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THE OWL

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY

THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

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IN San Jose, a time ago, there was exhibited a sketch of Liberty, standing above the bodiless heads of the Sovereigns of Europe. The picture is admirably drawn—full of fire—but does it convey the true concept of liberty?

Freedom is a noble child of reason, and does not stain her pure nature to ascend a throne on such steps as the bloody heads of law and order. These are the points which I desire briefly to touch.

When Cæsar says:

"But I am constant as the Northern Star, Of whose true-fixed and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament,"

how aptly from the mouth of Nature does he seize the utterance of her greatest characteristic! Whatever modification she assumes, who has detected her wavering, or caught the glance of hesitation in her eye? Since the bases of the earth were laid, the elementary matter has been chemically joining, decomposing, recombining, in unvarying proportions. The oak which casts its shadow in this valley to-day, strikes out the same roots, builds the same unyielding wood, bears the identical furrowed bark, and the sinuate leaf, dark and firm in like manner with its progenitor of three thousand years ago. The cold moon as regularly sails into the shadow of the earth, and emerges from it fresh like a sea-nymphs bride, as it did when the spheres were first separated from the conglomeration of all matter, each into its place of balance in space, and the sun with brother systems was set revolving, in tracks unvarying forever, around huge central bodies, for which in common language we have no name. Nature moves without deviation or error, because her law is the thought, will, intent of the Deity; fixed, grand and silent as He who has framed her to her perfection, and who undoes his work only to rebuild no more.

Science confirms this immutability. In despite of the bad logic of Mr. Darwin, Agassiz and our other naturalists teach us, that not
even an orderly progression is, or has ever been taking place from one grade of existence into another. Man, the inhabitant and yet the stranger here, like nature, inasmuch as he is renewed according to laws, unlike, inasmuch as his intellect enables him to master her, alone is poised in doubt, shifting his action to suit various intents, or retracing it; a gem of high value which emits many vacillating colors from the midst of a setting of solid fixity.

Indecision, which we commonly attribute to weakness, is here a surface color, an out-cropping of the noble nature with which we have been endowed, marking our superiority over what is around us, as significantly as the gold indications of the Sierra Nevada stamp their faces with a rank above the parasitic mountains of the Pacific. Indecision in us marks the soul; the soul not ignorantly bound like brutal instinct or the wind or the wave in their movement; but the soul who beholds many paths of action opening before her, and who, seeing through space and time down each road to its termination, hesitates between this course and that, that she may study and choose the best;—the reasoning, free soul. As the plant is nobler than the stone, because possessing an active organism; as the denizens of the field, the air, the water, are superior to the plant, because their organism is directed by a spirit of life, dull, but all-sufficient; so are we of a grade infinitely higher than all, by our free spirit. We are reasoning and free; all else is fixed, without thought. Here is our mark of sharp distinction from the rest of nature, our patent of nobility above it; the noble boast with which the Creator has endowed us, who are made to His own image.

I thank Heaven that I live in a democratic land, because it seems to me, that in such does the soul bask in richest sunshine, for the reason is placed in the full perfection of its exercise. It is fitting, that he who governs himself as an individual in the private path of life, should enjoy a voice in the course that the whole body of which he walks a member, is assuming. It is evidently becoming, that, a reasonable being, he should be guided by his own reason. To be led by his own reason, does not lie, as atheists, communists, and advanced thinkers of various denominations believe, in the rejection of Faith, all authority, all social order and legislation: gladly to hail these aids, these roads, than which there are no others, towards the attainment of the objects of our living here, is most reasonable. To act otherwise is essentially disorderly; and those who set themselves up to be God, legislator and individual at once, reap the fruit of their disorder in the very governments—if such the mobocracy, for instance, of Paris, may be styled—which they found.
In a republic there must be concession from every hand, it is true, or anarchy and despotism will reign; but each individual bears a part in the deliberation of the nation, represents his views and exerts his influence. The aggregate is king and decider; and every man is member of the king.

It is the fashion with us,—so do our minds tend to become narrow and belittled in the contemplation of our noble principles, as the pupil of the eye contracts before the splendor of the sun—to decry every political institution which is not in consonance with our own. We should experience an exceeding delight in beholding a fatal blow struck at the monarchical form of government, which, silvered by a venerable age, has not yet lost the sound seeds of vigor. Though I believe a democratic government to be, in very many respects, by far the finer form, yet it seems as though a kingdom may exist in as full justice, and sometimes in fuller. A fact is evidently sanctioned by Providence, when it is constant, universal, and inevitable. That, therefore, monarchical systems as governments have subsisted during thousands of years, in the face of shifting circumstances, is a fair evidence that in themselves, in principle, they are not essentially wrong; as Providence makes not avail of evil means in the attainment of its purposes, which, in government, I take to be direction of men towards concord and happiness, and ultimately to the securing of their last and natural felicity.

What is a sovereign monarch? The owner of his subjects? So far from it, that he is their servant. If he possess certain rights over the disposal of their actions and property, he, in justice, enjoys these rights only for the purpose of securing the people in the preservation of order, and the security of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. When the sovereign looks to his own true interest, he can discover no course so profitable as to guide his charge justly. Such is for him the most orderly, and therefore the most profitable line of action. In well-ordered states, on whose walls uneasiness and turbulency, begotten oftentimes by an idle soil, can find no clinging-places, a mutual confidence often springs up between ruler and ruled, which preserves a harmony in the country not always attained in constitutionally and highly organized governments. On the other hand, ambition, and its fiery train of evils and oppressions, finds the throne their most convenient seat when they emerge into light, and dissatisfaction and dissension are not slow to arise, nor easily pacified when up.

Republic and monarchy, each alike wears a brighter and a darker side, and the circumstances which attend the various tribes of the earth, generally, alone determine its fitness. We Americans are
noted, they say, for a proclivity towards shaking hands under every circumstance; but it appears as though we exhibit an irrational, and altogether impulsive spirit in extending an enthusiastically admiring grasp, to every upstart Goddess of Liberty that dons a cap around us, and boldly claims to be Jove-sprung. There are nations whose popular character is quite antipodal to the requisite temperament of a republican people. A democratic government requires in its citizens a universal, lively and interfering interest in elections, social legislation and public policy; it demands a cool temperament which can carry on the warfare of politics without excess, and look reverse dispassionately in the face, summoning up strength peaceably though determinedly, for the next contest; these it asks, and in them some of the nations which are now in fermentation, and in which a fractional body of leaven is causing all the stir, are in great measure wanting. This fact brings no disparagement for those people; it argues only that a government is needed which rules completely, leaving the citizens free to other matters. Calhoun very sagely remarks, that a people may live in the enjoyment of less liberty than they are fitted for, but they will not long remain possessed of more. A reaction invariably follows upon the disorder of too great social and political freedom, and despotism of the severest form fattens on the ruins of democracy, like a rank, but tightly fastened wood-fungus.

Well may Democracy, or Freedom, shed tears of shame and indignation, when in the holy name of liberty she beholds such men as Garibaldi and his compatriots, who for revolution’s sake stand ready at all times to—“every Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war,” tearing down all right on which our goddess rests; violating the harmony of states, or despoiling them of their independence to satisfy the aspiration of a party; openly blaspheming against heaven and religion in the name of humanity! When we come to land these men and their handicraft, we may fitly recall the song of the bard:

"O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"

I am happy and proud to have received birth beneath this sky which favors the freshest, and soon, mayhap, the grotest land of all the earth, old and new; in a democratic country, where right, and justice and valor have been the bases of its origin; and I appreciate too dearly the blood which our forefathers, suppliant in the fearless sight of Heaven, shed during nine years of unequal warfare, and respect too sincerely the wisdom they displayed in rescuing the state from the execution of anarchy, to set it upon a life of prosperous order, ever to forego the glory of the one, or call in
THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

TO a young man leaving college, the proper choice of a state of life is a very important affair:—so important, in fact, that his future happiness, temporal as well as eternal, depends much upon it.

The Almighty, in creating men, gives to the mind of each a peculiar disposition which fits it for a certain duty. His creatures resemble wheels, fitted exactly to run in certain grooves for which they are made, and by following which they will reach their destination; but outside of which they either stop entirely or run far astray and never gain their goals. This needs no proof. It is self-evident to every reasoning man, that God has laid out a particular path in life for each one of us to follow, in order to reach the end for which we were made.

That path, however, is not always clear. The mind of a young man is generally apt to undergo many changes. He may fix upon some profession without having the least idea of the many difficulties necessarily attached to it; or even of the kind of labor which he will be required to perform. He may, in short, look only at the bright side of it—at its advantages, and the triumphs that have been achieved in it by others.
On the other hand, he is liable, also, to despise some profession for which he is in reality well fitted, and by which he might reach a good end, on account of some mere prejudice.

Prejudice should by all means be avoided in this most important matter; for, if it be allowed its usual influence, one will be apt to take a course which he will repent in after life.

The choice of a profession should, in my mind, be made a regular business matter. A person, after having finished his college course, should, in the first place, make a list, in his mind, of honorable professions. He should then inquire carefully into the aims of each, and into the labors which are required in each for the attainment of those aims.

When he has done this, his task is far from completed. The most difficult part still remains; for he has yet to look into the deepest recesses of his own nature in order to see the real worth of his mental faculties, and the kind of labor for which they are most suited.

This is indeed a hard task, and without the assistance of God would be almost impossible. For, who really knows himself? We are ever prone to judge ourselves wrongly. Very, very seldom do we value ourselves at too small a price; but alas! how often do we rate ourselves above our real worth!

With the Divine help, however, we may choose that calling in which only, we can please our Creator. And, when we have made our choice let us remember that “in order to glow intensely the rays must converge to a point,” and endeavor to throw every faculty, physical, intellectual and moral, into our work, with a perseverance which shall never flag until we have attained the two great ends for which we were created—the glory of Almighty God and our own eternal happiness.
THE ICEBERG.

F. D. DEL VALLE.

WAT form, far away in the dim frozen north,
In the dead of the night, through the sea-mist peers forth?
What mean those sad wailings that pierce the cold sky,
Outshrieking the crash of the ice that floats by?
O Mother of Mercy! yon form far away
Must soon look its last on the sorrowful day;
And the sound that goes forth is the shriek of despair—
O Mother of Mercy! thy children are there.

I see on an iceberg a vessel upborne,—
Her sturdy sides splintered, her canvas all torn. *
'Tis day,—night—and day! and, now midnight again
Comes down like a pall on those fear-stricken men.
All witless earth's wisdom, all helpless earth's might,
To snatch from their grave the poor captives of night:
Yet still, 'mid the chill of the ice and the storm,
If limbs be a-cold, there are hearts that are warm,
For Ave on Ave is rising to thee,
O Mary, our Mother, sweet Star of the Sea!

Away—far away—as the wind whistles past,
The loved ones at home seem to shrink from its blast,
For they dream of the ice-field the berg and the floe,
The night-watch on deck, and the thick Northern snow.
The child for its father may longingly cry;
The wife for her husband may heave the sad sigh;
The true-hearted maid for her lover may weep,
And murmur his name to herself in her sleep;
But ne'er shall that father his infant embrace;
No more shall that wife see her husband's loved face;
That maiden, true-hearted, a maiden shall die;
For stark, in their ice-grave, the mariners lie.

Look down, Mother Mary, where through the dark sea,
The ice-mountain plunges—a captive set free!
Erewhile from its summit rose voices in prayer:
Now, ghastly the stillness that haunts the cold air.
The fall of Constantinople.

The corpse it may stiffen; the life may depart;
The ice-chill may quiet the strong, throb­bing heart,
But souls, through that silence, are pleading to thee,
The Refuge of Sinners, the Star of the Sea;
And thou wilt be there, in that terrible night,
To lighten their darkness with heavenly light.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

WM. B. MURPHY.

It was the eve of the last fated day in the existence of Con­stantinople;—that city which the master of the whole world had founded eleven hundred years before, and which successive mon­archs had vied in endowing with all that might perfect her attract­iveness. Greece had been rifled to make her resplendent with models of statuary; Africa had offered barbaric tribute of ivory and gold; and the best artists of the world had lavished genius upon wood, bronze and stone, that this queen city of the East might bear the palm in sculpture and architecture. Theatres of capacity to receive the whole people of a modern city; schools of learning that attracted students from every clime; palaces that outrivalled the grandeur of Rome; and, above all, the magnifi­cent church of St. Sophia—the model of a new style in architec­ture—all these contributed to ren­der Constantinople worthy of the grand intentions of her founder. Such was the city before which the overwhelming hordes of aggressive Mahometanism, encamped with hostile purpose, in the beginning of April, 1453.

The besiegers consisted of about one hundred thousand cavalry and two hundred thousand infantry, with a fleet of three hundred and twenty vessels.

Against this mighty force, the city could only oppose eight or nine thousand warriors, and a few ships and galleys. The siege con­tinued for several weeks,—the Turks employing every possible means to destroy the city and its walls. Mines, rolling towers, battering rams, and a multitude of machines, prepared to throw stones and darts, were used with but little success. The bravery of des­pair was in the hearts of the doom­ed people; but the soul of their imperial leader, Constantine, would, under any circumstances, have
The fall of Constantinople.

Mahomet at length resolved to make a decisive attack upon the city. He promised his soldiers, that should a new assault prove successful, all the treasures of the city should be theirs. At dusk, on the eve of the 29th of May, 1453—the day appointed for the attack—the whole army was ordered to assemble, each soldier bearing a lighted torch on the end of his spear. The Sultan appeared in their midst, and again proclaimed to them their reward, should they overcome the Greeks. In order to render his promise more sacred, he swore “By the eternity of Allah; by the four thousand holy prophets; by the soul of his father, Amurat; by his own children and his sword,” to bind himself to its fulfilment. From the myriads of his army, uprose the responsive cry of “Allah is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet.” This martial ceremony being concluded, a strict silence was ordered to be maintained throughout the camp.

The Christians, however, were in a far different condition. The many torches cast their lurid glare upon the lofty towers and domes of the city, giving them the appearance of so many giant fiends standing over their fallen victims, with their proud heads towering far into the gloom of night, and the melancholy “Kyrie eleison” of the inhabitants rolled as a murmuring wind upon the midnight air along the gloomy streets of the doomed city. The Moslem shouts had reached their ears and made them tremble for their safety, and the sudden silence that followed terrified them still more. The devoted Emperor of the Greeks assembled the chief warriors and delivered to them a moving address. He exhorted them all to encounter the coming perils with fortitude. He enjoined presence of mind to the officers, strict obedience to the soldiers, and intrepidity to all. He spoke so feelingly that all shed tears. After embracing each other for the last time, the leaders returned to their posts; while the Emperor repaired to the church of St. Sophia, to partake of the Holy Communion. Having received the Blessed Sacrament he returned to his own palace, gave necessary orders, and asked pardon of all present for the faults he might have committed in his administration of the government. He was answered by sobs and tears. Mounting his horse he visited the different out-posts, and then assumed his own position,—the most dangerous of all.

At one o’clock in the morning, the sound of clarions was heard throughout the Turkish camp. It was the knell of the Eastern Empire, for the last day of Constantinople was now at hand. Her star of empire had attained the full meridian of its glory, and was now about to set forever. The attack began; and the assailants, to the
number of at least two hundred and eighty thousand, hastened to storm the city. In a short time both armies were engaged in the conflict. The Turks rushed madly to the assault, animated by the hope of plunder; but at every point they met with a determined resistance from the Christians. The battle continued for about two hours, death rapidly thinning the ranks of both parties. But the losses of the Ottomans could be speedily repaired; whilst those of the Greeks were irreparable. At this moment the Sultan advanced with the choicest of his troops, and made a desperate effort; rushing from flank to flank, cheering them on, and pointing out the parts to be attacked. These were followed by ten thousand Janissaries as a support, as well as to prevent a retreat. The shrieks of the wounded and dying, the words of command heard amidst the sound of musical instruments, the clashing of steel, the neighing of steeds, the thunder of artillery, and the crash of falling ramparts, rendered it a scene of terror and tumult, too horrible to be conceived. In the midst of this fearful scene, the assailants began to waver, and even the Janissaries themselves became confused. Constantine, perceiving this, exhorted his brave soldiers to a final and decisive effort. But see! General Justiani is wounded, and retiring from the field. His troops, now without a commander, are also leaving the scene of action. The Emperor sees their retreat,—in vain he tries to rally them. Alas! the fall of Constantinople is already decided! The day is lost; and the Emperor knows it but too well! Nevertheless, he is resolved not to outlive the freedom of that once glorious city. He wheels his panting steed, and headlong dashes into the smoke of the thickest of the combat; and in the midst of a heap of slain who have fallen by his own hand, he, the last of the city's brave defenders, bows beneath the stroke of death.

What a scene now follows!

The infuriated Turks rush madly into the city and mercilessly butcher all whom they meet,—frightened children, helpless old men, and mothers pointing propitiatingly to the tender infants in their arms, begging for mercy. Three thousand persons who had fled to the church of St. Sophia—in hopes of there receiving protection by the fulfilment of an idle prophecy—are barbarously slaughtered by the cruel conquerors.

In virtue of the Sultan's promise, for three days the city is pillaged by his victorious soldiery. For three days is the city deluged with Christian blood. For three days of sanguinary terror, lawless deeds of cruelty, too multiplied and too horrible for detail, are perpetrated against the defenceless inhabitants. Forty thousand citizens are slain, and sixty thousand are led into captivity.

Those who escaped fled to differ-
ent parts of Europe, begging their bread from door to door, and relating the sorrowful tidings of the disastrous fall of the city.

Thus, Constantinople,—whose alliance, during prosperity, had been courted by every nation,—in her adversity

"Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye and curbed her high career."

So fell the proud mistress of the East. With Rome, she had divided the empire of a world: "now none so poor to do her reverence."

Once she had aspired to be the chief seat of religion, and now the infidel rifled her sanctuaries, and trampled on her sacred emblems. Her treasures of art had rivalled those of older Athens; the pomp of her court ceremonial was the most imposing in the world; the sons of her royal line had achieved valiant deeds, which her daughters were sufficiently learned to commemorate in history that still exists; her glory had, through a thousand years, illuminated a hemisphere, and now,

"Like an unsubstantial pageant faded," it
"Left not a rack behind."

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THE NIGHTMARE;

OR SIMPKINS IN PERICULO.

HAMILTON C. BOWIE.

When stars are twinkling in the night,
And Luna sheds her silvery light,
And sleep would calm my troubled mind,
Old forms pass by me on the wind.

Before, behind, on either side,
A host of tricksy spirits glide:
Some dance; some sing; some laugh; some weep;
I know not if I wake or sleep.
At last a spectre, ghastly white,
Looms dimly forth upon my sight.
It stands;—it turns;—its burning glance
Goes through me, like a Prussian lance!

"Away! Away, thou demon foul,"
I howled,—as threatened ear might howl;
And, in return, a fiendish sneeze
Was wafted back upon the breeze.

"Alas!" thought I, "my time is come?
No more, for me, the noise and hum
Of San Francisco's busy streets!
I go to underground retreats."

I clutched my pistol in my hand,
Resolved to fight the ghostly band,
And, if commanded hence to go,
To answer resolutely, "NO!"

Lacking the Indian hunter's skill
In lying close and keeping still,
I wriggled round; and thus espied
The spectre sitting by my side!

"O Lord!"—I shook from head to heel.
My hair stood up like spikes of steel.
"Bang!—Bang!"—(Revolvers will go off!)
And then I heard a groan, or eough.

Now wide awake, I rose in haste;
And quickly to the door I paced.
Two bullet-holes!—A fat man's groan!—
I recognized my landlord's tone.

Abdomen upwards, there he lay!
"Good gracious! what a lump of clay!
Dying or dead, no doubt!—But, oh!
Pardon me, Simpkins, ere you go!"

He answered not. I knelt beside
The ample corpse, and vainly tried
The wound to find,—the blood to staunch:
Simpkins, to me, appeared all paunch.
A Dialogue.

'Oh, joy!—He lives to groan again!'—
"Simpkins, sit up, my worthy man!"—
And down the flattened bullet rolled;
For Simpkins' vest was lined with gold.

L'ENVOL.

May you to whom this tale is told
Find all your pockets lined with gold
In twenty-dollar bits;
So you, like this our Golden State,
With dollars for your armor plate,
Will beat the world to fits!

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN DEAN SWIFT AND FR. PROUT.

BY MANTIS.

(Concluded.)

DEAN. Of the demoralization of young students by the unrestricted study of ancient authors, it is impossible to speak too strongly, or, alas! too sadly. I remember to my grief, the time when we undergraduates, being required by rule to keep chapel, and to have before us the Book of Common Prayer, or something which looked like it, found such dialogues as those you speak of, far more piquant to our college taste; with such results, of course, as you have just indicated.

PROUT. The question, now-a-days, has well nigh reduced itself to a controversy between Catholics and Protestants. The votaries of the old religion are, of course, on the side of limitation and expurgation; whilst in Protestant schools and colleges, on the other hand, the "college tastes" which you found paramount at Old Trinity are still indulged to the full. I have it on the authority of an old Oxonian that it is the fashion with young men at Oxford to take such authors as Juvenal into the Schools, for the express reason that
large portions of them are so unreadable before any audience, that the Examiners are sure to skip them.

"Ingenui vultus paer, ingenuique pudoris,"
is expressive of an entity which grows scarcer, I fear, day by day. Such youths may be found, no doubt; but,

—"rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

To return, however, "to our muttons." I will put the matter, if you have no objection, beloved Doctor, into the form of a syllogism, and thus quash for ever the Erratic's claim to "anticipated christianity."

D. Please, dear Prout; as you were so rigidly nurtured in the beautiful science of Dialectics—Alas! it is with malice prepense, I fear, that the fair science has been thrust into the back ground, in the realms ruled by the Hanoverians.

P. We will waive all reference to the innuendo just uttered, lest any digression thereon may have the tendency of preventing the Socratic portrait from being drawn correctly.

D. 'Tis just about as well, Prout; as I am anxious to settle the Socratic claim for ever.

P. No person who exhorted to a career of vice before the Christian era, has any claim to anticipated Christianity. Socrates exhorted to a career of vice before the Christian era. Ergo, Socrates has no claim to anticipated Christianity. What say you, Doctor, to the major premiss?

D. Concedo in toto.

P. As to the minor premiss, do you grant it also?

D. Concedo ex animo.

P. Then, by the rules of Dialectics, the conclusion is honestly secured.

D. I am very much pained, Prout, I am indeed. Like Jupiter with the masculine Minerva in his cranium, I am entirely bothered with an idea. I wish I was safely delivered!

P. And do you wish me to be accoucheur, like Vulcan? Beloved Doctor, will you degrade me so low? I'm sure I would descend to any post rather than see you suffer so.

D. Thanks to Lucina, no need of your kind services, Prout! I find myself hale enough, now.

The throes are over. A thousand thanks to her ladyship. The doctor is safe!

P. What sort is the bairn, if it be a proper question to ask?

D. Here it is! That Greek humbug; wasn't he apotheosized?

P. Yes; Doctor—behold the inconsistency of man when left to his own devices! The same people who deride the Egyptians for their degraded worship of Isis and Apis, are guilty of deifying the Peripatetic!

"Dum stulti vitant vitia, in contraria currant."

D. It is harrowing to my feelings to find that arrant fellow apotheosized; whilst every pedant, pedagogue, pettifogger, quack doc-
tor, one-horse lawyer, *et hoc genus omne*, cracks up his fancied merits by vilifying the Dean of St. Patrick’s.

**Voltaire.** Pardonnez moi, Messieurs! Qui êtes vous?

**P.** Je suis, Monsieur Prout.

**V.** C’est vous qui avez traduit en Français, “The Night before Larry was Stretched?”

**P.** Nescio qui sis! Abi in malam rem, furcifer.

**V.** Parbleu! Je suis Monsieur de Voltaire. Vous ferez l’amende honorable pour votre manvaise traduction de “Larry.”

**P.** Longe, longe! O profane! Sit tibi terra gravis, veterator!

**D.** What was that French ghost talking about? Hang me if he didn’t send away like a ship under bare poles, with a spanking hurricane astern! Not much improved by his lot here though he has it in fee simple! The deuce of a crazy loon, to work so hard when he might have had it merely for the asking!

**P.** He is a good deal lighter in the heels than when he fled from Potsdam to avoid the wrath of Frederick of Prussia. *A propos!* How strange the idiosyncracy of that royal wight, more concerned for his French poetry than for his kingly or military fame!

**D.** Another royal fool striving to climb Parnassus “invita Minerva.” In cunning they out-herod Herod. To palm their poetry on the public, they keep in pay some poor poets, whose poverty is enough to repress their noble rage. Voltaire acted in this capacity for Frederick, as did Horace for Augustus in the same line.

**P.** And ungrateful enough it was in Voltaire, to publish to the world, as he did, his appreciation of the royal poetry. “See,” says the witty infidel, “what a quantity of dirty linen the King has sent me to wash.”

**D.** But, Prout, what did the infidel loon say, that made you so very wrath?

**P.** The Dean of St. Patrick’s not to understand French! Can I believe the evidence of my senses?

**D.** Confound you, Prout, and your nigger French! Did you suppose I worked on a nigger plantation in Louisiana? Didn’t come so low in the world. Equipped with a ball and chain? Graceful innuendo, Prout, which well deserves a requital!

**P.** Whatever may be your opinion of the French morceau, the spirit of my remark did not necessitate such a caustic reply. ’Tis hard, Doctor, to row against the stream.

**D.** In all my born days I have never been cursed with hearing such a hotch-potch of poor Latin and worse French. May Pluto swallow the Saxon! ’Twasn’t fit for poor dog Tray to chew.

**P.** You promised a requital, Doctor: you have retaliated with vengeance, for a fancied insult.

**D.** Don’t be so thinskinned, dear Prout: this is the poorest
place in the world in which to be so affected. But what was the nature of the dialogue you had with the scoffer par excellence?

P. The substance of it was—as you dislike the original—that I should make the amende honorable for some poetry I translated into French.

D. Why, you seem to have lost all your wit! You might have flung an elegant sarcasm into the infidel's face. Perhaps your English ear prevented you from addressing him with what to a Frenchman would appear high-toned.

P. Thank you, Doctor, for your kind hint as to Prout's delicacy! Your philological critique is worthy of your palmiest days. An ingratitude of the deepest dye is he who returns not in kind.

D. Prout, let not aught subtract one iota from the primitive beauty of your amiable temper, bearing, as you do, the reputation of possessing the suaeviter in modo in a transcendent degree. Anyhow, the saw is as ancient as antediluvian man: "they who live in glass houses should not be the first to throw stones." Now, as to the motive of that disembodied scoffer, in his impertinent catechising of you, when he might have sped on his viewless errand without our bidding him "God speed."

P. I deem it best, Doctor, to give you the Saxon original, and in juxta-position to put the French translation.

D. In the first place, what is the title of the poem that evoked such ghostly ire?

P. "The Night before Larry was Stretched," a glowing theme and well handled.

D. Bad taste, beloved Prout! bad taste, indeed!

P. Wholesale condemnation, Doctor; and that without the privilege of trial!

D. Did you not praise it as well handled? Can there be worse taste than for an author to anticipate the judgment of honorable criticism?

P. Too fast, Doctor! The poem is that of another hand. I boast nothing more than to be the translator.

D. From whose hand came the original, then?

P. From that of Dean Burrowes of St. Finbar's, a worker in the same laboratory with yourself, and whose piscatory labors were as apostolic and sanctified as your own were, according to the confession you made pro bono publico.

D. I'll give you credit for that neat rap on the knuckles, Prout. I standing for canonization, and you the Devil's Advocate, any decent boy might cry out ora pro nobis.

P. And nought but his labor for his pains! You couldn't give him a fifty-vara lot in the Champs Elysées A programme of your heroic virtues hung up at the Four Courts! Just imagine it, Doctor; and with the coruscations of fancy illumine the gloom profound, ushering in a
1871.]

A Dialogue.

Brilliant panorama! In the foreground behold a bevy of Dublin fishwomen, with arms akimbo, gazing at the placard, amid peals of uproarious laughter. See now! One of the body, a Miss Antony, like her classic namesake over the body of Caesar, harangues her mates with masculine accent, thus:

"On that side Liffey he hath left to you And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures, To walk abroad and recreate yourselves. Here was a Jonathan! When comes such another?"

D. Confound you, Prout, for a versatile genius! You are as odd a fish as the old marine Proteus, whose name is so akin to yours. Mounted on a sea-horse, you would make a gallant horse marine. Water is your natural element. But a truce to badinage! Let us have the original of "Larry" and the translation, cheek by jowl.

P. A truce, say I, to cynicism. In presence of the Anglo-Gallic muse, you might have said, more euphoniously, "in juxta-position." When will you worship the Graces, Doctor? One verse will suffice to give you the gist of the question at issue:

ANGLIC.

"The night before Larry was stretched, The boys they all paid him a visit: A bit in their sacks too they fetched; They sweated their duds till they riz it. For Larry was always the lad, When a friend was condemned to the squeezer, But he'd pawn all the togs that he had, Just to help the poor boy to a sneezer, And moisten his gob 'fore he died."

GALLIC.

"A la veille d'être pendu, Notr' Laurent recut dans son gite Honneur qui lui était bien dû. De nombreux amis la visite. Car chacun savait que Laurent, A son tour, rendrait la pareille, Chapeau, montre, et veste engageant, Pour que l'ami put boire bouteille, Ni faire à gosier sec le saut."

D. After that vile stuff you may well claim to "bang Bannagher." Heaven knows the English stuff is vile enough; but to vilify another decent tongue! who can stand it? No marvel if they tarred and feathered and set you ablaze, as a holocaust to the genius of the French tongue. One would think Burrowes and you were in league with the devil, to corrupt these modern classics. What was your object in giving publicity to stuff as horrid as the supper of Thetys?

P. For the benefit of the French, I have taken some pains to initiate them, through the medium of a translation, into the workings of an Irish mind, unfettered by conscientious scruples, on the threshold of eternity.

D. And you have done it with a vengeance!—with malice aforethought, I fear! No need of such dirty work! They have had plenty such fellows in France; Diderot, Voltaire, Robespierre, and a host of others of that ilk. Bad enough specimen of humanity as I have been, I could not hold the light for these outscourings of the human family.

P. Why, Doctor, you have found the sprig after all, unlike that infidel scoffor who provoked this merciless critique from the Dean
of St. Patrick’s! Could it but have a mundane publicity, it would be like a storm on the ocean deep; it would purify all languages in secula seculorum.

D. Prout, my beloved son, the air of the catacombs does not seem to agree with you. Bear with me yet a little while. The sands of the hour glass are nearly run. What did you mean by “sprig?” Initiate me into the mystery, as such appears to be your vocation.

P. The sprig of humility, of course! ’Tis so refreshing to hear the Dean of St. Patrick’s first humble admission! If there were a lower deep, you should have descended thereunto, with good grace, to find that precious article.

D. Faith, I thought you were hinting at a sprig of shillelagh.

P. Yet full of old associations! Yet hankering after old Donnybrook, where (masked) you often cut capers, and got your head broken by the boys, who “for love knocked you down.”

D. Well, well, Prout, all I can say is that some folks don’t improve by travel.

“Colum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt:”

about the wisest saw of that rum old Roman! By association of ideas that woeful translation of “Larry” brings to my mind some inveterate puns of mine on the beauty of the Latin tongue. Of course such an universal scholar as you must have read them.

P. “Even in your ashes live your wonted fires!”

Methinks, divested of its worthless tegument, your immortal soul ought to see the vanity of thinking your lucrebations possess the vitality of Homer or Virgil.

D. Couldn’t you, with a generous spirit, Prout, overlook a little vanity? Goodness knows, ’tis little comfort that is given here below. They form an important item in the charges against me of unrepented waste of time. That’s the only reason why I refer to them at all.

P. Best, then to give a specimen of the puns, with a translation, or explication, in juxta-position, as the exigency of the case necessitates.

D. LATINÆ; ANGLICÆ.

Mollis abuti; Moll is a beauty;
Has an acuti. Has an acute eye.
No lasso finis: No lass so fine is:
Molli divinis. Molly divine is.

While I am on the rampage, Prout, I’ll try your patience with another strain or two.

拉丁：
“Die heris agro at, anda quarto fine ale
Fora ringat ure nos anda stringat ure tale.”

英语：
“Dick, here is a groat and a quart of fine ale
For a ring at your nose and a string at your tail.”

A LOVE SONG.

拉丁：
“Apud in is almi de si re;
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re:
Alo veri findit a gestis;
His miseri ne ver at restis.”

英语：
“A pudding is all my desire;
My mistress I never require:
A lover I find it a jest is;
His misery never at rest is.”
P. "Durum; sed levius fit patientia\nQuidquid corrigere est nefas."
"That mercy I to others show, that mercy
show to me."

That "Molli divinis" is provocativa of something analogous to the literary trifling among classi­
cals, entitled, "capping verses."
The "Molly" of whom I sang, un­
like yours, is but plain Molly
Carew:

**ANGLICE.**

"And, when you're at Mass,
My devotion you crass;
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew!
While you wear, on purpose,
A bonnet so deep
That I can't at your sweet
Pretty face get a peep.
Oh! lave off that bonnet;
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering
Soul.
Ochone! Wirrastrue!
I'm alone
In this world without you."

**LATINÉ.**

"A te, in sacello,
Vix mentem revello
Heu! miserè scissam
Te inter et Missam!
Tu latitas, vero,
Tam stricto galero
Ut cernere vultum
Desiderem multum.
Et dubites jam, num
(Ob animae damnnum)
Sit fas hunc deberi
Aureri.
Heu! heu! nisi tu
Me amas.
-Pereo! pillaleu!!"

D. The sands of the hour glass
are nearly run: *hinc illae lacrymae!*
Prout, instead of desecrating de­
cent tongues by vile translations of the brogue, and pungs still more vile, had we spent, in a better way, the valuable time committed to our stewardship for the noblest and most sublime ends, we might have eternized ourselves by such sublime poems as the "Dies irae, dies illa."

Ah me! Dreadful reality, of which these words are but a faint echo!

P. Horresco referens! I am in­
volved in the same predicament;

nor will a palinode, intoned before Rhadamanthus, reverse my sen­
tence. *Heu me miserum! Interii!*

D. I will not anticipate judg­
ment, beloved Prout. The most
malevolent shall never utter the
grating sarcasm, that Jonathan
Swift's love in Hades for a brother
wit was less intense than the re­
trospective fraternal affection of
Dives in his fiery abode. Even
here, one generous thought, one
fond emotion!—May my beloved
Prout secure a hundred-vara lot
in the *Isles of the Just made Per­
fect!*

P. Away with senile utterances!
Away with these sighs after incor­
poreity!

D. Foul spirits avaunt! Ye know
not what ye say. O! that these
dear shades—mine and thine, dear
Swift—were again tenants of clay­
cy habitations! With further con­
verse in such themes I will cease
to cumulate the S O L T O Y of your
ghostly sojourn,

—— "Where Ebon night eternal sits en­
throned,

Enwrapping the subterranean

"In circumambient drapery of woe."

(A pause ensues. Prout, awe-inspired
loquitur.)

P. My dear Doctor, what means
this pause of awful import?

D. Your thrilling description of
night, Prout, vivified as it were in my mind, that sublime apostrophe to the Sable Goddess:

—"Tis as the general pulse
Of life, stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause, prophetic of the end."

Would that my soul, Prout, were divided into an infinite number of atoms, and that between each an impassable gulf yawned! Adieu, dear Prout!!

P. —"Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Fond Nature's child, again,—"

Adieu!!

THE AINSLIES.

JOHN T. MALONE.

Chapter VI.

IT was not long, of course, before young Wilkes had told the story of his Richmond adventure to George. The latter made it a source of much pleasant raillery against his friend, but Tom received it all in good spirit, and continued to smoke, and eat, and sleep, and spend his time as usual, displaying none of the symptoms of a love-sick swaine. George had been accusing him of having fallen desperately in love with the fair Annie at first sight, an accusation which Tom as vigorously denied. A circumstance occurred shortly after this which gave Ainslie an opportunity to persecute Tom a little more. Tom had gone to Richmond again, ostensibly for the purpose of seeing his friend the lawyer. He returned the next day. In the course of conversation after his return, he inadvertently mentioned the fact that Col. Rawlins and his family had left town. George felt a strong inclination to ask the young gentleman who was reclining in the shade upon the bank, pretending to be busily engaged with his fishing tackle, (they were fishing), how lunch time he had spent in the lawyer’s office;—but he didn’t, just then—he only said "Ah!" with a very significant twinkle in his eye as he looked at Tom.

Days passed pleasantly to the
two young gentlemen at the “Glen.” George continued to improve in health wonderfully, and in spirits too he had improved. He was not now so often plunged into fits of gloom; his eyes were bright and his smile was cheerful. He was now almost sure that he had become free from his infirmity. He had himself been more frightened than he was willing to admit, at the alarming symptoms of consumption. But he said within himself, “Now I am growing strong and healthful again, the blessed sunny Southern air will be my saviour.” Even Tom was won by his cheerfulness and healthful looks, to the opinion that he had escaped the dread monster. George was even thinking of again returning to Yale, but Tom attempted to dissuade him from this idea, knowing that if he once went back to College whilst there remained even the smallest ember of the dread disease in his system, his studious nature would insortably fan it into a flame that would sooner or later destroy him. Tom, therefore, reasoned with him, but he did not tell him this. He told him that it would be far better to remain away from College for a time, than to return and incur the risk of ill health. But George resolved to write to his grandfather. Mr. Ainslie was then in Richmond, whither he had gone some time before; in fact, he had been at the “Glen” but very little since he had first come there with his grandson and young Wilkes as we have seen. But Mr. Ainslie returned a peremptory “No” to George’s request that he might be permitted to return to his studies. This, then, ended the matter permanently, and nothing was left to our friend, George, but to continue at home.

The two young gentlemen, finding it rather dull in the “Glen house,” whose occupants, besides themselves, were only the servants, had begun to look about them for some congenial company of their own kind, after they had exhausted all their pleasure from their outdoor sports. In the course of their rambles they had often met carriages and buggies upon the roads, and boats upon the river, containing people who seemed to be of their neighborhood. At first they had paid little attention to them, but about the time of which we were speaking, they had begun to notice more particularly, those whom they met. George was comparatively a stranger, even to the nearest families to the “Glen.” He had never paid any visits, and consequently had never received any; so they knew no one. Tom—who when at home, was entirely devoted to society—to whom sociability was as a kind of second nature, felt ill at ease and very desirous, by some means or other, to obtain an admittance into some of the pleasant mansions and farm houses that were scattered about the country. There was one house, particularly,
—a large mansion upon the river, about three miles from the "Glen," towards which, Tom often looked very longingly, whenever occasion brought him that way,—it belonged, George had told him, to a very rich old gentleman whose name was Cartwright. Tom had often, especially of late, been by the mansion, and he had noticed that in it, besides a large family, there seemed to be many visitors.

"I wish," said Tom one morning—two or three days after his second return from Richmond—"that we were acquainted with Mr. Cartwright and his family. They seem to have jolly times down there, George."

"If Mr. Ainslie were here," said George, "I could procure you an introduction, perhaps. I think he is acquainted with the family."

"Do you know," continued Tom, "when I was passing the avenue, yesterday, on horseback, I was struck with the idea of how romantic it would be to be thrown, and picked up insensible by some of the family."

"Yes," replied George, "with a broken arm or leg to boot. Very pleasant idea!"

"I didn't think of the broken bones," said Tom, laughingly; "But, really, I think I would even run such a risk in order to break the spell of this seclusion which we are enduring here. Hermits we are—without the solitude of the desert, it is true, but with the worst solitude:—no one that we know around us. I'll do something desperate if this is not ended soon." And Tom solaced himself with the regular cigar.

However, a period was soon put to his solicitude.

The afternoon of the same day upon which the above colloquy took place, brought Mr. Ainslie to the "Glen." Whilst at dinner, the elder gentleman obtained, through some expressions which passed between the younger ones, a knowledge of their desire to make the acquaintance of their neighbors. Perhaps he was a little conscience stricken that he had not already afforded them that pleasure. At any rate, at a certain hour the next day, George Ainslie and Thomas Wilkes found themselves bowing to Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, who received them with open cordiality, and expressed themselves very much delighted to make the acquaintance of the young gentlemen. Thereafter they became regular visitors of the Cartwright family, and before a very long time they were received by all the families in the neighborhood. Tom made many acquaintances, and his dashing free manner made him a favorite with all—mother and father, as well as sons and daughters.

Tom soon made a discovery. The Cartwrights knew the Rawlins. They were distantly related to them. There was quite a glad twinkle in the young man's eye when he communicated this intel-
intelligence to George. A few days after this, Tom was informed that the Rawlins had returned to Richmond, and that they contemplated paying the Cartwrights a visit. This intelligence made Tom quite gleeful, and he longed for the day of their arrival. On his calling upon the Cartwrights a few days afterwards, imagine his surprise at finding the Rawlins in the drawing room. The Cartwrights were equally surprised to find that their relatives had met their young friend as an old acquaintance, for Tom had omitted to apprise them of his introduction to the Rawlins while in Richmond. The Rawlins, on the other hand, were no less delighted to discover the friendship that existed between the Cartwrights and Mr. Wilkes. Of course, a general explanation followed, and Tom was made to blush again at Col. Rawlin's efforts to make a hero of him. The good old gentleman would, nevertheless, tell the whole story to those present, and, though Tom endeavored to stammer out some inarticulate words of depreciation, he was peremptorily silenced by the impetuous old Southerner. Now, to some, praise is very palatable—we dare say it is natural to every man to love it, but there are some whose love is inordinately out of all proportion, and there are others who are naturally too modest to thrust themselves forward, and whom it even pains not a little to hear others even justly praise them.

“Est modus in rebus;”

It is dangerous to go beyond a certain degree of praise; it is dangerous, also, to be too desirous of praise. There are some who praise greatly for very little cause,—sincerely,—they are not flatterers,—it is their extreme good nature that leads them to do it. There are some, again, whose expansive minds take a great deal of praise from very little given. We remember, in our childhood, a visit with some others of our age, to an orchard. We had perfect liberty to eat all the fruit we wished, but we knew that prudence and good breeding required we should not go beyond a certain bound; and so, although we liked the rosy apples and the juicy peaches, we were moderately temperate. Not so some others of our companions. They ate continually; they surfeited themselves. The idea struck us at the time that they were doing wrong; the idea strikes us now, that between them and those who are too eager for praise, there is much resemblance. They ate too much, and the next day were sick. So great an appetite for praise overburdens the mind with chimerical hopes, and impossible desires, and

—“full-blown pride breaks under us.”

But hold! We are telling a story, not writing a sermon. This is a very long way to justify our friend, Tom, for blushing at his own praise, but we beg your pardon, reader, and to make up for the digression, we will suppose that Col. Rawlins
has eulogized Tom, and that he has been complimented by all the papas and mammas and young ladies in the room, (for there were several visitors present besides the two families), and in consequence partially envied, partially admired by the several young gentlemen present.

Suppose, for brevity, all the lionizing over, and quiet restored.

George Ainslie was, of course, introduced to the Rawlins. He was compelled to admit to himself, upon seeing Miss Annie, that there was more justice and truth in Tom's rather highly tinted description of that young lady, than he had at first been willing to admit. Engaged in conversation with her, he was quite surprised at the brilliancy and depth of her mind. During the evening, (for the young gentlemen remained after the other guests had departed,) George had abundant opportunities of remarking Miss Rawlin's good qualities, both personal and mental.

As we have seen, the disposition of our young friends was almost antipodal: Tom was lively, while George, on the contrary, was sedate and thoughtful. Tom would be entertaining the younger Miss Cartwright,—a school-girl who had conceived quite a liking for him—or conversing sagely with the elder persons, or chatting with the elder Miss Cartwright, a young lady of about Miss Rawlin's age; George, the reverse, would be engaged in quiet conversation with the latter, or her parents, or Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright; he had very little taste for the boisterous sport which Tom would indulge in with the little ones, or the war of wit which that young gentleman kept up with Miss Cartwright, who was quite as lively as himself. We don't mean to leave the impression upon the mind of our readers, that George Ainslie was a noop; but we mean to have you understand that he was one of those, who though pleasant and agreeable enough, did not possess the talent of being conspicuously so. Altogether, that evening passed very pleasantly, and our young friends drove home, leaving a promise to call upon the Cartwrights very soon again. On the road home, George quite agreed with Tom that Miss Rawlin was a charming young lady.

Thereafter, both the young gentlemen were frequent visitors to the Cartwrights, and before a very great while quite a degree of intimacy sprang up between them. The Rawlins were to continue as the guests of their relatives for some time, and, of course, they shared in the intimacy.

Thus merrily passed the time at the "Glen" with our two young friends; the sunshine of pleasing company dispelling the recollection of the monotonous life they endured so short a time before.

Business alone could now induce Tom to visit Richmond, and even on such occasions it would only be at the lawyer's request.
In our last, we endeavored to give, briefly, a description of that portion of the colony lying south of Grahamstown. It is our intention, in this, to pursue the journey in a northerly direction, taking the route through Kaffraria, as it is the most interesting.

Before proceeding further, however, it is necessary to know that Kaffraria, at the time of which we write, was not under the administration of the Colonial Government, but under that of the Imperial Government who, at an enormous outlay above the revenue of that Territory, maintains a large military and police force, as a barrier between the herds of Kaffirs in that section, and the Colonists.

Repeated attempts on the part of once powerful chiefs to involve the country in war, has necessitated the government to destroy the power and influence of such dangerous neighbors, by demanding, in payment of the expenses of the expeditions of which they have been the cause, large tracts of country. Thus, the military outposts keep moving onward, while the territory in their rear is divided into farms of two thousand acres each, and given to settlers, conditionally: they must be a certain time in the colony, they must possess a certain amount of capital, and must also bind themselves, under penalty of forfeiture of their grant, to keep on their farm, one loyal male subject to every five hundred acres, capable of taking up arms in defence of the country. There conditions may appear burdensome, but the exigencies of the case necessitated them, and the good to the colony at large, that has arisen therefrom, has proved the wisdom of the government in their adoption.

It is of this portion of the Colony that we intend to speak in this article.

Though towns have sprung up in many parts and taken the place of Kaffir “kraals,” (native villages), and the plough has been at its noble work in preparing mother earth for the reception of grain, etc., and the voice of the industrious farmer has supplanted the thrilling yell of the savage hunter, nevertheless, in spite of this progress, the settlers have a great deal to suffer and endure, from the depredations committed by the tribes of Kaffirs who are permitted, on account of professions of loyalty, to retain their old possessions.

The distance from Grahamstown to Fort Beaufort is only sixty miles, but the intervening country is rugged and wild in the extreme. Every mile of the road unfolds new and more thrilling landscape views than the last, thus keeping
the stranger traveler in one continuous strain of admiration. The Queen's Road, distant some nine miles from Grahamstown, is the first real introduction to "the wilds of Africa." It passes through a very rugged range of almost perpendicular mountains, to the valley on the opposite side, and for the most part of the entire length,—ten miles—has been cut out of the solid rock. On the one side, the lofty mountains raise their majestic heads far into the sky, and the density of their foliage overhang the road excluding the cheering rays of the sun; while on the other side you gaze into the valley below to the depth of thousands of feet upon a forest of huge trees, with here and there a beautiful green sward, upon which are seen pasturing, small herds of antelope, confident in the safety of their seclusion.

To travel this road at night, is by no means pleasant, and is always avoided, if possible, for the continuous din of the denizens of the forest, is perfectly deafening. It was our misfortune to be compelled to remain upon this road for a whole night, from an accident which happened to the wagon in which we were traveling, and the very thought of that night, chills the blood in our veins as we write. When it became apparent that we could not pursue our journey, the driver and leader collected a large quantity of fuel and prepared to erect a barrier of fires around the wagon: this done, the men were securely tied in as small a space as possible, and the rifles prepared for immediate use, if required, and perched upon the cases in the wagon, we felt ourselves booked for a sleepless night. Darkness had scarcely enveloped us, when the telegraphic howl of the wolf, that "something's in the wind," was responded to by thousands of others in every direction, and the hellish sound was borne across mountain and glen as if by magic. This was the signal to light the fires, which had the effect of keeping the cowardly, despicable lovers of darkness at bay. We were well aware that as long as the fires continued to burn, there was no danger of an attack from them, but the repeated outbursts of howling, and their sneaking movements through the bush, or their patient watching as they sat in hundreds around—at a respectful distance, of course,—made it rather unpleasant. Nor was this the worst. From midnight until shortly before dawn, this fiendish concert was rendered more terrifying by the occasional roar of the lion, answered by the lioness. If there is any doubt as to the undoubted courage of this noble forest king, it would be dispelled after hearing his roar; the deep, powerful, thunder-like sound causes the very air to vibrate as it reaches the ear, and creates a very strong desire in the heart of the hearer, that it had been his luck to be elsewhere. It is one thing to be reading about such nights as
have described, but we can assure you it is quite another thing to experience them; for our part, we have not the least desire to go through a similar novel scene.

After descending the Queen's Road we reach Fort Brown, the first of a line of military posts, established for the purpose of maintaining a line of communication between the frontier and the colony; it stands on a commanding elevation, three hundred yards from the bridge that crosses the Fish River. The fort is capable of accommodating two hundred infantry and half a troop of cavalry, though it is never garrisoned with more than one-third that number, except in time of war. It is surrounded by a massive stone wall about ten feet high, and mounts four heavy pieces of artillery. The advantageous position of this fortification in time of war, was such a check upon the Kaffirs, that they made many desperate and determined efforts to destroy it, but without success.

The road from Fort Brown to Koonap, the next military post, runs along the bank of the Fish River. The scenery is extremely grand and romantic; the lofty mountains on either sides clothed in beautiful verdure, with here and there a scraggy precipice, evidently the result of some thunderstorm, as huge masses of rock, in many instances fifty feet square, can be seen in the valley immediately below: while on our left, the glittering river pursues its zig-zag course seaward. Crossing the river at a point a few hundred yards below the junction of the Koonap river, we find ourselves in the vicinity of the military post. Koonap post presents a more domesticated appearance than its sister fort, with its fruit and vegetable gardens, its dairies, its cattle kraals, and last though by no means least, its "little house under the hill,"—we mean the hotel. The wall surrounding the fort is constructed of sods, and the buildings within of wattle-and-daub with thatched roofs. The

"Familiar grunt of the pigs in the morning,

and

"The music of lifting the old rusty latch,"

awakens the recollections of the soul, and recalls the days of our childhood in that sweet sunny isle, "Erin go bragh," and in the depth of our sorrow we curse our bad luck, and console ourselves with that ever constant companion, "Hope," and resolve that, "please God, as soon as we can afford it, we will leave this outlandish part of the world, and go home."

However, since it is impossible to put this consoling resolution into practice, we are forced to continue our journey with the patience and resignation of a martyr. We pass another military fortification before reaching the town of Fort Beaufort. Close to this fort is a narrow pass, rendered more conspicuous by the erection of a very
nice monument to the memory of a number of men, women and children who were most brutally massacred by Kaffirs at this spot.

In contemplating all the hardships of the colonists, an outsider is almost tempted to question the sanity of the sufferers in their selection of a home. But such would be an unjust view of the case, as most writers are more liable to relate startling facts, to the exclusion of more solid domestic news. In order to remove such an impression, then, it is but just to say, that very many of the evils with which farmers and travelers are visited, is the result of a too great confidence in the native servant, or the absence of the necessary precautions when traveling. And when the every day instances of the treachery of the native character is disregarded, can it be wondered that murders and thefts continue. It has been our experience, that when a Kaffir is kept under strict subjection, and a knowledge of the superiority of the white man forced upon him, he makes a tolerably good servant; but it is necessary to drive him with a tight rein, for, by nature, he is both a thief and a coward, and will avail himself of the first opportunity to take revenge for the humiliations that fear has subjected him to.

Fort Beaufort is a pretty little pleasantly situated town on the banks of the Fish River, and is, in that part, the colonial boundary. Since the dangerous and influential chiefs have been forced to retire with their tribes into the interior, it has grown considerably. Its close proximity to Kaffirland, and particularly to that impenetrable den, the Waterkloof, has been a drawback to its progress. As an instance, we will relate, that in the early part of the war of 1851-2, it was agreed at a council of war held by the Kaffir chiefs, that an unanimous attack be made upon Fort Beaufort and Fort Hare simultaneously. The morning of the eventful day arrived, and the sun arose to shine upon tens of thousands of savage Kaffirs hurrying on to commence their hellish crimes of rapine and murder. But dearly they paid for their daring. By eight o'clock the fighting commenced with the advance columns, but for three miles in the rear could be seen, column after column rolling on like waves of the sea, to the support. Never before did men fight more bravely than did the besieged. They knew that if beaten, death, the most horrible that savage ingenuity could invent would be their lot, that their wives and daughters would be subjected to the most brutal insults, and that the brains of their little ones would be dashed out on the corner stones. With such thoughts raging in the mind, their success almost ceases to be a marvel. The whole of the male inhabitants had placed themselves under the command of the military authorities, and their families sheltered within the barrack.
walls. To this point the Kaffirs directed all their strength, disregarding the deserted town entirely. For two hours a sharp musketry engagement was kept up, laying low hundreds of savages. Despair of success now induced them to fire the town, and returning, they made another desperate, determined attack upon the fort. The shrill whistle of the savage, their frightful yells, the thunder of their war song, as they came rushing up the road towards the barracks gate, are as difficult to be conceived as to be described. When within fifty yards of the fort, the gates were thrown open, and their fiendish yells drowned in the report of the discharge of three 24-pounders, loaded up to the muzzle, mowing them down like grass. Again and again they renewed the attack, and again and again were they as warmly received. The commanding officer, taking advantage of their confusion, gave his troops the order to "Charge!" Then came a scene of slaughter! With a cheer, that is heard only upon the battle field, they rush into the midst of ten times their number. Cavalrymen dashing about in every direction, are dealing death on all attempting to reach the cover of the bush, while the infantry and citizens are engaged, hand to hand with their savage foe. One loud cheer! announces that the white man has won the day, and the din of battle ceases. At noon of the same day, thirteen of the chiefs and leaders who led on their warriors but a short time before, were suspended between heaven and earth, on the market place of the town they had thought to destroy.

The above scene has been enacted in many parts of the colony in those days; but, thanks to a kind Providence, there is little fear of a repetition. The increasing white population, as well as the stringent measures of the government, has so thoroughly destroyed the power of the chiefs, that Kaffir wars will only be known to the pioneers of the colony, or read of by succeeding generations, as the hardships of their forefathers.

This confidence in the future peace of the colony was very firmly established in the year 1856, under the administration of Sir George George. The circumstances are briefly these:

Kreli, a very powerful and influential chief, anxious to increase his possessions at the expense of the extermination of some of the loyal chiefs that surrounded him, resorted to a very novel means to urge a general war against the white man. A great prophet, named Umlangini, sprung into existence, and announced that the time was fast approaching, when the "Inkos Inkulun," or Great Spirit was going to assist them in driving the white man into the sea, appropriating their towns to their own use, and making slaves of all females. All the "Witch-doctors" of the various tribes were summoned by him to
insert a delicious little bit of news of your own make. No matter; to-morrow you can explain that it was a mistake. In so short a time it does not travel far. But imagine—you who know that news items increase in magnitude, as the forty-ninth power of the distance which they travel—to what an immense bulk an item would attain which has been traveling for a month. A mouse become a mastodon would bear no comparison to it. This, then, is our excuse for the meagerness of our idle notes. We must tell the tale as 'tis told to us. We cannot tell a tale of our own.

On Wednesday: the 4th instant, "First Wednesday," a public examination was held in the 1st class of Mathematics and 2d class of Spanish. Both classes displayed great ability in their respective departments. In point of interest there was probably not much choice. Examinations are not generally productive of absorbing interest. But in speaking of the exercises on this occasion, we may add, that the string band, under the management of Professor Vile, enlivened the pause between the Spanish translations and the Conic Sections, by "Lily Waltzes" and "Shoo Fly Quadrilles."

A Committee appointed at a meeting of the Owl association, held after the departure of Rev. Father Young, have reported the following resolutions:

WHEREAS:—It is fitting that the members of the Owl Association should give expression to the feelings with which they regard the departure of their President, Rev. Edmund J. Young, S.J., therefore be it

Resolved—That we look upon him as the father of our Association, and one of the chief promoters of its welfare.

Resolved—That we hold in grateful appreciation his prudent, energetic and disinterested labors in his Presidential capacity.

Resolved—That we ascribe the present flourishing condition of our affairs to his skilful management.

Resolved—That we consider his departure as a grievous loss to our Association.

Resolved—That we shall remember him with love and veneration, and that our best wishes shall attend him to his new field of labor.

Resolved—that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Father Young, and that they be published in the Owl.

J. Pouliade, Committee.
J. H. Campbell,
F. McCusker,
J. T. Malone,
D. G. Sullivan,
J. T. Malone, Secretary.

By an inadvertency in our last number, we stated the day of the departure of the Rev. Edmund J. Young from the College, as the 8th of August, instead of the 3d of September, as it should have been.

At a meeting of the "Young Original, B.B.C.," held Sept. 14th, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. B. Calzia, S.J.; Vice-President, F. J. Kellogg; Secre-
The College Brass Band has reorganized and is in active practice. The following are the officers elected: President, Rev. J. Caredda, S.J.; Vice President, J. F. McQuade; Secretary, L. M. Pinard; Treasurer, J. B. Smith; Censor, J. L. Carrigan; Music Keeper, A. Sauffrignon.

On Thursday, Oct. 19th, the "Young Originals," junior club, played a match with the "Eagles" of San Jose. The "Young Originals" led the score at the end of the game by 24 runs. The following is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>YOUNG ORIGINALS</th>
<th>EAGLES</th>
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<tr>
<td>Kellogg, p &amp; 1st b</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reale, 2d b</td>
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<td>Morrison, s s s 173 1</td>
<td>4 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sheridan, c f</td>
<td>4 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vidal, 3d b</td>
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<td>McCarthy, pass 5</td>
<td>2 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>McClatchy, r f</td>
<td>1 6</td>
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<td>Soto, c s s s</td>
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<td>Martin, f s s s</td>
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<td>Herd, 1st b</td>
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<td>Stern, p</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gallagher, 2d b</td>
<td>1 4</td>
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<td>Madden, c f</td>
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<td>Crittenden, l f</td>
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<td>Cook, 3d b</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cole, r f</td>
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<td>McKuks, s s</td>
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J. F. Dunne, Umpire,
Of the Attna B. B. C.

We notice the name of our friend, H. G. Newhall, among the new students at Yale. We wish "Hall" success in his present place of labor.
Editor's Table.

We have received from A. Waldteufel of San Jose, The Students Mythology,—a text book,—as far as we are able to judge, very well adapted to accompany the study of the classics. It gives in a concise and lucid manner, the most remarkable of the heathen myths, and explains the system of worship of the principal nations of antiquity.

We return thanks to Mr. A. Waldteufel of San Jose, for the Catholic World, for October, and several other newspaper favors.

The second number of the Demosthenic Monthly,—a neat little paper published by the Demosthenic Literary Society of San Francisco,—has found its way to our table. We welcome it, and willingly place it upon our exchange list. We wish it success.

Our College exchanges, as far as the present, are chiefly filled with the commencements and openings of their various Colleges.

We notice in the Yale Courant, an article calling the attention of the College authorities of that seat of learning, to the fact that Sunday studying has become a crying evil within those sacred walls. Shades of ye buried and forgotten Blue Laws, can such things be?

Brown University rejoices in a 30-inch plate Holtz' Electrical Machine, the largest in the United States.

Exchanges.—We have received the following exchanges: The Annalist, University Echo, Yale Courant, Iowa State University Reporter, Cornell Collegian, College Courant; College Courier, Simpsonian, Notre Dame Scholastic, N. Y. Tablet, Newspaper Reporter, College Herald, College World, McKendree Repository, Cornell Era, Monthly Visitor, The Academy, College Days and the Demosthenic Monthly.

Four New England Colleges are now open to women: Bates, Lewiston, Me., Colby, Waterville, Me.; Vermont University, Burlington, Vt., and Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.—College Courant.
The students of the Syrian Protestant College, consists of Druses, Maronites, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics—in short, all sects in Syria except Moslems.

The leading colleges of the country had the following number of graduates last year: Harvard, 157; Yale, 103; Princeton, 78; Dartmouth, 68; Amherst 50; Bowdoin, 14; Cornell, 40; Wesleyan, Conn., 23; Ohio Wesleyan, 46; Hamilton, 33; Columbia, 31; Lafayette, 31; Oberlin, 23; Middlebury, 15; Vassar, 31.—Ec.

Colleges do not take the stand in Congress they did forty years ago. Yale has six representatives, Harvard four, Union four, Miami four. Next.—Ec. Score Bowdoin one, Wm. P. Frye in the House. And Madison University has two U. S. Senators, Senator Nye of Nevada and Osborne of Florida.

John Stuart Mill was asked to preside over the Social Science Association, soon to convene at Leeds, but his engagements and the state of his health prevented him from accepting the invitation. For the same reason he could not be elected to the Presidency of the London University or to the Chair of University College, when those offices were rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Crete.

The Chicago Board of Education is taking hold of the question of women’s right in a very practical manner, by the proposition to decide the salaries of school teachers by position and not by sex. At present male principals receive as high as $2,200 per annum, while no female principal receives over $1,300 per annum.

Tennyson refuses to receive Walt Whitman as a poet, and is said to call Emerson “gruel electrified.”

A gravestone was raffled for not long since in Middletown, Conn. We are unable to give the name of the successful man.

The latest cant phrases in college are: “This must be the house,” and, “It makes it more bindin.”

Two brothers named Smalituba, recently married in Michigan, took the names of their wives.

In making up his “cash account” recently, a Western student inserted this item: “Washing fifteen cents.”—Ec.

Hazing, rushing, and other innocent pastimes of the kind are on the decline, so says the Cornell Era.

Someone has made the discovery that the globe can sustain life only twenty six million years longer. Item for the Adventists,
By our exchanges we notice that in many of the most prominent of our American colleges, there is a disposition to throw aside the study of the classics for the scientific. It is not to be wondered at that this step should be taken by the majority of students of the present day. At a superficial glance it is easy to believe that more profit arises from scientific studies than from classics. The modern student, when entering upon a college career, takes at those studies which will be of most practical use to him, for he lives in a practical and commercial age, and he prefers, therefore, the study of natural philosophy, chemistry and mathematics, to that of the Latin and Greek literature. To our mind, though there is a great deal of weight to the reasoning brought forward for the preference of such a course, yet it appears that much that is urged against the classics is without good foundation. The mental training which is the offspring of classic study, is a strong argument in its favor; and this, together with its literary advantages, ought, in our opinion, to give it at least an equal importance in any college course with any other branch of study. We would by no means countenance the entire abandonment of classic study, which many students—to judge by the tone of our exchanges—advocate.

The Ripon College Days triumphantly relates that the senior class of the College visited a henroost and succeeded in capturing ten chickens and a rooster, getting away with the rooster. In the second column it asks why it is that the senior class has lost its interest in editorial pleasures. The reason is very evident: Henroosts are more attractive.

Dr. Harcourt of Paris proposes a new system of illumination. He reduces ordinary illuminating gas by admixture with a certain proportion of atmospheric air and then brings up its illuminating power by allowing the flame to impinge upon platinum-sponge. The result is said to be an increased light with less expense.

The Quarterly and Vidette papers of senior and junior classes respectively, of Williams College Williamstown, Mass., have been consolidated into the Williams Vidette, now the joint protege of the two classes.

A Freshman in a fit of despair, before the Professors frown, translated the line, “O, te, Bolane, cerebi felicem,” “O! for some tea, and bologne, and the brains of a cat.”

The Echo says that there were eighty applicants for admission to the University up to the close of September, six of whom were young ladies.
ONE single pigeon, a favorite bird with the pigeon-fanciers of Paris, brought into that city during the siege 500 pages of official dispatches and 15,000 private dispatches.

A CORRESPONDENT mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculist. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a college student in her eye.

The following dialogue in one of the coaches of a first class car is very "Frenchy:"—"My little angel," asks a fond husband, "are you comfortable in your corner?" "Yes, thanks." "You do not feel the cold?" "Not at all." "Your window closes easily?" "Very nicely, dear." "Then come and take my place."

DR. FAUSTUS’ ART.—The following is a specimen of a printer’s technical terms; it don’t mean, however, as much as it would seem to the uninitiated:—“Jim, put General Washington on the galley, and then finish the murder of that young girl you commenced yesterday. Set up the ruin of Herculaneum; distribute the small pox; you needn’t finish that runaway match; have the high water in the paper this week. Let the pi alone till after dinner; put the barbecue to press and then go to the devil and he will tell you about the work for the morning.” Not much wonder that Dr. Faustus was burned for inventing such a diabolical art.

ALL THE SAME.—A couple went to the Rev. —— to get married. Mr.— is something of a wag, and by an innocent mistake, of course, began to read from the prayer-book as follows: “Man that is born of woman, is full of trouble: and hath but a short time to live,” &c. The astonished bridegroom exclaimed, "Sir, you mistake, we came to be married.” Well, if you insist, I will marry you; but believe me, my friend, you had much better be buried!"

ON A BALD HEAD:—My hair and I are quits, d’ye see; I first cut him, he now cuts me.

LORD CLARE, who was much opposed to Curran, one day brought a Newfoundland dog upon the beach, and caressed the animal, Curran. “Go on, go on, Mr. Curran,” said Lord Clare, “O, I beg a thousand pardons,” was the rejoinder: "I really thought your lordship was employed in consultation."

SHERIDAN was one day much annoyed by a fellow member of the house of Commons, who kept crying out every few minutes, “Hear! hear!” During the debate he took occasion to describe a political contemporary, that wished to play rogue, but had only sense enough to act the fool. “Where,” exclaimed he with great emphasis, “where shall we find a more foolish knave or more knavish fool than he?” “Hear! hear!” was shouted by the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round and thanking him for the prompt information sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

“I swear,” said a gentleman to a female acquaintance, “you are very handsome.” “Pooh,” the lady, “so you would say, if you did not think so.” “And so you would think, if I did not say so,” answered he.
Why scorn red hair? The Greeks we know
(I note it here with charity.)
Had taste in beauty, and with them
The Graces were all Ἀρείες

A lecturer wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has out-grown it, said:
"What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you? "Oh! no," replied the little girl, "we let out the tucks." The doctor confessed she had the advantage of him there.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

A diminutive attorney, named Else, once asked Jerrold: "Sir, I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so?" "No, sir," said Jerrold, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel; but I did say you were little Else.

**MY FRIEND'S LEGACY**
He boasts about the truth I've heard,
And vows he'll never break it.
Why, zounds! a man must keep his word
When nobody will take it.

Never confide in a young man—new pails leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged—old doors seldom shut closely.

A lady having remarked in company, she thought there should be a tax on the "the single state." "Yes, Madame, rejoined an obstinate old bachelor, "as on all other luxuries."

In the course of an examination for the degree of A.B., in the Senate House, Cambridge, under an examiner named Payne, one of the questions was: "Give a definition of happiness." To which a candidate gave the following laconic reply: "An exemption from Payne."

A certain Chief Justice, on hearing an ass bray, interrupted the late Mr. Curran in his speech to the jury, by saying, "one at a time Mr. Curran if you please." The speech being finished, the Judge began his charge, and during its progress the ass sent forth the full force of its lungs; whereupon the advocate said, "Does not your lordship hear a remarkable echo in the Court.

An Irish gentleman parting with a lazy servant, was asked, with respect to his industry, whether he was what is termed afraid of work. "Oh! not at all," said he, "not at all; he'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the very side of it."
Table of Honor.

Credits for the month of August, as read on Wednesday October 4th, 1871.

Christian Doctrine.
1st Class—G. Bull, 95; J. Coddington, 95; W. Den, 95; J. F. Dunne, 90; S. Fellem, 100; F. Kellogg, 100; N. Murphy, 100; L. Palmer, 100; J. Poujade, 100; J. Raleigh, 75; J. Radovich, 100; J. B. Smith, 75; A. Veuve, 100; M. Walsh, 100; W. Walsh, 70.
2d Class—P. De Celis, 90; A. Den, 80; R. Del Valle, 75; V. McClatchy, 72; Thos. Morrison, 94; G. Pacheco, 82; R. Soto, 88; F. Trembly, 90.
3d Class—A. Bell, 100; J. Goetz, 75; J. McCarthy, 90; F. Murphy, 75; A. Pierotich, 90; A. Reale, 100; J. Reale, 90; J. Nichol, 100; P. Sansevain, 100; P. Soto 100; G. Seiffert, 100; E. Sheridan, 75; J. Sheridan, 100; G. Videau, 100; P. Cohen, 90; L. Camarillo, 90; M. Donahue, 95; A. Gaddi, 95; R. Thorne, 90.

Ethics.
H. Harrison, 75; J. T. Malone, 70.

Logic.
J. Chretien, 70; J. C. Johnson, 80; D. G. Sullivan, 70; M. Walsh, 75; M. Wilson, 75

Natural Philosophy.
A. Arguello, 72; L. Burling, 70; J. Burling, 70; J. Chretien, 70; P. Dunn, 75; R. Del Valle, 70; J. C. Johnson, 90; J. Raleigh, 70; H. Peyton, 90; D. G. Sullivan, 75; A. Sauffrignon, 70; A. Veuve, 85; M. Walsh, 95.

Chemistry.—2nd year.
M. Walsh, 94; J. C. Johnson, 82; D. G. Sullivan, 82; M. Wilson, 72; A. W. Kelly, 71; A. Sauffrignon, 70; J. Carrigan, 75; H. Bowie, 70.

Chemistry.—1st year.
H. B. Peyton, 94; N. Murphy, 83; F. McCusker, 89; A. Veuve, 82; J. Chretien, 81; A. Campbell, 81; J. Smith, 70; J. Raleigh, 70; L. Pinard, 70; P. Dunn, 70.

Mathematics.
1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 70; J. T. Malone, 70; M. Wilson, 70.
2d Class—D. G. Sullivan, 80; A. Veuve, 90; A. Sauffrignon, 85; J. Raleigh, 78; J. Chretien, 74; J. Poujade, 72; A. Arguello, 70; L. Burling, 70; P. Yrigoyen, 70; J. Radovich, 70.
3d Class—G. Bull, 90; J. Burling, 85; A. Campbell, 90; F. Corcoran, 95; R. Del Valle, 80; P. Dunn, 90; C. Ehmer, 85; J. Kennedy, 80; V. McClatchy, 98; F. McCusker, 90; N. Murphy, 160; H. B. Peyton, 75; J. Smith, 75.
Table of Honor.

GREEK.

1st Class—H. Harrison, 80.
3d Class—H. B. Peyton, 75.
5th Class—A. Campbell, 98; J. Coddington, 98; R. Brenham, 70; J. Poujade, 90

LATIN.

1st Class—H. Harrison, 80.
2d Class—A. Campbell, 72; R. Bowie, 73.
3d Class—H. Peyton, 70.
4th Class—G. Bull, 100; L. Burling, 100; J. Burling, 100; C. Ebner, 85; T. Morrison, 96; L. Pinard, 91; R. Soto, 100.
5th Class—R. Brenham, 76; J. Coddington, 100; J. Dunne, 70; H. Hopkins, 95; V. McClatchy, 98; J. Poujade, 99; L. Palmer, 96; T. Durbin, 78.

RHE TORIC CLASS.

English Oration, History and Geography—P. Dunn, 87; F. McCusker, 85; H. Peyton, 80; J. Raleigh, 72; M. Walsh, 90.

POETRY CLASS.

English Composition, History and Geography—Jas. Kennedy, 84; V. McClatchy, 88; N. Murphy, 82; J. Radovich, 78; A. Raleigh, 73; A. Vâve, 97.

1st GRAMMAR CLASS.

Composition, History and Geography—Geo. Bull, 90; Jas. Coddington, 85; H. Corcoran, 83; W. Den, 70; C. Ebner, 73; Wm. Hereford, 80; H. Hopkins, 78; F. Kellogg, 83; Thos. Morrison, 90; G. Pacheco, 76; L. Palmer, 75; R. Smith, 70; R. Soto, 87; F. Trembly, 70; W. Walsh, 74.

2d GRAMMAR CLASS.

W. Cole, 70; P. De Cellis, 70; S. Fellom, 86; T. Godfrey, 86; J. Sheridan, 70; P. Soto, 84; L. Wolter, 87.

3d GRAMMAR CLASS.

A. Den, 73; W. Davis, 79; W. Moson, 70.

FRENCH.

1st Class—L. Burling, 70; R. Del Valle, 80; C. Georget, 80; J. Poujade, 70.
2d Class—G. Bull, 72; J. Radovich, 75; C. Colombet, 70.
3d Class—J.B. Chretien, 77; M. Donahue, 71; J. Garrat, 100; J. Perrier, 79; P. Sansevain, 97.

SPANISH.

2d Class—N. Camarillo, 98; J. Coddington, 90; S. Fellom, 98; J. Judd, 70; N. Murphy, 85; G. Pacheco, 95.
3d Class—N. Robles, 70.

GERMAN.

V. McClatchy, 90; H. Pfister, 70.

ITALIAN.

J. Bisagno, 70.

ARITHMETIC.

1st Class—G. Bull, 78; J. Coddington, 70; J. Fellom, 75; T. Godfrey, 70; W. Hereford, 100; F. Kellogg, 75; T. Morrison, 85; L. Palmer, 70; N. Robles, 70; R. Soto, 90.
2d Class—W. Cole, 78; M. Chevalier, 72; C. Colombet, 80; P. Cohen, 70; W. Davis, 80; T. Durbin, 80; D. Furlong, 70; C. Gambill, 70; J. Goetz, 78; H. Hubbard, 80; P. Sansevain, 70; J. Sheridan, 80; J. Thompson, 70; R. Wallace, 70; L. Wolter, 80.
3d Class—P. De Cellis, 85; A. Den, 74; A. Pierotich, 79; C. Stonesifer, 73; D. Kidd, 70.
## Table of Honor.

### BOOK-KEEPING.

1st Class—J. Burling, 90; R. Soto, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; F. McCusker, 90; P. Dunn, 90.

2nd Class—J. Bisagno, 90; N. Camarillo, 100; H. Corcoran, 80; S. Fellom, 98; Wm. Hereford, 98; V. McClatchy, 95; N. Murphy, 98; R. Smith, 95; P. Soto, 80; W. Walsh, 95; L. Wolter, 95.

3rd Class—A. Bell, 76; C. Ebner, 95; T. Godfrey, 100; J. Goetz, 89; T. Morrison, 93; W. Moson, 90; Jas. Nichol, 71; L. Palmer, 93; E. Petersen, 81; P. Sansavanaugh, 71; J. Sheridan, 70; T. Durbin, 93; H. Hubbard, 71.

### READING AND SPELLING.

1st Class, 1st Divis.—J. Bisagno, 85; W. Cole, 75; P. Colombet, 85; H. Corcoran, 89; John Day, 95; D. Egan, 72; S. Fellom, 78; Fred. Kellogg, 96; G. Pacheco, 87; F. Trembly, 95; Jas. Thompson, 70.

2nd Divis.—P. Donahue, 70; C. Ebner, 97; T. Morrison, 90; L. Palmer, 80; R. Soto, 75.

2nd Class—A. Bell, 82; N. Camarillo, 76; J. B. Chretien, 73; P. De Celis, 80; Alf. Den, 75; A. Den, 70; Wm. Den, 75; R. Enright, 70; W. Furman, 71; J. C. Gambill, 74; T. Godfrey, 82; J. Goetz, 87; J. Hayes, 70; H. Martin, 75; P. McDonald, 70; J. Perrier, 70; Chas. Petersen, 85; E. Petersen, 71; A. J. Pierotich, 74; N. Robles, 74.

3rd Class—H. Christin, 70; W. Davis, 95; M. Donahue, 86; P. Enright, 89; E. Hall, 73; J. Ladd, 70; G. Martin, 72; F. Murphy, 82; G. Norris, 79; P. Sansavanaugh, 86; E. Sheridan, 70; E. Wolter, 70.

### ELOCUTION.

1st Class—J. Malarin, 90; H. Peyton, 76; J. Poujade, 100; J. Smith, 70.

2nd Class—J. Kennedy, 85; V. McClatchy, 95; N. Murphy, 70; A. Veuve, 96; W. Marshall, 90.

3rd Class—P. Donahue, 79; D. Furlong, 80; T. Morrison, 75; F. Trembly, 73.

4th Class—J. Day, 75; D. Egan, 73; T. Egan, 96; S. Fellom, 89; L. Wolter, 70.

5th Class—W. Davis, 80; W. Furman, 70; W. Geggus, 77; E. Hall, 70; F. Murphy, 75; W. Moson, 75.

### PENMANSHIP.

1st Class—N. Camarillo, 71; A. Den, 71; S. Fellom, 70; J. Kennedy, 72; T. Morrison, 72; G. Pacheco, 72; R. Soto, 71; P. Soto, 71; L. Wolter, 71.

2nd Class—F. Kellogg, 75; J. Judd, 71; G. Norris, 70; J. Norris, 70; R. Smith, 70; G. Videau.

3rd Class—A. Pierotich, 71; E. Petersen, 71; R. Thorn, 71.

### LINEAR DRAWING.

1st Division—J. Chretien, 90.

2nd Division—P. Donahue, 75; V. McClatchy, 90; H. Dwinelle, 70; G. Videau, 75; P. Sansavanaugh, 75; M. Donahue, 70.

### FIGURE DRAWING.

J. San Roman, 70; H. Pfister, 70.

### PIANO.

1st Class—C. Ebner, 70; A. Arguello, 70.

2nd Class—H. Christin, 80; N. Camarillo, 70; G. Barron, 70.

### FLUTE.

R. Smith, 90; J. Bisagno, 80; A. Campbell, 70.

### VIOLIN.

J. Burling, 70.

### BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

[Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.]

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