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Hail, golden year of benison, and jubilee sublime!
Hail, brightest of the gems that deck the jeweled zone of Time!
O, well may glad Te Deums ring through many a holy bane,
Where Faith's enraptured children wake the clear triumphal strain—
Till hearts o'erfraught with happiness, shall murmur 'mid their glee,
"Ah 'Nunc dimittis'!—we have seen our Father's jubilee."
Exult, O Nations, halo-crowned! with loud evvivas ring!
Hail! Pio Nono, Pastor true! all hail our Pontiff King!
Hail to the brow that yet doth wear its glorious triple crown!
Hail to the hand that would not lay its ancient sceptre down—
Hail to the form that ne'er hath quailed before the tempest shock!
Hail, faithful feet that firmly stand on Truth's Eternal Rock!
O wonderful Pontificate, O glory-circled reign!
When memory wakes thy golden years to life and light again,
Swift gliding o'er that shining path, what scenes of magic hue,
What fair celestial pageants pass before her dazzled view!
Lo! shrined amid the mystic stars that shed their wondrous gleam,
The brightest form in all the blest Apocalyptic dream!
Low bowed before that Figure fair, thus throned in royal state,
We fondly breathe her fitting name, our Queen Immaculate!
Behold the Pontiff hand that writes in lines of fadeless flame,
Above her starry diadem, that pure and peerless name,
List to the voice resounding clear amid our earthly din:
Immaculata! Snowy Bloom! unstained by primal sin!
Borne on the breath of spicy gales, across a sunlit sea,
Comes now in clear and ceaseless tones a matchless history—
A tale that tells in trumpet notes of hearts serene and strong,
Of hands that bear the mystic palm amid the victor throng—
Of feet that trod the thorny path and crossed the crimson flood,
Of robes that wear the royal hue, bestowed by martyr blood.
And once again that potent hand hath traced its blest decree,
And lo! the deathless list records that wondrous history.
O Christians! greet the shining throng, and fondest homage pay,
Hail sainted heroes of Japan! hail martyrs of Cathay!
The golden days are speeding on to join the phantom Past,
Until the glad triumphal morn in glory dawns at last—
And now the crowning vision wakes at Mem’ry’s call again—
The wondrous pageant grandly moves—a vast majestic train—
A priestly-vestured multitude, a pure, anointed throng—
The dauntless soldiers of the Cross, the fearless foes of wrong.
Why tread they thus thy thoroughfares, O star-encircled Rome?
Why peal the silver clarion notes within thy mighty dome?
A magic voice from Peter’s rock, hath rung from land to land—
The legions of the deathless King have heard the blest command;
Their ranks are formed—their voices ring in clear, responsive tone,
Their consecrated armies bow before the Pontiff’s Throne;
They gather on that Living Rock, o’er billows tempest-tossed,
And on each sacred brow descends the flame of Pentecost.
The Council ends—the task is o’er—the work of triumph done,
And for the signet-ring of Truth, its brightest jewel won—
Sweet promise kept! O star-eyed truth! thy foes can ne’er prevail,
Thy flock shall know the Shepherd Voice that cannot faint or fail.
And now while still the golden days in swift procession flee,
Behold again the Pontiff hand inscribes its blest decree—
And he whose faithful arm sustained the Jewel shrined in Clay,
Still shields the Casket whence is shed its life-bestowing ray.
The stainless Lily blooms beside, and angels bend above
The Eucharistic Cradle, watched by Joseph’s matchless love.
O glorious Pontificate! well may thy Shining days
Receive the meed of fadeless fame, the pealing tones of praise—
Hail then bright year of benison, and jubilee sublime!
Forever let thy glory light the jeweled zone of Time,
Forever let the echoed notes of glad Te Deums ring,
And loud eviva! ceaseless cry—all hail our Pontiff King!
O faithful Shepherd, in thy fold upon the Living Rock,
Still keep afar from wolf and snare, thy vast, unnumbered flock,
Till, resting safe, in pastures fair, their purer glances see
By angel throngs for ever kept, thy fitting jubilee.

San Mateo, Cal.

HOW SHALL WE PROSPER?

BY JAS. H. CAMPBELL.

There is no desire more general,
And at the same time more noble
And praizeworthy, than that which every good citizen must feel for the prosperity of the State of which he is a member. The welfare of our country and the means of securing and augmenting it are frequent topics of conversation, and various ways suggest themselves to different minds by which the goal of all our wishes may be reached.

But the popular mind is exceedingly apt to err in its conception of sound, social prosperity. It is an easy dupe to the showy appearances of material progress. The vulgar eye takes a narrow, shortsighted view of the question, and is quite unable to discern the source of real substantial prosperity and the sole foundation upon which it can be solidly built.

It is very evident that in order to arrive at a full, clear, and exact answer to this momentous question, it is essential that we should know in what true, social prosperity really consists. It is a wide-spread opinion which has taken a strong hold on the public mind, that it consists in unlimited wealth, in extensive resources,
in the greatness of the social power, and in the possession of all the conveniences and luxuries known to enlightened nations, and of all the varied products with which highly perfected science and art may surround the members of a society.

But is it really this which constitutes the prosperity of a society? Is social prosperity then but a synonyme for material civilization? or does it not depend on something more intimate and vital than mere exterior ease and comfort? What guarantee can material civilization, even when most perfect, give us that society is not rotten at the core and ready to crumble at the first vigorous blow of a hostile force? If we are not so unreasonable as to pronounce an apple sound from the goodly appearance of its rind, if we do not judge of a man's strength of mind or vigor of body from the elegance or costliness of his attire, shall we be so irrational as to pronounce upon the health or prosperity of a nation from the jewels and embroidered garments of its material civilization?

Putting aside this very common but none the less erroneous view of the subject, let us endeavor to obtain a clearer, deeper insight into the real nature of true, social prosperity. If we consider well what is meant by the prosperity of any being, we shall see that it is that condition which renders it more perfect in itself and better fitted to obtain the end for which it was intended. So with society; the more perfect society becomes in itself, and the more capable it is of obtaining its end, the more prosperous it will be. A public society is essentially a union of intelligent beings. Consequently, the more strongly the minds and wills of all the members are united together by the binding force of one great object towards which all tend, the more perfect will be the society and the better fitted to accomplish its end. Hence, the sole power capable of permanently binding together the minds and wills of all, is at the same time the source, the basis, and the necessary condition of social prosperity. But where are we to look for such an object? It can be none other than God Himself, the great principle and good of all created intellects and wills, who has naturally manifested His infinite truth and goodness through those eternal principles of truth, honesty and justice, which He has engraven on every human heart, and which He has fostered and developed by His religion. These principles form the only irrefragable tie that can bind together intellects and wills, because these only are eternal and unchangeable, and because they present to man the only means of attaining his ultimate end—eternal happiness. These are therefore the essential elements of genuine social welfare. Strip from society the precepts of honesty and religion, and you instil into its veins a most virulent poison. Its most vital part is destroyed and the corruption and dissolution of the whole social fabric must quickly ensue. It is with society as with an individual or with a family. Peace and happiness desert the wretch who has abandoned the natural principles of honesty. The corporeal man rises in revolt against the spiritual man. His interior rages until the passions no longer heeding the directions of reason tend to plunge him headlong into ruin. When in the family these principles are no longer practically recognized, what can we expect to find but insubordination and selfishness on the one hand, and on the other, improvidence and oppression, together with all the other evils that attend so lamentable a domestic condition? In a society the effects are similar, but they are diffused over a larger area.
When honesty and religion have lost their salutary sway over society, justice, honor, right, duty, self-sacrifice and true heroism become empty names. We have no longer real society, but in its stead a mere agglomeration of different and discordant parties, each having its own views and aims, and each fighting eagerly and solely for the triumph of its own interests; an aggregation of conflicting, selfish and oppressive elements. That beautiful unity and harmony which is the essence of sound society has disappeared and with it the force necessary for the attainment of the social end. The end of society is two-fold: First—To protect and ensure the rights of every one of its members. Secondly—To increase and perfect the goods of both mind and body. The means necessary for the accomplishment of this two-fold end is the unanimous co-operation of all the members, and this co-operation is impossible unless there be a union of minds and wills. It is apparent that, where there is no unity, there can be no efficiency in acting, and therefore no good effect produced; and consequently in such a society, the attainment of the two-fold social end and of human happiness, becomes impossible. In such a society right will be the victim of might, the powerful will tend to oppress, their dependents, to rebel. Discord and crime in every conceivable form will arise as the natural offspring of such a self-destroying body. Corruption rendered ten-fold more destructive by the products of advanced science and art, will assail every fibre of society, till it becomes as disorganized in body as it was, from the first, discordant and disunited in mind.

Honesty and religion are then the essential principles of social unity, and only these can impart efficiency to the social action. Without this beacon light to guide her, society cannot reach her end, and the better this shining monitor is kept in sight, the more surely and smoothly will the ship of state glide into the haven of prosperity.

Social honesty is then the unshaken rock on which the prosperity of a nation must be established in order to be lasting. This alone can constitute the unyielding, immutable basis of social welfare. There is, however, another element which, though secondary, is still very important: Society is not a union of mere intellects, but of intellects, each animating a body and forming with it a physical person having both moral and material relations. Hence, as the complete perfection of society would arise from the possession of both moral and material perfection, so, likewise, the prosperity of a society will not be complete unless to the moral element we add a material one. The elements of complete social prosperity are therefore two: Honesty, as nourished and developed by religion; and material civilization. Material civilization is then a good to be earnestly desired and sought after by every society. Its progress should be a matter of social solicitude, and the wisest measures should be taken to increase it as far as practicable; but it should never be forgotten that it is at best a secondary perfection, a secondary element of social prosperity, and every true lover of his country’s weal should know, that so far is material progress from being its chief requisite, that it is not even a secondary element of prosperity, save inasmuch as it is subservient to the primary, essential element, social honesty. Material civilization, by augmenting wealth, ease and comfort, is apt to corrupt and debase the members by fostering the vilest passions of the human heart; and, to counteract this ruinous tendency, the material civilization of a society must be based on its moral civilization. If a so-
ciety, ignoring its nobler end, looks
to material progress as its great es-
tential object, it will inevitably,
sooner or later, fall into irretrievable
ruin. When social honesty is gone,
material progress is an injury rather
than a benefit; it only affords greater
means for wrong doing; it is as
knowledge to a villain, or as deadly
weapons placed in the hands of a
maniac, productive only of the
greatest mischief.

The pages of the world's history
are filled with the recital of the fall
of nations eminent in material civ-
ilization, but almost wholly desti-
tute of social honesty. Turn your
eyes backward in imagination and
contemplate the career of the might-
est nations of antiquity as they are
brought in rapid review before you.
Consider the gorgeous civilization of
Nineveh and Babylon, their mil-
itary glory, their commercial wealth,
their architectural grandeur, their
great progress in many arts and sci-
cences, the lore of the Chaldean sages;
gaze on Egypt the mother of many
arts, with her Memphis and Alex-
andria and Hundred-gated Thebes,
with her disciplined and valorous
armies, with her gigantic temples
and obelisks whitening the Egyptian
plain; glance at the wide extended
territory and almost incredible
wealth and resources of the Persian
empire; conjure up before your
minds the splendid civilization of
Greece in the time of Pericles, and
of Rome under Augustus; their na-
tional opulence, the world-famed
triumphs of their armies, the mar-
vellous perfection attained in poetry,
eloquence, sculpture and architec-
ture. Surely, if material civilization
had in itself any efficacy to increase
and perpetuate social prosperity, it
must have been exhibited in those
nations where it reached a high de-
gree of perfection. But what are the
facts? We know that all their
material advancement could not
save them from destruction. Nay
more, as in ourselves when not guid-
ed by reason, the forces with which
nature has endowed us for good
purposes become the very instru-
ments of our perdition, so the
very perfection of material civiliza-
tion, when not regulated by honesty,
tends to drag the state more rapidly
into ruin. It is indeed a striking
historical fact, that nearly all those
great nations of antiquity perished
when their material prosperity was
at its highest, for it was then that
they were most corrupt. They
were rotten to the very core and
could not subsist. What now re-
 mains of all their grandeur and
greatness? They have passed out
as meteors from among the nations.
Noisome pools occupy the site of
the once proud Babylon. A mound
of red earth is all that is left of the
great tower of Babel. The gorgeous
palaces of Nabuchadonosor and
Sardanapalus, and the marvellous
hanging gardens of Semiramis have
crumbled into dust. The place has
become, in truth, "the abomination
of desolation." The ruins of Luxor
and Karnak are melancholy monu-
ments to the departed glory of
Egypt, and the lonely columns of
Chilminar mark the place where, in
Persia's palmy days, the rays of the
noonday sun were thrown back in
undiminished splendor from the gol-
den roofed palaces of Persepolis.
The puissance of the Roman arms
lives only in story; the warriors of
Hellas no longer inspire terror—her
glory is a thing of the past. These
mighty nations bore and developed
within themselves the seeds of dis-
memberment and destruction, which
in time could not fail to produce
their legitimate fruits; and they
perished, as must every nation that
neglects its nobler for its secondary
perfection, which seeks material civ-
ilization at the expense of moral
civilization.

History presents a single splendid
example of a society which has
withstood the impetus of every hostile power. This society is Christianity. Even from a purely historical point of view, Christianity exhibits to us a society, which, from its origin to the present time—nearly twenty centuries—though constantly assailed by the greatest forces ever directed against a society, has triumphed over them all; for the Christians in every age have firmly adhered to their principles. They preserved their unity with the greatest heroism, sacrificing millions of lives rather than yield up their principles; and this society still exists, still flourishes in a green old age, and boasts over two hundred millions of souls.

Now, to bring the question more directly home to ourselves: Are we in such a state of high moral perfection? Are we, citizens of this golden State, possessed of this sound prosperity? Do we, in our individual spheres, show ourselves to be actuated by those principles which, we have seen, are alone capable of procuring social prosperity? Does domestic peace have here its favored seat, undisturbed by matrimonial dissensions or by the indiscretions or crimes of one member or another of the family circle? Does our society in general regulate its actions by the guiding star of social honesty? Are its laws always such as to procure the real good of the people, and when made, are they carried out with that promptness and vigor which alone can render them efficient? In our elections, is our suffrage directed by an honest wish to fill our offices with the candidates whom we deem most reliable and best qualified to discharge the duties of their respective stations, or is our choice influenced solely by a desire to promote the interests of a party, and for this end do we unscrupulously raise our voices in favor of men whom we know to be untrustworthy—men whom in our hearts we thoroughly despise, and thus drag our reason in the dust before the hydra party-spirit? Is crime met inevitably, and in every case, with well considered penalties? Are our courts always and entirely proof against the insidious influences of wealth and social rank, meting out their judgments alike to the powerful and the weak? If we can return an affirmative answer to all these queries, we have indeed great cause for great rejoicing. If we must say "nay" to many, if not all of them, certainly we must confess that there is still ample room for improvement; that there is much still to be done before we can boast ourselves possessed of that substantial prosperity. Yet the perfection I have extolled is neither unapproachable nor unattainable. We can reach it if we really desire it. But our desire must not be an empty one, but accompanied by a correspondingly earnest and well directed action. The way is clear; the direction to the goal of all our wishes stretches out straight before us. The road is rugged and ascending, requiring some effort, but the prize we seek is well worth the labor. With ourselves rests our social as well as our individual destiny. With us it rests to undermine or destroy the social fabric by our folly, or to establish it firmly in a prosperity founded on a rock that cannot be subverted or shaken—a prosperity substantial, glorious, perfect.

To our Kind Readers.—A glance at our title page will show that The Owl is now printed in the College printing office. This has been done with the view of economizing the expenditure, and also to offer amusement as well as instruction to its publishers. We hope that this change will receive the approval of our friends and patrons. We have secured the services of a skilful printer, Mr. W. Wilson.
For which a gold medal was awarded, the gift of Dr. J. F. Geary, of San Francisco.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Paris, April 20th, 1808. His birth was celebrated by fêtes, the firing of cannon and many other demonstrations of joy usually accompanying the birth of one of the imperial family. He was the third son of the King of Holland, Louis Napoleon, the brother of Napoleon the First and Hortense Beauharnois, daughter of the Empress Josephine, by a marriage contracted previously to Napoleon's taking her as his wife. France was then at the pinnacle of her glory. Her armies were well disciplined, hardy and brave. Nearly half the thrones of Europe were filled by members of the Bonaparte family, or by men placed there by the French people. Suffice it to say that France was made by Napoleon the pride of her friends, the glory of her countrymen, and the fear of her enemies.

Hortense, the mother of Louis, is described as being a woman of superior talents, and the possessor of many noble virtues. Under the guardianship of such a mother, Louis could not fail to receive a good moral education and to walk in the path a fond mother would wish her son to pursue. She procured as his tutor the Abbé Bertrand, a wise and able preceptor.

In the year 1815, when Louis was but seven years of age, he was compelled to leave Paris, by the allied sovereigns, who had entered the city after the battle of Waterloo. He retired with his mother to Aix, in Savoy, where the hardest trial of his youth awaited him—the separation from his elder brother, Napoleon, who had been his constant companion. The father claimed his son, but Hortense refused to yield him; and they had recourse to law to settle the difficulty. The rights of the father could not be denied; but, Napoleon having returned from Elba at this time, nothing more was said of the matter till Hortense was in Savoy, whither the father sent for his son. So great was the sorrow of Louis at this parting that he was taken grievously sick. Leaving Aix, Hortense wished to take up her residence in Con stance; but it was with great difficulty that she could procure passports. When she arrived at the end of her journey the authorities informed her that no members of the Bonaparte family would be allowed to live nearer France than Austria; but she was permitted to remain on the plea that her health would not allow her to proceed any further. These trials of the young Prince were highly beneficial; as they taught him that rank was not fortune—the lesson that his mother sought above all things to instil into his youthful mind.

Hortense was obliged to quit Con stance in the year 1817; and she retired to the canton of Thurgovia the citizens of which had promised her protection. Here she spent the summer, repairing at the approach of winter to Augsburg, where she attended especially to the education of her son. When Louis was seventeen years old, he finished his education at the college of Augsburg.

His tastes, like those of his uncle, led him to a military life; and he entered the camp of Thun, faring no better than a common soldier. Three years after, (1834) he was appointed captain of artillery in a Berne regiment. The Italian insurrection broke out about this time, and the insurgents solicited the aid of the young Princes, think-
ing that the name of Bonaparte would add strength to their side. They willingly joined them, acquiring great glory for bravery in the field.

In one of the engagements Napoleon Louis fell mortally wounded and died in the arms of his disconsolate brother; though by some it is stated that he died of small-pox at Flori, whence he had retreated after the sedition had been quelled. Nothing now remained but a timely flight, as a reward had been offered for the capture of Louis.

They procured passports for Paris where they remained but a few days, being compelled again to quit the city. Thence they went to London, where they made a short stay, returning again to Switzerland as soon as they had received permission to travel through the north of France.

When Louis arrived at his destination he received a deputation of Poles, whose purpose was to induce the young man to join their cause. They handed him a letter signed by the principal leaders of their nation in which it was said: “To whom can the direction of our enterprise be better entrusted than to the nephew of the greatest captain of all ages.” His enthusiasm being aroused, he departed from his home for Poland, but the news of the fall of Warsaw, compelled him to return.

The following year (1832) the Duke of Reichstadt, son of the Emperor, died near Vienna. Thus Louis became the direct heir to the imperial throne.

Louis exiled from his native land with nothing to engage the attention of his busy mind, determined to become an author. His first work entitled “Reverses Politiques,” surprised every one by the able manner in which he wrote and the depth of thought which he displayed. His second work which he shortly afterwards published, had for its title, “Considerations sur la Suisse,” and was received with much favor especially in Switzerland.

The Helvetic Diet gave to the author, as a mark of their esteem, the title of a citizen of Switzerland. This distinction had been conferred but upon two personages—Marshal Ney and Prince Metternich.

In 1834, Napoleon (as we shall now call him) was honored with the offer of the crown of Portugal with the hand of Donna Maria. Near the latter part of the year 1835, he published another work entitled, “Manual of Artillery,” which was praised by the military. About this time happened what is termed the “mad affair of Strasburg.” The various publications of Napoleon gained for him a reputation among the French people, and caused them to bestow more than a glance upon the character of a young man endowed with such abilities. Many of the French sympathized with him, while they were all dissatisfied with the reign of Louis Philippe, who oppressed them by his authority. The friends of the Prince informed him that he had but to show himself to the people and they would rally round his standard. In July, 1836, he repaired to Baden in order to inquire into the sentiment of the French people and to see if the project would be practicable. His plan—which he had matured with the assistance of Colonel Vaudrey, commander of the fourth regiment of artillery at Strasburg—was to appear suddenly in some fortress, gain the garrison upon his side and then proceed to Paris. On the 30th of October he appeared in Strasbourg, the place selected for the execution of his plan. He easily succeeded in winning Colonel Vaudrey’s regiment to his standard. With these men he arrested the Prefect of the city and Gen. Voiriot, commander of the infantry. He
then proceeded to the barracks of the forty-sixth regiment of the line who received him with loud cries of “Vive Napoleon! Vive Napoleon!” So far his prospects seemed favorable; but all his hopes were blasted by the arrival of Col. Taillander who, upon seeing the Prince, cried: “Soldiers you are deceived. This man is an impostor.” and at the same time an officer exclaimed: “He is Col. Vandrey’s nephew; not the Emperor’s. The soldiers thinking themselves deceived, turned against Napoleon, arrested and conducted him to prison. For this attempt against the government he was banished to America.

Whilst in New York, he received a letter from his mother stating her illness. He immediately set out for Europe, and arrived at Arenemberg in time to receive her last sigh and blessing. It would be difficult to describe the grief of Napoleon at this loss, the hardest trial of his manhood. Louis Philippe, fearing that the stay of Louis Napoleon in Switzerland would be dangerous to his reign, ordered the Helvetians to expel the Prince from their territory, on the plea that he had promised to remain ten years in America. The king sent an army to the frontier to frighten the Swiss into obedience, but the hardy mountaineers gathered an army to protect their citizen. War would have followed had not Louis Napoleon retired to England, not wishing to be the cause of bloodshed in a nation which had been his protector. Stirring times were coming on in France, for the people were dissatisfied with the reign of Louis Philippe. On the 22d of February, 1848, a day selected for a public holiday, the people assembled in crowds singing the “Marseillaise.” It finally ended in the total overthrow of the government and the declaration of a republic.

The King and Queen were obliged to fly from the city in order to save their lives which were threatened by the maddened populace. Napoleon hearing of the revolution hastened to Paris, but he was ordered to leave the city for fear that his presence would be the cause of other disturbances. He obeyed, but as soon as peace and good order had been restored, he returned. Now,
it may be said, began the triumphs of the political as well as the military career of Napoleon. He was elected a deputy to the National Assembly, and became a candidate for the Presidency of the new Republic. The election returns showed that he had five-sevenths of the votes cast; and consequently he was elected. He took the oath of office on the 20th of December, 1848, swearing to remain faithful to his country and to defend its constitution. Having received this high dignity, which was the first step towards the Imperial sceptre, the summit of his ambition, he resolved to hold it at any cost. For this purpose he compelled all the ministers opposed to his interests to resign and he chose new ones, taking care to make a choice of those who would be pliable in his hands. His principal plan was to win the soldiers to his side, as they alone could maintain him in the course he was to take. This he did by treating them to expensive dinners, procured by money taken from the treasury. At length, the 2d of December, the day appointed for his resignation arrived.

The first grey streaks of early dawn revealed the streets well filled with soldiers. The people read decrees posted upon the walls, by which the Assembly was dissolved and the President allowed to remain in office ten years more. They gathered on the corners of streets and talked of the state of affairs without the least signs of disorder. In fact, an insurrection was impossible, as Napoleon had formed his plans so secretly and so well, that they precluded even the possibility of a riot. He arrested the most influential members of the Assembly, the presidents of secret societies, the generals possessing influence in the army, and, in short, all those who were popular and opposed to his interests. On the 31st of December, the polls were opened to decide whether Napoleon should remain in office. The returns showed that he had been elected by a majority of nearly seven millions of votes. Being now firmly seated on his throne, he at once took stringent measures for his future security. The National Guard was disbanded, and re-organized in such a manner that greater confidence could be placed in it in time of need. All persons dangerous to him were banished—two thousand five hundred political prisoners having been thus sent to Cayenne.

The way being now cleared of every obstacle, nothing seemed needed but for him to stretch out his hand and grasp the sceptre; but the people were not ready for such a bold step. He made a tour through the provinces with the evident purpose of getting the support of the people. When he returned to Paris, the new Assembly declared that, it being the will of the people, and the good of the country demanding it, a change of government was necessary. A vote of the people was taken, and they declared by a great majority in favor of an Empire. Accordingly, Napoleon was placed upon the throne, with the title of Napoleon III. He had now ascended to the last round in his ladder of ambition.

Nothing of any importance occurred during the reign of Napoleon, till 1858, when France and England joined Turkey in a war against Russia. The reason why France joined in the war was the fear that, should Russia establish herself at Constantinople, she would become too powerful for the other nations of Europe, and thus verify the saying of Bonaparte the Great, that, “Russia, at Constantinople, would become the mistress of the world.” The victories of this war, added more glory to the already popular name of Napoleon. The
names of Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman, are familiar to all, as triumphs of the allied forces. The Russians retired gradually before their enemies, and were compelled to entrench themselves in Sebastopol, which was at once besieged by the foe. Its final capture and evacuation put an end to the war so glorious to the French arms.

By the treaty of peace, the Czar relinquished all right to the Black Sea, leaving it open to all nations; nor could he build any forts upon its shores.

The year 1859, saw the French troops in the Italian peninsula, fighting against Austria. The great battle of Magenta opened the short but bloody campaign. The battle was hotly contested, but the Austrians could not long withstand those veterans whose trade was fighting, and were compelled to retire. The battle of Solferino destroyed the power of Austria in Lombardy, and, as the forces of France had strongly entrenched themselves in Venetia, it sufficed to put an end to the war. The gain of this war was the addition of Savoy and Nice to the Empire.

The next war in which the French took an active part was against Mexico, that country having injured the honor and interests of France, as well as those of England and Spain. The latter nations withdrew from the league the following year; but France resolved to carry on the war alone, and declared her intention to establish there a government upon a firm basis. After a series of conquests and reverses, the French troops succeeded in conquering the country.

Napoleon then placed Maximilian, the brother of the Emperor of Austria, upon a throne which he had erected, with the title of Emperor of Mexico, and left the troops there till the new Emperor was firmly established. So far the reign of Napoleon was glorious and successful; under his reign, commerce revived, manufactures flourished, and employment was found for all classes. The city of Paris was remodelled, broad Boulevards taking the place of the narrow streets. In short, his reign was highly pleasing to the people, and promised to be as long as it was glorious. From this time, however, the great reverses of Napoleon seem to date. The first act displeasing to his subjects was, the acquittal of Pierre Bonaparte—one of his relatives—tried for the murder of Victor Noir, shot without provocation. The spirit of the soldiers had evidently changed; as they voted, almost unanimously, against the government, when some necessary changes were to be made in the constitution. War seemed, to the mind of Napoleon, the only way by which he could again secure the support of the soldiers, for by it alone could he give them an opportunity to acquire glory. The rising power of the Germans in Spain and the provinces of the Rhine, was, for him, a sufficient cause for war. He ordered the King of Prussia to forbid the Prince of Hohenzollern to accept the Spanish crown. This the latter refused to do; and, accordingly, a war was entered upon by France, which proved the most disastrous in which she was ever engaged. The Emperor, on the 28th of July, 1870, set out to take command of the French troops. The first engagement was at Saarbruck, where the French arms were victorious. The Emperor and Prince Imperial were present in this engagement, and the latter went through his "baptism of fire." France being totally unprepared for war, the munitions were tardy in reaching the field; and therefore the troops lost the opportunity to invade the enemy's territory. The Crown Prince of Prussia, taking advantage of the inaction of the enemy, suddenly
crossed the frontier, and stormed and captured the fortress of Weisenbourg. Gen. McMahon went forth to bar his further progress, but experienced a heavy repulse at the battle of Woerth, and was obliged to beat a hasty retreat. This defeat was followed by the attack on Saarbrück, where the Prussians were again victorious. The disastrous reverse of Metz soon followed, where the French, under Gen. Bazaine, were obliged to retire into the town, and subsequently to surrender one hundred and seventy-five thousand men.

Troops were constantly crossing the frontier, greatly increasing the grand Prussian army. The last battle which Napoleon witnessed was at Sedan. Early in the morning of the first of September, the French were attacked by artillery; they fought bravely, but could not withstand the shower of shot and shell poured upon them by the enemy. McMahon, their gallant leader, was wounded in the early part of the engagement. The Emperor saw the flower of his army beaten back in disorder; placing himself at their head, he made repeated attacks upon the enemy, but they were of no avail and he was obliged to retire into the city, defeated. A flag of truce was immediately displayed, and the firing ceased. A messenger was received who demanded the surrender of the place. There was no alternative, and Napoleon beheld himself a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Here ends his public career. The war ended with the occupation of Paris by the Prussian forces. Napoleon was set at liberty, and he returned to England, again an exile, to see the country he so ardently loved rent with civil war.

In looking back, we cannot but admire the genius of Napoleon and the love which he bore for his country. An exile in youth, he never doubted that one day his destiny would place him on the throne. In order to wield the sceptre over France, we see him attempting to overthrow the reigning government by exciting the people to arms. We see him, during the first days of the revolution, a candidate for the Presidency; his name as a writer and the great name of Napoleon elects him; then by a glorious coup d'état he concentrates all power in his hands and proclaims himself President for ten years, and afterwards Emperor. His glorious campaign against Russia, Austria and Mexico, follow each other in quick succession, covering him with glory. Then came his disastrous campaign against Prussia, which caused his downfall. What will his future be? The tri-color lies trampled in the dust; but will it never more rise? Who can tell. We can but say, "How are the mighty fallen."

Let us glance at the life of a man devoted to Literature. True, his pursuit is one which requires application, but that very application becomes in itself a pleasure. His are mental enjoyments which never cloy, and his whole life is one of comparative peace and quiet. Perhaps many may be unsuccessful, but even if they are so, they may still enjoy the pleasures of the mind and none shall curse their memories when they are dead. If the man of letters is successful he is received into the most refined society during life, and the most enlightened men hold converse with his mind in the works which he leaves behind him long after his bones have crumbled into dust and the green moss of ages has covered his grave. His fame, although not blazoned through the land whilst he lives, will be a power and a glory through all coming time.

J. Poujade.
REMINISCENCES

OF HAWAI-I-NEI.

BY PROFESSOR H. DANCE.

About this time two years it was our lot to find ourselves on board the good steamship Idaho, bound from San Francisco to Honolulu, H. I., which had just emerged from the Golden Gate and committed herself to the open sea. All sorts of fanciful notions filled our brains respecting the charms of island life in the Pacific; and, though we were of a sufficiently mature age to have plenty of forebodings about its probable désagréments also, it seemed the part of a sound philosopher to check the latter and give a loose rein to the former. To a group of islands in the Pacific we were certainly and irrevocably going; and that in fulfilment of a long cherished design. Why, then, look on the worse side of the prospect before us, when the liberal and enterprising company on board of whose steamship we indulged in our day-dreams, charged no passenger a single cent extra for looking on the better?

Little occurred during the voyage worth chronicling. The captain (Floyd) was courteous, intelligent and philosophical; and we had many a pleasant chat with him "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis." Our fellow passengers whether American or English, were friendly and agreeable; and the voyage itself all that could be wished. Suffice it to say that in eleven days from the time of leaving San Francisco harbor, we saw the cocoa-nut palms of the island of Oahu, fringing the identical sandy beach off which Captain Cook had anchored years ago in His Britannic Majesty's eighteen-gun sloop Resolution.

Pleasant and cheerful as was the aspect of the place in our eyes, and, as it seemed, in those of most of our fellow-passengers, in the mind of one gentleman at least it associated itself to judge by the lugubrious expression of his countenance, with dire and inevitable calamity in futuro. Unfortunately for his peace of mind he was a married man; and, well enough as he might like the look of the place himself, his utter inability to reconcile his better half to an island life in the Pacific, had been long evident to us all. That high-minded lady had, however, accompanied her husband thither in the true spirit of a martyr, notwithstanding her husband's repugnance; and is a free-born American woman to be made a martyr against her will, and not to take out the change in growls? Is she to resign all the blessings and advantages of civilization as it exists in the State.
of New York, for the sake of a paltry husband, whose cold heart and narrow mind could never rise to the love or appreciation of that for which alone life is worth the living—we mean, of course, good society and fashionable millinery—and yet not make that husband suffer for the selfishness which extorts such sacrifices? Perish the thought! Nay, it evidently had perished; if indeed, in the case of which we speak, it had ever existed. The wretched man ought to suffer, and had to suffer, and was suffering; and that acutely too, as we could plainly see, though the lady perhaps hardly realized it. And this was only the beginning! In our well-meant sympathy for him, to which outward show could not be given, we went and sympathized with her, trying our petit possible to soften things down, and hoping even against hope to extract from her some faint expression of satisfaction with something; but no! we had to realize the truth of the poet's words:—

"The man's a fool who strives by strength or skill To stem the torrent of a woman's will; For if she will she will, you may depend on't, And if she won't she won't, and there's an end on't."

We saw but little of our poor friend after disembarking; but we learned that he settled down at his point of destination in the Islands, and that he was still alive at the time of our return to America, since which date we have often looked anxiously at the steamer news from Honolulu, fearing lest we might come across some such item as this: "On the 9th instant, died miserably of henpeckedness, intensified by a tropical climate, Jedediah McGuffin Esq., late of New York, deeply lamented by all who knew him." Our feelings have, however, hitherto, been spared this final blow, and we trust, therefore, that the unhappy gentleman's misery may, in some unlooked for way, have been alleviated.

Honolulu, in the island of Oahu, at which place we landed after passing the sandy beach we have mentioned, with its cocoa-nuts and pleasant-looking white cottages, has become the capital city of the group, on account of its harbor, the only one which the islands possess. A channel through a reef at this place, enables ships of a moderate size to pass through; and they are then thoroughly protected. A large Austrian frigate which arrived during our stay, found sufficient water to enter without difficulty; though H. B. M.'s frigate Galatea, which had shortly before visited the Islands with H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh on board, had found it necessary to anchor in the roadstead outside. Honolulu is situated on the southern side of Oahu, and is thus sheltered from many of the storms with which the northern portion of that island is visited. It is the town of the island; for go where you will (and you cannot go far in any direction) you find no other. The maps give you various names of places fringing the coast, but when in your peregrinations you reach them, you find that they consist of six or eight houses each, sometimes indeed only of one or two, and sometimes of none—a promontory or a bay or a hill being the only representation of some former village, the locality of which is now marked only by the deserted "taro" patches which constituted the support of former generations of dusky heathen whose descendants have now entirely disappeared before the benefits of the white man's "civilization." Much has been said by many writers about the comeliness and grace of the Hawaiians, especially the women; and we must allow that their praises in these respects have not been exaggerated. There is nothing whatever
of the "nigger" about them; and in many faces one may notice much the same expression and contour that is observable in the laboring class in Europe. Their fatness, when they approach middle life, is perhaps their chief personal drawback; and this brings us back to the "taro" patches to which we have already alluded. The taro, as is well known, is a vegetable somewhat like a potato, though (as it seems to us) in flavor and all other respects vastly inferior, which the Hawaiians both eat as a vegetable, and pound into the paste called "poi," which forms perhaps the principal nutriment of all classes, and which causes the unwieldy fatness to which reference has been made. It is remarkably like bill-sticker's paste in appearance; and we should imagine that the same paste when slightly sour, would greatly resemble it in taste. Its preparation is a curious sight to behold for the first time. Walking along one of the by-streets of Honolulu, shortly after our arrival, we passed the open door of a sort of shop—a "poi" shop, apparently—kept by a native. Looking in, we saw the proprietor, completely dressed in his "maro" (a narrow strip of cloth tied round the loins) and in nothing else, squatting tailor-like upon the ground behind a big mortar, and pounding away at the taro with his pestle, as if for very life. Streams of perspiration poured down his body on all sides, as he grinned at us delightfully in welcome; and whilst he and we held mutual converse in signs, as well as we could, it was impossible to avoid the conviction ocularly forced upon us that the poi upon which he was engaged would contain a large proportion of animal moisture in combination with that of the vegetable before him. Such is prejudice even in the civilized mind, that we certainly did feel somewhat less anxious, after that interview, to taste poi ourselves. Another and more substantial dish of which the Hawaiians are very fond, and against which also prejudice has some power with most of us, is roast dog. Of this we were firmly resolved to partake, if the opportunity presented itself; but it so happened that during our whole stay in the islands no one ever set that particular delicacy before us. It should be said in defence of Hawaiian dog's-meat, that the dogs they eat are fattened specially for the purpose, and that chiefly on vegetables, and are sometimes kept in yards devoted to their use, with little dog-houses attached. So fond indeed are the native ladies of their dogs, even when living, that it is not, we were told, an unfrequent thing to see a young woman suckling a baby at one breast and a puppy at the other. We wish we were able to say we had seen this remarkable sight ourselves; but "such is life" that the things which are the most charming in this world are generally the things one misses.

We shall not attempt, however, to enter into a description of the manners and customs of Hawaii-Nei, which are doubtless more or less known to our readers by means of the various books which the Islands have called forth, from missionaries and others. It will be more to the purpose if we say a few words on their political, social, and religious aspects.

As regards their politics, many changes in the state of affairs have taken place during the reigns of the five kings who have borne the royal appellation of "Kamehameha." England was in the first place all-powerful in the Islands, and might easily have appropriated them, long since, had she been so disposed. The days of English acquisitiveness have, however, long gone by; and Eng
land would not now have the Islands at a gift. Her present political interest in them is only that they may retain their independence.

France appeared on the field next, as a possible, nay at one time probable conqueror of the Hawaiian Islands; but this danger also passed away, mainly through the influence of England; and at last a mutual engagement was entered into between the two countries, that neither should at any time intrude upon the native independence.

Only one thing was wanting in the treaty to complete the security of the Hawaiian dynasty; and that was, that the United States of America should make a third in this engagement; for there is, beyond all doubt, a much greater probability of American annexation than of any other; and America is still unpledged as to the future. It is not that the American Government shows, or has, at any time, shown much wish to appropriate these islands; though their possession by the United States, would doubtless go far towards making the North Pacific an “American lake” — no other harbor than that which they afford being in existence in all that ocean.

But here the religious element comes in. The first Protestant missionaries having been Americans, pur sang, and their influence being still very great in the islands, a powerful party exists there, whose whole aim and object it is to accomplish the annexation to this country. The Catholic mission, forced upon them as it was by French arms, to which alone the defence of religious liberty in the Pacific has been left, was received with lamentations — shall we say imprecations? — both loud and deep. There was even a considerable amount of “persecution for conscience’ sake” on the part of the Puritan-taught natives, against the corpora elita of their Popish fellow-countrymen. We are not quite sure if there were any martyrs in the Islands in those days, though we think there were; but confessors and sufferers for the Faith there were in plenty; and we know for a fact that bodily tortures were inflicted; having been informed of the circumstances by old residents in Honolulu. Nor did the Puritan missionaries prevent this; though they might easily have done so. Nothing but French guns stopped it. This was blow the first to the Presbyterian interest; for priests poured in, a Vicar Apostolic was sent to the Islands by His Holiness, and soon there were more Catholics among the natives than disciples of Calvin. And the “Sawbath” was dreadfully desecrated by cigar-smoking and horse-riding, both of which had been strictly prohibited on Sundays, and the former on week days also (as having, apparently, some intrinsic wickedness in it) by the Puritan law-givers. We think, indeed that smoking has assumed the rank, among Hawaiian Calvinists, of one of the chief evils of Popery; and we confess to being so far in accord with them that we do not, ourselves, call to mind anything worse than smoking which has ever received the sanction of the Catholic Church. Anyhow, its outward practice was a sign to the American Missionaries, of Catholic and French predominance; and that predominance, though it oppressed them in no way whatever, seems to have been the first thing which set them longing for American support.

But there was a second reason also, calculated to make them welcome the suggested advent of the Stars and Stripes to their islands. Forced as they had been by Catholic France into the reluctant admission of the principle of religious liberty, their cup of bitterness was not yet full. New England Puritans had to
witness, in helpless innocence, the arrival from old England of a regular Episcopal mission with an Anglican bishop at its head. And the quiet assumption of superiority—on good prima facie grounds, we must confess—with which High-Church Anglicans meet all attempts at Calvinistic fraternization, was doubtless particularly galling to their feelings. Here was "religious liberty" with a vengeance! The Papists were bad enough. What indeed can be worse, in point of actual idolatry and falsehood, than a Papist? But the very fact that Popery was so notoriously anti-Christian, made it, in some sense, easier to bear. It was so evidently the devil's child that there could be no mistake about it. The Anglicans, however, whilst they promulgated, in a half-and-half kind of way, many of the most noxious doctrines of Popery, and even (in this particular case) aspired openly to the name of Catholic, made great pretensions, in fact if not in name, to dominate over the Protestant religion too. It was easy enough, of course, to confute them; but the poor Calvinists had never had so chameleon-like a set of religious pretensions to deal with; and didn't know how. All this was England's fault. Therefore, down with England! Get England out of the way as well as France; and in order to achieve that end, give everything into the hands of "Uncle Sam." Uncle Sam, as all the world knew, was half horse and half alligator, and could digest anything; and Uncle Sam was their uncle. Get him to accept the Islands, therefore, by all means, and let the Kamehamehan dynasty go to—well! not exactly, we suppose, to "kingdom come;" but, if there be any such place, to "kingdom go." Anyhow, put down the French and English!

In this way, we conceive, arose the desire, prevalent chiefly, or perhaps exclusively, among American Calvinists for the purchase of the kingdom of the Kamehamehas by the United States; a desire which is still (we think happily) unfulfilled, but which is by no means impossible of fulfilment, and which at one time, we believe, stood considerable chance of becoming an accomplished fact. The political parties in the Islands are influenced a good deal by advocacy of or opposition to this idea; the French and English interests being, of course, against it, and the American and especially, the Calvinistic, for it, with sundry important exceptions in individual cases.

Then comes the irrepressible "labor question" which, under one form or another is, at this moment, agitating every nation of the civilized world, and seems destined to do infinite mischief in the near future. It will not, we trust, prove as destructive to Honolulu as it has proved to Paris; but it undoubtedly excites great interest there, and calls forth, frequently, a very great amount of bitter feeling pro and con. It takes a form very similar to that in which it shows itself here in California, and from a similar cause:—the employment of Chinese labor in place of that of natives. With the Hawaiians however, parties are differently constituted altogether. We may be sure that on this, as on almost any other question on which a difference is possible, the Franco-English party would range itself on one side and the American Calvinist party on the other; and so we find it; the former sympathizing more or less with the planters, who want any feasible number of Chinamen imported with as little delay as may be; and the latter, unlike our California Puritans, advocating the exclusion of the Chinese, firstly, on account, of their viciousness and immorality, which is regarded
as likely to corrupt the pleasure-loving natives still more, and secondly, on the ground taken by the Democratic party in this State, viz: the displacement of native labor. This gives us a curious reversal of the Puritan attitude with which we are familiar here; but "circumstances alter cases," and the New Englanders resident in Hawaii would certainly never advocate a new Constitutional Amendment in favor of the admission of the Chinese. The Hawaiian problem is, however, somewhat difficult of solution on any other theory than that of a large Chinese immigration in the future; for the natives are not only somewhat inefficient as laborers, on account of their indolence and unreliability, but they are decreasing in numbers at so rapid a rate, that but for immigration the country would soon be depopulated altogether. To this, various causes, into which we cannot now enter, are contributing; and that so strongly that we cannot but think that two or three more generations will end the Hawaiian race. Attempts have been made to import men of kindred blood from various other islands in the Pacific. But all such attempts, it is plain, must be failures; because the causes which are tending to the depopulation of the particular group in question, are also at work in all other islands of the same ocean; and the only result of a success which is practically impossible would be—supposing it possible—the re-population of the Hawaiian by the depopulation of all the other groups.

Tahiti, under the careful and thoughtful rule of the French, affords a similar instance of the progress of destiny. Very many colonists are drawn thither from other islands; but, notwithstanding this, the Tahitians are rapidly decreasing in number; and many neighboring groups will, no doubt, if the immigration into Tahiti continues, be soon left entirely desolate.

It seems probable to the dispassionate on-looker, that could the American party in Hawaii-Nei achieve their favorite object, annexation, the native race would meet with far less care and consideration than it receives now, and the Chinese or any other Coolie immigration be warmly received. The present advocates of Chinese immigration, who receive to a great extent the support of the king's government, advocate it only under restrictions and with precautions calculated in some degree to protect the interests and well-being of the natives. And it is just in these restrictions and precautions that the difficulty lies, and that there is opportunity for that wise and thoughtful legislation which may be reasonably expected from the ministers of a king of native blood. The whole care and thought of the cabinet of King Kamehameha (and it numbers some thoughtful men among its members) ought to be, and we hope is directed to the combination of the commercial prosperity of the Islands with the preservation and welfare of the King's own race. But American officials are too familiar with the decay of noble Indian places at home to care much for the preservation of a few thousand semi-Christianized savages, on islands two thousand miles off. The first question with them would, doubtless, be how to make the annexation pay; and pay it neither could nor would, so long as the present deficiency of labor continued. To this consideration everything else would have to yield; and thus the Calvinistic party in the Islands would see one of its aims defeated, by the very fact that the other had been achieved. In another particular also, it would receive a
blow; for it has always professed, as it is natural a politico-religious party should profess, great zeal for the moral and religious welfare of the natives. But what would be the effect, in this regard, of an influx of Yankee speculators and "carpet-baggers," and of the occupation of the principal points by garrisons of American troops? Simply that which has always followed the advent of every large number of white men; a further and more rapid corruption of native morals, in the two ways, at once, of licentiousness and intemperance. At present, the laws against the sale to natives of intoxicating liquors, are very strict; though they are, of course, often evaded. But would it be possible, under circumstances so greatly changed, or would there be even the wish, on the part of those in power, to maintain such laws? We fear not. It seems to us, therefore, short-sighted of the Missionary party, in more than one respect, to advocate annexation as they do. The material prosperity of the Islands—if we can call that material prosperity the first result of which must be the destruction of their present inhabitants—would no doubt be greatly enhanced by annexation to the United States; as the prosperity of all annexed countries always has been. But those may well be excused who, foreseeing the manner in which it must be brought about, are more inclined to deprecate such prosperity than to welcome it. The Chinese, even under the present restrictions on their immigration, and the present deficiency of facilities for it, are rapidly supplanting the more indolent and less civilized natives, not merely in plantation labor, but in every other way. Ride where you will about the country, you find John Chinaman. He has come over as a coolie in the first instance, has served out the term for which he was engaged, has saved a few dollars, and then, instead of returning to the celestial country, has taken to himself a Hawaiian wife, become the progenitor of the queerest lot of little children that ever was seen—with Hawaiian faces and Chinese pig-tails—and has started a little grocery and general store in some out-of-the-way corner of the island, where there is already one such a shop, kept by a native, and where there is room for one only. As a consequence the poor native soon finds that he cannot hold his own against his "heavenly" rival; and he has to "dry up" and depart; the Chinaman, meanwhile, who, with all his vices, has at any rate the redeeming qualities of acuteness and industry, building up quite a profitable little trade, and becoming the moneyed man of the locality. In this and in a thousand other ways, the Chinese element of the population is continually thrusting itself forward to the permanent displacement of the native. Indeed in some cases even the white man has had to yield to the yellow-skin: notably, in the matter of restaurants, which white men have oftentimes attempted, but at which they have never met with any lasting success. At the present moment, almost every restaurant in Honolulu has fallen into Chinese ownership; and we often saw the somewhat peculiar sight of a white waiter in the employ of a yellow landlord. Thus much may suffice to show that the Chinese problem is one of considerable importance, in various ways, in the island politics of Honolulu.

The religious aspect of the islands, so far as its external developments are concerned, is, as we have seen, closely connected with their political diversities. Whilst we, on this continent rejoice in about three thousand religions, (if the number be greater, we stand open to cor-
rection,) the poor Hawaiians are so un-blest as to possess but three—the Calvinistic, the Catholic and the Anglican. Of the first, it is scarcely possible for a Catholic to say much, for he seldom gets a chance of becoming at all intimate with any of the preachers of the sect, or even with the most zealous of its lay members. For our own part, we would have gladly welcomed such intimacy, which would have enabled us to form a good idea, at first hand, of the working of that religion among the natives, and of the degree of good which it may have done them. The Calvinists of Honolulu, will, probably, (should this article ever meet their eyes) consider it rather a compliment than otherwise, that a Catholic magazine like the O'Ve, should characterize their religion as false and unscriptural. Without, therefore, any fear of hurting the feelings of any of the good men who profess Calvinistic Protestantism, we frankly avow, that the divine certainty which Catholics possess of the truth of their own religion, includes as its necessary co-relative, equal certainty as to the falseness of the various heresies which oppose it, and particularly of Calvinism, a system especially contrariant to the teaching of our Divine Lord. Consequently, that we should look upon the labors of the Calvinistic sect as productive of unmixed good, is not to be expected. On the other hand, we are perfectly sure that the energies of so many well-meaning, though mistaken men, exerted for so many years against heathenism and immorality, must have produced some good; and we should have been glad of fuller opportunities than we possessed, to determine the relative proportions of good and evil which have resulted from the American mission. In an educational point of view, it has undoubtedly done something for the Hawaiian race; for not only is the accomplishment of reading almost universal among these islanders, but there are actually several newspapers in circulation, written in the native language, not to mention sundry books, all more or less of a religious character, which are disseminated by the missionaries or their agents. We cannot but think, however, that the capacity of the people for the perusal of literary productions is very nearly wasted, from the circumstance that there is really nothing in the Hawaiian language which can be dignified by the name of literature; nor, from the paucity of its words, can there be. If the natives had been taught English, and had acquired the power of reading and writing in that language, a great opening for intellectual progress would, doubtless, have been afforded to them; but, as it is, they have no means of profiting by their education. Regarding the Holy Scriptures as a sort of charm, the perusal of which alone was well worth the labor, both to teacher and taught, of qualifying and becoming qualified for it, these worthy Puritans thought, first, last, and exclusively, of enabling their converts to read the Bible. And herein, as we conceive, lies the cause which has hitherto limited the advance of the native intellect. So far from making invidious complaints of the smallness of the literary work done by the Presbyterian ministers, we would rather make that candid acknowledgement which is due to them, of the great and unwearying labor on their parts, which has produced, in the first place, an entire translation of the Holy Scriptures, (of all inspired books, that is, which Protestants acknowledge,) and in the second, the various lesser works, calculated to mislead the natives as to their true sense, which constitute the only other literature* of

* We except, of course, that which has ema-
But, after giving the missionaries full credit for all this, and after admitting that their aids to the native misinterpretation of the Bible, are quite sufficient (opposition apart,) to ensure that end, we still think, that a literature so limited, is more likely to narrow than to widen the intellectual scope of the Hawaiian mind; and that if the elementary instruction of the rising generation had been given, to a very much greater extent, through the medium of the English language, much more permanent good would have been effected. With regard to the moral improvement which might have been looked for from the introduction of Puritanical Christianity among the heathens of the Islands, we fear very little that is favorable can be said. Nearly all the testimony we heard, converged to the one point, that comparatively little good had been done in this respect. There are, however, no doubt, many brilliant exceptions to the general rule; and though, from all that we could learn, it would be merely imaginative to take the highly optimist view of the question to which the prepossessions of some have led them, we quite recognize that, under very great difficulties of various kinds, some improvement has been effected. It is indeed an invidious task, and one to which we are nowise inclined, for a stranger—and that stranger a Catholic like ourselves—to come in at the eleventh hour, when others have borne the burden and heat of the day, and to criticize and to carp at the results of their well-meaned labors. It is not with Calvinists but with Calvinism that we find fault; and right gladly do we recognize the good which, by God's grace many of these worthy Calvinists have done, and the still greater good at which they have aimed.

But there are Protestants of another kind on the scene now, towards whom we must now give a glance: "Protestant Episcopalians" those of them may be called who come from America, and they can scarcely take offence at the title, for our authority for it is their own Book of Common Prayer. In the present instance however, their "Episcopus" and the greater number of his clergy came from that good old land of compromises, England. And he and they, immediately on their arrival, disclaimed the name of Protestant and aspired to the name—though not to the faith—of Catholics. They are, without knowing it, the former; and they are not, without knowing that they are not, the latter. How then shall we characterize such a "variable quantity" without giving offence either to them or to truth? It certainly seems hard to inflict the stigma of the Protestant name upon any man or set of men who disclaim it, and who coincide with Catholics in regarding it as a stigma of religious disgrace; whilst, on the other hand, we should be exceeding the bounds of all reasonable courtesy, besides confounding the sense of the Queen's English, if we surrendered the title of the ancient Church of God to those new claimants. They will not object, we hope, to be called "Anglicans," which is no term of reproach, and which, moreover, has the advantage of not "robbing Peter" to pay any one else. But we cry our readers' pardon. The thoughts which arise in our mind at the very mention of the name of Anglican, are too serious, after all, to admit of any but very serious words. They recall our younger days of innocence and happiness at home, and the dear old friends and relatives who once shared that name with us, many of whom are now awaiting us, as we trust, Anglicans though

nated from the French Catholic Mission.
they were, in that better land, to attain which is the highest aspiration of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. For their sakes, and for the sake of old associations of all kinds, we are inclined to look tenderly on those who still wander in that Anglican maze, out of which we ourselves (thank God!) found the right path. They are so near the truth, too, and (many of them) so well disposed towards it, that the chief difficulty of a Catholic, and especially of a convert, in speaking of or to them, is to guard sufficiently against misconception on their parts of those kindly expressions of respect and good will to which his feelings prompt him. For they are so possessed with the desire of being recognized as Catholics, that they are ever ready—we suppose unconsciously—to interpret any expression of kindliness towards them in that sense. This was the difficulty of the French Catholic missionaries in the Islands, when the Anglicans arrived, and assumed the title of "Reformed Catholics." Whilst they (the latter) looked down with a sort of dignified pity on the Presbyterian preachers, they seemed to expect that the Catholic priests would recognize them as fellow Catholics; and it became needful, at last, that the latter should point out plainly, distinctly and publicly, that there could be, from the nature of the case, but one Catholic Church in the world, and that men who refused to acknowledge the earthly head of that Church, were not, and could not be Catholics: that, in short, it was of the very essence of Catholicism to submit to an external and visible authority of some sort—and that this was just what the self-styled "Reformed Catholics" failed most signally to do—no prelate in the whole world having any jurisdiction over their bishop. Language so plain as this could scarcely fail to open a very wide gulf between the actual and the soi-disant Catholics; but, nevertheless, we believe that, on the whole, the arrival of the English mission benefited the Catholic cause. In the first place, the progress of morality was considerably forwarded by the exertions of the English clergy, who devoted themselves very zealously to the work of education, and in so doing adopted the same course which had been followed by the Catholic priests from the outset, viz.: that of separating the sexes in the schools. And, in the second, they saw the mistake which had been committed by the Presbyterians in limiting the education of the islanders, generally, to such knowledge as could be imparted through the medium of the native language. Accordingly they began from the first to encourage the establishment of English schools for each sex, in various places; a thing which they were peculiarly fitted to do, and for which the French Catholic clergy, to whom the English language seems to present an almost insuperable difficulty, were specially disqualified.

There had long, however, existed a flourishing convent school at Honolulu, conducted by the Catholic Sisters of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, in which, of course, girls alone were received, and in which instruction was given in English; and there had also been, in contemporaneous action, a Catholic College for boys at Ahuimanu, some twelve miles from the capital, under the zealous management of Father Walsh, an Irish clergyman, and one of the very first missionaries who landed in the Islands. (R.I.P.) These had been doing a good work among natives as well as foreigners, for each sex separately; but their advantages had, of course, been limited to those who were either Catholics or willing to
accept Catholic teaching; whereas, the great mass of natives under Protestant influence had had nothing better to fall back upon, in the educational line, than the Hawaiian mixed schools for both sexes which the Puritan missionaries patronized; and even the children of foreigners under the same influence were only provided for in a mixed college. Without entering upon the *vacata quastio* of mixed schools in general, we think there is scarcely room for doubt that in such a country as Hawaii-Nei they are productive of far more evil than good. And therefore, when three Anglican ladies who formed part of the staff of the new mission and who called themselves "Sisters" (though not pretending, so far as we could learn, to be of any particular order) established an English girl's school under the careful, affectionate and pious management which such ladies are sure to give to any institution under their care, it was indeed a very great gain to the Protestant population. Those who shrank from Presbyterian teaching did not so much object to that of Anglicans; and the excellent ladies in question soon had a flourishing school under their control, which was, and we believe still is, the means of training up in modesty and refinement large numbers of girls whom the Puritanical system of education would have been powerless to save from ruin. The Anglican boy's school, which was afterwards called St. Alban's College, improved more in name than in reality; and though no doubt the means of good, so far as it went, never became of anything like the importance of the other.

Nor did the Anglican clergy effect much as missionaries, notwithstanding the pretty little books and highly encouraging papers which detailed their progress, from time to time, to their English supporters at home. To look back indeed, upon the early literature of the Anglican mission, representing, as it seems to do, nothing but a series of triumphs, and to comprehend at the same time the almost complete collapse which has since occurred of the entire structure,—even to the ignominious disappearance from the scene of the "autoccephalous" bishop—is, undoubtedly to realize a contrast as unexpected and as humiliating to those chiefly interested, as anything that has occurred even in the history of Protestant missions. Nor do we say this in any spirit of triumph; for Catholic interests have rather suffered than otherwise by the Anglican collapse, which has strengthened the hands of the Puritans, without in any way helping the cause of the old faith.

It would be a thankless, as it is an unnecessary task, to enter into the causes of this failure: we prefer saying a few words about the Catholic mission, to which we have already made some reference, and which will naturally interest our readers more than either of the others. We shall not attempt to give its history, which may be learned from other sources; but we will observe that, notwithstanding the great and almost insuperable difficulties under which it labored at its commencement, its converts at the present moment, number nearly, if not quite, as many as those of the other two missions put together. Nearly all the white men in the Islands, if of any religion at all, are Calvinists or Anglicans. The Catholics on the other hand, are mostly natives, and poor natives to boot; for the chiefs naturally follow the King and Queen in their Anti-Catholic prejudices. The mission has thus had to rely almost entirely on European (which in this case means French)
support; and notwithstanding this, there has been built in the capital city of Honolulu, a large stone Cathedral of imposing dimensions, the general effect of which is, in spite of its extreme simplicity, at once ecclesiastical and appropriate. Rows of massive, white pillars divide the aisles from the nave, and the wide area within is guiltless of pews, and almost of chairs; for the natives need no seat except the ground, which they have covered with clean, white matting at their own expense. Nor is there even a confessional; for the Hawaiian custom is, simply to kneel at the priest's feet as he sits, robed in cassock and cotta, on a simple chair, in one of the aisles, both priest and penitent being visible to all in the Church. It seemed a little strange to us, at first, to confess in this sort of way; but custom is everything, and we soon got used to it.

At High Mass on Sundays or Feast Days, the Cathedral presents a striking coup d'oeil to the stranger who enters it for the first time. The three altars at the east end of the nave and aisles (for there is no distinct chancel) are handsomely vested and ornamented, and the eye is led up to them from the western door of the Church (the white men's post, as we suppose, the worst place) across rows of kneeling or squatting worshippers of both sexes; the women on the south side, in the "holokus" or loose night-gowns of various bright colors, which have become their ordinary dress, the men on the north, dressed more or less like Europeans, and, consequently, much more sombre in appearance than their female relatives; whilst the naughtiest of little brown children keep running about from one side to the other, laughing, and eating, and talking, and struggling through the service in a manner which is trying to behold, and which seems to argue badly for the manner in which their pretty brown mothers bring them up. The mothers themselves, however, and the adult natives generally, of both sexes, seem very devout in their behaviour, and very intelligent of the service; as we believe they are; for the good priests have well grounded them in the meaning of everything.

Not a word of any language but Latin or Hawaiian is ever heard in the Church; the sermons being invariably in the latter language, and addressed exclusively, of course, to the natives. One reason of this may be, the very small number of white men in the Islands, who have the happiness to belong to the old religion; whilst another certainly is, that the priests, being French, are not able to preach in English.

It is curious enough to notice, as we did, that the only medium of communication between the Catholic priest and the Calvinistic preacher, when communication becomes necessary, is the Hawaiian tongue, with which both parties are, of course, acquainted, whilst each is ignorant of the other's language.

Religions and nationalities run parallel, indeed, in a remarkable way in Hawaii-Nei; each Mission being connected with a nationality of its own; and, we fear, that the effect of this has scarcely been advantageous to any one of them. The Catholic religion, for instance, on account of the zeal shown by its French protectors for the introduction of Cognac, duty free, became so connected in the native mind with that article of commerce, that it got the nick-name among some of the natives of "Pule-brandy;" "pule" being the Hawaiian for religion or worship, and that particular worship being connected in their
minds with the principal article which its defenders had for sale. We think we detect in this nickname the heavy wit of the "solid men of Boston, who go to bed at sun-down."

Little enough, however, of Cognac or any other stimulant do the poor French fathers taste. We visited several of them, in riding round the island, and felt at once honored and edified by their acquaintance. It would be scarcely possible to find more self-denying, hard-working, simple minded, or holy men than they are; and the contrast between their humble and neglected dwellings and the comfortable family houses of the Puritan ministers, is well representative of the analogous contrast between their respective occupants. In the early days of the Mission we were informed, they lived with and fared like the poorest of the natives, their principal food being "poi"; and even now, we fancy that no other white men would, or could stand a life like theirs. And yet they are highly educated, well-read, and courteous gentlemen, to hold intercourse with whom is a pleasure. The effect of the residence of such men for five, ten, or fifteen years, as cases vary, amongst the poor natives in the most remote part of the Islands, and the knowledge that they have come to live and die there, to spend and be spent, without any hope of seeing their homes or native land or friends again, and without even such solace as the ordinary comforts of this life afford, cannot but be, as in truth it is, very great. And the supernatural help which alone enables them to live such lives, and to persevere as they do unto the end, is seen and appreciated by their flocks. Quietly, and surely the good seed has been sown; and silently, like the material seed in the ground of nature, is it springing up and ripening and bringing forth good fruit. Even in the first days of the mission, when the Puritan persecution was only stayed by French arms, did the native Catholics show themselves true soldiers of Christ. Much more, as we firmly believe, would they so show themselves now.

There have been, however, many difficulties to contend with, springing from the native character itself, which has many weaknesses and is inclined to certain vices of its own. A slight illustration of this peculiarity of temperament is afforded by the fact that the Church dispenses Hawaiian Catholics from fasting, and even from the Friday abstinence. "Why?" it will be naturally asked. We answer, because the natives have an especial objection to fasting when they are ordered. Not, be it observed, to fasting in itself, but only to having set times fixed for it. This is not an objection of principle as it is with some Protestants; for if so, of course the Church could not yield to it: it is merely an idiosyncrasy of the native character. Consequently it has been thought advisable to give a general dispensation: and the wisdom of the Church in so doing, is proved by the fact that, the Hawaiians do not neglect the duty of fasting. On the contrary, one of the priests told us, that he had sometimes a little difficulty in restraining them from carrying it to excess; and he mentioned, as an illustration, the case of a native who had voluntarily taken upon himself to fast three days a week in order to entreat the blessing of the Almighty thereon. On the whole, then, it is evident that a great and successful work, so far as it goes, is being done by the Catholic Church in these Islands; and if all
should not come of it that has been reasonably hoped, it will be, not because the Church’s mission to the Hawaiians will have failed, but because the Hawaiian race itself will have failed.

It is time, however, that we should say something before we conclude, on the social aspects of the Islands.

With regard to the natives, they are highly sociable, we believe, in their way; hospitality being distinguishing a trait in their character, as it is in that of most half-civilized races. A man may “loaf about” indeed from one house to another, not among his relatives and friends merely, but even among strangers, and be continuously supported, almost as long as he likes, without doing anything for his livelihood. And they are sociable enough too in their village feasts, and riding parties, and dances, and games of various kinds; all such sociability, and especially their dancing being more or less conducive to immorality.

It is but little, however, of the native sociability that a white man sees or wishes to see. What chiefly concerns a visitor is the social intercourse of the white residents with each other and with visitors. It is, perhaps to be expected, that a place like Honolulu should welcome strangers more warmly than ordinary continental towns would be likely to do; but we must say that, even allowing for such an expectation, the impressions which a new-comer receives, from the friendly greetings with which he meets on all sides, and from the geniality and refinement of the entertainments given at the residents’ houses, partake, somewhat, of the nature of an agreeable surprise.

Riding parties are one of the chief amusements of the place; and riding in the Hawaiian Islands is certainly much more of an amusement than in other countries. The island horses, from that custom which is said to be a second nature, are able to go where horses in general would find progress out of the question. Volcanic as the formation of the country is, there is no lack of rough hill-sides, perpendicular, or semi-perpendicular, up and down which the young people may scamper; and we must aver that the first day on which we made a riding expedition of this kind, and found that we were expected to ascend a mountain nearly as upright as a wall, and interspersed with large volcanic boulders, in such a manner as to leave no passage for our horse, we turned round to the man behind us (for we led the van) and made the deliberate assertion that it couldn’t be done. “All right!” he answered, “Go ahead! I did it myself yesterday.” Urged by which very practical argument, we incited without attempting to guide our equine quadruped; who, thus left to himself, began to scramble, cat-like, over the boulders in the oddest way possible, and in due time succeeded in landing us on the topmost ridge of the mountain. But if the ascent seemed puzzling, the descent on the other side seemed impossible; and, but for the great practical knowledge which our steed evidently possessed of mountain work, would have actually been so. He held on, however, much as a sailor or holds on to rigging in a storm, and, like the sailor, managed to find his way down without falling. Nor, having once grasped the idea that he is to throw the whole responsibility on his horse, does the rider feel any special anxiety about the journey. That principle is, no doubt, the real secret of all mountain equitation; and even ladies, in the Hawaiian islands, seem to recognize it fully; for these
mountain excursions form one of their principal amusements, and they even enjoy making them by moonlight; though scarcely, perhaps, to quite so precipitous a mountain as that of which we have spoken. With such rides, too, are frequently combined pic-nics; and the two harmonize very well; the wind-up of the evening being frequently a ball, or what they call a "verandah party."

Some of the island scenery of Oahu is very fine; and parties are often made up to ride round or across the island, to explore it; in which latter case, the first thing to which a stranger's attention is called is the "Pali" or precipice, a sheer perpendicular descent of about five hundred feet, down which the first Kamehameha drove an army of his enemies headlong. Dark mountains tower up beside you, right and left; and just in front is the narrow gorge which leads to the descent we have mentioned. From the edge of the precipice you can see the further half of the island mapped out before you, with hill and valley, and promontory and bay, and stream, all clear and conspicuous for miles round, and bounded in the distance by the sea; while, if you look back from your elevated position towards the road by which you came, the sheen of the ocean is again visible on the side of Honolulu—the southern—so that you realize very completely that you are living on an undoubted island, and begin to experience something like the apprehension of the Yankee who felt timid about going out at night on another little island some distance off, called Great Britain, lest he should "fall off" in the dark. Presently, on looking a little to your right, you see a very steep zigzag path, cut out from the cliff, which just avoids the precipice, and to descend which on horseback is, though awkward, quite possible. Following it you soon find yourself at the base of the mountains, and the claimant, all at once, of a totally different kind of hospitality from that which you have been enjoying in the capital. There is no sociality here, in the ordinary sense of the word; because the white men's houses are few and far between, and "entertainments" are out of the question. But you do find, wherever you go, a friendly welcome; and even though you may not be invited by or known to your host, he expects you to remain for the night. So you work on (if you are riding round the island) from house to house, carrying your necessaries in your saddle-bags, and finding neither hotels nor hotel charges anywhere. Occasionally an excursion is organized in force from Honolulu to some house beyond the Pali; and then there is actually some approach to a party, on what is called the "other side."

The "other side," however, has ways and customs of its own, and its parties bear no resemblance whatever to those of the capital. The main point which impresses itself upon a visitor, to either side, is the friendliness which he meets with everywhere; and next to that he is struck, as we have said, with the polish and refinement of the society of Honolulu, and the excellent style of the evening parties to which he is invited, which will often bear favorable comparison with similar entertainments in countries of older civilization.

The arrival of men-of-war, of various nationalities, is a great open to party-giving; and the officers of such ships generally leave with a favorable idea of the belles, whether white, half-white, or pure native, of the balls of Honolulu. We could have much wished indeed, that the two last classes
had been more numerous. A few native ladies there are, indeed, who enter habitually into white society, and who are deservedly held in very high estimation; but they are so few that they may be counted by units, Queen Emma being No. 1. And even of the half-whites the number is small compared with those of pure Caucasian blood. "Our" half-whites, is the expression generally used by those who speak of them; and it is uttered with an air of friendly appropriation and appreciation, which makes the possessive pronoun a decided compliment to the young ladies referred to.

The best chance, so far as we can see, for the perpetuation of the Hawaiian blood lies in this mixture of it with the blood of foreigners. Sad, indeed, is it to think that so fine a race of men as those who people the Hawaiian Islands, should be yearly dwindling away so rapidly. We know not—for the mantle of Dr. Cumming is not upon us—what prophecies to make as to the future of these Islands. They may not improbably rise in commercial importance in the future, especially now that they have become the highway of intercourse between San Francisco and Sydney; though we cannot say that we saw, during our visit to them, much opening for anybody to do anything. They had rather, indeed, been retrograding, than otherwise, regarded from a business point of view; the labor difficulty being the great hitch in their progress. But, whatever may be their fate—agriculturally, commercially, or ecclesiastically—we fear that the white man's presence will eventually, there as here, prove fatal to his dark skinned brother, and that yet another noble race of men will, ere long, so utterly disappear from the face of the earth, that "its place shall know it no more". Absit omen!

LUXURY.—Of all the evils entailed upon the human race by "man's first disobedience," there is no other more baneful in its effects than Luxury. It gains upon the soul an insatiable power that drives the poor wretch who has yielded to its Siren smiles, into the abyss of ruin. Yet with such a pleasing, intoxicating influence, so gently and softly does it steal upon its victim, that, rejoicing in the bright flowers and garlands with which he is bedecked, and intoxicated with the fatal pleasures which surround him, he feels not the icy hand of the stern priest upon him, until, too late, the glitter of the sacrificial knife tells the doomed, debased wretch that he has been betrayed to ruin and eternal shame. He falls—but men profit not by his example; others went the same way before him and thousands will follow in his track. Like a broad stream, pouring its waters into the ocean, the tide of humanity flows on forever in the same course, to the fathomless sea of Eternity.

With nations too, as with individuals, mark the same results. As man, before he has come into contact with the world, or reached the influence of its vanities and follies, is far purer-hearted and more free from sinful taint than when, increasing in years he becomes familiar with the aspect of vice, so is it with nations. When they are young, they are happy in a virtuous people whose hearts are free from the corruption which follows in the train of wealth and power. But when a state does obtain wealth and power Luxury soon follows and with it—ruin inevitable. That this is true the mouldering ruins that mark where once stood the proudest monuments of the power of Babylon, Ninevah, Rome or Carthage are the melancholy witnesses.
CHAPTER V.

Here for a while we will leave our friend Harry in the discharge of his accustomed duties, whilst we hurry on to overtake our other friends, Tom Wilkes and George Ainslie, on their journey to the home of the latter. As most of our readers, we presume, have the inestimable felicity of living in this glorious 19th century of progress and refinement, and enjoying its manifold blessings, among which is the pleasure of beholding whole continents covered with those gigantic cob-webs de-nominated railroads it is not necessary to waste their precious time, to say nothing of the pious blessings (?) of the printer, in the incidents which occurred during the journey of the two above-mentioned young gentlemen from New York to Richmond. But in the fear that some one may imagine (from our manner in that last sentence) that a smash-up or collision would be considered by us as a natural consequence only, or pleasant variety incident to railroad travel, we will here distinctly state that we hold no such opinion; and furthermore, we will add that no such incidents, or accidents befell our friends Tom and George. Nor will we venture to assert that, had there been such a break in the rattling monotony of their long ride, the young gentlemen would have looked upon it as all agreeable or interesting. For, in our own humble opinion—and we have good reason to believe that our two friends above mentioned, held exactly the same doctrine in this regard as we ourselves—they are, like the mountain grizzlies in California, not at all pleasant to meet. This opinion we venture to publish, in spite of the declarations of some people who are almost invariably present at every railroad “disaster” that occurs within a circuit of a hundred miles about them, and “never received the slightest scratch because, you see, they knew what to do in such emergencies”—so cool and collected are they; and who seem to regard railroads in general, and railroad accidents in particular, with somewhat the same species of affection with which one looks upon a dangerous acquaintance, in whose friendship he has continued for some time without a quarrel.

But this is not to the purpose of our story. So let it pass. Suffice it to say, that nothing out of the ordinary happened during the journey South. Ainslie, however was so far improved in strength by the time that they had reached Washington, that he proposed to remain in that city for a day or two, to pay some visits to his friends in that city, asking Tom to accompany him. To this, Tom acceded, willingly. So it was that three days passed before their arrival in the capital of the old Dominion; and nine o’clock upon the morning of the fourth, found them stepping off the train at the depot of the Richmond and Washington Railroad, at the end of their journey.

Ainslie had, of course, notified his grand-father of his coming. He had also so described to Tom the manners of this relative that, comparing the portrait which George had also shown his friend, young Wilkes had no difficulty in recognizing the tall, stern-looking man who, with scarce a smile came forth from the crowd at the Richmond depot and welcomed George with but a few formal words and a very un-paternal shake of the hand.

“Mr. Ainslie,” said George, “let me introduce my friend Mr. Wilkes.”
And, with merely a stiff bow and shake of the hand, Tom formed the acquaintance of Mr. William Ainslie. Scarcely a dozen of words were exchanged among the trio in their passage through the crowd of human beings, horses and vehicles, to where the Ainslie carriage stood, and these were chiefly enquiries and answers between the elder and younger Ainslies, in regard to the health of the latter. A very frigid meeting, surely, between such near relatives, thought Tom, as he elbowed in between an importunate hack-man and a tall gaunt Vermonter with a little battered valise who seemed determined to separate him from his friends. But poor Tom was not used to such things. Accustomed as he was, himself, to being nearly eaten alive on almost every occasion of his own return home from College, therefore, we may excuse him for his indulgence in a little bitter feeling against the elder Ainslie, and, add to this, the formation of a rather strong prejudice against that un demonstrative and, as it seemed to him, unnatural individual. We will not say that the bitterness of Tom's feelings was augmented by the manner in which his friends—the green mountain boy, the hack-driver, and all the other persons of the hustling, jostling, pushing and pulling crowd—interfered with the equanimity of his mind. It is true, a person is somewhat less disposed to form correct judgments, and to express just opinions upon subjects of general or particular personal character, when he is endeavoring to elbow a passage through a crowd at a railroad depot, every individual of which seems to have the settled purpose of treading upon his best petted corns, or assailing with trunks and valises, the most unprotected portions of his body. But that as it may, when Tom and his friends found themselves seated in the carriage and on their way to the hotel, the latter was more favorably disposed towards the elder Ainslie. But whether because he was then out of the benevolent influence of the loquacious hack-driver, the tall Vermonter, the trunks, valises, etc.; or, whether, when comfortably seated in the carriage, he was disposed to view things more charitably, it certainly seemed to him that the manner of the grand-father towards George was really, in spite of the frigidity of his actions, affectionate and kind, and that he was more concerned for the latter's condition than our young friend had at first judged. And it certainly was true. Mr. Ainslie, of course, entered into conversation with Tom and George, and from the manner in which, from time to time, he regarded the latter's pale cheeks and sunken eyes, from the ill-concealed concern which he strove in vain to hide, but which his eyes—those tell-tale mirrors of the soul—would display, in spite of him, Tom was able to judge that whatever might be his disposition, there was one thing certain: his whole soul was centered upon his grandson. To this conclusion he was hastened, when at a moment while Mr. Ainslie was speaking to him about their journey, George was attacked suddenly with a fit of coughing. The quick and suddenly mastered start of concern with which the old gentleman turned around towards George, left no room for doubt in the mind of young Wilkes as to his feelings. George, however, ceased coughing, and his grand-father after recommending him to wrap himself well in his overcoat, resumed his conversation with Tom.

In a short time, however, they arrived at the hotel, and were shown to the rooms which Mr. Ainslie had provided for them. The trunks of the young gentlemen hav-
ing been brought up, a short time was occupied in ordinary conversation, when Mr. Ainslie left in order to attend to some business engagements in the city.

After completing his toilet, Tom sought George in his room, and found him sitting in an easy chair reading a paper.

"Ah, Tom, come in. Take a seat here and we will have a little talk before dinner. How do you feel after your journey. And how do you like Richmond, as much as you have already seen?"

"Well, George, you have no need to ask me about my health which you know is always good. But you do not look as well as you did this morning. I hope you are not worse?"

"It is nothing; I was a little imprudent in leaving the cars without putting on my overcoat; but I am all. It has nearly passed off. But take a cigar and make yourself at ease."

Tom, who, as a Yale boy, did not, of course, object to a cigar at any time, helped himself to a Havannah and, taking a chair, indulged in a few long-drawn puffs while George, who had thrown aside his paper, looked out at the window. Both wished, apparently, to speak about something and yet, neither appeared willing to begin. At last—

"George," said Tom, "Do you remember our conversation in New York the other day, in which you spoke of your grand-father’s disposition towards you?"

"Yes, Tom, I have no reason, I assure you to forget it," said George, turning around with a relieved expression. The ice was broken.

"I think, George, that the opinion which I was then inclined to form of Mr. Ainslie, has undergone a great change within the last hour."

"Indeed," exclaimed George, "your words surprise me. You have touched upon the very subject over which I have been brooding for the last hour; and from all that I have noticed in his manner towards me this morning, I cannot see what act of my grand-father’s could have induced any change in my impressions of his character."

Ainslie spoke this with such a sad expression upon his face that Tom had no difficulty in perceiving what had been the burden of George’s thoughts and the occasion of his melancholy during the morning.

"But," continued George, "I fear you are deceiving yourself, for you always rush impetuously to a conclusion from the slightest cause."

"Come, come, George, old boy; brighten up," said Tom, knocking the ashes vigorously from his cigar, "Don’t be in such low spirits. I tell you, your grand-father really loves you in spite of his coldness. And, upon my word, I am really beginning to take a great liking to him, in spite of the prejudice I had at first entertained. But I haven’t told you yet how all this came about. Sit down; it is a short story and soon told."

Tom then recited to George, the reasons which we have already hinted at for his change of sentiment regarding the elder Mr. Ainslie.

"Thus, you see," he concluded, "Whatever may be Mr. Ainslie’s disposition towards others, you have no reason to fear for his attachment to you."

"Tom," said George, who had listened with a great deal of emotion, coming over and laying his hand upon his friend’s shoulder, "Tom, you have raised a great load from my heart; and, indeed, I have great reason to thank you."

"Well, let it pass now, George," interrupted Tom, "Let us speak no more about the subject, at pre-
sent, for I feel too glad at getting it off my mind, and restoring you to good humor, that I am determined not to allow a chance of getting in the blues again. What say you to a walk?"

"Very well," rejoined George, taking his hat, and so without any more conversation upon the subject, they set forth.

When they returned to the hotel in about an half an hour, they found the elder Mr. Ainslie awaiting them in George's room, and as the two young gentlemen entered, he saluted them politely, and addressing George, said:

"I have taken the liberty of making arrangements for going to the Glen, as I presumed that you would not care to remain in Richmond in your present state of health. I have ordered the carriage, and we will go down on the steamer this afternoon. The 'Glen,' Mr. Wilkes, is my present country residence, situated about twenty miles down the river. You will like its situation very much, I think."

"I am very glad, sir," said George, "that you have done so. I was about to propose to you that I should go down to the Glen; the atmosphere of the city is too close, and I long for the pure air of the green hills."

"Shall we proceed to dinner?" said Mr. Ainslie, looking at his watch, "the steamer will leave at two o'clock, and it is now one."

The young gentlemen assented, and they soon found themselves in the dining hall.

During the meal, Tom and Mr. Ainslie entered into conversation upon general topics of New York trade and commercial interest, in which George took very little part. Mr. Ainslie seemed to take a great deal of interest in this subject, and Tom, who was beginning to like him more and more; became engaged in quite an animated conversa-

tion with him. In the course of Tom's remarks, whilst speaking of his father, he had occasion to mention the name of our friend, Henry Allen. Scarcely had he uttered the name, however, when he was surprised to see the expression of Mr. Ainslie's countenance change in an instant. George, as well as Tom, had remarked the strange and unaccountable effect produced on his grandfather at the mention of this name. However, Mr. Ainslie's soon banished every trace of confusion, and remarked;

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the name you have just mentioned is familiar to me. But pray continue."

Tom became very enthusiastic on the subject of Allen's integrity and industry—for he esteemed him as a marvel of talent—rather one-sided it is true, but then Tom was impulsive in almost everything. But Mr. Ainslie did not appear to take any interest in what he said, he seemed to have become wrapt up in himself. His brow was gloomy and overcast, and he answered or spoke only in cold monosyllables.

This sudden change was most unaccountable to Tom, and when, at last, dinner was over, and Mr. Ainslie had gone to his room, telling the young gentlemen that he was obliged to write some letters, Tom spoke to George about his grandfather's strange emotion.

"It is, indeed, a most peculiar disposition," said George, "but this is not the only time I have witnessed it. Very often some thought seems to come to him that will make him painfully morose."

But Tom could not explain to himself, why the mention of young Allen's name should plunge Mr. Ainslie into so strange a mood. And as they steamed down the river, this thought was uppermost in his mind.

To be continued.
IN MEMORIAM.—PATRICK M. O'BRIEN, M.D. 461

Died, June 20th, 1871, at his residence on the Alameda Road, Santa Clara, Cal.,
PATRICK M. O'BRIEN, M.D. Aged 56 years and 3 months.

Dr. P. M. O'Brien was born, March, 1815, at Bandon, County Cork, Ireland. He completed his studies in the Royal College of Maynooth. At the age of 24 years he came to America and settled at Philadelphia. Here he entered Jefferson Medical College, from which he was graduated with distinction in 1842, taking his degree as Doctor of Medicine. He left Philadelphia for California, in 1850, and practised his profession in San Francisco, until 1858, when the President of the United States, James Buchanan, appointed him to take charge of the U. S. Marine Hospital at Port Townsend, Washington Territory. After the expiration of his term of office, he continued to practise medicine in the Territory, with much success. In 1869, he moved to Santa Clara, where, on the 20th of June, last, he died, lamented by a wide circle of loving and devoted friends.

We do not intend to present a panegyric, much less a biography, to the readers of the Owl, but only a few passages from the life of a man, who, amidst the laborious cares of his profession, has left us a remarkable example of Christian virtues.

As no one could remain long in the company of the late Dr. O'Brien, without being benefited by his pure and learned conversation, and charmed with the suavity of his saintly and gentlemanly manners, so, we feel assured, that the short recital of a few facts in his pious life, will not only recall him to the minds of those who knew and esteemed him, but, also, make him known to others, and inflame the hearts of all with that charity which burnt in his own. "Defunctus autem loquitur." Though dead, he still exhorts us to generosity towards God, and love for our neighbor. May we hear and obey his voice.

After his death, the St. Joseph Benevolent Society of San Jose, of which he was a member and medical adviser, published in the Monitor, resolutions of respect and consolation. The first of which we here produce:

RESOLVED—That in the late Dr. PATRICK M. O'BRIEN, we recognize the faithful husband, the kind father, the generous brother, the just neighbor, the learned and conscientious physician, the noble-hearted citizen, the pure Christian, whose holy and happy death, was a fitting completion of his Christian character.

We wish to say a few words about him in this last-named character, viz: as a Christian, and especially as a Christian Doctor.

Hence, we pass over, in silence, his superior talents and eminent attainments, his social qualities, his integrity and manliness as a citizen, in order to consider his fidelity to God and to the law of Charity.

St. James says, "That he who violates one commandment, is guilty of all." But many Christians of these busy times, seem to think, that if they fulfill one, they are
faithful to all, and that God should be satisfied if they find time to remember Him one day out of the seven, and permit them to ignore Him during the other six. These are weakly Christians indeed, to whom the Good God is an inconvenience in his own beautiful world; poor, stingy souls who, when they repeat the Lord's Prayer, should say, "give us this day our weekly bread." Their minds are always on earth, and their aspirations are earthly. Heaven is a strange and foreign land to them; pleasure and gain usurp all their precious time, and soon they will stand with empty hands at the portals of eternity. But Holy Scripture and Sacred History, tell us of another class of Christians, who assist, daily, at the Divine Mysteries; who pray without ceasing, and who walk with fidelity in the way of God's law. To this class, belonged Dr. O'Brien. He gave his waking thoughts to God, and always closed the day with prayer. When he lived where there was a Church, every morning found him, (when it was possible) a silent, humble, prayerful worshipper, within its sacred walls; and frequently he approached the holy sacraments of Penance and Eucharist. It often happened that, owing to the want of a minister of God, there would be no Divine Service in the Church on Sundays and Festival Days; on such occasions, he would assemble his household together around a little altar, and read aloud prayers appropriate for the day,—for his religion was not a fiction, nor an abstraction, nor merely a one-day affair, whose duties the sooner over the more agreeable; but it was like a glorious sun, whose genial rays fell upon the entire pathway of his life, and showed him God in everything; for his Creator had the first place in all his plans, his labors and aspirations. This was the fruit of that lively faith which directed every action of his life, and caused him to form a sublime conception of the end and dignity of his profession. Viewing it in the light of Faith, he said, that the Medical profession seemed to him to be akin to the Priesthood, for the salvation of souls. He did not regard it merely as a means to make money, nor embrace its labors with only a natural professional enthusiasm; its end was Divine—the same, though attained by different means, as that of the Clerical profession—the glory of God and the salvation of souls, which, according to St. Paul, must be the end of every state of life, ay, of every thought, word and action of our lives.

Filled with this thought—grand as it is true—he could not be heedless of the immortal souls dwelling in the poor suffering bodies which he was called upon to free from pain and disease. Their souls were often in a state more dreadful than the bodies themselves. If it were a glorious deed to relieve the transitory pains of the body, and save it from a temporal death, he looked upon it as more glorious, and even more necessary, to relieve the soul, burdened and sick unto death with
the foul leprosy of sin, and to rescue it from everlasting ruin.

Hence he strove by gentle words by winning example, and by his own and others' prayers, to make his patients better men and more worthy Christians; yet this was done with a delicacy and a gentlemanly refinement which could offend no one. If he saw that the awful hour of death was nigh, he failed not to warn his patients of its certain and remorseless approach; and endeavored to turn their thoughts to that preparation which all, who love their immortal souls should make, before being summoned to render an account of their stewardship to a just Judge. He knew that it is an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God; and their danger excited all his charity and solicitude for the salvation of their souls, and he endeavored to procure for them, all the assistance, human and Divine, which it was in his power to obtain. He often sent a long distance for the minister of God, and defrayed the expenses of his journey with his own money.

During his residence in Washington Territory, men often came to him in the last stages of disease. He declared that he saw in this, the merciful Providence of God; for, as soon as he beheld them, he knew that he could not cure them, and that God had sent them to him to find the consolations of religion, before death. He could not refrain from admiring in this, the wonderful ways of God; ways so mysterious, so full of love, and still so full of justice.

We too often see men die, within the hearing of the church-bell, and yet without a minister of God to help them, without a prayer on their lips, or the least sign of repentance. While, again, God's priest crosses the trackless ocean, and in the depths of some primeval forest, far away from the haunts of men, finds a dying sinner waiting his saving ministry, who lives just long enough to be reconciled with God, and dies with joy and in peace, in the certain hope of his salvation.

The prayers of this Christian doctor for his patients, were fervent and frequent, and, we believe, very efficacious. For example: he had a patient who suffered from a very dangerous tumor in the side; he did for it all that his skill suggested, but relying more upon God's assistance than his own efforts; he prayed, and made his family pray, for the recovery of the sick man. It is superfluous to add that the poor man recovered, for how could it be otherwise. If his patients died, his charity followed them, even beyond the grave, for then he prayed for their souls, and besought the prayers of others for the same intention.

What a refinement of charity was this! Even those who do not believe in the existence of a purgatory, and condemn Judas Machabees and all the Jewish people of old, for declaring that "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins,"—2 Mach., xii, 46—even these, we say, must admire the charity of this good doctor, which
death itself could not cool. O
happy patient who fell into the
hands of such a physician. Blessed
would that country be that possessed
many such.

If he had a sublime conception
of the true ultimate end of his pro-
fession, he labored nobly to attain
it, and strove hard to fit himself
for it.

He found time for constant study.
He read much, that he might be
competent to discharge his duties
faithfully.

To the poor, he gave his services
cheerfully, and without remunera-
tion; for, in them, he beheld the
person of Jesus Christ Himself, who
declares that whatever is done unto
these, His little ones, He will con-
sider as done unto Himself. If they
sent for him “in the dead vast and
middle of the night,” he would
speed away to the hovel of misery,
through mud and rain, with as much
alacrity as if he had been summoned
to a palace, for he felt bound
in conscience, to answer such calls
—and his tender heart would never
allow him to refuse them his aid.

When one of them, who was con-
fined to his bed, missed the happy
face of Dr. O'Brien, he asked for
him, and hearing that he was dead,
his face was all
he said, “the poor of his parish
have lost, in Dr. O'Brien, their best
friend.”

His conscience was so delicate
that he would never make useless
visits to his patients. “It seems
to me,” said he, “that God will
call me to give an account of all
prescriptions I make, and of all the
expense to which I put my patients.”

O that a few more such conscien-
tious doctors were to be found in
our days. But, alas! how often
does the medical profession destroy
faith in the minds, and uproot piety
from the hearts of its followers,
making many of them little better
than Atheists or Materialists.

Men who study God's noblest work
of creation, who are witnesses of
the sad havoc sin has made in it,
should be the last to deny or blas-
pheme its Creator. But the fault
lies not in the profession whose ob-
ject is so sublime. And so Dr.
O'Brien rightly thought. The phy-
sicians or medical students them-

selves are to blame. The motives
which prompt them to undertake
this profession, are not always pure
and noble; they lose sight of God,
and bid farewell to faith. It is not
thus with great souls whose minds
rise spontaneously from God's
works, up to God Himself.

Dr. O'Brien was one of this noble
class, as the following instance will
prove—for straws show which way
the wind blows

One day he was examining some
silk-worms, and, after contemplat-
ing the various changes, from the
eggs to the larva, the formation of
its silken palace, etc., he turned to
a friend, and, as his face was all
aglow with emotion, he exclaimed:
“Fools, who deny there is a God.”

Among the resolutions of con-
dolence, spoken of before, we find the
following, which bears testimony
to his conduct as a Christian phy-
sician:

RESOLVED—That St. Joseph's Benevolent
Society, has met with an irreparable
loss in the death of its physician, for in him we found, not only the conscientious medical adviser, but one who, by his thoroughness of education, by his brightness of intellect, and by his purity of character, exalted and ennobled us by his intercourse and conversation. As a medical guide, he was a faithful coadjutor of our spiritual director; and while it was often his duty to wound and give pain to the body, he never sullied the soul.

His piety was deep, sincere, tranquil and unostentatious. It never made him sour or disagreeable to others, nor had it any resemblance to that vinegar-visaged piety (or rather impiety) which chills the heart, and puts a boy on bread and water, for whistling on Sunday. No! His religion was the sunshine, not only of his own life, but of others also. It was stamped by his noble independence of soul, and contempt for that miserable phantom of human respect, which terrifies so many spirits, otherwise good and brave. Hence, he practised his religion before the whole world, when its voice required him to do so; and the last public act of his life was, to kneel before the Mission Cross, in front of his Parish Church, and, before that symbol of our Redemption and faith, to thank God for his blessings, and there, two days before his death, to surrender his soul into the hands of its Creator.

His resignation to the will of God was very remarkable. He wished to fulfil that Divine will alone; hence, he never undertook anything of importance, nor made any change, without consulting the good pleasure of God. He would say: "I hope God will direct me in this." "I hope it is His holy will," etc.

We have already alluded to his wonderful attachment to prayer—a duty very much neglected in our times, though without it, salvation is impossible. We shall content ourselves with noticing only one of his devotions: his daily recitation of that simple and sublime prayer, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The love of Dr. O'Brien for this prayer was very great, and he recited a third of the entire Rosary every day. When at home, he said it in common with his family, and, if he foresaw that a sick call would necessitate his absence from home, at the accustomed hour, he would anticipate this difficulty, and recite it before leaving. If traveling, he would always be faithful to this sweet devotion, and he has been known to leave the merry circle of a drawing room, and retire to the garden walks, and there, in silence, accomplish his duty. The writer of this, has heard it stated, that he has fulfilled this duty (privately and unobserved) even in a place of public amusement. He took these precautions lest sleep might prevent him from saying these prayers with becoming devotion.

Thus, he taught all by example, as well as precept—nay, far more by the former. He could always say, come and do this, come to church, etc., which is a more efficacious way of exhorting, than that of those who are always advising others to go, whilst they themselves remain stationary.
As a friend, he was faithful, self-sacrificing and generous, to a fault; ill-will or revenge never could hold possession of one fibre of his noble heart. Once he was struck by a friend, but, instead of returning it, he embraced him on the spot, and this heroic conduct so calmed the angry friend that he was heartily sorry for the rash act.

Delicacy and respect for the sad hearts of the living, forbid us to speak of him as a son, brother, husband and father; though in these relations shone most brightly his Christian virtues, and from the few things gathered from memory and at random, which we have offered above, we leave our readers to imagine how he fulfilled them.

Death came at last; but it found this true Christian prepared and resigned. As he had obtained the consolations of religion for so many in their last terrible passage from time to eternity, a faithful God granted him the same blessing. He died as he had lived. Clasping his crucifix—the sign of his salvation—and his rosary-beads, he yielded up his pure soul in prayer.

May we die like this good Christian. But to do so, we must imitate his virtues, and labor more for eternity—which is almost upon us—than for time, which is departing never to return. Defunctus aeternae loquitur. Amicus.

At the annual meeting of the Philathletic Society, held at 6 o'clock, on Monday, June 5th, it was resolved that, henceforth, the Grand Annual Celebration of the Society should be held on the first Wednesday of May, instead of in June as heretofore.

### California Historical Society

—A meeting of gentlemen interested in promoting the study of early colonial history, was held at Santa Clara College, on Tuesday, June 6, 1871. The oldest pioneer present, the Rev. Michael Accolti, was called to preside, and Henry C. Hyde was chosen Secretary. The object of the meeting having been explained, and the best mode of proceeding discussed, the result of the deliberations was expressed in the following resolutions:

RESOLVED—that we now unite ourselves as the California Historical Society for the purpose of collecting and bringing to light and publishing from time to time, all information not generally accessible on the subject of the early colonization and settlement of the west coast of America, and especially North-western Mexico, California and Oregon.

RESOLVED—that the outline plan presented by Mr. Doyle be referred to a committee of three, with directions to consider the same, and any modifications thereof which may be suggested by any gentleman interested in the subject, and to adopt a form of organization to be in force until changed or abrogated by the society; and to enroll as members, gentlemen desirous to unite with us in the general purpose in view.

Messrs. John T. Doyle, John W. Dwinelle and Tiburcio Parrott, were appointed such Committee.


The Rev. A. Varsi, Rector of the
College placed at the disposal of the Society the large Philalethic debating hall of the College, rightly supposing that the Philalethics would have no objection.

H. H. Bancroft, of San Francisco, placed at the disposal of the Society, his extensive private library of works on America, and invited it to make his library room its head-quarters, in the city of San Francisco.

The thanks of the meeting were tendered to the Faculty of the College and to Mr. Bancroft.

Communications from Rev. M. Finotti, of Boston, and John E. Shea, of New York, were read, desiring to be enrolled as members of the Society, and offering to render their services to its objects.

The meeting adjourned subject to the call of the Committee on Organization.

Gentlemen throughout the State who favor the objects of the Society, are requested to address by mail, the above Committee on Organization, and communicate any information or suggestions they may deem proper.

The Fourth Grand Annual of the Philalethic Literary Society was held on Monday, June the 5th, before a very large audience. Every seat in the spacious hall seemed full. The members of the Society, both active and honorary to the number of fifty were seated upon the stage and presented a fine appearance. In the centre was the chair of the presiding officer, Jas. H. Campbell, while on his right was seated the Orator and on the left the Poet of the evening. After some fine music by the College Band, Mr. Chas. F. Wilson was introduced to the assembly and delivered an oration on "Democracy." It was a well-considered, masterly effort and was well received. The Orator of the evening, Hon. Thos. P. Ryan of San Francisco, was next presented and addressed the Society on "The Duties of Educated Men in a Republic." Although Mr. Ryan gave abundant evidence of his power as an extemporous speaker, he labored under many embarrassments and clearly did not do himself justice. The audience next listened to an eloquent panegyric on Gen. Robert E. Lee by Mr. Peter Byrne, after which Prof. Dance of Queen's College, Oxford, as Poet of the occasion, was introduced. The gifted Professor read a beautiful poem, entitled, "The Planet-born." The exercises of the evening closed with an Oration on "Political, Public Life," by Mr. John T. Malone, which was, perhaps, the best liked of those given by the active members of the Society.

The College Exhibition, proper, began on the afternoon of the following day. We find the following account of the exercises, in the San Francisco Bulletin, of June 8th.

"The orations in the afternoon were seven in number—all in English—interspersed with music, and two poems were recited. The scientific feature of the Exhibition was omitted this year. The introductory address was delivered by A. Kelly, who thanked the audience for turning aside from the hard pursuits of money-getting, to encourage youthful science and literary effort. He reviewed the events of the year past, incidentally rebuking the restrictions on the power of the Pope, and the raging spirit of revolution. He next dwelt upon college relations; alluded to the creditable conduct of the College Magazine, and paid a tribute to the Faculty.

Edward White delivered an oration on "Communism." He saw with sorrow and foreboding the tendencies of the times and the spread of revolution; denounced the Paris Reds with vigorous rhetoric, as wicked Socialists, using the name of liberty, to screen bad designs; and referred to Italy, "Garibaldi and Mazzini, and their associate cut-throats," in illustration of the effects of socialist teachings, denouncing the course pursued by "these scoundrels" toward the "Father of Christendom." He cited France as another ex-
ample of the effects of socialism, "which is the fruit of infidelity, as infidelity is the fruit of immorality." The press he criticized as the greatest promoter of socialism, and characterized the American Trades-unions as being animated by the same leveling spirit of license. He sketched the history of American social experiments, and concluded with the declaration that the only true social system is that founded on Christian Faith and teachings.

Joseph Poujade read a nervous, original poem on "The Ninth Crusade"—a strong denunciation of the seizure of Rome by the Italian King.

J. H. Campbell next answered the question, "How Shall We Prosper?" His speech was a plea for something higher than material gain and social luxury, and for religious culture as the base of genuine prosperity and permanent happiness.

A poem on "Paris" by J. Raleigh, was strongly sympathetic with the city, ending with anathemas on the mob and the prediction that France will yet "show the world a second Austerlitz."

An essay on "Transmitting intelligence in time of war," by H. Harrison, gave a clever grouping of the salient facts of the subject.

"Divine Providence" was the subject of an address by Samuel Rhodes—a finely expressed argument, founded on natural proofs of Deity.

An oration on "Ancient and Modern Patriotism," by J. M. Byrne, showed that he discards the idea that all virtue and patriotism are modern perquisites. He believed that there was more public virtue of old than at this day. He was severe on demagogues and selfish partisans; extolled the Greeks and traced the principle of our Constitution to Roman law. Contended that high character in public service is rare. Denounced "Garibaldi and his cutthroat associates" as "the very dregs and outcasts of society," incapable of true patriotism. Drew a lesson from the misfortunes of France, which fell for lack of this cardinal virtue in her leaders.

S. M. White gave an oration on Poland, pointing to that country as an example of a gallant struggle for freedom.

It will be seen that all the young gentlemen had positive ideas, and drew their themes from current events. Their addresses were all well written, and some of them unusually so.

The principal features of the closing exercises of the Commencement, in the evening, were the representation of Pizarro, the Conferring of Degrees and the Distribution of Premiums. Before the play, Mr. Henry Bowles recited an original poem entitled "Westward, Ho!" an exceedingly creditable production, and finely delivered. The loud plaudits and the shower of bouquets that fell around the young gentleman at the close of the poem gave evidence of the appreciation of his hearers.

In "Pizarro," Mr. R. Cochrane as Pizarro and J. T. Malone, as Rilla, did remarkably well; Alonzo, J. Waddell, Ataliba, A. W. Kelly, Valverde, J. C. Johnson and some other characters were very fairly rendered. Speaking generally, the performance was satisfactory; it must be said, however, that the broadsword combat in the last scene was not a success.

When the curtain arose after the conclusion of the drama, it revealed the Faculty seated in imposing array upon the stage, while on their left was displayed a large case filled with glittering gold and silver medals and handsomely bound volumes, on which all the students who had reason to hope for college honors looked with anxiously eager eyes. The degree of A. M. was conferred on Charles Francis Wilcox, and that of S. B. on James Henry Campbell and Stephen Mallory White.

Mr. Wilcox then delivered the following well conceived, appropriate and feeling Valedictory.

Honorable Faculty of the College, Fellow Students, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To bid a hurried farewell to the mother who has reared me, requires no parade of oratory. Forgive the language, which, addressed to her alone, and turned to none of the courtly civility we have been receiving this afternoon and evening, may sound too familiar for public ears. We are about to cross an ocean wider than the Atlantic or the Pacific; the land where we shall enjoy rest from our voyage will come when we have only a few years left, and may be a happy one to our age or not. How do we need this mother's blessing now, as her hand rests upon our lingering shoulder, her prayers for our safe passage! With what a debt of gratitude do we recollect her kind training which is to guide us. Alma Mater! cherishing mother, is the dearest word which we
can utter, the last that we would speak in parting.

To me, who have made a home in the College for six years, every portion of it has become endeared. But when we take our departure from these seats of instruction and enjoyment, when we bid adieu to the discipline of the various quarters, would it become the men we hope to be, to do so in a spirit of vain misgiving and unworthy reluctance? Are we true sons of the brave old College, if we shrink from the task which she now sets before us? Day by day, she has told us unceasingly beautiful things; woven a garment for our service; endeavored to correct error and foster right inclinations; and now, when the time approaches to send off the offspring forth, she bestows her benediction, trusting that however poorly her efforts have been rewarded, her maxim will not be forgotten: "Do strong battle for truth." In all times and cases let us be mindful of Demosthenes' words: "It becomes good men to strive always for honor with good hope before them, and to endure courageously whatever the Deity ordains."

We have before us the work of men to do, and may the Almighty God, for whose honor we labor, assist us in its performance, the College will gaze on us, be the first to applaud, and as she loves us, the sincerest to reprehend. Therefore will we not pass out from these walls with empty name. But we shall go with sorrow, that on the earth there must always be a time of parting, and that it arrives so quickly. We three remember that on the day of graduation, no chasm is opened or ridge reared between the College and ourselves. Memory outstrips time and travel, and distance no longer intimidates reunion. May we not hope often to revisit these classic shades; to link afresh our old connections; to pass in review our own struggles, and witness the victories of our aspirants?

Unlike recollections and things, men are changed in time.

"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

The form of the College remains, but its spirit passes elsewhere and is renewed. Therefore, to you who have been our professors and prefects—Instructors, guides and models, we are constrained to say a farewell, the more earnest and painful, that with some of you, whom we respect and sincerely love, it is certainly final. Soldiers in the campaign, duty scatters you wider than it does us: we may return: but you perhaps, may certainly, may not. Will you then accept this testimony of our real affection, which in the name of us three, I here publicly make? We ask from you only a remembrance, under whatever skies you may live, and the loan of that most powerful source of aid which you possess.

Toward the President of the College we wish to echo, on this last occasion, our admiration of his skill in harmonizing the whole institution; our sincere appreciation of the power and beneficence he has shown to the many societies, literary and others, and of the active interest he manifests in the amusements and sports of the holiday; and our warm praise of his bearing toward us as a gentleman, and deep feeling of respect and gratitude for the personal friendship he has held with us. That the College may long continue under the same excellent administration, is my best desire, and that space of country may not separate me from him whom I have found my best friend, the hope that proceeds directly from my heart.

To you again, gentlemen professors, who, from the arduous ways of English parsing and Greek and Latin declensions, have been ever willing instructors and counselors, what desire can we express more in consonance with your own, than that you may be able to assist many to the possession of a Christian education, which will render them in society the instruments of extended usefulness? The life of a teacher is at best a hard one, and he who renders it thankless is thoughtless in the extreme of his action. If we are ever of any good to ourselves and in the world we shall owe it all to you. Will you bear us, then, in kind recollection, forgive our faults, and welcome us here again.

Fellow students—You are all justly in rejoicing now that the pleasures of vacation are about to commence. These two or three days mark a lasting separation for two of us from many of you. There is no time to speak the half of what I would in this connection. We have been close friends for long; the system of the College which retains us constantly together has fostered a relationship, a mutual intimacy and good feeling, like those which pass between brothers. Wherever we all are, we shall look back on the time spent here as a happy one, and consider the ties here contracted as binding. Let us heed the words which the College has given us, cherish her memory always, advance her honor, and defend her cause.

From the Philaethetic Society we need scarcely take an adieu, as we never no
connection; but to its president and present members our warmest friendship shall always go forth; and as our labor in its hall has been in common, so we trust that our toil henceforth may not be entirely divided. I shall enjoy no better opportunity than the present to evince the perfect confidence which its president has won from every individual of the Society. If it has obtained an honorable position, his interest and exertion have lifted it to the place. Skilful in the chairman's seat, more interested in the affairs of the Society and the debates than the ordinary members themselves, an inspirant of kind conduct and generous feeling in every friend whom he honors—long life and happiness, say we all, to Rev. Edmund J. Young. The College magazine, my connection with which I have ever found as agreeable as profitable, I hope may be successful in its struggles for a firm basis, and continue to be the instrument of as much good in the College as I am sure it has been. The Parthenian Society and the Dramatic Association I likewise leave with the happiest of recollections.

To my fellows, companions in books, in amusement and journeys over the fair country surrounding; to teachers who have made themselves, not preceptors and superiors only, but near friends; to the President and officers of the College, who present us with this mark of their favor, I must bid an affectionate, a grateful farewell.

The above Valedictory Address was followed by the Distribution of prizes. We saw six happy fellows, each with a handsome gold medal hanging from his breast. They deserve mention, so we give their names:

To Mathew Walsh for the best essay on "The Circulation of the Organogens in Nature," a gold medal, the gift of Joseph Donohoe, Esq., of San Francisco.

To Mason Wilson, for the best solution of problems in "Trigonometry," a gold medal, the gift of T. Gleason, Esq., of San Francisco.

To Henry M. Bowles, the best debater of the Philhistorian Debating Society, on the question, "Resolved that the civilization of the United States owes more to the Latin than to the Anglo-Saxon race," a gold medal, the gift of A Waldenfel Esq. of San Jose, and Stephen Smith Esq., of San Francisco.

After the distribution of premiums, the vast audience—nearly three thousand persons—dispersed to their respective homes.

Another College Year has commenced. Many new faces have made their appearance in our midst; but on the other hand, many familiar forms, endeared to us by long and close companionship, are gone from among us, and we miss them greatly. Some of them are pursuing their studies elsewhere; others have finished their education, and have nothing to do but to arrange themselves very comfortably in their easy chairs, and wonder how they could have accomplished such vast things in their college sojourn. The "boys" are not yet well settled to their work. We fancy that many of them are still dreaming of the joyous days spent during the vacation and groaning in spirit that they passed so swiftly. This intensity of dissatisfaction, fortunately, lasts but a short time, and the daily labor of College life is renewed with ardor and energy.

J. S. H. CAMPBELL,
Managing Editor.
“I’m sitting on the style, Mary,” as the fellow said when he coolly sat down on his sweetheart’s new bonnet.

A gentleman named Brown once observed that he had toasted a lady for twelve months, and yet had little hopes of making her Brown.

Sambo, giving an account of his sea voyage, says: “All de passengers was now heaving, and as if dat wasn’t nuff, de captain gave orders for de ship to heave too.”

A Western man who was recently invited to a seat on the floor of the House at Washington, indignantly refused, saying that he was accustomed to sit on chairs at home.

A correspondent writes to ask if the brow of a hill ever becomes wrinkled? The only information we can give him on the point is that we have often seen it furrowed.

“I am glad to find you better,” said the famous surgeon, John Hunter, to Foote, the actor. “You followed my prescription of course.” “Indeed I did not, doctor, for I would have broken my neck.” “Broken your neck,” exclaimed the doctor; “how is that?” “Yes,” said Foote, “for I threw your prescription out of a three-story window.”

Mr. Curran was once engaged in a legal argument; behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observed, that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law. “Then,” said Curran, “I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was intended for the Church though in my opinion he was fitter for the steeple.”
COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,
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THIS Institution, which is incorporated according to the laws of the
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the bill in case of sickness, per quarter. 2.50

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

Payments are required to be made half a Session in advance.—
Pupils will find it much to their advantage to be present at the opening
of the Session.

There is also in Santa Clara

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TERMS:—Elementary Class, per Month. $3.00
    Primary “” “” “” 1.50
EXTRA:—French and Spanish Languages per Month. 1.00
       Piano “” “” “” 6.00
       Plain vocal Music “” “” “” 35
       Vocal Music of a higher degree “” “” “” 2.00

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E. LAMORY, Proprietor.
ERRATA.

In page 429, line 2, for gems, read gems.

435, 6 from bottom 2d col., for 1834 read 1828.

451, 37, 1st col., for Presbyterian read Catholic.

455, 7 from bottom 2d col., for, open to party giving, read, spur to party giving.

456, 3 from bottom 2d col., for Ninevah read Nineveh.


460, 6 in first Resolution, for acessable read accessible.

468, 10, for Pizzaro, read Pizarro.

469, 10, for, send offspring forth, read, send her offspring forth.