor to see mamma and Henry, they were met as smilingly as if the two who received them were merry in mood as themselves. The remainder of that evening passed very quickly for Henry, and with the early morning train he took up his way to New York, and the Wall street broker's close office. That morning, when Mr. Wilkes came down to business, he noticed that his clerk was in a much sadder mood than usual, but he forebore to speak of it, attributing it to homesickness, which was very natural.

NINETY-NINE IN THE SHADE.

Oh for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!
Oh for an iceberg or two at control!
Oh for a vale which at midday the dew cumbers!
Oh for a pleasure trip up to the Pole!

Oh for a little one-story thermometer,
With nothing but zeros all ranged in a row!
Oh for a big double-barrelled hygrometer,
To measure this moisture that rolls from my brow!

Oh that this cold world were twenty times colder!
(That's irony redhot it seemeth to me;)
Oh for a turn of its dreadful cold shoulder!
Oh! what a comfort an ague would be!

Oh for a grotto to typify heaven,
Scooped in the rock under cataract vast!
Oh for a "winter of discontent" even!
Oh for wet blankets judiciously cast!

Oh for a soda-fount spouting up boldly
From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky,
Oh for proud maiden to look on me coldly,
Freezing my soul with a glance of her eye!

Then oh for a draught from a cup of "cold pizen!"
And oh for a resting-place in the "cold grave!"
With a bath in the Styx, where the thick shadow lies on
And deepens the chill of its dark-running wave!
THE economy of Divine Providence is manifested on every object of nature which meets the eye. The ignorant may see neither use nor beauty in mountains. They may see great masses of earth and rock, entirely without order, and whose only use is to impede navigation; but, in truth, they are almost indispensable to mankind.

See how admirably they are arranged; not thrown here and there, and everywhere at random, but just where they are needed, and nowhere else. Let us suppose for an instant that some man had the power of moving the different chains of mountains in the United States to such places as he might think fit. Suppose that he should put all the several ranges together, to form one grand coin in the middle of the country, which would gradually slope down to either ocean. This might seem to some to be a very fine plan, and a great improvement on the system which Providence has given us; but we would soon find its disadvantages. It would necessarily be so high as to preclude all possibility of living on the greater part of its slopes, which would include nearly the whole of the continent. In short, any other system than the one which has been provided by God could not serve the purpose for which he intended it. The usefulness of mountains is so great and obvious, that we hardly needed to have touched upon it. Since history began, we find that mountains have been considered as the natural boundaries of nations. In ancient times, Cilicia, and Phrygia, and Cappadocia were separated by mountain ranges; as also Galatia and Paphlagonia, as well as many other instances which might be named. In our own day, one has but to look upon the map of Europe to see what an important part mountains play in political geography.

How many scriptural associations are connected with them. It was on the summit of the majestic Mount Sinai, whose head was wreathed with thunder clouds, through which the lightnings flashed, dazzling the eyes of the beholders, that God gave the written Word to his chosen servant. And when He came upon earth, "bringing glad tidings of joy to men," many of the mysteries of our redemption were enacted on the mountains—that seemed to be nearer Heaven, and therefore more fit for the places in which these things should be done.

On Calvary—that sacred hill—He hung on the "tree of life," whilst the
warm blood flowed from the heart of a God, and trickled down upon the ground for the love of us.

But there is another association connected with mountains, which though perhaps more worldly, is still dear to us all; that is, in relation to the maintenance of liberty. In ancient Rome, it was to a mountain that the oppressed plebeians fled from the Queen City whenever tyranny roused them to assert their rights.

It was amidst the mountains of Wales and Scotland that the ancient Britons maintained their freedom so long after the sweet vales of their native land had been subdued. And in the midst of those mighty peaks—

"That wear their caps of snow,
In very presence of the regal sun!"—

Switzerland — free Switzerland has maintained her freedom for so long a time, in spite of the attempts of tyrants to crush her.

It is in these places, and places like these, where sweet liberty is born and nourished; where the first lullaby she hears is the bellowing thunder, when her first feeble steps are along the verge of some giddy chasm, where her youthful joys are in watching the red lightning’s flash about her home. It is there that, grown to her full maturity, she stands on some high cliff, a supernatural halo of light around her noble form; her loose locks flying in the mountain breeze, which kisses her crimson cheeks; her bright eye gazing unflinching on the splendor of the rising sun—the model of vigor, of beauty, and of virtue.

CONSCRIPTION AND STANDING ARMIES.

THE draft is gray with age. Rome was possessed of it long before she fell under an ice-whetted sword. The institutions of feudalism embraced obligatory attendance in arms on the patron baron, and higher submission to the call of the sovereign; but herein there is much diversion from the schedule of now-a-days. Immediately previous to Cardinal Richelieu, the military strength of the various nations was raised by bounty, and foreign mercenaries were much in demand. He was the statesman, who, in modern times, has taken the initiatory step toward the formation of the system of compulsory military service. He levied an army of sixty thousand, for a particular occasion, by conscription; and afterwards, Louis, the Great Monarch, seized the idea, lengthened the time of service, and
sketched a plan which was straightway adopted by the contemporary powers. The days succeeding the French revolution, may be said fully to have inaugurated in the old world the indispensable fixture, the bayonet. The logic of circumstances, the necessity of the times, have given birth to conscription and its European attendant and objection, a standing body of armed forces. Arising at first from so pregnant a source as the mind of Richelieu, the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, has magnified itself and overspread the principal states of Europe, excepting England. Whether this cloud is God-sent or not, borean or fluvial, is a question quite conceded to wear its good and its evil aspect.

Force is the lowest meter to human action; interest, the affections or impulses of the soul, primarily the reason, are first to be spoken to, when man is addressed as a being of high dignity. Were we not the great paradox in nature, the justice and nobility of the cause which calls us to wage battle, would by themselves fill rank and ship to overflowing. Armies of warriors, mailed head to foot, like the harvest of men which sprang up from the dragon's teeth, as promptly and as powerful, have many times arisen for no other incentive. They were the shield and buckler borne above the sea at Salamis; the cuirass which wore the crusaders to the Land of Promise. The honor of the service and the glory accruing from it in time of war, entice many to the profession of arms, to occupy both its responsible and ordinary stations; exemption from care of maintenance, quick and sure remuneration, the prospect of provision in old age, or of a pension to wife and family, should death strike upon the field, draw many another. These means of procuring soldiers, fail now in those countries where hundreds of legions are required to be constantly under arms, and other thousands to be in a state of readiness acquired only by a certain length of life in camp and barracks. Hence it is that, as well in peace as in war, if a great army is to be kept up, the necessity arises of draft or conscription.

The equity of conscription, when indispensable to the country's welfare, is not generally called in doubt. The protection of the land against the battling of an enemy, is a social necessity which must be satisfied, if for the people are to be preserved their most perfect title to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. To the general good of the whole must be sacrificed the particular good of the few, not for the reason that the end justifies the means, but for this other reason, that the welfare of all is a greater object to be guarded than the welfare of the few; that the right of the whole to quiet is greater than that of a part. As when any other two live forces collide, the weaker will bend and suffer the stronger to pass over, so when two rights meet in conflict the less potent must be vanquished. During the campaigns of seven years ago, those who endeavored to escape the draft complained of the burden of it, but entered no charge against its equity.

For the same argument that conscription is sometimes to be chosen,
at a second moment it becomes a most arrant tyranny. Generally speak- ing, in each person is invested the prerogative of selecting his own profession. It is the index of his individual liberty, with which the Creator has endowed him, and which the donor wishes him to defend, just so long as it comes not in interference with the social principle which binds him with others of his like, into a compact of mutual assistance and defense. Necessity only, justifies conscription.

If the end of conscription can as well be accomplished in some other way, without another too great load to bear in that way, then it should be sought. An admirable comparison between voluntary and forced enrollment, is seen in the case between England and Prussia. Seven millions sterling devoted to the military arm from the coffers of the latter country, render over twice as many excellent soldiers ready to the call of danger, as do fifteen millions by the former. Expense, which draws in its train our grievous burdens, must be cared for at the same time that the country is to be guarded. The fashion of engaging foreign, paid soldiers, has some time since died its natural death. To the striking wonder that hireling troops should fight with the zeal of patriots, history adds the several facts of the death of Rome by its own barbarian soldiery; of the conquest of Britain by the Saxons who came in to defend it; of the deposition of the Caliphs by the Turks in their pay. The poet Filicaia, says,

"Strong in the steel of a stranger’s main,
Victor or vanquished thou bear’st his chain."

As the selection of men is not to be made blindly, the electors have to bear in mind two duties which rest upon them: the one which they owe to the State at large of choosing such persons as arefitting to the service of the army; the other, which is due to the individuals, of distributing his new charge, with a just regard to the burdens which they already sustain. The sole prop of aged parents, those who have already served their time, or paid their tribute to the country in wounds received, and several others, are exempted from the working of the enrolling ordinance. The men of the army should be repaid for their sacrifice of civil life, as well as can be; and they are, by the post-mortem pension to families, and in other ways.

Not least among the cares of the soldiers ought to be to christianize them. An absurd theory has been broached by some one, that soldiers who ignore a life after death, entertaining no fear of death, will fight with tiger-like ferocity. Skipping the fact that the watchman acts in the same manner who confines his dog in the dark all day, to fit him for the night, we know the tiger turns upon his keeper, and that the most valiant warriors the world has seen have been those who have fought with principles of faith and loyalty around their hearts. Our forefathers of the revolution sought justice, and often called publicly on God to aid their cause.

The governments of the old world are many times charged with unnecessary imposts upon the people, in sustaining, at great cost and incon-
venience, their large, inactive armies during the time of peace. It is sufficient to notice that a single power which perseveres in this practice places all the remaining in the necessity of the same. When all States will be guided by the same principles, animated by an international love, and disposed to a friendly and final arbitration of differences, arsenals may remain empty and barracks silent; but scarcely before that day. Meanwhile, of the five great suspicions, Prussia appears by the results of '66 and '70, to have arranged the most perfect system. The king enjoys the direct control of the army, the Chambers voting only on the means of its subsistence and the term of service. General Von Roon is the war minister, who, under the king, and responsible to the Chambers for the proper conversion of supplies, conducts the affairs of the army. The Chief of the Staff, Von Moltke, subordinate to the Minister, in time of peace busies himself about tempering and fitting the grand armor-plates, and in season of war, becomes a man without whose advice, or suggestion better, no enterprise is resolved upon, or movement executed. Beneath there is a net-work of military and semi-military offices. In the machinery of the war office, each person in trust has his part assigned to him, in the full confidence of his accomplishing it. The system is one of perfect confidence, though of rigid examination when necessary. The ordinary term of actual service is three years, and to avoid this term of public duty is very difficult. There is no choice by lots, but every able-bodied man must pass through the mill of preparation for future emergency. Mechanics of various trades follow in the campaign, grave diggers, even, are provided. If, in any of its movements, a cohort experience an unprovided need of wagons or animals for transportation, the necessaries are levied from the people of the district; this in the kingdom itself—and, although receipts are given against the value of the demand, redeemable by the government, yet the deprivation for a season of the utensils of labor is a real sacrifice demanded. The men work with concord in the ranks, because each company, every battalion, originates in one village, district or city. Thus there is not only unanimity of feeling, but immense despatch in the rush to arms at the sound of the tocsin. In the expressive language of "Fatherland;" of "Morning land" for the east, and "Evening land" for west, the young soldiers who enter the camp with the color of youth on their faces, name the captain the father of the company, and the sergeant-major, its mother.

Happy are we that the isolation of our territory places us above the need of this heavy cloak. Enjoying immunity from forced military service, we are scarcely able to appreciate the extent of its burdensomeness. As every one loves his country, he stands ready to undergo great sacrifices for her; but as he also cherishes his private liberty and convenience, he will desire the day to be far distant when an extensive military system shall hover over the homes of our land, like a bird of ill-omen.
CUPID'S PERPLEXITIES.

A DIALOGUE OF THREE RHYMES.

YOUTH (remonstrant):
To thee, to thee, my dearest,
Would I for aye be nearest;
Nay, tell me not thou fearest
To others I may rove!
For thee alone is aching
This heart, that thou art breaking!
Then why such sad mistaking,
And why such doubting love?

MAIDEN (reproachful):
Ah! call me not thy dearest!
To thee I am not nearest;
Another's frown thou fearest,
Another's smiles dost prove;
The heart is formed for aching,
And mine is well nigh breaking,
To see thee thus forsaking
Thy first, thy fondest love.

YOUTH (eager):
I swear it! thou'rt my dearest;
To this true heart the nearest;
Then heed not what thou hearest,
Lest slander foul it prove;
Away with such mistaking!
My heart, my heart is breaking!
May thine, responsive aching,
Reward its deathless love!

MAIDEN (tender):
Sweetheart, in vain thou fearest;
Believe what now thou hearest—
I trifled with my dearest,
His truth that I might prove.
That truth is past mistaking;
So cease, fond heart, from aching,
And think no more of breaking,
    But give thyself to love!

**Youth (indignant):**
Oh! traitress—erst my dearest!
How changeful thou appearest!
I trust thee not—thou hearest?
    Unfettered hence I rove!
Oh! dark and strange mistaking,
That caused my heart such aching!
But light is on me breaking—
    No more, no more I love!

**Maiden (despairing):**
And wilt thou leave me, dearest?  [Exit Youth.]
Oh! love, no more thou cheerest!
Oh! death, when thou appearest,
    Right welcome wilt thou prove!
Sad, sad was my mistaking,
True trust mistrustful making!
Be quick, lone heart, in breaking—
    Pay thus thy debt to love!
ON the second of April, the tranquillity (or monotony rather) of our school life was broken in upon in a manner more surprising than agreeable. It was during the evening study hour, when perfect quiet reigns everywhere within these hallowed walls; first there came a tremor, then a very decided vibration of Mother Earth, as though old Atlas had taken it into his venerable head to execute a complicated double-shuffle in the ethereal space below. The study halls instantly lost all their attractions for a great majority of the students, who vacated the building with commendable celerity. In our own quarter, the first perceptible quiver elicited a cry of “earthquake” from an adjoining room, and simultaneously there was a rush of many feet into the corridor. The young men did not proceed further, for the shock had ended before they were fairly out of their rooms. So much were they excited, that a second jar, less vigorous but of longer duration than the first, passed away unnoticed by many of them.

Isn’t it a little singular that these earthquake shocks never frighten any one? Yet so we are called upon to believe. We had occasion to remark this unaccountable phenomenon especially at the time of the disastrous shock of two years ago; but we have also observed it many times since then. Walking through the crowded streets of San Francisco on that memorable day, we were struck with the earnest persistency with which every one, in whose vicinity we chanced to linger for a moment, was trying to force on his neighbor the impression that his (the speaker’s) valorous breast had not, for an instant even, harbored the slightest thought of fear, while every one around him had been greatly frightened. No one credited the vaunting tales to which he was an unwilling listener. No one felt inclined to credit another’s story, though every one felt annoyed at the incredulous smiles with which his own account was received. Every one remembered perfectly the alarm manifested by his companions, but no one had the faintest recollection of anything like trepidation on his own part. Now, we have a very great admiration for true courage, but we do not think it exhibits itself in this way. The man of true courage, after experiencing several shocks unattended by any serious results, acquires an ever-increasing confidence in his safety, which is the source and support of physical courage; but these men are not to be found among the boasters: they are very reticent re-
very eyes, was the cause of all the hubbub; we saw there a smoking chimney, on which an engine had evidently been playing, for both the chimney and the adjoining part of the house were drenched with water. The fire had no time to get well started; it was already subdued on our arrival, and the engine was returning to the engine-house. The street was thronged with people whom the alarm had drawn out.

About five years ago, the College authorities gave two silver medals to be contested for yearly among the College clubs. The senior medal was first placed in the possession of the Pioneer B. B. C. (now defunct), but passed quickly into the hands of the Originals, who retained it for a long time, in spite of the efforts of rival clubs. On the consolidation of the Eureka B. B. Club with the Originals, this badge of championship became the possession of the resulting club—the Phoenix; and although the Phoenix have many times been called upon to establish their claim to the medal, yet they have generally secured so easy a victory that their title has never been endangered until within the past year. During this time the Phoenix club has been retrograding, while its rival, the Ætna B. B. Club, has steadily improved; consequently, the yearly competition for the championship this year has been looked forward to with more than usual interest. The first game was stoutly contested, but the Ætnas came off the winners by a score of 17 to 8. This defeat, though it somewhat dampened the courage of the Phoenixites, did not deprive...
them of hope; they expected in the next game to retrieve their damaged reputation. On the other hand, the Ætnas were filled with increased confidence in their prowess, and entertained no fears for the issue of the match.

The second and (as it proved) final game of the match was played April 20th, in the presence of nearly all the students. The Ætnas were in the best of spirits and played well; while the men of the Phoenix, much to the disappointment of their friends, instead of regaining their lost prestige by extraordinary efforts, played even worse than in the first game. The result could not be doubtful; the Ætnas were victorious by 20 runs, and the College medal, which had remained so long in undisturbed possession of the Phoenix club, passed into new hands. The secretary of the winning club, Mr. Jas. Smith, has provided us with a score of this last game, which, as it may interest many of our readers, we publish:

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<td>3</td>
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<td>J. Drown, 2 B</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Jaujou, P.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. P. Neve, R. F.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>8</strong></td>
<td><strong>27</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

FLY CATCHES.—Ætna: A. Veuve, 2; J. Coddington, 1; J. C. Hayes, 8; M. Wilson, 1; J. Raleigh, 1; J. Drown, 1; F. Dunn, 1; J. Poujade, 1—total 16. Phoenix: A. Arguello, 4; D. G. Sullivan, 1; F. Trembly, 2; J. McQuade, 2; G. Anzar, 1; E. Jaujou, 1—total 11.

Many other games of minor importance have been played during the last month. On the thirtieth of March, the Ætnas, after giving the Independents 18 runs, defeated them by 23 runs, in a game of six innings. A second game between the same clubs, in which the last named had an advantage of 50 runs, was won by the former by 13 runs.

The Independent B. B. C. is a new club, very lately organized. The following list of its officers has been given to us: President, Rev. Galliano; Vice President, J. C. Johnson; Secretary, A. Rowland; Treasurer, M. J. Walsh; Censor, A. Deck; Captain First Nine, A. Raleigh; Captain Second Nine, Rich. Wallace.

During the Easter vacation, extending from the sixth to the tenth of April inclusive, leave of absence was granted by favor of the President to nearly all the students, although the rule is that these vacations be spent in College.

Mr. Walter Walsh, of the Opposition B. B. C., has handed us an account of a game played recently, in which that club and the Excelsiors were the contestants. We insert it almost verbatim.

The first match for the Junior Medal took place April 23d, between the Opposities and Excelsiors. The
game was played very well on both sides, although the Oppositions had a great disadvantage to contend against—five of their best players being absent—besides many annoyances on the field, which need not be specified. We append the score:

**OPPOSITIONS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Outs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rhodes, C.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marshall, P.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colombet, S. S.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin, 1 B.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kellogg, 2 B.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, 3 B.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fallon, L. F.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flood, C. F.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geary, R. F.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>28</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**EXCELSIORS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Outs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Scully, C.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arguello, K. P.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Videau, 1 B.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trembly, J. 2 B.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meroux, 3 B.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walsh, S. S.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dwineille, L. F.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarthy, C. F.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Redondo, F., R. F.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>20</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**OPPOSITIONS.**—Flycatches, 5. Home Runs—Columbet, 1; Rhodes, 1—total 2. **EXCELSIORS.**—Flycatches, 4. Home Runs—Redondo, 1; Scully, 1—total 2. Umpire—E. A. Gregory, of Phoenix B. B. C. Scorer—Walter Walsh, of Opposition B. B. C.

**Errata.**—In the last *Owl*, on page 319, the word *peel* twice occurs: in the second and sixth lines of the second stanza of "Sabbath Bells." It should be *peal*.

The entertainment of the Dramatic Society of the College, announced in the last *Owl*, came off on the 19th of April. As the weather was the best that could be desired, a large house was expected; but, unfortunately, for the hopes of the amateurs, a great Sunday School Convention, which was in session at the same time in San José, drew off a great many of those who usually attend our performances, and the audience was in consequence much smaller than had been anticipated. The performance, in itself, was a perfect success. The actors generally, in "Damon and Pythias," improved on their former acting, which was already very good. This may be said especially of Mr. J. T. Malone as "Damon," and Mr. J. A. Waddell as "Pythias," We noticed that Mr. Malone's voice was in much better order than at the former representation, and also that Mr. Kelly's dignified energy in the representation of "Philistius," attracted much attention. Mr. J. C. Johnson made his debut on this occasion, in the role of "Meneclides," which he played with a great deal of feeling. The farce was excellent. Mr. Jos. McQuade, who appeared as the "Unwarrantable Intruder," added something, if possible, to the laurels he had already acquired in the comic line. His rendering of "Villikins and his Dinah," during the play, was worthy of Joe Murphy. Mr. Chas. F. Wilcox, as the much persecuted "Mr. Snoozle," was eminently successful, as he always is, in such parts.

The calculus belonging to one of our seniors was lately mutilated by a voracious canine. The poor animal "chawed" away at it with great perseverance till he came to "circular functions," when he had to stop. He couldn't swallow that.
EDITOR'S TABLE.


Since our last issue, the Mercerian, from Macon, Georgia, and the Brunonian, (Magazine) from Providence, Rhode Island, have been added to our list of exchanges. We welcome both.

The Academy speaks of the Owl in very flattering terms. Were we vain enough, we should certainly publish its notice; but, thank Goodness, we are humble, and do not care to trumpet ourselves in that manner.

The Juniors at Yale are galloping through Tacitus at the rate of fifteen pages a day; so says the Yale Courant.

An estate valued at $400,000 to $500,000 has been left by Robert Barnes, of Evansville, Indiana, to be devoted to the education of orphan children in that State. He has set a good example, by forbearing to encumber the bequest with embarrassing and vainglorious conditions.

Michigan University has this year 1,110 students.

The expense of the New York Tribune for the first week of its existence was $525. At present its weekly expenses amount to $20,000.

W D. Howell, assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly, will in July succeed Jas. T. Fields as editor of that magazine.

The cotton seed product of the Mississippi valley, if manufactured into oil would be worth $40,000,000.

Germany has at present thirty-two humorous papers, with an aggregate circulation of 285,000 copies.

By a recent Act of Congress, a National University was incorporated and is now about to be organized. It will embrace six branches or colleges, and will be controlled by two Regents from each State, and five
from the District of Columbia. Members of Congress will have the franking privilege extended, so as to frank six students from each Congressional District through a full course.

Professor Geo. Ticknor left his extremely valuable collection of Spanish books, unquestionably the richest in this country, to the Boston Public Library, and also a fund of $5,000 to keep it in order, and to add to it desirable works published hereafter.

Oxford University, England, offers a prize of one hundred pounds ($500) for the best scientific essay against the materialistic spirit of the age, which tends to attribute all physical effects to physical causes, rather than a First Great Cause.

Robert College, Constantinople, founded by a munificent and philanthropic citizen of New York, is now nearly completed. It is built of freestone, four stories in height, and commands a fine view of the Bosphorus.

**Notice.**—The editors take great pleasure in thanking their friends for the kind support extended to the magazine during the year past. The critical moment of this publication has now arrived; the four physicians in conclave stand around in deep anxiety and expectation, counting the beat of its pulse. You are to quicken its flow into the vigor of perfect and long promising health, or to suffer a protracted, who knows if fatal, period of weakness. Many old subscribers have given us the cheering word of renewal; we pray all so to do. Most directly do we apply to the parents of those studying here, bearing to them the assurance of several professors that their classes have been remarkably enlivened, stirred into ambition to work for the open pages of the Owl. It is not a large sum asked when taken singly, but if we are able to multiply it by several hundreds, it becomes a pleasant prospect. What here is so much needed, and what you can all spare with no inconvenience, we ask you for; shall we say, confidently? If the Owl is not of immediate interest, may it at least be your introducer to the College. If so, it will have favored the latter much; and if the sentiment can be retorted, we look for nothing more.
A boy from the country was recently taken into a gentleman’s family. One evening, after having been called up in the drawing-room, he came down in the kitchen, laughing immoderately.

“What’s the matter?” cried the cook.

“Why, dang it, there are twelve on ’em up there who could not snuff the candle, and they had to ring for me to do it.”

An expeditious mode of getting up a row is to carry a long ladder on your shoulders in a crowded thoroughfare, and every few minutes turn round to see if any one is making a face at you.

Sentiment and Fact.—A young lady who wore spectacles, exclaimed, in a voice of sentimental enthusiasm, to a ploughman, who was walking on the road:

“Do you, sir, appreciate the beauty of that landscape? Oh, see those darling sheep and lambs skipping about?”

“Them aint sheep and lambs—them’s hogs, Miss.”

If you would enjoy your meals, be good-natured. An angry man can’t tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.

Recipe to Make a Nightmare.—Just before going to bed, eat two pig’s feet and a fried pie. In less than an hour you will see a snake larger than a hawser, devouring eight blue-haired children, who have just escaped from a monster with sorrel eyes and a red-hot overcoat.

Dan Marble says he once partook of a rooster so old that he was bald-headed. To get the feathers out, the “house gal” had to use a claw-hammer, while the old creature was so tenacious of life, that after being baked for two hours, he still continued to crow. With a few leather pickles, caoutchouc potatoes, and aquafortis sauce, such poultry must make very nice eating.

“We are going to Australia,” said a somewhat pompous gentleman of narrow means, to a friend of ours the other day. “Why so?” was the rejoinder. “We find that we must work for a living; and, considering our connexions, it would be rather infra dig. to do so in the old country.”

“Perhaps so,” retorted the inveterate punster; “but in my opinion, you
are certain to be in for a dig if you go to Australia."

"Of all things," says the Dublin University Magazine, "avoid a vulgar whisker. This is of various kinds. A short, scrubby, indomitable red whisker is a vulgar whisker; a weak, fuzzy, white, moth-eaten, mouliday whisker is a vulgar whisker; a twisting, sentimental corkscrew of a whisker, is a vulgar whisker; a big, black, bluff, brutal looking whisker, is a vulgar whisker; a mathematical, methodical, master-of-arts-ical diagram of a whisker is a vulgar whisker. Whatever is not one of these—will do."

Western Etiquette.—The Yankee traveller who saw the live Hoosier, has again written to his mother, giving his experience as follows:

Western people are death on etiquette. You can't tell a man he lies, here, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling a pretty large story, in my hearing.  

Says I, "Stranger, that's a whopper."

Says he, "Lay there, stranger."

And in less than no time I found myself sprawling in the ditch.

At another time, says I to a man I never saw afore, as a woman passed:

"That isn't a specimen of your Western women, is it?"

Says he "You're afraid of the fever and ager, stranger, aint you."

"Very much," says I.

"Well," says he, "that was my wife, and if you don't apologise in two minutes, by the honor of a gentle man, I swear to you that these two pistols shall cure you of the disorder entirely. So, don't fear, stranger."

So I politely apologized. I admire the Western country very much, but darn me if I can stand so much etiquette; it always takes me unawares.

An amusing colloquy came off recently at the supper table on board of one of our Eastern steamboats, between a Boston exquisite, reeking with hair-oil and Cologne, who was "demming" the waiters, and otherwise assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan, who sat by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning to his "vulgar" friend, the former pointed his jeweled finger, and said:

"Butter, sah!"

"I see it is," coolly replied Jonathan.

"Butter, sah, I say!" fiercely repeated the dandy.

"I know it—very good—a first-rate article," provokingly reiterated homespun.

"BUTTER, I tell you!" thundered the exquisite, in still louder tones, pointing with slow unmoving finger, like scorn's, and scowling upon his neighbor, as if he would annihilate him.

"Well, gosh—all-Jerusalem, what of it?" now yelled the downeaster, getting his dander up in turn—"Yer didn't think I took it for LARD?"

Mrs. Partington informs us that she intended the consort of the female cemetery last evening, and some of the songs were extricated with touching pythogeros. She declared the
whole thing went off like a pickenham shot. The young angles sung like young syrups, and looked like young angles out of paradox. She only regrets that, during the showers of applause, she forgot her parasol.

The following graphic passage is from the description of a scene witnessed by a Mr. Campbell and his party, in the north of Norway, from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea: "The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north, the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor-corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

The weight of a ton—A simpleton.

Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out: "Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?" "Sir," replied the knight of the napkin, "we dines at six."

An American tourist was visiting Naples, and saw Vesuvius during an eruption. "Have you anything like that in the new world?" was the question of an Italian spectator. "No," replied the other, "but we have a mill-dam that would put it out in five minutes."

Jerrold said one day he would make a pun upon anything his friends would put to him. A friend asked whether he could pun upon the signs of the zodiac, to which he promptly replied: "By Gemini, I Cancer."

An eminent artist lately painted a snow storm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting too near it with his coat off.

"We met a fool in the forest," says Punch, "who had the audacity to ask us the following conundrum: "Why cannot the proprietor of this forest fell his own timber? Because no one is allowed to cut when it is his own deal."

A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," says he, "some pious men object to it; I would hold a middle course and allow you to use it on one cheek."
Our life resembles those fragile structures supported in the heavens by airy buttresses; they do not crumble at once—they moulder away one by one; they still continue to support one gallery, after they have failed beneath the sanctuary or the arched walls of the edifice.

Railroad Poetry.—A correspondent of the Broome County Republican, describes his jaunt over the Syracuse and Birmingham Railroad, from Courtland, in the following poetical strain:

"So much I wrote in Courtland's bounds—and would have finished there, had not the down train's whistle loud resounded through the air. So shaking Fairfield by the hand, who said come up again, I bid farewell to every fear, and jumped upon the train. Rushing o'er the hillside, darting o'er the plain, over the rivers, under roads, Van Bergen drove his train. The moon threw bright effulgent rays on each small ripple's crest; the river seemed a ribbon stretched across the meadow's breast; the evening wind came stealing through the car with gentle sigh, and brought a cinder from the engine spang into my eye; few and short were the prayers I said, and I spoke not a word of sorrow, but I rubbed my eye till I made it red, and knew 'twould be sore the morrow. We soon got home at the rate we ran, at an hour just right for retiring, and down from his post came the engine man, and the fireman ceased his firing. And thus I too will cease, with this moral to the tale—be always sure to 'mind your eye' when riding on a rail."

The Value of the Young Mind.—It should never be forgotten, that it is the young mind in which the principles of virtue will most easily and deeply take root; and, while the thoughts are fresh and the feelings tender, they will entwine themselves around its undecaying beauty and loveliness. It is proverbial, that it is the tender sapling, not the sturdy tree, which can be trained to elegance and usefulness.

Dissipation.—The life of the gay man is a system of self-indulgence, of self-gratification, and of self-worship. The miser, in his despised and isolated sphere, has no power upon the happiness of society. The privations he imposes extend no further than himself; and if no other individual shares in what he gains, he is alone in the punishment he inflicts; but the dissipated man has a wider influence, because he is the hero of society in its worst state. He has, therefore, the power to disseminate evil in a degree proportionate to his popularity; and in the same measure as he is beloved he is capable of inflicting misery. He knows that he the cause of floods of burning tears, and while he weighs them against one intoxicating draught, it is self-love that prompts him again to hold the sparkling poison to his lips, and to let the tears flow on.

A boarding-school Miss being unwell, thought it ungenteel to say she was bilious, so she complained of being Williamous. These are the days of exquisite respectability.
## TABLE OF HONOR.

Credits for the month of MARCH, as read out WEDNESDAY, April 5th, 1871.

### Christian Doctrine.

1st Class—P. Dunne, 100; W. Fallon, 100; J. Raleigh, 100; M. Walsh, 100; J. Judd, 95; A. Saufrignon, 95; J. C. Johnson, 85; J. Poujade, 85; J. Drown, 70.

2d Class—S. Fellom, 100; A. Veuve, 95; T. Tully, 100; J. Coddington, 85; R. Cochran, 80; E. Jaujou, 80; F. Kellogg, 75; H. Maison, 75; R. Wallace, 75; P. Yrigoyen, 75; W. Walsh, 70; L. Palmer, 90; J. Burling, 70.

3d Class—C. Walsh, 100; C. Ebner, 100; T. Morrison, 96; J. Temple, 96; F. Trebley, 96; H. Martin, 100; A. Den, 93; N. Camarillo, 90; W. Furman, 70; R. Wallace, 70.

### Ethics.

J. Campbell, 95; C. F. Wilcox, 95.

### Logic.

J. M. Byrne, 80; J. T. Malone, 80; S. White, 80; R. Cochran, 75; H. J. Harrison, 75; E. White, 70.

### Organic Chemistry.

J. H. Campbell, 100; S. White, 96; J. T. Malone, 95; E. White, 85.

### Elementary Chemistry.

J. C. Johnson, 94; M. Walsh, 92; J. Poujade, 88; A. Arguello, 72; D. G. Sullivan, 70.

### Natural Philosophy.

J. T. Malone, 90; J. H. Campbell, 85; M. Walsh, 85; J. C. Johnson, 75; S. White, 70.

### Mathematics.

1st Class—M. Walsh, 100; J. H. Campbell, 95; C. F. Wilcox, 95; W. Veuve, 90; J. M. Byrne, 70.

2d Class—J. T. Malone, 100; S. White, 100; J. C. Johnson, 100; M. Wilson, 100; S. Rhodes, 100; H. Newhall, 100; L. Pinard, 97; R. Cochran, 97; H. J. Harrison, 92; J. F. McQuade, 92; E. White, 90.

3d Class—A. Veuve, 95; L. Pellier, 95; A. Saufrignon, 95; P. Yrigoyen, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; W. Newhall, 85; A. Levy, 85; L. Burling, 80; D. G. Sullivan, 75; A. Arguello, 70; J. Chretien, 70.

### Greek.

1st Class—

2d Class—J. H. Campbell, 85.

3d Class—S. Rhodes, 70.

4th Class—H. Peyton, 71; J. Chretien, 70.

5th Class—

### Latin.

1st Class—J. T. Malone, 70.

2d Class—J. H. Campbell, 85; S. White, 83; J. F. McQuade, 80; M. Wilson, 70; S. Rhodes, 70.
3d Class—W. Veuve, 90; J. C. Johnson, 78.
4th Class—M. Walsh, 75; H. Peyton, 73; W. Marshall, 73.
5th Class—

**English.**

1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 100; P. W. Byrne, 81;
2d Class—H. Peyton, 100; J. Poujade, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; M. Walsh, 90; H. Bowles, 80; J. Drown, 80; P. Dunn, 80; J. Smith, 70.
3d Class—A. Veuve, 70; Ry. Wallace, 70; L. Pellier, 70.
4th Class—E. Richardson, 90; P. Yrigoyen, 90; T. Tully, 82; T. Morrison, 79; T. Durbin, 79; A. Rowland, 70.
5th Class—T. Scully, 95; J. Thompson, 92; J. Temple, 90; J. Day, 87; A. Den, 85; N. Camarillo, 80; G. Cole, 76; J. Monahan, 75.

**French.**

1st Class—A. Sauffrignon, 100; H. Maison, 80; L. Pellier, 70.
2d Class—J. Poujade, 70.
3d Class—G. Bull, 95; H. Peyton, 85; H. Bqwles, 80; J. Radovich, 80; T. Morrison, 70.

**Spanish.**

1st Class—J. Byrne, 70; P. Byrne, 70; J. Smith, 70; D. G. Sullivan, 70;
2d Class—
3d Class—N. Camarillo, 71; S. Fellom, 70.

**Italian.**

J. Bisagno, 75; A. Pierotich, 70; A. Reale, 70; J. Reale, 70.

**German.**

C. Ebner, 90.

**Arithmetic.**

1st Class—F. McCusker, 100; P. Dunn, 70; H. Maison, 70.
2d Class—J. Keller, 100; E. Newhall, 100; S. Fellom, 90; N. Camarillo, 85; J. F. Dunne, 80; R. Smith, 80; T. Morrison, 78; W. Walsh, 78; P. Robles, 76; J. Bisagno, 75; A. Deck, 75; A. Raleigh, 74; W. Den, 72; A. Rowland, 72; T. Egan, 70; A. Reale, 70; W. Marshall, 70; E. Gregory, 70; J. Judd, 70; J. Flood, 70; P. Colombet, 70.
3d Class—T. Durbin, 80; G. Lion, 80; H. Dwinelle, 70; G. Anzar, 70; J. Monahan, 70; J. Temple, 70; B. Trobok, 70; T. Scully, 70.

**Book-keeping.**

1st Class—L. Burling, 90; J. Radovich, 90; L. Pellier, 80.
2d Class—P. Dunne, 95; F. McCusker, 95; E. Newhall, 90; J. Judd, 80; S. White, 70.
3d Class—T. Tully, 80; W. Walsh, 75; N. Camarillo, 70; W. Den, 70.

**History.**

1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 95; P. Byrne, 70.
2d Class—P. Dunn, 100; F. McCusker, 95; H. Peyton, 85; J. Raleigh, 80; J. Burling, 75; J. Dunne, 70.
3d Class—J. Judd, 100; W. Fallon, 80; L. Pellier, 80; A. Veuve, 80; H. Maison, 75.
4th Class—P. Colombet, 96; R. Smith, 93; T. Tully, 92; A. Deck, 91; E. Richardson, 90; T. Morrison, 79; T. Durbin, 79; E. Newhall, 70; A. Rowland, 70.
5th Class—H. Martin, 95.

**Geography.**

1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 95.
2d Class—P. Dunn, 100; M. Walsh, 100; J. Raleigh, 80; H. Peyton, 70.
Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.

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

| Drawing | Linear Drawing | W. Newhall, 90; J. Chretien, 90; F. McCusker, 80; A. Levy, 70; P. Donahue, 70 |
|         | F. Kellogg, 89; T. Morrison, 89; T. Tully, 88; C. Ebner, 86; J. Bisagno, 80 |
|         | Figure Drawing | G. Anzar, 75; W. Marshall, 70 |
|         | Landscape Drawing | J. Burling, 70 |
| Violin | Reading | 1st Class | J. Dunne, 100; A. Raleigh, 100; W. Walsh, 100; J. Burling, 100; E. Jaujou, 85; J. Judd, 85; W. Marshall, 70; W. Fallon, 70 |
|         |         | 2nd Class | J. Thompson, 82; T. Dore, 80; F. Richardson, 87; J. Day, 75; C. Walsh, 75; L. Palmer, 75; O. Beaulieu, 70; A. Bell, 70; W. Cole, 70; S. Fellom, 70; J. Harrington, 70; H. Martin, 70; J. Monahan, 70; A. Rowland, 70; F. Trembley, 70 |
|         |         | 3rd Class | J. Judd, 100; L. Pellier, 80; A. Levy, 75; V. Fallon, 75; J. Coddington, 70 |
|         |         | 4th Class | E. Richardson, 100; R. Smith, 98; F. Trembley, 97; A. Deck, 97; P. Yrigoyen, 95; P. Colombet, 90; A. Rowland, 90; Rd. Wallace, 90; T. Durbin, 89; F. Kellogg, 89; T. Morrison, 89; T. Tully, 88; C. Ebner, 86; J. Bisagno, 80 |
|         |         | 5th Class | T. Scully, 100; D. Egan, 95; G. Videau, 78; N. Camarillo, 76; Alph. Den, 76; J. Temple, 72; G. Cole, 70 |

Orthography.

| Reading | 1st Class | J. F. Dunne, 100; W. Walsh, 100; W. Marshall, 100; J. Burling, 100; P. Dunn, 90; E. Richardson, 90; J. Judd, 85; W. Fallon, 84; C. Ebner, 73 |
|         |         | 2nd Class | P. Colombet, 90; T. Durbin, 90; S. Fellom, 90; H. Martin, 80; F. Trembley, 80; J. Thompson, 80; C. Walsh, 75; N. Camarillo, 75; W. Cole, 75; J. Day, 75; H. Dwinelle, 70; J. Monahan, 70; W. Robbies, 70 |
|         |         | 3rd Class | J. Dunne, 100; A. Raleigh, 100; W. Walsh, 100; J. Burling, 90; E. Jaujou, 85; J. Judd, 85; W. Marshall, 70; W. Fallon, 70 |
|         |         | 4th Class | P. Colombet, 90; T. Durbin, 90; S. Fellom, 90; H. Martin, 80; F. Trembley, 80; J. Thompson, 80; C. Walsh, 75; N. Camarillo, 75; W. Cole, 75; J. Day, 75; H. Dwinelle, 70; J. Monahan, 70; A. Rowland, 70; F. Trembley, 70 |

Elocution.

| Reading | 1st Class | J. F. Dunne, 100; W. Walsh, 100; W. Marshall, 100; J. Burling, 90; E. Jaujou, 85; J. Judd, 85; W. Marshall, 70; W. Fallon, 70 |
|         |         | 2nd Class | H. Bowles, 90; H. Malrain, 80; F. McCusker, 80; J. Poujade, 85; J. Dunne, 70; P. Dunn, 70; A. Raleigh, 70; J. Smith, 70 |
|         |         | 3rd Class | W. Marshall, 70; Ry. Wallace, 70 |
|         |         | 4th Class | P. Yrigoyen, 85; F. Trembley, 75 |
|         |         | 5th Class | J. Day, 95; O. Beaulieu, 85; J. Thompson, 85; D. Egan, 80; S. Fellom, 80; F. Richardson, 80; W. Furman, 70 |

Penmanship.

| Reading | 1st Class | G. Bull, 80; W. Fallon, 78; A. Sauffrignon, 75; A. Rowland, 75; J. Kennedy, 73; P. Dunn, 72; N. Camarillo, 70; A. Veuve, 70; A. Deck, 70 |
|         |         | 2nd Class | T. Morrison, 80; J. Thompson, 75; J. Temple, 73; F. Kellogg, 71; D. Egan, 70; W. Fosgate, 70; J. Judd, 70; W. Geary, 70 |
|         |         | 3rd Class | J. Harrington, 76; G. Videau, 75; J. Arguello, 74; H. Dwinelle, 73; A Reale, 72; L. Palmer, 70; C. Walsh, 70 |

Piano.

| Reading | 1st Class | L. Burling, 85; H. Newhall, 70; C. Ebner, 70 |
|         |         | 2nd Class | C. F. Wilcox, 100; F. McCusker, 70; C. Christin, 70 |

Brass Instrument.

| Reading | J. Jaujou, 70; J. H. Maison, 70 |

Drawing.

| Reading | Linear Drawing | W. Newhall, 90; J. Chretien, 90; F. McCusker, 80; A. Levy, 70; P. Donahue, 70 |
|         | Figure Drawing | G. Anzar, 75; W. Marshall, 70 |
|         | Landscape Drawing | J. Burling, 70 |

Violin.

| Reading | ]
| Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.]
| Highest number of credits given, 100. Recipients of 70 and over only mentioned. |
from the District of Columbia. Members of Congress will have the franking privilege extended, so as to frank six students from each Congressional District through a full course.

Professor Geo. Ticknor left his extremely valuable collection of Spanish books, unquestionably the richest in this country, to the Boston Public Library, and also a fund of $5,000 to keep it in order, and to add to it desirable works published hereafter.

Oxford University, England, offers a prize of one hundred pounds ($500) for the best scientific essay against the materialistic spirit of the age, which tends to attribute all physical effects to physical causes, rather than a First Great Cause.

Robert College, Constantinople, founded by a munificent and philanthropic citizen of New York, is now nearly completed. It is built of freestone, four stories in height, and commands a fine view of the Bosphorus.

Notice.—The editors take great pleasure in thanking their friends for the kind support extended to the magazine during the year past. The critical moment of this publication has now arrived; the four physicians in conclave stand around in deep anxiety and expectation, counting the beat of its pulse. You are to quicken its flow into the vigor of perfect and long promising health, or to suffer a protracted, who knows if fatal, period of weakness. Many old subscribers have given us the cheering word of renewal; we pray all so to do. Most directly do we apply to the parents of those studying here, bearing to them the assurance of several professors that their classes have been remarkably enlivened, stirred into ambition to work for the open pages of the Owl. It is not a large sum asked when taken singly, but if we are able to multiply it by several hundreds, it becomes a pleasant prospect. What here is so much needed, and what you can all spare with no inconvenience, we ask you for; shall we say, confidently? If the Owl is not of immediate interest, may it at least be your introducer to the College. If so, it will have favored the latter much; and if the sentiment can be retorted, we look for nothing more.
A boy from the country was recently taken into a gentleman’s family. One evening, after having been called up in the drawing-room, he came down in the kitchen, laughing immoderately.

“What’s the matter?” cried the cook.

“Why, dang it, there are twelve on ‘em up there who could not snuff the candle, and they had to ring for me to do it.”

An expeditious mode of getting up a row is to carry a long ladder on your shoulders in a crowded thoroughfare, and every few minutes turn round to see if any one is making a face at you.

Sentiment and Fact.—A young lady who wore spectacles, exclaimed, in a voice of sentimental enthusiasm, to a ploughman, who was walking on the road:

“Do you, sir, appreciate the beauty of that landscape? Oh, see those darling sheep and lambs skipping about?”

“Them aint sheep and lambs—them’s hogs, Miss.”

If you would enjoy your meals, be good-natured. An angry man can’t tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.

Recipe to Make a Nightmare.—Just before going to bed, eat two pig’s feet and a fried pie. In less than an hour you will see a snake larger than a hawser, devouring eight blue-haired children, who have just escaped from a monster with sorrel eyes and a red-hot overcoat.

Dan Marble says he once partook of a rooster so old that he was bald-headed. To get the feathers out, the “house gal” had to use a clawhammer, while the old creature was so tenacious of life, that after being baked for two hours, he still continued to crow. With a few leather pickles, caoutchouc potatoes, and aquafortis sauce, such poultry must make very nice eating.

“We are going to Australia,” said a somewhat pompous gentleman of narrow means, to a friend of ours the other day. “Why so?” was the rejoinder. “We find that we must work for a living; and, considering our connexions, it would be rather infra dig. to do so in the old country.” “Perhaps so,” retorted the inveterate punster; “but in my opinion, you
are certain to be in for a dig if you go to Australia."

"Of all things," says the Dublin University Magazine, "avoid a vulgar whisker. This is of various kinds. A short, scrubby, indomitable red whisker is a vulgar whisker; a weak, fuzzy, white, moth-eaten, mouldy whisker is a vulgar whisker; a twisting, twining, sentimental corkscrew of a whisker, is a vulgar whisker; a big, black, bluff, brutal looking whisker, is a vulgar whisker; a mathematical, methodical, master-of-arts-ical diagram of a whisker is a vulgar whisker. Whatever is not one of these—will do."

Western Etiquette.—The Yankee traveller who saw the live Hoosier, has again written to his mother, giving his experience as follows:

Western people are death on etiquette. You can't tell a man he lies, here, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling a pretty large story, in my hearing.

Says I, "Stranger, that's a whopper."

Says he, "Lay there, stranger."

And in less than no time I found myself sprawling in the ditch.

At another time, says I to a man I never saw afore, as a woman passed:

"That isn't a specimen of your Western women, is it?"

Says he "You're afraid of the fever and ager, stranger, ain't you."

"Very much," says I.

"Well," says he, "that was my wife, and if you don't apologise in two minutes, by the honor of a gen-

An amusing colloquy came off recently at the supper table on board of one of our Eastern steamboats, between a Boston exquisite, reeking with hair-oil and Cologne, who was "demming" the waiters, and otherwise assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan, who sat by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning to his "vulgar" friend, the former pointed his jeweled finger, and said:

"Butter, sah!"

"I see it is," coolly replied Jonathan.

"Butter, sah, I say!" fiercely repeated the dandy.

"I know it—very good—a first-rate article," provokingly reiterated homespun.

"Butter, I tell you!" thundered the exquisite, in still louder tones, pointing with slow unmoving finger, like scorn's, and scowling upon his neighbor, as if he would annihilate him.

"Well, gosh-all-Jerusalem, what of it?" now yelled the downeaster, getting his dander up in turn—"Yer didn't think I took it for LARD?"

Mrs. Partington informs us that she intended the consort of the female cemetery last evening, and some of the songs were extricated with touching pythogeros. She declared the
whole thing went off like a pickenham shot. The young angles sung like young syrups, and looked like young angles out of paradox. She only regrets that, during the showers of applause, she forgot her parasol.

The following graphic passage is from the description of a scene witnessed by a Mr. Campbell and his party, in the north of Norway, from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea: "The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north, the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor-corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned, the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

The weight of a ton—A simpleton.

Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out: "Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?" "Sir," replied the knight of the napkin, "we dines at six."

An American tourist was visiting Naples, and saw Vesuvius during an eruption. "Have you anything like that in the new world?" was the question of an Italian spectator. "No," replied the other, "but we have a mill-dam that would put it out in five minutes."

Jerrold said one day he would make a pun upon anything his friends would put to him. A friend asked whether he could pun upon the signs of the zodiac, to which he promptly replied: "By Gemini, I Cancer."

An eminent artist lately painted a snow storm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting too near it with his coat off.

"We met a fool in the forest," says Punch, "who had the audacity to ask us the following conundrum: "Why cannot the proprietor of this forest fell his own timber? Because no one is allowed to cut when it is his own deal."

A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," says he, "some pious men object to it; I would hold a middle course and allow you to use it on one cheek."
Our life resembles those fragile structures supported in the heavens by airy buttresses; they do not crumble at once—they moulder away one by one; they still continue to support one gallery, after they have failed beneath the sanctuary or the arched walls of the edifice.

Railroad Poetry.—A correspondent of the Broome County Republican, describes his jaunt over the Syracuse and Birmingham Railroad, from Courtland, in the following poetical strain:

"So much I wrote in Courtland's bounds— and would have finished there, had not the down train's whistle loud resounded through the air. So shaking Fairfield by the hand, who said come up again, I bid farewell to every fear, and jumped upon the train. Rushing o'er the hillside, darting o'er the plain, over the rivers, under roads, Van Bergen drove his train. The moon threw bright effulgent rays on each small ripple's crest; the river seemed a ribbon stretched across the meadow's breast; the evening wind came stealing through the car with gentle sigh, and brought a cinder from the engine spang into my eye; few and short were the prayers I said, and I spoke not a word of sorrow, but I rubbed my eye till I made it red, and 'wound' be sore the morrow. We soon got home at the rate we ran, at an hour just right for retiring, and down from his post came the engine man, and the fireman ceased his firing. And thus I too will cease, with this moral to the tale—be always sure to 'mind your eye' when riding on a rail."

The Value of the Young Mind.—It should never be forgotten, that it is the young mind in which the principles of virtue will most easily and deeply take root; and, while the thoughts are fresh and the feelings tender, they will entwine themselves around its undecaying beauty and loveliness. It is proverbial, that it is the tender sapling, not the sturdy tree, which can be trained to elegance and usefulness.

Dissipation.—The life of the gay man is a system of self-indulgence, of self-gratification, and of self-worship. The miser, in his despised and isolated sphere, has no power upon the happiness of society. The privations he imposes extend no further than himself; and if no other individual shares in what he gains, he is alone in the punishment he inflicts; but the dissipated man has a wider influence, because he is the hero of society in its worst state. He has, therefore, the power to disseminate evil in a degree proportionate to his popularity; and in the same measure as he is beloved he is capable of inflicting misery. He knows that he the cause of floods of burning tears, and while he weighs them against one intoxicating draught, it is self-love that prompts him again to hold the sparkling poison to his lips, and to let the tears flow on.

A boarding-school Miss being unwell, thought it ungenteel to say she was bilious, so she complained of being Williamous. These are the days of exquisite respectability.
TABLE OF HONOR.

Credits for the month of March, as read out Wednesday,
April 5th, 1871.

Christian Doctrine.
1st Class—P. Dunne, 100; W. Fallon, 100; J. Raleigh, 100; M. Walsh, 100; J. Judd, 95; A. Sauffrignon, 95; J. C. Johnson, 85; J. Poujade, 85; J. Drown, 70.
2d Class—S. Fellom, 100; A. Veuve, 95; T. Tully, 100; J. Coddington, 85; R. Cochran, 80; E. Jaujou, 80; F. Kellogg, 75; H. Maison, 75; R. Wallace, 75; P. Yrigoyen, 75; W. Walsh, 70; L. Palmer, 90; J. Burling, 70.
3d Class—C. Walsh, 100; C. Ebner, 100; J. Temple, 96; J. Temple, 96; F. Trembley, 96; H. Martin, 100; A. Den, 93; N. Camarillo, 90; W. Furman, 70; R. Wallace, 70.

Ethics.
J. Campbell, 95; C. F. Wilcox, 95.

Logic.
J. M. Byrne, 80; J. T. Malone, 80; S. White, 80; R. Cochran, 75; H. J. Harrison, 75; E. White, 70.

Organic Chemistry.
J. H. Campbell, 100; S. White, 96; J. T. Malone, 95; E. White, 85.

Elementary Chemistry.
J. C. Johnson, 94; M. Walsh, 92; J. Poujade, 88; A. Arguello, 72; D. G. Sullivan, 70.

Natural Philosophy.
J. T. Malone, 90; J. H. Campbell, 85; M. Walsh, 85; J. C. Johnson, 75; S. White, 70.

Mathematics.
1st Class—M. Walsh, 100; J. H. Campbell, 95; C. F. Wilcox, 95; W. Veuve, 90; J. M. Byrne, 70.
2d Class—J. T. Malone, 100; S. White, 100; J. C. Johnson, 100; M. Wilson, 100; S. Rhodes, 100; H. Newhall, 100; L. Pinard, 97; R. Cochran, 97; H. J. Harrison, 92; J. F. McQuade, 92; E. White, 90.
3d Class—A. Veuve, 95; L. Pelier, 95; A. Sauffrignon, 95; P. Yrigoyen, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; W. Newhall, 85; A. Levy, 85; L. Burling, 80; D. G. Sullivan, 75; A. Arguello, 70; J. Chretien, 70.

Greek.
1st Class—
2d Class—J. H. Campbell, 85.
3d Class—S. Rhodes, 70.
4th Class—H. Peyton, 71; J. Chretien, 70.
5th Class—

Latin.
1st Class—J. T. Malone, 70.
2d Class—J. H. Campbell, 85; S. White, 83; J. F. McQuade, 80; M. Wilson, 70; S. Rhodes, 70.
3d Class—W. Veuve, 90; J. C. Johnson, 78.
4th Class—M. Walsh, 75; H. Peyton, 73; W. Marshall, 73.
5th Class—

English.
1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 100; P. W. Byrne, 81;
2d Class—H. Peyton, 100; J. Poujade, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; M. Walsh, 90; H. Bowles, 80; J. Drown, 80; F. Dunn, 80; J. Smith, 70.
3d Class—A. Veuve, 70; Ry. Wallace, 70; L. Pellier, 70.
4th Class—E. Richardson, 90; P. Yrigoyen, 90; T. Tully, 82; T. Morrison, 79; T. Durbin, 79; A. Rowland, 70.
5th Class—T. Scully, 95; J. Thompson, 92; J. Temple, 90; J. Day, 87; A. Den, 85; N. Camarillo, 80; G. Cole, 76; J. Monahan, 75.

French.
1st Class—A. Sauffrignon, 100; H. Maison, 80; L. Pellier, 70.
2d Class—J. Poujade, 70.
3d Class—G. Bull, 95; H. Peyton, 85; H. Bowles, 80; J. Radovich, 80; T. Morrison, 79.

Spanish.
1st Class—J. Byrne, 70; P. Byrne, 70; J. Smith, 70; D. G. Sullivan, 70;
2d Class—
3d Class—N. Camarillo, 71; S. Fellom, 70.

Italian.
J. Bisagno, 75; A. Pierotich, 70; A. Reale, 70; J. Reale, 70.

German.
C. Ebner, 90.

Arithmetic.
1st Class—F. McCusker, 100; P. Dunn, 70; H. Maison, 70.
2d Class—J. Keller, 100; E. Newhall, 100; S. Fellom, 90; N. Camarillo, 85; J. F. Dunne, 80; R. Smith, 80; T. Morrison, 78; W. Walsh, 78; P. Robles, 76; J. Bisagno, 75; A. Deck, 75; A. Raleigh, 74; W. Den, 72; A. Rowland, 72; T. Egan, 70; A. Reale, 70; W. Marshall, 70; E. Gregoey, 70; J. Judd, 70; J. Flood, 70; P. Colombet, 70.
3d Class—T. Durbin, 80; G. Lion, 80; H. Dwinelle, 70; G. Anzar, 70; J. Monahan, 70; J. Temple, 70; B. Trobok, 70; T. Scully, 70.

Book-keeping.
1st Class—L. Burling, 90; J. Radovich, 90; L. Pellier, 80.
2d Class—P. Dunne, 95; F. McCusker, 95; E. Newhall, 90; J. Judd, 80; S. White, 70.
3d Class—T. Tully, 80; W. Walsh, 75; N. Camarillo, 70; W. Den, 70.

History.
1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 95; P. Byrne, 70.
2d Class—P. Dunn, 100; F. McCusker, 95; H. Peyton, 85; J. Raleigh, 80; J. Burling, 75; J. Dunne, 70.
3d Class—J. Judd, 100; W. Fallon, 80; L. Pellier, 80; A. Veuve, 80; H. Maison, 75.
4th Class—P. Colombet, 96; R. Smith, 93; T. Tully, 92; A. Deck, 91; E. Richardson, 90; T. Morrison, 79; T. Durbin, 79; E. Newhall, 70; A. Rowland, 70.
5th Class—H. Martin, 95.

Geography.
1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 95.
2d Class—P. Dunn, 100; M. Walsh, 100; J. Raleigh, 80; H. Peyton, 70.
### TABLE OF HONOR

**May, 1871.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Violin</th>
<th>Orthography</th>
<th>Reading</th>
<th>Elocution</th>
<th>Penmanship</th>
<th>Piano</th>
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