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THE OWL

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FATHER JAMES MARQUETTE AND HIS BROTHER MISSIONARIES
IN NORTH WEST AMERICA.

(Number One.)

In the discovery of America, a vast field was opened for the display of Catholic zeal and piety. By children of the Universal Church was the western continent first discovered, explored and colonized; by men to whom the light of faith was a guiding impulse, actuating every movement of their lives. This is sufficiently evinced by their regard for the duties of their religion, and their pious custom of consecrating their discoveries by assigning to them the names of their favorite saints. It was reserved for the Church, through her missionaries, to civilize and Christianize the unlettered and barbarous savages, who were scattered over the great expanse of the newly discovered land. The thankless, and the apparently almost hopeless task, was undertaken, and pursued with the most undaunted energy and heroism. Long before the Mayflower had dropped her anchor in Plymouth Bay, the appointed ambassadors of the Church of Christ had planted the standard of the faith and preached the doctrines of salvation among the Abenakis and Penobscots, deep in the wilds of Eastern Maine. An humble disciple of St. Francis of Assisi, in 1615, pushed his way onward, despite every obstacle, through the country of the fierce Mohawks and Wyandots, and far beyond them, until he stood, at length, in the hunting grounds of the friendly Hurons, and gazed upon the glassy expanse of that inland sea which now bears their name. Brother Franciscans soon followed him to aid in the glorious work of enlightening these heathen nations. According-

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ly we learn, that while Quebec was yet scarcely more than a village, mis-
sions had been established for many
years, not only among the Hurons,
but also among nearly all the tribes
dwelling north of the St. Lawrence.

France was from the first the most
active in the missionary work in
Northern America, as was Spain in
regard to the missions of South
America. The most noted explor-
ers, as well as the most zealous
apostles of the Indians, in this con-
tinent, were French; and in fact the
great body of the Northern mission-
aries at that time were sons of France.

The foundation, in 1540, of the
famous order known as the Society
of Jesus, gave a new impetus to the
already great exertions of the Catho-
lic Church in behalf of the Aborigi-
ines of America. The avowed ob-
ject of this world-renowned body was
the conversion of the whole world;
and the boldness, enterprise and
self-devotion which characterized its
members, drew forth expressions of
astonishment and admiration, even
from their most determined oppo-
nents. "Kindling with a heroism
that defied every danger and endured
every toil, they made their way to
the ends of the earth; they raised
the emblem of man's salvation on
the Moluccas, in Japan, in India, in
Thibet, in Cochin-China, and in
China; they penetrated Ethiopia, and
reached the Abyssinians; they planted
colonies among the Caffres; in Cali-
ifornia; on the banks of the Marañon,
in the plains of Paraguay, they in-
vited the wildest of barbarians to the
civilization of Christianity." Thus
speaks an impartial historian. In
France its members increased rapid-
ly, and the Order soon became very
powerful; and when the French had
again obtained possession of New
France, the most generous encour-
agement and support was ever given
by the Government to their efforts in
this wild region. The zeal of the
Jesuit missionaries so pleased the
French Court, that the conversion
of the savages was confided especially
to them. Large numbers of French
Jesuits set out for America about this
time, in obedience to the commands
of their superiors, to labor in this new
found and extensive vineyard of the
Lord. The most noted among those
who left France at this time were
Broebeuf, Daniel and Lallemand.
These three missionaries, after a few
months spent at Quebec, set out for
the country of the Hurons, a dis-
tance of nine hundred miles. En-
during great hardships, and exposed
to many dangers from the hostile na-
tions through which they passed, as
they had little protection, being ac-
companied only by a small party of
Hurons who formed their escort, they
at length succeeded in reaching their
destination in safety; and there, near
the shore of Lake Huron, they es-
tablished the little mission of St. Jo-
seph. Two other missions, dedicat-
ed respectively to St. Ignatius and
St. Louis, soon sprang up in the
same region. Christianity was mak-
ing rapid strides among the docile
Hurons, and the accounts sent home
by the missionaries, from these little
communities in the wilderness, stim-
ulated their countrymen to renewed
exertions in behalf of the poor In-
dians. Contrary to their expecta-
tions, they had found among the inhabitants of the New World a soil well fitted by nature for the reception of good seeds. These uncultured savages, save when influenced by malice, or instigated by the unscrupulous enemies of French dominion, listened with avidity while the missionaries, in language made eloquent by enthusiasm, displayed before their minds the unfading treasures of Christian truth; with equal readiness they enlisted under the banners of a church, whose portals were open alike to Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, king and ploughman; to the courtly, fair-skinned European, or the barbarous and dark-skinned Indian.

They found no difficulty in giving credence to a doctrine which inspired so many to leave friends and country forever, and devote the untiring efforts of their lives, in a strange land and among savage nations, to further its propagation. How joyous must have been the thought to the hearts of these poor Red Men, to know that their abject wretchedness could not deter the Mother Church from coming to their assistance. Already a hospital had been erected in Quebec, and Blessed Mary of the Incarnation soon after began her holy work of teaching the Huron children. Unaccustomed to such magnanimity among themselves, the savages were at a loss to account for it in others, and their reverence increased with their wonderment.

In 1647, sixty missionaries had visited the interior nations, and of these forty-two were Jesuits. The whole country between Lake Erie and Lake Michigan had been explored by those indefatigable servants of God. The Indians frequently came a great distance, of their own accord, to hear their good friends, the Black Gowns, for so they were accustomed to call the Jesuit Fathers. The missionaries were constantly being reinforced by new arrivals from France, and the good work of converting the heathen tribes to the Christian faith was going nobly on.

Although, thus far, the envoys of the Church had met with the most cheering success, yet it must not be supposed that they had accomplished so much without many trials and discouragements. These all were forced to endure to some extent. Those fathers who had established themselves among the Huron tribes suffered greatly from the difficulty of communication with the French settlements. Their clothes were almost in shreds, and they were ill provided, even with the common necessities of civilized life.

Among the missionaries who came to America about this time, was Father Charles Raymbault. He had scarcely recruited his strength after his long voyage, when he was appointed to a mission among the Algonquins, and shortly after, he was commissioned, in conjunction with Father Isaac Jogues, to visit the Chippewas, who had requested missionaries. Attended by a small band of Hurons, they set out for the Falls of Ste. Mary, where they arrived after a journey of seventeen days. They remained in the neighborhood a considerable time, exploring the whole country, making inquiries concerning the more distant tribes, and everywhere preaching.
the gospel, and striving by every available means to draw these simple, secluded people to the worship of the true God. It was during this expedition that the Europeans first heard of the Sioux, a warlike nation, living far away to the westward, beyond the Great Lake. "Thus," says Bancroft, "did the religious zeal of the French bear the cross to the banks of the Ste. Mary and the confines of Lake Superior, and look wistfully towards the homes of the Sioux in the valley of the Mississippi, five years before the New England Eliot had addressed the tribe of Indians that dwelt within six miles of Boston harbor." Father Raynault, having spent several months in this region, prepared to return to his post among the Algonquins, of Lake Nipissing, leaving Father Jogues in the Western Missions. But consumption had laid its wasting hand upon him, and in a short time, feeling that all hopes of recovery were vain, and that his dissolution was surely approaching, he returned to Quebec, where he gradually declined, and at length, in October, 1642, his spirit, released from its earthly bonds, went forth to meet the God which it had served with such active fidelity. Thus passed away the first martyr to the cause of Christianity in the New World. His mind had been filled with great plans for the improvement of the Red Men, and he had confidently expected the fulfillment of many of them, but the Lord had decreed otherwise; and this humble servant of the Almighty had bowed his head in meek submission to the Divine will. Misfortune seemed now the lot of the Jesuits. Father Jogues, having gone to Quebec, was, on attempting to return, attacked by a party of Mohawks, who had lain in ambush on the banks of the river. His little escort was soon captured or put to flight, and he himself seized by the exultant savages. An opportunity to escape had been at one time afforded him, but among his Huron attendants was a young proselyte, who had not been baptized, and the good missionary, far more solicitous for the salvation of a soul than for his own safety, could not think of leaving him. Ahasistari, the chief of the Hurons, who had accompanied the party, had succeeded in secreting himself from his enemies, but seeing Father Jogues a prisoner, he came forth from his concealment, exclaiming, with a generosity truly noble, "I promised, my brother, to share thy fortune, and here am I to keep my vow." Many of the captured Hurons were immediately put to death in the most cruel manner, among them the chief Ahasistari. This gallant warrior, having received absolution, and firmly believing that the way to the happy hunting grounds was now opened to him, suffered death with all the heroism of a Christian martyr. Father Jogues momentarily expected to meet the same fate, but, although his proselyte, having been observed to make the sign of the cross on the brow of an Indian child, was butchered before his eyes as an enchanter, yet the life of the missionary was still spared. The Mohawks felt confident that the simple Black Gown would not attempt to escape, and they allowed him to roam at pleasure through the
Father James Marquette and his Brother Missionaries.

illimitable forests in which they had made their home. After remaining a captive for a short time, he was ransomed by the Dutch, and, being sent to France, soon returned to America. Other missionaries passed through nearly the same vicissitudes. Father Bressani was captured also by the Mohawks, and subjected to the most barbarous tortures, and the Dutch again displayed their generosity by effecting his ransom.

At length the storm of war had blown over; peace rested between the French and the Five Nations; and the missionaries were allowed to journey through their country unmolested. About this time, a missionary was sent, at their own request, to the Abenakis of Maine. Father Dreuilletes, a very devout and energetic man, was selected, and leaving Quebec in 1646, he proceeded to the head-waters of the Kennebec, by way of the St. Lawrence, followed the course of that river to the sea, and explored the coast for some distance about its mouth. Thence returning to its source, he there erected a rude chapel, where the children of the forest flocked to hear his words of instruction and advice. Yet, although the Indians were greatly attached to him, and very solicitous for his comfort, he was necessarily compelled to endure many hardships from the severity of the climate. After passing ten months with this tribe, Father Dreuilletes returned to Quebec accompanied by a party of his faithful Indians. Early in the same year, Father Jogues, in obedience to the order of his superior, paid a visit to the Mohawks, and was well received by that fierce tribe, whose confidence he had gained during his captivity. During his sojourn with the Mohawks he had an opportunity of conciliating the Onandagas towards the French government, and from the report that he made on his return to Quebec, the governor was encouraged to attempt the establishment of a French colony in the territory of the latter tribe; but Father Jogues knew too well the character of these Indians, to hope for any great results from the enterprise. Sadly he prepared to return with the colonists; "I shall go," said he on departing, "but I shall not return." His prediction proved but too true, for it happened that among the Mohawks the crops for that year had been very scanty, and the superstitious Indians readily believed the report of some malicious savage, that the missionary had, by some magic influence, produced the blight; and immediately on his arrival, he was seized, condemned to death, and dispatched by a stroke from a tomahawk. The Five Nations now rose almost as a single united body to drive the French from the country; and the few tribes who still remained friendly, were subject alike to the attacks of that powerful confederacy. Among these were the Hurons, who seemed especially pointed out for destruction; and although they, for the time, escaped so terrible a fate, yet they were compelled to leave their homes and settle wherever they could.

All the French posts, at a distance from Montreal, were in danger from the attacks of the hostile savages. Many of them were surprised, and their inhabitants massacred. The
Mission of St. Joseph was attacked by a large party of Mohawks, while the Huron braves were absent on the chase. The terrified women rush to their pastor, Father Daniel, seeming to think, in their simple confidence, that in the sanctity of his presence, the weapons of their blood-thirsty enemies would lose their power to harm. Even those who had heretofore sneered at the sacred truths which he announced to them, now knowing their end to be near, eagerly seek the fortifying consolations of religion. The good man does all in his power to aid them in preparing for the death which is inevitable. He baptizes all the infants, and such neophytes who had not yet received baptism; he gives the last administrations of the Church to the sick and dying; he absolves the repentant Indians; and then hastens to the little chapel to offer up a last supplication before the throne of the Almighty. The village is fired; the frenzied Mohawks rush to the chapel, but recoil in amazement at the sight of that gray-haired old man advancing so calmly to meet them. The savage mind, accustomed in such an hour to see the passions of men predominate, could not comprehend the heavenly assurance which filled the heart and lighted up the face of that trusty servant of God. But Indian ferocity could not appreciate such heroism; in another moment their arrows pierced his body; still he remains firm, now admonishing them of the wrath of God, and anon holding out to them hopes of forgiveness if they repented; thus he continued exhorting them, until a blow from a halbert forever sealed his lips in death. The grief-stricken Hurons long mourned his loss, and held his memory in the greatest reverence; and they firmly believed that he had appeared after death, in all the dazzling effulgence usually attributed to the inhabitants of heaven.

[To be continued.]
Lodi

The first gray streaks of early dawn scarce crown the mist-clad hills,
When through the sleeping camp of France the call to battle thrills.
And silently but steadily the warriors grasp their arms,
And deepening ranks are forming as if by magic charms.
The soldier knows his duty and scarce a word is said,
As column follows column with firm and measured tread.
Napoleon marches thus betimes to meet his Austrian foe—
To check his growing power by a decisive blow.

On Adda’s banks encamped secure the Austrian army lay,
Unthinking that the crystal waves would gleam with blood that day;
Around the town of Lodi, enclosed by fort and trench,
They wait with steady, grim resolve the coming of the French.

“Hark! in the distance, faintly, hear’st not the roll of drums?”—
“Aye! now ’tis nearer—clearer! To arms! the foeman comes!”
The battle line is quickly formed—the batteries are manned—
And at their posts of danger the gunners ready stand.

See! o’er yon distant summit a myriad bayonets gleam!
And thunders down towards the town the surging, living stream.
Ten thousand chosen veterans, firm as the unyielding rock—
Proud Austria will do nobly if she sustain their shock.

But Adda rolls between them, spanned by a narrow bridge
Where Austrian cannon rain their shot from yonder frowning ridge.
And as the vanguard of the French comes sweeping firmly down,
The thunders of artillery all sounds of nature drown.

Between the bridge and Lodi they meet a troop of horse—
A short brief struggle—-and the French keep on their headlong course.
But now a hundred cannon with clamors rend the air,
And murderous shot and screaming shell through the French squadrons tear.

The ranks are torn and shattered, whole files are swept away.
They pause,—No earthly power can pass that bridge to-day.
They stagger ’neath the fearful shock and almost turn to fly—
When “Vive Napoleon!” sweeps along, a loud and joyous cry.

And a light, little form is seen pass down the rallying lines,
Marble his brow but from his eye the light of genius shines.
He grasps a fallen standard and waiving it on high,
“Soldiers, we will take the bridge or with our comrades die!”

That was enough—each veteran showed by his fiery glance
That all would gladly march to death for Bonaparte and France.
Then “en avant!” thrilled joyfully down the dense, eager ranks,
And in the face of frightful death they trod the blood-stained planks.
A scathing storm of fiery hail, came shot and bursting shell,
And ’neath the sweeping deathly blast the French like stubble fell.
The narrow bridge was filled with dead, its timbers reeked with gore,
And the purpled waters of the stream were strewn with corpses o’er.
THANKSGIVING DAY.

The 18th of last month, according to an old and honored custom, was set apart as a day of thanksgiving. The practice is centuries old, and found its origin among the Puritans. Formerly the New England and Middle States alone kept it; the South followed, and later, the President of the United States appointed a day. The custom is an admirable one; it is a noble sight to see a whole nation, through its highest magistrate, acknowledge its dependency upon a Supreme Being.

California, different from all other parts of the world, observes Thanksgiving day in a unique manner. In the mining regions, the miners congregate at some shop, or store as it is called, and spend the early part of the day in leaping, shooting at a mark, or even in gambling. About the middle of the day they sit down to a repast, rude enough, but a feast to the miner, whose delicacies are usually game, oysters or preserved fish. After eating, they smoke their fragrant weed—their true, silent friend—and resume their games at cards.

Upon the ranchos in the valleys, horse-racing and gambling form the chief features. In the cities, the manner of observing the day varies. Some appear to think the proper way of offering thanks is to go from saloon to saloon, filling their stomachs with all sorts of liquors. Those who live near the sea shore, perchance spend the day in a regatta, sailing over the deep blue waters of the ocean. Others celebrate in the good old-fashioned way, going to church in the morning, and coming home to a great roast turkey in the afternoon. Still a larger number, perhaps, in no way observe the occasion.

On the 18th, in Santa Clara and
San José, the day was universally observed—public offices were closed; the business houses bolted their doors and occupied the day as pleased those employed. The sky wore not a cloud after the morning mist had disappeared, and the sun shone down on the valley of Santa Clara in glorious splendor. In its delights, the day might well have rivaled the sunshine of golden Italy. Not a boy of the College went to bed the previous evening whose mind was not crowded with thoughts of the "turn out" on the morrow. As usual, we attended Divine service in the morning, going afterwards to breakfast. Some of us there were whose meal was rather scanty, though I venture not to say, whether through excitement or anticipation of the coming feast. At half-past nine o'clock "the blast of war blew in our ears"—the summons for the Cadets to form ranks. A light lunch having been disposed of; with muskets stacked, the steam cars whirled the soldiers off to San José. After parading through the principal streets, the companies drew up before the Catholic church, and refreshments were dealt out. Two p.m. saw the return to Santa Clara, and the succeeding hour a parade through its streets. With guns secured in racks, and each face shining like a locomotive front, the welcome sound of the dinner bell broke over the yard. Then were gone through with antics of delight that would have graced the arena; a few moments more, and the groaning of the heavily laden board was hushed as expeditiously as lay in the power of a hungry hundred and fifty. Turkeys, chickens, game, dessert in abundance and variety, nobly contributed their share to the day's enjoyment.

At seven in the evening we flocked to the College theatre to witness a performance by the Dramatic Club. The plays were admirably put upon the stage, and all the characters very well sustained. The following morning was as bright and as beautiful as the previous one had been. Everybody was satisfied with the course of events on the last day, and thus, in the pleasure of all, passed to the things that were—Thanksgiving Day, 1869.
THE HUNTER'S STRATAGEM

When eastern hills were covered
With forests dark and deep,
And savage nations roamed the wilds,
Where now in death they sleep,
The white men oft' were troubled
By red men's ruthless rage.
The savage burned, and scalped, and slew,
Nor spared nor sex nor age.
The midnight's dreamy stillness,
Their fiendish war-cries broke;
And startled by their hellish yells,
The sleeping settlers 'woke.
But all in vain their waking,
In vain their shrieks of woe,
Their cries for mercy all in vain—
No pity red men know.
They rush upon their victims
With wild demoniac glee,
And then ensues a scene of blood,
That's horrible to see:
For as they strike their deadly blows,
In fiendish joy they glare,
And laugh, as from the sufferers
The reeking scalps they tear.
Then flying to the forests
Beyond the white man's power,
They hatch new schemes of villany,
To act in future hour.
Such were the schemes enacted,
Such tales our borders heard;
When in the wilds of Tennessee,
The fol'wing facts occurred.

Deep in the mighty forest,
With watchfires blazing bright,
Twelve hardy, bold frontiersmen
Had camped them for the night.
Each on the ground was seated,
   His rifle close at hand,
And near the center of the group
   The leader of the band.
So thick th' o'erhanging foliage,
   It hides the arching sky;
But here and there some prying star
   Peeps from its place on high—
Down through the giant branches
   Of huge and aged oaks,
Which never yet had felt the might
   Of sturdy axmen's strokes.
The camp-fire's light reflected
   Upon the limbs o'erhead,
E'en rivaled in its silvery charms
   'The rays by Luna shed.
The men were holding council,
   Each had his views expressed,
Except their gallant leader,
   Who thus his band addressed:
"'Tis useless thus to hesitate—
   The foes are on our track—
We must make up by stratagem,
   What we in numbers lack.
We cannot stand and meet them,
   And if we trust to flight,
Our scalps will dangle at their belts
   Before the end of night:
Behind us flows the river,
   No foe can come that way,
And safe behind good cover,
   We'll hold the hounds at bay.
But trust not Indian cunning;
   For once they come to know
That we are up and watchful,
   They will not strike a blow;
But they will wait till morning,
   In ambush will they lie,
And then hemmed in by hidden foes,
   We cannot fight nor fly.
But trust me in this matter;
   And do as I shall say,
And half our foes shall bite the dust
   Before the break of day;
Let each man take his blanket,
And in it let him fold
A log of wood, as if a man
Had wrapped him from the cold;
Let here and there a boot be placed,
Just so as to be seen,
And place your hats, where heads should be,
The artifice to screen:
Then safe we'll lie in ambush.
And wait the foes' attack,
And see how red men relish
The western rifle's crack."

'Tis past the hour of midnight,
No sounds the stillness break,
And not the slightest noise denotes
The white men are awake;
Twelve blanket-covered figures
Are lying 'round the fire,
Which now is burning feebly
And will ere morn expire.
Was that an owl that hooted?
Yes, there's an answering cry;
And then again a silence reigned
Of death's intensity.
No other sound the stillness broke,
Save once there might be heard
A rustling noise, as if a wolf
The scattered oak-leaves stirred.
Full half an hour had passed away,
When cat-like without tramp,
Two skulking savages approached
The outskirts of the camp:
With all the red man's caution
They near the dying fire,
And, after counting twice their foes,
They cautiously retire.
An age of breathless silence,
And then again appear
The same two painted warriors,
Who noiselessly draw near.
Again they count the logs of wood,
And smile in savage mirth,
When to a score of dusky braves,
The Hunter's Stratagem.

The forest lanes give birth.
They rise as if by magic,
No warning tread they gave,
But cluster 'round their red-skinned chief
As silent as the grave.
As soon as all was ready,
The chieftain made a sign,
And then there came a crash, as when
The lightning strikes the pine.
The Indians dropped their rifles,
And tomahawk in hand
They rush upon the logs of wood
In one bloodthirsty band;
But scarce their yell of triumph
Upon the night air dies,
Before a flash as lightning bright
Is blazing in their eyes;
The crack of white men's rifles doth
The Indian death-knell sound;
And wounded, dead, and dying,
The red men strew the ground.
Before that dreadful volley,
The Indians helpless fell,
And of their band, but two escaped
The bloody tale to tell.
LADIES and GENTLEMEN:—It is with some diffidence that I present myself before you. The subject of this lecture is very different from what we had desired to be the theme of the scientific part of our exhibition. Laboring under a disappointment, with which merchants are very well conversant—the non-arrival of expected goods—we have been obliged, at what was, to us, almost the last hour, to change a noble subject into one of humbler aspirations. Yet, though less brilliant, it will not be without interest and importance, since it is the source whence flows much enjoyment to us all, since it fills with harmony the regions above—the common voice of nature, Sound.

In order to treat my subject in a simple, and at the same time interesting way, I will limit myself to set before you the nature of sound, and with it the fundamental principles of musical instruments. The first question that presents itself is this: how is sound produced? Why does a body hitherto silent become sonorous when acted upon? A moment ago no sound proceeded from this steel triangle, but now that I have struck it, the air is filled with disturbance. The question is easily answered: sound is always the result of rapid oscillations imparted to the molecules of some elastic body, when their state of equilibrium is altered. The particles tend to regain their position, but they cannot resume it without first performing rapid journeys to and fro. Vibratory movements then, cause sound.

No one doubts that an elastic body rudely torn from its position of rest, vibrates to and fro before its original equilibrium is resumed. To prove such vibration is easy. This long-stretched India-rubber tube, which these two gentlemen hold, is now in a state of equilibrium: all its particles are at a relative rest. Now they are driven into activity, and sway widely up and down. All bodies when emitting sound, perform a like movement; and if there be any difference between it and that of this tube, the reason is, that an India-rubber tube, being very elastic, swings over a great amplitude, while most substances are far less elastic, and so their oscillations are minute, almost or entirely escaping the eye.

Their presence, however, may be easily detected in several simple ways. Suppose that you desire me to render evident to your senses the vibrations which animate this inverted metallic bell or great brazen goblet when overflowing with sound. To comply with your desire, I take this small ivory ball suspended by a string, and allow it to rest gently against the outer surface of the bell. Then by draw-
ing a bow across the rim, I start the sound, and as the bell vibrates, you see that the ivory ball is tossed away by the oscillatory motion of the metal. Now I hang the ball against the interior of the bowl, and the same phenomenon occurs. A glass bell would be equally well adapted to the purpose, and the sound far more grateful. Let us take a thin, flat, square metallic plate, about fourteen inches across, secured at its middle to a wooden support, but touched at no other point. By means of a sieve, I distribute evenly over its surface, a fine, colored sand. Now, when a plate vibrates, it does not move as a whole, but divides itself into different oscillatory parts, each of which vibrates independently of the others. The bow, drawn firmly but lightly over the edge of the plate, sets it into vibration; and the sand, thrown up from the centres of the several vibrating surfaces, collects at their edges or lines of division—called nodal lines—which are places of relative rest, resolving itself thus into a beautiful figure. To show to all of you the figure, I press upon the plate a sheet of moistened paper, to which the powder greedily adheres, and the lines are transferred from the metal. By applying the bow to different points of the plate's edge, new delineations appear, rivalry in beauty and diversity the forms of the kaleidoscope.

All sound, whether rattling, or roaring, or moaning, the heavy thud of a distant explosion, or the tinkling of a tiny bell, proceeds from vibratory movements. But here a question arises. Why is sound, now harsh, now pleasing? What causes the distinction between music and mere noise? I can compare the transition, from noise to music, to nothing more appropriately than driving from cobble stones off upon Nicholson pavement. The one sound affects our auditory nerves as a rude succession of shocks; the other as an even continuous flow. The springs which start and sustain this smooth tide of melody, are these two conditions to which the vibrations must submit. First, the oscillations must follow each other at regular intervals—the same space of time must exist between each. Secondly, they must succeed each other with such rapidity, as to fall upon our ear like one continuous strain. These are the two essential conditions of musical sound—regularity and rapidity in the oscillations producing it. Let sound, whatever its origin, subject itself to these two laws, and it becomes musical. The ticks of a good watch are very regular; if their number were increased, say to one hundred a second, their individuality would disappear—melt into a flowing, musical tone.

A taught string—as this wire we have here, fixed at both ends—oscillates regularly and rapidly, and hence musical sound results. This is the principle on which violins, harpsichords, pianos—all stringed instruments are constructed. The strings are made regular and rapid in their vibration by tension, and thus enabled to become sources of musical sound. In vibrating rods, it is their own elasticity, unsupported by tension, that sustains the action. Those beautiful little instruments—music
Sound.

boxes—are delicate and admirable exemplifications of musical rods. They consist essentially in tongues of metal fixed at one end and free at the other. The free ends when lifted, and then suddenly let go, by pins on a revolving cylinder, speak a most pleasing language of melody. Fix a metallic rod firmly in a vice, and draw a bow across the free end, and a musical note will be produced. A strip of glass, even a strip of wood, may answer to the magic touch of the mallet, and "burst into song." To form an instrument of glass or wooden bars, they must be strung along a cord passing through the nodal lines determined in vibration. The French claquebois, which we have here, is made in this way. Running the hammer along the rods, a succession of delightful, rippling notes is formed, and a skilful musician could play many tunes. One of these two gentlemen will have no objection, I am sure, to favor us with a performance on this instrument.

Music may proceed, not only from chords, from rods, but even from regular, rapidly succeeding taps, and puffs of air. The syren is an instrument which shows the production of sound by puffs of air. The instrument consists essentially in a small cylinder, with a tube at one end to receive a current of air, and two perforated discs at the other end. The one disc is stationary, and fixed on the top of the cylinder; the other, very near the first, revolves freely on an axis, in order to cut off at regular intervals the current of air passing through the holes of the stationary disc. So you understand that when I place the syren, here on the frame of these bellows, and by means of them send through it a current of air, we have a regular series of puffs of air as rapid as we desire.*

All the sound that we have hitherto extracted from different bodies, was due to their rapid periodical oscillations in a direction opposed to their length; or, as we say in acoustics, to transverse vibration. The lateral is not the only sound-motion a body is capable of assuming. Its particles can also fall into a movement consonant with its length when they are driven into activity by friction, or by a blow in that direction. The peculiarity of these longitudinal vibrations is, that in solid bodies the musical note they produce rises far higher in pitch; often it becomes so acute as to be actually painful to the ear, or to disappear entirely in its intense elevation. The sound of our sonometer is already known to you; you would hardly recognize now its high but powerful tone.† Sound varies, of course, with the material we employ; but it is always forthcoming. If I prefer the voice of glass to that of steel, the

* The syren would be understood much better by a drawing. Imagine two small flat, equal circles of tin, perforated near their circumferences by three or four small holes, correspondent in both discs, and imagine both to be placed together at the end of a tin tube. Now, if, while the perforations of the one disc are exactly over those of the other, we blow through the tube, the wind will escape through the holes. But, if we revolve the outer disc just so much as to carry its perforations over those of the inner one, there will be no exit for the air. We will then have a syren of the simplest form—an instrument by which we may cut off, at intervals, currents of air. The syren itself, by a much nicer construction, produces puffs of air so rapid, as to unite together in a musical note.

† The wire stretched on its box, already employed in the beginning. The wire is set into longitudinal vibration, by chafing it with a piece of resined buckskin, and gives a high, piercing sound.
glass is ready to sound. Friction only is necessary to arouse the dormant music. These gentlemen will illustrate the sound of a couple of glass rods. The note is very clear and very high.

The sound produced by longitudinal vibrations strikes our ear, but the oscillations which cause it are so small and quick, that they very rarely reveal themselves directly to our eye. It is easy, by indirect means, to make the rapid movement manifest. Here there is a light, round, steel rod, fixed at its centre on a small wooden post, and an ivory ball resting gently against one end. With a piece of buckskin I set the rod into activity, and the ball incessantly flies away. The ball is violently thrown away by the outward, length-wise shock of the rod; when it returns it is again driven to a distance, and so again and again, till the vibrations exhaust themselves, and the original quiet is resumed.

Allied to this, is the famous singing flame. Its note or sound is caused simply by a column of air vibrating longitudinally. There is here a jar in which the gas, hydrogen, is generated, and here a glass tube of about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Waiting, for safety's sake, till the air is all expelled from the jar, ignite the hydrogen jet, and enclose the pale flame in the lower end of the tube. A current of air is established through the tube, and a number of very slight, very rapid explosions follows, setting the column of air into a longitudinal vibration, and thus producing sound. It is not the glass tube which sounds, it is the air-column; the note comes from a rod of air.

This longitudinal motion of a column of air is the prime principle of all wind instruments, of horns, flutes, clarionets, organs. They all consist essentially in tubes or pipes, through which a current of air is sent by blowing. Now whenever this current passing through the orifice is rendered conveniently intermittent by the lips of the performer, or by metallic tongues called reeds, the air within is set into regular and rapid vibrations, and produces a clear musical note. Through the kindness of a gentleman in the band, I offer you a flute solo as the best illustration of this principle. We have an organ here, rather rude in construction, it is true, yet so much the better adapted to make us well acquainted with the principle of all such instruments. By inflating the bellows and opening the vents, the columns of air which the pipes contain quickly become sonorous.

[To be continued.]
THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

*We are indebted for the following poem to the kindness of a lady in San Francisco, a contributor to the *Ave Maria* under the name of "Marie".*

Up! princes of a deathless realm!
Up! soldiers of the king!
Up, in the strength of hands enclasped
And ranks that closely cling!
Haste, on the pinions of the breeze,
From isles of tropic bloom,
From farthest depths of desert wastes,
From lands of Polar gloom!
Come, from the radiant Eastern climes,
Come from the boundless West!
Come, with the lance in loyal hand,
The shield on knightly breast!
Come, with your helmets gleaming fair,
Your banners waving high!
On! for the trumpet of battle sounds,
The conflict-hour is nigh!

They come, obedient to the call,
True soldiers of the King;
One aim, one cause, one soul is theirs,
One standard forth they fling:
They gather from the remotest realms,
From regions strange and far,
Yet naught can break their serried ranks,
Their firm alliance bar;
Ah! whose the tones of mystic might,
The fondly answered call?
The voice that rings o'er land and sea
To rouse its legions all?
And who are ye who journey far
O'er mount, and wave, and waste?
Who claims your willing service-vows?
What strife doth bid ye haste?
Our Father's is the voice of strength
That sounds o'er land and sea;
He calls His knights whose Order blest
Arose in Galilee;—
The Pontiff-King—the ruler, throned
On faith's eternal Rock;
The Pastor of one world-wide fold,
True shepherd o'er one flock;
The Vicar of the Prince of Peace,
Pure leader of the Right,
The Chief who rules a bloodless strife
'Gainst Wrong's rebellious might.—
We are his vassals, vowed till death
To service fond and leal;
Our strength is as the granite firm,
Our hearts are hearts of steel.

We gather for a just Crusade;
A contest pure and blest—
The Cross our lance and standard fair,
Our shield for knightly breast:
We battle for the cause of truth,
Her shining sword we wield;
And till her Holy Land be won,
We falter not, nor yield:
We haste to bid our helmets gleam,
Our potent arms be bright,
To make our magic bucklers firm,
To gird our limbs for fight.
Hail! Army of the Prince of Peace!
Hail! Legions of the Lamb!
Bear home the verdant olive branch,
And wear the victor's palm!
A TRIP TO THE SEA SHORE.

In California, in the summer season, everyone seems to be taken with the mania for rambling. This moving tendency of ours is shown in many ways: by leaving city homes to spend the summer at the springs or in the quiet of the country. Everybody seems to be moving, some in one direction, others in another. As in the Eastern States, our watering places, though not as pretentious as their kindred of the Atlantic, are yet thronged with fashionables seeking enjoyment; and our country roads and lanes are thronged with pleasure-seeking excursionists. But there is one manner of pleasure seeking which may be said to be peculiarly Californian—hunting excursions—nor is there a country which affords better opportunity for it than this. We can be transported in a few hours from the scenes of trade and business to those of nature in her wildest forms. The youth of the Pacific well avail themselves of the happy circumstances, and many are the "gypsy" trains that may be seen wending their way towards the hunting grounds of the Sierras or the mountains of the coast. Of one of these "expeditions," as they are called, the writer was once a party. Thus it happened:

At home for a Summer vacation, though two weeks had scarcely passed, I had begun to feel the time hang heavily upon my hands. I was seated in my room, trying to make up my mind upon the best way of passing pleasantly the remainder of the holidays, when a chum, Charley P——, unexpectedly introduced himself, and hardly waiting to exchange salutations, broke out with——

"Jack, have you anything particular to do in the next six weeks?"

"Not unless something should happen more stirring than the present state of affairs. Why?"

"Well, then, something is to happen. What say you to a hunting trip to the coast? If you go, there'll be six. We're going to rough it for a while, gypsy-like, with a wagon, tent, blankets, and our own provisions. We can have splendid fun. Aleck and Harry H——, Ben A——, Will M——— and myself are going. So make up your mind and come with us."

"It's just the thing, Charley. I'll go. When do you go?"

"We want to be off day after tomorrow, so be quick; just get your blankets and guns, and be ready when called for; I must go now and get ready, so good-bye."

I was pleased by the thought of the contemplated excursion; and by the appointed time was all ready, accoutred in a rather rusty suit, with guns, etc., waiting for my compagnons de voyage. They were not behind time; in a few minutes a commodious vehicle, containing my five friends, besides blankets, rations, guns, and frying pans, drove up to the door,
and in a few minutes I was seated by the side of Charley, who was driver, and we were rattling merrily out into the country, bound for the nearest point of the sea coast—a small bay about fifty miles distant. It was late when we started, and we had fixed upon reaching a camping ground not more than twenty-five miles distant from town. As we bowled along the country road, the time passed pleasantly away in laughing and chatting about our anticipated triumphs in hunting and fishing. We were all, like amateur sportsmen, very sanguine in our expectations, but I am sorry to say they were not fulfilled in the result.

Before evening we arrived at our camping place, and immediately set about to make arrangements for passing our first night in the open air. While Ben and Aleck, who had volunteered to take charge of the department of horse, went to a farmhouse to procure a supply of hay, the rest of us unloaded the wagon and began preparations for supper. While the others made a fire and were searching around, among the different things strewn about, for the cooking utensils, Charley and I attempted to put up the tent. In this we found much difficulty, for the unwieldy canvas, in spite of all our efforts, would get twisted into all imaginable and puzzling shapes. At last, however, after herculean efforts, we succeeded in bringing it to an upright position.

"There," said Charley, "let it stand if it will, or fall if it can't remain standing, I'm tired of it."

But it did not fall, and so no one else had the enviable pleasure of fixing it; though they laughed heartily enough at the knots, splicings, and supports that held it. The cooks were a little more fortunate. With only the mishaps of burned fingers or the upsetting of the coffee-pot into the frying-pan, a meal was prepared, which we despatched in a manner surprising to ourselves, and that would have made an epicurean stand aghast. Then, after a pleasant chat around the blazing fire, like hardy mountaineers, we rolled ourselves snugly in our blankets and slept soundly until dawn.

The first streaks of daylight saw us packing up for another day's journey, and before it was perfect day we were toiling up the rough road that led over the coast mountains. A thick, damp fog enveloped everything and did not rise until we had reached the foot of the mountains. We could hear the distant booming of the ocean, but intervening hills shut it from the sight. Suddenly, reaching the summit of an eminence, the broad, beautiful Pacific burst upon our sight, surging and foaming almost at our feet, and stretching away dimly into the misty west, while its low, measured moaning sounded like wild music.

About four miles down the bay, there was an old, deserted landing-place. Here we fixed our bivouac about one o'clock in the afternoon. Intending to remain here some days; after a cold lunch, we began to look around to see what sport there was. Ben, who had seen some wild ducks flying over head, went off to look for them; Charley went down the beach
in search of curlews, and soon only
Harry and I were left in the camp.
We tried our luck at fishing from the
wharf, but unsuccessfully.

"Jack," said Harry, rolling up his
line, "there is no use of staying here.
If we only had a boat I'm pretty sure
we could make a big haul out near
the mouth of the bay."

"I agree with you," said I, "but
I don't think there is a boat to be
had."

"These fishermen must have one
somewhere. Let us go up to the
house and ask them."

"Very well." And rolling up our
lines we went to the nearest house,
where we found an old man from
whom we hired a boat, after much
controversy about the price to be
paid for it. The boat was moored
on the beach about a quarter of a
mile from out camp. It was a small,
staunch smack, with oars and sail,
and in a few minutes Harry and I
were seated in it and scudding before
a light breeze toward the mouth of
the bay. In a short time we were
as far out as we thought fit.
Taking
down the sail, we dropped our lines,
and in half an hour had taken as
many fishes as we wished for. We
had been so wrapped up in our suc-
cessful sport that we hardly noticed
anything else, and when we thought
of returning we found that the tide
had carried us out of the bay. How-
ever, the wind, though it blew from
the shore, was light, and the return
tide would soon set in. We were
just preparing to return, when Harry
cried to me as I was drawing up my
line:

"Oh, Jack! look there. More
sport in the wind."

I looked up. He was pointing
towards a large rock, or sort of island
near the extremity of a point of land
on our left, over and around which
innumerable sea-birds were flying.

"Why," said I, "those birds are
not fit for anything, and if they were,
we have no guns."

"But their eggs are, and it does
not require guns to get them. I'll
wager that rock is covered with eggs
and we ought to have some."

"It's late though, Harry, and we
must take advantage of the return-
ing tide to get home."

"O, pshaw, Jack! we have time
enough, and it isn't far; we can row
over there in five minutes."

"All right, but we can't stay
long."

"Certainly not," said Harry, as
we rowed away. We soon reached
the rock, but could not land on the
side we had approached. Upon row-
ing round it, however, we found it
terminating in a sand bar, upon
which we landed, and with much
labor drawing the boat above high-
tide mark, we set out to explore the
island. The rock that we had first
seen we found very difficult of ascent,
but at the top we found abundance
of eggs, and succeeded in bringing
many to the boat. Having gone to
the boat with a hatful of eggs, what
was my surprise en reaching the top
of the rock to find Harry gone. In
alarm I shouted, but received no an-
swer. Searching all around, I found
a kind of descent at one side of the
rock. "He must have gone down
here," I thought. The path, in a
short distance, terminated in a nar-
row ledge with a sheer descent to
the water. A shiver ran through my
frame; "he may have fallen over here in attempting to get down the rock," and I looked anxiously about; "yes, there are footsteps in the loose sand, he went this way." I followed the direction that the footsteps seemed to indicate, and near a jutting rock there was a cavity about six feet square and slanting inward. I looked in, but could see nothing. I shouted—no answer—again—ah! was not that a cry from below? Yes. "Harry!"

"Oh, thank God, it's you Jack!" replied a voice down in the darkness, "I've fallen down here and sprained my ankle. I can hardly move."

"How deep is it?"

"About thirty feet, I guess."

"Then wait a moment; I'll splice the boat-ropes and have you up easily." I took all the ropes from the boat, and hurrying back, soon had them spliced and fastened to a projecting rock. I then descended, and with much difficulty carried my companion up the steep incline, and helped him down to the boat. But here a grievous difficulty awaited us. Much time had passed, it was dark and the wind blew strongly from the shore. Even were I able to manage the boat alone, we could by no means reach the shore that night. So we had to make up our minds to pass the night on the rock. It was a bitter cold night, and the spray dashing around us did not increase our comfort. I made Harry wrap himself in the sail, while I kept warm by walking to and fro. Thus the long dreary night passed away. As daylight broke, we noticed with joy that the wind had veered around towards the shore. Losing no time, I helped Harry into the boat, and spreading the sail, we found ourselves approaching the shore. We made but slow progress, but at the mouth of the bay we met our companions and the old fisherman who had been anxiously looking for us all night. With their help we soon reached the shore, where, by help of brandy, hot coffee, and the invigorating influence of the camp-fire, we infused some life into our bodies. After a long sleep we were quite recuperated, though Harry's foot continued to remind him, for some days, of his night upon the rock.
THE SOUTH AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE.

An awful stillness doth the noonday fill;
A nameless terror chills the hearts of all;
Strange, gloomy presages of coming ill
Hang hovering o'er us like a mighty pall!
Are we then destined to an early fall?
And these the dark forebodings may we deem
Of that last day, when, at the sovereign call,
All worldly things shall vanish as a dream,
And all the race of man shall view their Judge Supreme?

The solid earth is to its center shook,
And lofty Andes totters to and fro;
Those giant throes the ocean cannot brook,
But rushes outward in a mighty flow;
Tartarean forces burst forth from below;
They rend the surface with a thundering sound,
And rock-built cities crumble at the blow;
The shrieking dwellers seek to fly the ground,
But earth again is rent, and darkness closes round.

The heaving main uprising in its strength—
As though indignant at some grievous wrong—
Its surging mass of waters pours at length
With fearful force, the sounding shores along;
It parts like thread a vessel's iron thong—
The gallant bark is hurled upon the strand.
The waters thunder in triumphant song,
And rushing onward devestate the land,
And dash like reeds to earth, the structures man had plan'd.

The shrieks, the groans, the fearful agonies,
The thrilling hopeless prayers of that dread hour,
Are known to him alone who rules the skies,
And guides the tempest in its with'ring power.
He, for some worthy end, had caused to lower
The dismal shades of death on erring man,
Whose sinful nature is his only dower;
For since to disobey, mankind began,
God's justice ne'er has slept, as on the ages ran.
Good Breeding.

Now Silence reigns o'er this devoted land;
The ocean calmly sleeps within its bed;
But ruined cities lie on every hand,
Colossal sepulchres, dark, grim and dread,
Where rests the bones of the unnumbered dead.
A rippling lake has now usurped the place,
Where erst a thriving city reared its head:
And thus the heav'ny vengeance may be traced,
By fearful marks of death, which time can ne'er efface.

GOOD BREEDING.

"A man's worth in this world is estimated according to his conduct."—La Bruyère.

In our passage through life, we will find that in society, men of probity are very much esteemed, as also men of honor. Men of sense, men of learning, and men of courage obtain a good footing and are highly prized; but unless they have also the other qualities that make up a well-bred man, they lose almost entirely the standing they should possess in the estimation of other people. For this reason, I have selected the subject of Good Breeding, as one deserving of a little attention from our grave bird The Owl.

Good breeding has been defined to be "a virtue, by which other virtues are rendered more amiable and anything is avoided which might offend the legitimate feelings of others." Legitimate, because if they were not, we might be led into committing many crimes by the definition and under the sanction of good breeding. For example we may allow society to be imposed upon, deceived, and some of its members even ruined by the false pretensions of a scoundrel, while we, being conscious of the rascality of the pretender, may prevent these calamities, yet fail to do so because we think it may be a violation of good manners to hurt the rascal's contemptible feelings. Or, again, we allow the innocent to suffer, because the feelings of the guilty party may be injured. In such cases, the feelings are not legitimate, and we commit serious crimes against God and society in shielding the imposter and guilty person from his deserts, through a false notion of good breeding. But to offend feelings that are really legitimate; as to ridicule trivial faults and sensitive points of others, to speak sarcastically of a companion, or calumniate the dead in the presence of.
their friends, are acts that betray the perpetrator to be one undeserving of the name of gentleman.

Good breeding consists of two parts, the essential and the accidental. By essential, we understand the intention for which an action is done, and by the accidental, the manner in which that action is performed. Some acts of this virtue contain only the essentiality, as those of kindness done in a wrong way, or the feeling of respect shown in an awkward manner. The most of them have both; while there are none that contain the accidental part without the essential. The essentiality remains the same in all times, and in all climes; but the accidentality varies with the time, place, and the people. For example, of old, in Eastern countries it was the custom to uncover the feet and sit down in token of respect when going into the presence of the king, and when entering a religious edifice or even private dwelling. At the present time, in civilized lands, the reverse is the custom, and the highest mark of esteem is to uncover the head and retain a standing position. In India and Siam, the same respect is shown by bending the upper part of the body forward so that the head will touch the ground. Among the South Sea Islanders the custom of rubbing noses prevails. In these cases you will observe that the intention, or essential part, is the same, while the manner of showing it, or accidental part, is far different. We are bound, however, to observe all those points of etiquette, or accidental parts of good manners, established by the society in which we move, and we should not, from any croquet of our own violate the rules that have received this sanction.

The laws of good breeding are the laws of society, and they are more rigorous and severe than those of any existing government. Calhoun has said that they are like those of the Medes and Persians, and are absolutely fixed. Yet, notwithstanding their severity, they comprise a code which has the largest number of observers, and which confers upon them innumerable benefits.

The presence of good manners among a people places it at once on the list of civilized nations. In fact, they are the criterion which serves to distinguish it from savage confusion. The laws of society are extremely beneficial. These laws suppose among their followers the knowledge and also the acquisition of many virtues. And contrary to those institutions that preach a great deal but never practices good breeding, does not remain satisfied with merely the knowledge of the virtues, but requires that they should be practiced. Thus, in obliging us to exercise virtue, it keeps us from the practice of evil, and as it is impossible to be a servant of both virtue and vice, it so becomes a promoter of the moral laws of God. Those who are well bred secure many friends by their amiability, which latter is always a result of good breeding. They thus have their path through life strewn with the flowers of friendship, and their career is easy and successful. It is a noticeable fact that most of our millionaires are
both courteous and gentlemanly, and have won their way not only to wealth but also to the love and esteem of countless friends.

In moving in a refined circle we notice how superiors, who can be haughty and disagreeable, are rendered amiable; how equals become agreeable, and how our inferiors are raised up so as to make them acceptable; distinction, that bitter thorn, is kept down by the gloved hand of its influence; conversation, the link between man and man, is pleasantly sweetened, and we are compelled to be pleased with each other. Good nature, the most inestimable blessing, flows from this fountain, accompanied by mutual benevolence.

Persons naturally timid and bashful are brought out and soon feel a home-like air stealing over them. The rude and turbulent are quelled and soothed, and rendered agreeable; while the fierce are humanized. This is the picture of a refined circle, where people of all temperaments and abilities revolve without jarring or pushing against one another. But where you behold ill-breeding, you will find it accompanied by pride, the parent of evil, by ill-nature, and by want of sense. There, there are rude and turbulent spirits in continual warfare; every one making himself as disagreeable as possible; inferiors trampled upon, equals at variance, and superiors filled with pride.

As we are all to enter in a few years the army of society we should well prepare ourselves to be good and trusty soldiers by learning the laws and manners before our entrance.

There is no virtue that so manifests itself to our senses as good breeding; and it is by the exhibition of this virtue, that we are judged by our neighbors. While in college we take the greatest of pains with our classes, study hard in order to collect trains of thought and to place them in order; but failing in our manners we will, when going out into the world, be unable to make a common-place speech to a lady friend. We will stammer and hesitate, and then finding that we are incapable of making head-way, we soon become disgusted with our ill-luck and eventually turn misanthropes. Although, during our stay at college, we acquire much learning, be able to write with elegance and fluency, possess talents of the highest order, be conversant with Cicero and Demosthenes, and well up in our Calculus, we may still make ourselves disagreeable by having paid no attention to good manners. Neither our wisdom nor talents can keep us from this if we lack being well bred. We will have to drink through all our after life the cup of humiliation and disappointment. We will find enemies where we could have found friends. Those whom we have despised as our inferiors in college, will be placed above us, and jealousy will be added to our list of trials. We can thus see the necessity of applying our attention deeply to this subject. As we all expect in a few years to enter as active members the association called society, we must be well prepared in order to pass in a creditable manner our examination for admittance. As the most distinguishable outward sign of a gentle-
man is the facility with which he performs the acts that any emergency calls forth; we must obtain it; and as it can only be acquired by hard and long practice, we have to begin early.

At home the seeds have been planted by a mother's care, and when we leave that dear spot, to go to College, they should be watched and tended in the most careful manner.

College has been appropriately termed the rehearsal before the play, where we practice what we are to bring out more fully in after life. Let us, then, be kind to our companions; let us always bear in mind that old, but ever-to-be-repeated proverb, which is the foundation of good breeding: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

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IDLE NOTES.

ON sending forth this magazine to the public, we, its printers and contributors, would like to say a few words explanatory of so momentous and perhaps ill-advised a proceeding. When everybody, emboldened by the consolation of the truant schoolboy, that he "can't be more than killed," writes for the papers, why should not we, and for one of our own? Still it were with a trembling hand we would smooth each feather of our Owl, did we not feel assured that there will be only friendly eyes to gaze on it.

Nobody remembers a year when the publication of a paper has not been the darling wish of the Rhetoric classes and higher; thought of, talked about, and sighed after, and scarcely anything further. Although grasped more vigorously this year, the enterprise might, perhaps, have passed through the thinking and talking and sighing process, and then have become a virtually dead letter, had not several of the corps suddenly been seized by a vindictive fever, or sort of mania for type-setting, which, excitedly swallowing what matter it could lay hands on, forced the tardy to stuff its rapacious maw with their share of material.

The magazine's title is not borrowed from its honorable namesake, the English Owl. Indeed, the existence of the latter was known to us but lately. Last year the upper class of Rhetoric was driven from its usual hour in the afternoon to the eventide, and then enjoying the cool air, and blinking at the stars through the open windows, we said to ourselves: "We're owls, conning our books of lore in the night, and our paper shall be called The Owl." Thus it is, and not through a superabundance of wisdom, that we have assumed the name of Minerva's sober bird.

Lest we might perhaps be obliged to stagger under a load of well-meant but rather heavy criticism from some-
body, let it be said, that all articles, unless specially attributed to others, are written by the students. Were older heads set together over the pages of our magazine, something much more worthy would appear. The doors of the publication rooms are always open to any aspirant, whose genius keeps pace with his aspirations; be he big or little, he may most welcomly be a "brother owl" if he but possess the proper voice. Being common property, The Owl fosters disposition.

We appear at a season, which, in a land less petted by nature than our western valleys are, would belong to melancholy. If the foliage of the oak is turning to "the sere, the yellow," each leaf, as it flutters down, only makes another opening through which the tempered sun smiles on emerald spears below—clover, small as yet, and the overgrown mushroom. It is as though sometime, years ago, the earth, mistaking the coming of the spring time, had spread out too soon her carpet of blades and stems and buds,—green, blue and golden; and then, encouraged by kind smiles of the sun and glad voices of passing zephyrs, had determined evermore to be ignorant of the clouds—the hoarse-mouthed blasts of winter. May we not hope that our Owl, like nature in California, may be nearly always happy and smiling—as much so, at least, as an owl can be.

Through a fatality to which writers, good and indifferent, are not unfrequently subject, we stumbled the other day upon this fragment of verse, and copied it off into our notes. By some one it may, perchance, be called:

**A DISGUISED GEM.**

Beneath the crystal of an Indian brook,
A diamond nestled in its mossy nook;
A russet pebble, scarred and dull, save where
One tiny spot threw back the day-god's glare.

With many a frantic leap at lazy fly,
A little perch came fluttering, spluttering by,
A purple glister shot across his way—
Fit plume for helmet of a royal fay.

Aha! sir diamond! quoth he, well I know
How many stars beneath this roughness glow,
How much of sighs, and envy, war and gold,
Within this circle of a nutshell, told.

The joy to gloat on you for greedy men,
Or for the fair to wear such glorious gem:
But glitter not for me, not twice your charms,
Could make me shoulder half of your alarms.

Since the copies of our magazines are less plentiful, by far, than sand on the sea shore, it is our desire to send them especially to our friends; so all who receive, may believe themselves the firm friends of the College. Confiding it to their kind regard, and begging them to bear in mind, that if there are many typographical errors, everything was printed by ourselves. We dispatch from us our first number.

This number of the Owl, except some few alterations, was first printed by ourselves, and was issued a couple of days before Christmas, 1869. During the last few days, there were much early and late clanking of the press, and unseasonable type setting. The work was bound in buff paper, wearing a picture of the College on the last cover page.
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