The Owl, vol. 6, no. 3
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MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

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HUMAN LIBERTY IN ITS RELATIONS TO LAW.

A. L. VEUVE, (lst. Rhetoric.)

The subject which I have chosen for this short essay, is one which may appear to some of my readers rather dull and uninteresting; and yet it is of vital importance to every true lover of order and honesty.

Liberty is a household word:—and yet how differently is it understood!

Every interior commotion in a nation, every revolt against government, has sheltered itself under the puissant name of liberty. This magic word can enkindle within the hearts of an excited multitude a frenzy akin to madness, sometimes animating them to heroic deeds of glory, and at other times inspiring them with a blind fanaticism which transforms them into the most obedient slaves of tyranny.

Some of the noblest actions ever recorded upon the historic page, as well as some of the foulest crimes to which humanity can stoop, have been committed in the hallowed name of Liberty.

Greece, in her efforts to resist the repeated encroachments of the Persian invaders, may be cited as an example of a country where the term "liberty" was not misconstrued. She succumbed (though only to treachery) at Thermopylae; she triumphed at Salamis and Platea; but whether conquered or victorious, she always unsheathed her sword in defence of true liberty.

As an instance, on the other hand, of a country wherein this term has been degraded, witness unfortunate France. Though she has been the mother of some of the most eminent men of modern times,
and though she has deservedly been termed "the land of the brave," yet her crimes have been great; and the even hand of justice weighs heavily on her now. There the cry of "liberty" was raised; and amid the throes of the revolution which it excited, it caused such torrents of human blood to flow that the streets were slippery with gore.

Again, during the Reign of Terror, when vice stalked boldly through the streets, and lawless passion held full sway — when "equality" was established — when churches had been desecrated — and when for the religion which had just been abolished, the grossest idolatry was substituted — then too was the cry of "liberty" raised, and under that cry were countless outrages perpetrated.

To obtain a clear conception of our subject, it is necessary not only to understand what liberty is, but to be acquainted also with the origin of law and the source of its strength and efficacy.

Liberty, in its most general and comprehensive acceptation, may be defined as "unrestrained specific activity."

Every creature has within itself an active principle which prompts it to fulfil the office for which it was designed by its Maker. Thus, for instance, a stone launched into space, obeying its active principle, tends to gravitate to the earth; and anything which prevents it from so doing holds it in bondage, thus depriving it of its liberty.

A balloon filled with hydrogen gas, is said to have attained its liberty, when it is cast loose from the fastenings which bind it to earth, and allowed to soar unrestrained amid the regions of the sunny clouds.

An irrational animal is free when it follows the promptings of its natural instinct, and wanders without restraint through nature's wild domain.

But man, that noblest work of God's creation, will have attained a perfect liberty only when he is actuated in all his actions by reason — his active specific principle — unbiassed by the influence of passion.

Thus we see that liberty is a word which must be taken in various senses; and that in short there are as many different kinds of liberty as there are different natures. The liberty of the stone is just the reverse of that of the balloon; nor can a man, like a stone, be at liberty when falling to the ground: for liberty is certainly a good, whilst all must acknowledge that a fall to the ground is so far from being pleasant, that on the contrary, it is undoubtedly a misfortune: and the fundamental reason why this is so, is that liberty must be a good of the whole nature, and not of only a part. To fall belongs but to one of the essential constituents of man, and not
to the whole compound. Hence we see the necessity of taking the word “liberty” in the present instance, not in a general sense but specifically as human liberty.

During the past few years, Europe has been the theatre of some of the most terrible commotions that ever threatened the overthrow of all government. Socialism and Communism have sprung into existence, and have been fostered by criminals and by outcasts of society, who have sought to inculcate throughout the world, under the name of “Internationalists,” the abominable doctrines to which such principles lead—doctrines which tend directly to the destruction both of government and of society.

The common cry of the servile advocate of socialism is, “Down with all laws—the shackles which hold us in slavery at the feet of tyrants! Let us abolish all governments, establish equality, and obtain true liberty, viz: freedom of thought and action unrestrained by the cruel ambition of heartless despotism.” Such are the sentiments which socialism has inscribed on her banners; and in carrying them out she will seek to overthrow every good and holy institution, whether civil or religious.

It is hardly worth while to dwell upon such baneful doctrines; for it must be evident to all reasonable persons that order cannot be maintained without laws by which to regulate our conduct. Every organized society, every regular government has its established rules by which to abide. We, Americans, who pride ourselves upon our perfect liberty, respect and obey the Constitution left as our safeguard by our forefathers. And we find the same thing in the history of all civilized nations. And the reason answering to this fact is that man, having been created a social being, and destined to live in society, must be bound by the observance of certain rules; for society cannot exist without order, nor order (as we have before remarked) without law.

Even were man unsocial by nature, with no need of any companions save his reason and imagination, still he would be obliged to follow many of the laws of nature in order to sustain his life, as well as many moral laws to attain that end for which he was placed upon earth.

Yet though we see that laws are necessary to the welfare of every nation, thousands of complaining voices are constantly petitioning for the diminution of our numerous laws into such a number as are absolutely necessary.

It may appear a paradox if I say that laws, and a multiplicity of them, instead of restraining our liberty, on the contrary, perfect it. Yet such is what I maintain, and with the reader’s kind indulgence will attempt to prove. There is a
duty incumbent on man and dictated by nature, by which he is obliged to keep within the bounds of order and to conquer his evil inclinations. Now this being a natural duty, supposes a natural law, for duty and law are correlative terms; and this natural law is the great and only fountain-head whence emanate all the laws that are or can be justly imposed on man. When, therefore, the State frames any just laws, she imposes no new obligations, but only points out what man must perform or abstain from in certain definite cases, in virtue of the natural law. And, in fact, such crimes as theft, murder and the like, though prohibited by human law, are forbidden as strictly before as after its enactment. And the reason why this prohibition by human law is just, is that we are obliged by nature to abstain from them. Were the State to go beyond this,—were she to impose laws not dictated by nature,—she might justly be accused of tyranny and oppression; for, according to the teaching of the Angel of the schools, “every positive human law derives all its force and efficacy from the natural law.” Thus we see that no just laws prescribe any new obligations, because all such laws are founded upon that universal principle of honesty which is indelibly stamped upon the hearts of all mankind.

But I go further. Just laws, far from restraining our freedom, perfect it. It is certainly an imperfection in our liberty that we can transgress that order, established from all eternity, in order to direct us to the proper end, because such transgression, and even the power of so transgressing, militates against the salvation of our souls, and is therefore an evil; whilst liberty, in the true and full sense of the word is wholly a good. God, the most perfect being, who possesses liberty in the highest sense, cannot sin,—cannot do wrong. And man is created in God’s image. Consequently every evil deed acts as a clog upon our natural freedom; and such governments as allow freedom to the passions, instead of being the most liberal, are on the contrary the most tyrannical. But laws are professedly enacted for the purpose of preventing those transgressions, those breaches of order which are the only barriers that oppose us in the journey towards an eternity of bliss. Man then is perfectly free only when he does follow the dictates of reason, unbiased by the influence of passion. When his reason acts alone, he will preserve due order, and will use the means necessary to attain his proper end. Since, then, laws are framed for the sole purpose of keeping man within the bounds of reason, the more numerous they are, the more effectually will he be compelled to restrain his evil inclinations and correct every imperfection of
his frail nature. And he will thus be ennobled by a liberty Godlike in its perfection.

With such a view of liberty—regarding it, that is, as the freedom of the mind and of the soul from the tyranny of the passions—we cannot but honor most that government which makes the nearest approach to that legal excellence of which we have spoken: we cannot but sympathize with every nation which we find struggling to throw off the yoke of tyranny and to attain a true human liberty.

Let us strive, then, not merely to attain that liberty ourselves but to establish it as the primary principle of every government; for, whenever this point shall be attained, there will be an end to all lawless rebellions and revolutions. Communism and Socialism with their foul and infamous doctrines will cease to exist: and the terrible commotions which now agitate society, and which are their immediate offspring will sink away. There will, in a word, be heavenly peace upon earth.

WOMAN'S TRIUMPHS.

BY WM. B. MURPHY.

WHILST reason guides exultant in control,
The steeds of Triumph's car to wing their course,
To reach the laurels at the victor's goal,
Amidst the plaudits of the world's concourse,
Borne onward by their strong prevailing force,
That charioteer, the God-like human soul,
Shall find the path of Glory in its source,
And teach those wheels whose ceaseless thunders roll,
To trace a deathless name on Fame's eternal scroll.
No kindred splendors has the world displayed,
Where passion's maniac hand has seized the rein—
Proud passion in his garb of pomp arrayed!—
Too soon alas! is felt the bitter pain
That goads the subjects of his dread domain.
E'en slightest draughts from Wisdom's fount betray
How transient are the joys of Folly's train;
For 'round their brows the bays are soon decayed
And ruin holds the spot where transient beauties fade.

Strong man, surpassed by naught from Nature's hand
In proud assertion of his lawful right,
Not always lists to reason's wise demand,
But wandering far from Truth's unchanging light,
Is lost in black despair and gloomy night.
Fair woman, warrior of a feeble band,
Cognizant of her weakness in the fight,
Explores life's ocean far from dangerous land,
And sails secure from wrecking coast and hidden strand.

Though Pompey plough the waves of blood he shed,
And Thule reach of Time's most distant shore,—
His hungry soul on conquest's banquet fed;—
Say who would don the crown that Pompey wore,
So deeply dyed in pools of human gore?
In Pluto's dark domain 'twere better lead
A wretched life of one unceasing sore;
Than taste the vital air where one would need,
An endless life to purge from filth of damning deed.

Yet mark the regal gems that glitter bright,
Enshrined serene on modest virtue's brow.
The fairest one that sheds around its light,
Too pure for every worldling heart to know,
Finds in a mother's breast its earliest glow.
Behold the spot where beams its soft delight,
See where its nameless beauties gently shone;
Still smiling in that soul of spotless white,
Cornelia quenchless star of darkest heathen night.
O, peerless one, 'twas thine no wealth to boast,  
Of jewels gleaming in th' embrace of gold:  
Their Syren sheen 'midst pleasure's glittering host,  
Alone can lure the heart of earth's base mold,  
Yet fades at chill of death approaching cold.  
The star of love which glitters round the most,  
Must cause all future vision to behold  
The mother of the Gracchi grace her post,  
A sacred beacon-light to fashion's ree fy coast.

Nor shall thy name, 0 gen’rous Spadra blaze  
Less brilliantly 'midst honor's dazzling shower;  
Whilst conflagration spreads a wild amaze,  
Around thy child, what awful dangers lower!  
Mad flames, voracious, threaten to devour—  
O, thou art lost amidst their fiery haze!—  
Yet see! thy child is safe—sweet rescued flower!  
O, God! not thine, thy babe is in the blaze!  
She turns; she shrieks; in death she's lost from mortal gaze.

Thou, too, 0 woman of wild Orkney's shore,  
Whose tender babe an eagle snatched away,  
O heart undaunted by the breaker's roar,  
Now scaling crags that frown a steep dismay,  
To save thy infant doomed as eaglets prey.  
How dread the thrill those flapping pinions bore  
How shrill the screams that met thee on thy way!  
Yet from that cliff's dread eyrie torn, once more  
Thy heart's own idol smiles still sweeter than before.

But loving offspring can reflect a flame  
Upon the splendent mirror of the soul,  
Still robed in all the charms in which it came!  
Behold the power of Nature's hand unroll  
The living parts of Beauty's magic whole,  
In filial love of that brave Roman dome,  
Who seeks her captived father to console  
His sadd'ning grief, then turns aside death's aim,  
By that same source which feeds her infant's vital flame.
How pure the light of Myro’s friendly flame,
Who gazed the earliest on a sister’s death,
To spare that sister tears of sorrows claim,
And “Jeannie Deans,” the lass whose truthful breath,
Poured forth her own dear Isabella’s death,
With frightful speed of wild gazelle o’ercame
The long extent of widely reaching heath.
And justly tho’ sh’ unvailed her sister’s shame,
That sister’s life her own endeavors now reclaim.

Scarcely less sad see Josephine bewail
Th’ ambition blind of her aspiring lord.
With hardened heart, to sacred promise frail,
When love with boundless pride could not accord,
He casts his spouse away as one abhorred.
But when misfortune’s direful arms assail
How sweet to bid the joyful world record,
That Josephine beheld them not to quail;
But loved the heart that scorned her love, without avail.

But Oh! unbidden tears must start and flow,
When Hero weeps Leander’s mournful end.
From turret height—she sees with madd’ning woe
His lifeless body with the waves contend.
The horrid sight fails not her heart to rend
And like a barb from disappointment’s bow,
From casement height her beauteous limbs descend.
Leander’s form and hers now sinking go,
To join their spirits in th’ Elysian glade below.

When Rome first lived an infant on the earth,
Their daily toil her sons performed alone;
And woman’s absence cast o’er all a dearth.
Then seized they Sabine maidens as their own:
But vengeful wrath to them is instant shown,
And trumpets speak of War’s approaching birth.
The ties of love and blood opposed are thrown,
But woman saves blood’s deluge from the earth;
Who came to slay in fight partake of Hymen’s mirth.
But woman's breast within there often springs
The shady growth of broad Affection's tree,
Which kindly shelters all of human things.
The nun who dwells in poverty's degree
Loves all, as God from Sinai gave decree.
Spain's glorious queen, her tribute humbly brings,
The hospital of war gained by her plea.
Whilst murd'rous flights death's angel darkly wings,
That life she husbands which to mangled members clings.

The maid who won the isles of Farne their fame,
An alien to the slightest thrill of fear;
When human lives her ready succor claim,
Sees wat'ry death upon the surge appear,
And hears the suffering voice of shipwreck near:
Swift through the boiling waves she fearless came,
And brought the sufferers forth in safe career;
She gave fatigue her couch to rest its frame,
And quenchless glory clings around Grace Darling's name.

The suffering wretch who clanks a galling chain,
Within some London prison's cruel cell,—
Whose days are toil, whose nights are wracking pain,—
A gift has oft' enjoyed from gen'rous Nell,
And felt a joy that words can never tell.
In homes of many such where want held reign,
In haunts where ghastly fiends of hunger dwell,
Now joys of plenty they once more attain,
And 'round the hearth, henceforth shall happiness remain.

Though woman's tears in pity gently flow,
No dangers cause her fearless heart to quake.
More bravely who has dared th' all-conquering foe,
Than that proud Martyr at the burning stake,
Who saved her country's right that she might take,
In cold neglect what Briton's love to show.
In future ages justice shall awake,
When tyrant power shall lose its shining glow
And many a name be raised that sleeps since long ago.
What deed more brave can History proclaim,
Than hers who 'midst the rule of thoughtless power;
Warns throne and sceptre of unbending shame?
Though shapes of human fiends around her lower,
No trembling fears her dauntless soul devour.
When death is soon to grasp her mortal frame,
What brightness shines around that glowing hour!
We hear a Roland's voice in death exclaim:
"O Liberty! what crimes are acted in thy name?"

The world is long familiar with the tale
That lingers round a Stuart's injured name.
And pity loves her wretched fate to wail.
A score of years and nine midst taunts of shame,
Her patient life deep sufferings proclaim.
Now death's approach with joy behold her hail,
And at the last with truthful voice exclaim,
"Ah! those who look on death with terror pale,
Know not of coming joys that round the scene prevail."

So country's love has fired with noble glow,
The patriot maiden's breast,—pure virtue's shrine;
And truer love 'tis seldom ours to know,
All other glorious loves in this combine,
And gleaming with a ten-fold lustre shine,
In radiance, deathless fair,—the world to show,
That mortals here may cherish things divine,
And though their path be rough and hard below,
That path shall gain for them far more than they forego.

An Argive maid has sung in lyric strain
The glowing praises of her native land;
But hostile hordes that sacred soil profane;—
The magic quill that instant 'scapes her hand.
Proudly she leads an Amazonian band,
To die, or Freedom's sacred right sustain.
Ah! now in vict'ry's chariot see her stand!
And while her name shall roll o'er earth's vast plain,
A marble speaks her deeds in Aphrodite's fane.
When bloody war first landed on our shore,
Or late when civil strife profaned our peace,
How many a suffering peril woman bore;
To hasten hated war to its decrease,—
To cause its blasting wickedness to cease!
Yes! they have names shall live forevermore;
Each age new laurels on their brow shall place.
If future war we ever should deplore,
God grant this land the dauntless women of our yore!

Now Saragossa’s martial maiden see,
Who like a new Marulla rushed to fire
A people’s suffering spirit to be free.
She plunged amidst the battle’s smoky ire
To quench the flames of Freedom’s funeral pyre,
And force a hated foe to bend the knee.
Her name shall grow as future years expire,
And whilst it mounts on endless time’s degree,
Each year shall bring it back a nation’s jubilee.

How pure a love for France Jeanne D’Arc declares!
How bright the triumph which her worth obtained!
With speed successful aid to Orleans she bears,
The Royal Charles his crown by her attained,
And ruled in peace the realm her valor gained.
The pagan dame whose injured child prepares
To raze proud Rome, a power his heart disdained,
Has saved her Rome from treason’s deadly snares,
But, lo! around her son destruction wildly glares.

To ev’ry spot where sorrow leaves her trace
Fair Woman hastes to reap with eager hand
Love’s bounteous harvest. Who can check her pace?
What barrier’s strength can cause her course to stand?
What perils force her armies to disband?
What tempting pleasures lure her from her place?
O let her dwell where swelling griefs expand,
The weakness of our human hearts to brace,—
Along life’s rugged path to guide with queenly grace.
When battle's thunder roars,—when terror's cry
Resounds amidst the darkling clouds of war,
Where bombshells light the sulphurous air on high,—
Where men are crushed beneath the rattling car;
And cries of anguish echo wide and far:—
Where death in ghastly form still hovers nigh,—
There woman shines, a soft, a glorious star.
She lights the spot where fallen heroes lie,
And spreads celestial bliss before each closing eye.

How many a glowing heart that well might sway
The golden power of Beauty's magic wand,
Now humbly seeks, from pleasure far away,
Some convent-cell, to snatch from vice's strand.
The orphan child, the outcast of the land.
Thou heartless one, bright star of Fashion's day,
Say why do hooded nuns thy scorn demand?
If round their forms there shines no proud display,
Their souls, with graces crowned, shall shine in bliss for aye.

Their blessed eyes have drunk the glorious light
Swift streaming from the awful throne on high.
Exulting souls! enraptured at the sight,
They soar beyond the stretch of mortal eye,
And, saints, they tread on earth, but haunt the sky.
They seek the virgin, with anglic flight;
While seraph hosts rejoice to think them nigh.
Onward they press; for earth's dark frowns incite
Their weak and fainting hearts to gracious Heaven's Delight.

And is not Mary's triumph fair indeed?
The Son of God comes down awhile to dwell,
In that pure form so free from sinful deed;
His temple is her bosom's throbbing swell
Within her heart He keeps His hermit-cell.
The Lord commands his edict to proceed,
And Mary bears a son, born to dispel
The night that hides the path of virtue's meed,
Till smile those walks that straight to bliss eternal lead.
E'eén while her anguished Son on Calv'ry's height
By death to save a sinful world was raised,
When day was black with gloomy clouds of night,
Save John all manly followers fled amazed,
And women only on the death-pangs gazed.
But when three days had flown in rapid flight,
And Christ's new life from out the tomb had blazed,
The women soonest told their anxious sight,
That Christ on glorious wings had soared to Heaven's delight.

Amongst the few that lingered faithful there,
The virgin stood amongst the mourners first,
And Magdalen was found a flower of prayer,
Whose sudden faith from out her bosom burst,
Whom, though a sinner wretched and accursed,
A God had taught to seek the heavenly air,
Where faith in fount of truth, can quench its thirst.
Thus hope obtained the dwelling of despair
And changed that heart's drear cell to virtue's temple fair.

Behold the names which woman's ranks present!
Yet still there are who merit endless praise,
Some whose pure lives in cold neglect are spent,
And some who shine with glory's quenchless blaze
In Hemans' song, or Sappho's melting lays.
Hereafter they shall have supreme content,
Resplendent in the gleam of Honor's rays,
Whose name,—on earth with glory all unbent,—
In heavenly light shall shine with precious ornament.

Daughter of Eve, where'er thy lot may lie,
In humble hut or in a princely hall,
The rightful call of duty ne'er deny.
Then with'ring knell may sound its awful call,
Cold human pride to instant dust may fall,
And gorgeous beauty, 'midst her charms, may sigh
To think she soon must fade 'neath Death's dark pall;
But when long, long eternity is nigh
Thy parting gaze shall view the past with triumph's eye.
Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.

Richelieu.

A Contrast.

At nearly every period in the history of civilized man, we find the pen occupying a high place in the public esteem; nor have its honor and power ever been greater than at present.

Civilization has decreed that the pen, once so little thought of, should be exalted even higher than the far-famed sword.

If we contemplate the histories of ancient Greece and Rome, we shall notice that when those nations were most powerful, it was mainly by the influence of the pen that the people were restrained from disorder, enlightened and humanized.

Even on the tented field, the pen has sometimes played its part in making armies successful. In the history of Sparta, for instance, we read of the demoralized condition of the Spartan troops, consequent upon their many successive failures in their war with the Messenians, and of their being animated to such a high degree of courage and spirit by the pen of Tyrtaeus, that they won battle after battle, and finally subdued those very Messenians who had been previously defeating them.

In modern times, resort has been had to the pen in cases which would have been settled by the sword, had they occurred among the ancients or among barbarous nations; and mankind is thus distinctly benefited by the fact that only ink has been spilt where blood must otherwise have flowed.

By means of the pen, knowledge is spread: with the sword, knowledge is prevented from spreading.

By the pen, man is enabled to express his gentler and nobler feelings; but the sword appeases only a thirst for blood.

The pen, in short, is the wise man's weapon; the sword is the weapon of the fool; for while the pen produces good results, the sword causes evils of the worst kind.

The pen is the advocate of order in society, of peace, and of liberty; it is at once the great upholder of a people's rights, and their strongest security against imposition.

With the pen, peaceable expression is given to the opinion of the public, but the sword is the emblem of tyranny, bloodshed and oppression.

Then—"Take away the sword; States can be saved without it; bring the Pen."
The Crusades.

Ever since Western Europe failed, in the last of the crusades, to obtain the objects for which it strove, and for which thousands of Christians sacrificed their property and their lives, these holy wars have been objects of scorn and ridicule to modern writers who have declared that the crusades had a pernicious effect on the morals of Europe, have aspersed the motives which actuated the crusaders, and have availed themselves of every trivial circumstance to cast both into bad repute.

As regards the motives which induced the inhabitants of Europe to undertake the suppression of Mahometan power, there certainly was nothing in them which could, with justice, be assailed. There were the Saracens—who had slowly absorbed the greater part of Asia until their empire had become the most extensive in the world,—daily threatening to extend their conquests into the heart of Christendom. Indeed they had gone so far as to advance to the very walls of Constantinople. There they were, I repeat, on the very borders of the civilized world, preparing to pour their restless hordes into the centre of Christendom. Every year they waxed bolder, and their encroachments increased. Travellers journeying in the Holy Land were no longer safe, but each day beheld a new atrocity inflicted on them.

But strong as were the political and social motives for opposing these enemies of Christendom, the religious motive far exceeded them in power. The Christians saw Palestine, where our Saviour had lived and taught and suffered, and where, as the culminating act of our Redemption, He had died an ignominious death on the cross,—they saw this sacred soil, on which He had once trodden, desecrated by the infidel, and His sacred relics in the possession of a people, who daily insulted and ridiculed them; and to crown all, they found that they, who for years had been wont to make pilgrimages to the Blessed Sepulchre, were debarred from further visits, by the insane fanatics of Asia.

In such a strait as this it was ac-
nally necessary, for the preservation of the Christian world, to diminish the power of these barbarians; and by what better means could this have been effected than by the crusades? Then again: was it possible for the people of Christendom, with their high spirit and enthusiastic faith, to behold the indignities daily heaped upon their religion and its ministers without the blood boiling in their veins; or to see the alarming fate that threatened them, without raising a hand in defence of their homes and their faith? Surely—no reasonable man, whose prejudices have not biassed his judgment in this matter, can deny that the motives which impelled the Christians of the middle ages to engage in these wars, were altogether above censure.

It has been advanced, as an argument to illustrate the pernicious effects of the crusades, that they occasioned the deaths of two millions of the flower of Christian chivalry. At first this may seem a large number, but if we turn to the statistics of nations we shall see that such a number was not comparatively large, but, on the contrary, rather small, considering that the loss was shared by nearly all the nations of Europe, and that the expeditions extended over a space of two centuries. It is a well known fact that Napoleon Bonaparte sacrificed the lives of, at least, seven millions of people, to his insatiable ambition; and, in all the extensive wars in the world, we shall find a corresponding loss of life.

The Crusaders, for many reasons, failed to recover the Holy Land; but, notwithstanding, this it cannot be affirmed with truth that the commanders were wanting in skill, or the soldiers in courage or discipline—for in the ranks of the crusading armies were the noblest and most chivalrous knights, of those noble and chivalrous times; and the sovereigns most celebrated throughout Europe for prudence and valor, commanded them. But no force, however brave, could withstand the superior numbers of the Saracens, whilst its own ranks were daily decimated by sickness and want of proper food. Still, even situated as they were, the leaders of the crusades, by their indomitable perseverance, took city after city, and even held Jerusalem for a short time.

These transient advantages, however sink into insignificance before the brilliancy of those more lasting ones, whose influences may be traced even in the present age. The nobles forgot their private quarrels in the prosecution of a worthy enterprise against a common foe; the infidel's career was checked, and he was taught to regard the sword, though he reviled the religion of the Christians. The Holy City was opened to all; and Europe once more breathed freely. Navigation, too, received a great im-
pulse, which led to the invention of the mariners’ compass, and a large commerce soon sprang up with the European colonies in Asia Minor. The geography, not only of Asia, but also of the Mediterranean, became better known; and the science of chemistry sprang rapidly into public favor.

From all this, we see (1) that the crusades had two causes, the one religious, and the other political and social. The first originated in the desire of the people of Christendom to wrest the scene of the sufferings and death of our Saviour from the Eastern barbarians; the second in their wish to stop the encroachment of these infidels, and curtail their great power, so that they would no longer be in a position to jeopardize the safety of Europe. We have already seen that the crusaders failed to accomplish the first of these objects, though they succeeded admirably in the second. (2) The universality of these wars is demonstrated. Not only did all the Christian nations engage in them, but from each particular state, came forth representatives of all classes of society, nobles and knights, andburgers and serfs,—aye, and even sovereigns—to do battle for their country and their God. We see, (3) the principal social effect of the crusades to have been the impetus which they gave to intellectual as well as to commercial progress, and their consequent promotion of the arts and sciences. Society, through their influence, soon underwent a great change. All things tended, as Guizot says, “to mutual approximation;” small things were absorbed by large ones, or gathered around them. Thus, after the crusades, the petty fiefs in France and Germany lost their existence, giving birth to large feudal states. So that, all things considered, the crusades are not by any means destitute of good, even in a religious point of view; and, I think, we may safely say, regarding them from a secular stand point, that they greatly assisted the progress of civilization.
Dear "Owl."—As we have settled the much vexed question of the "Claims," and John Bull is going to send your side three millions and a quarter—to be changed into "almighty dollars," J. B. (I venture to speak for him, so far) feels that he can forgive your guilty past, and be quite nice and loving again. Cockburn, the only wise man among the lot, has delivered an independent judgment, the mere resume of which occupies over sixteen columns of the Times, showing how and why we were right and you wrong; but I fear that you would not profit by his sound argument, and so I will not inflict it on you:—particularly as it occurs to me, en passant, that you may possibly not have thirty-two pages of the Owl to spare for its reception. I know not what you Californians may be thinking of the matter—if you think anything thereon; but, really, joking aside, we think almost nothing of it. The "Award" and its consequences seem to have caused no more annoyance than a good thunderstorm might have done. In society it is never even talked of. A "good" murder would have caused much more sensation. I really think that your fellow countrymen now in England must be riled at the cool manner in which it has been taken. Our financial surplus for next year promises to be such that the requisite number of dollars may come out of it, and so not even cause us the addition of a penny in the pound to our income tax.

What is really a serious trouble to us is the potato disease, which is general, and will make the "praties" a very dear article this winter. Coals, too, have risen fifty per cent.; so that altogether this coming winter will be a very awkward one for small fixed incomes, like mine. Meat, and everything will be dear. Strikes, too, are universal, and the labor market, generally, is in a very bad state; the result thereof being to enhance the value of everything, even up to
wives, which I can assure you are very dear. At least mine is.

We have been taking a leaf out of your American book as regards the Ballot, which, at last, after many years taken to consider, we have adopted and put into practice. It seems to work well for the interest of the Tories,—just what it was expected not to do,—and we only want a county election or two (which we have not yet had since the change) to decide our opinion about it.

Next session we are to have Irish Education, Sanitary Reform, and Local Taxation overhauled: and the three subjects will give us, I suspect, plenty of work and no little anxiety.

The Tories seem to think they'll come into power before long. Gladstone is not the "swell" he was, though he certainly finished last session better than he began it.

I send you the Spectator and Saturday Review, and trust that you profit thereby. This last Spectator has a good letter from Mark Twain in it, and a neat little anecdote, illustrative of the religious impotence of two sharp Yankees, suddenly confronted with death. They were in a yacht on the Delaware river, in imminent danger of wreck. "Seth," said Peleg, "say a prayer." "I can't," said Seth, "I have forgotten how.

"Then let us sing a hymn," replied Peleg. "I can't," returned Seth, "I never could sing." "But, Seth, we are drowning men, and must do something religious. Let us make a collection." And they made it! And no doubt that is the one memorable Anglo-Saxon doxology.

You fellows can't play cricket yet; though that may, perhaps, be because you can't make up your minds to try in real earnest. And cricket is too grand and serious a thing to be successfully achieved by men who don't care about it. You may talk of your American "base-ball"; and it's a good game, I dare say, in its way. But you'll never persuade John Bull that it is comparable to cricket. What a splendid team of winners we have sent over to you! You have a few things to learn from the old country, yet; and cricket and boating are two of them.

Yours,

Deadlock.
POLO AND RALLIE—PAPIER.

PROFESSOR DANCE.

We do not feel very competent to speak—and if we did, our authority on such a point would not be likely to command much respect from our readers—upon the subject of American tastes in the matter of games. Some games there are, such as cricket and football, which although they are played with enthusiasm in the mother country and seem to be just what the Anglo-Saxons “of that ilk” need, do not (as the phrase goes) “take” on this side of the Atlantic. There is evidently some idiosyncracy in the American character, or perhaps in the English, or perhaps in both, the action of which is to dispose the one nation in favour of particular modes of exercise which to the other appear more or less distasteful. Base-ball, for instance, popular here to such a degree as to have fairly established itself as the one distinctive national game, will never, we are morally certain, satisfy John Bull: whilst cricket, on the other hand, about which our corpulent relative in the top-boots has always been so enthusiastic, seems to make no progress whatever in America. Our English correspondent, whose letter will be found on another page, refers with a certain amount of national triumph to the recent discomfort of the younger nation by the elder on the cricket-field; and, esteeming cricket as he and all true Englishmen do, we cannot wonder at his exultation. His innate fairness, however, leads him pretty near the truth when he suggests, as a reason why the Americans were beaten, that they did not care enough about the matter to go into it heart and soul, like their transatlantic cousins. For a similar reason John Bull if he ever played “base-ball,” which, so far as our information extends, he has not yet thought it worth his while to do, even in a single instance, would certainly stand no chance in that game against young Jonathan.

Still, notwithstanding such international differences as these, we fancy there must exist sufficient blood-relationship between the two peoples, to lead to their agreement in one respect at least; viz: a preference for what is more athletic, more manly, and (if you will) more dangerous, over that which is less so. With regard to
American cavalry officers, our knowledge consists chiefly in a single isolated fact, which we have derived from the hand-bills which make themselves so conspicuous throughout California, and which communicate to the stranger the valuable and we hope authentic information that a certain "cavalry condition powder" of miraculous virtue is in habitual use by General Sheridan and (we presume) that numerous body of officers who are influenced by his example. Taking this fact, then, for granted, and giving it the high though not exaggerated importance which the proprietor of the powder would consider its due, we may venture to assume, of American cavalry officers, as a class, that they keep their horses in good condition. And if they do, then (other requirements being also conceded) theirs will be just the nags for "Polo." And why should Polo not become popular here? The only reason we can think of why it should not, is that it has created quite a furor among cavalry officers in England; and if that be a reason at all, it is certainly a reason which requires a reason. Here, however, we think we hear the reader exclaim:—

"Hold on! you are getting out of your depth. Just stop your attempts at devising 'reasons and let facts speak for themselves.'"

Down we come upon you then, good reader, with our facts.

Down we come upon you, on pony-back with a stout stick in our right hand! Down we come, not our individual self alone, but with a dozen or two of friends similarly armed and mounted! Helter-skelter, scamper, rush and tumble! Clear the way there! Look out, all of you, if you don't want to be rolled over in the dust, half your bones broken, and all your flesh pounded to the consistency of calves' foot jelly! A score of us on this side, and nineteen on the other; and no mercy shown to the interpolated persons of intruders on our game of "Polo!"

Polo may be said to have been introduced to the world only as recently as July last, when it was fairly launched, as a fashionable sport among the "upper ten thousand" of the British Islands, by a match which was played in Windsor Great Park, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and a large party of the nobility and gentry of the United Kingdom. We cannot but think that it will have a grand success in the old country, notwithstanding (or rather perhaps because of) its aristocratic and exclusive character. We shall convey, perhaps, the best notion of it in the shortest time, if we describe it as a game of ball. The only known game which it at all resembles is that which has long been popular among school-boys under the name of hockey. And to this game it bears a very
strong resemblance indeed. Polo, in short, amounts to little more than hockey played on horseback. The hockey-stick in use by ordinary mortals becomes of course a pole when thus wielded on horseback by the Gods. The end is curved, just like that of the hockey-stick; and the contest is, as in hockey, as to which of the two sides shall succeed, in spite of the other, in sending the ball "home." From the use of a pole in place of a short stick comes the name "Polo." It has never been the custom, so far as our own experience may be a guide, to protect one's legs against the stroke of an ordinary hockey-stick; and well does the writer recollect the grief and tribulation which he frequently experienced in his early days from the sharp descent of his opponents' sticks upon unprotected shin or ankle; though he can certainly call to mind no instance in which bones were broken at hockey. In Polo, however, the sticks or poles being much longer, the height from which the blow falls greater, and the impetus of the player much stronger, some protection is necessary; and that not for the comparatively unimportant limbs of the English aristocracy—(let them be broken, of course, if it so happen; and let their owners get them mended again if they can)—but for the far more valuable and less reparable legs of the polo horses themselves. For a horse well suited to and well trained for Polo is of great value to the young English "swell." It is a game which, to begin with, cannot be played with any degree of interest or success, upon horses wholly untrained to it; and the better trained your steed may be, so much the greater is your chance of distinguishing yourself in the game, and ensuring the victory to your side. Very much indeed depends on the horses' training; almost if not quite as much as on the skill and activity of the rider; for the best polo player, on a pony untrained or out of condition, would stand but a very poor chance of success. It would never do, therefore, to leave the legs of these valuable and well-trained animals exposed without protection to the fearful blows inflicted by the great sticks, which, aimed though they may be at the ball, very frequently strike the legs of the horses. Consequently the animals' forelegs are always swathed in substantial bandages, on the principle of those which protect a batsman's legs at cricket: and even so, notwithstanding all precautions, the poor creatures may oftentimes be seen limping away from the field, unable to continue the struggle. Then comes in the reserve horse, with which the young aristocrat's groom is waiting, within hail. Some, even, have two or three horses in reserve, just as is the custom in the hunting-field. And this is one of the facts which show that polo is not likely
ever to become one of the everyday amusements of "the million."

This exclusiveness, indeed, will doubtless be one of its chief recommendations to the upper classes of Great Britain. They have long found it difficult enough to keep anything to themselves in the way of either amusements or fashions. The "spirit of the age," as it is called, presses heavily upon them from behind, and drives them from one fortified post to another,—everything which begins with being aristocratic becoming in a short time just as plebeian as its predecessors;—and if they find themselves able to make anything like a stand at "polo," as the nature of the game will probably enable them to do, we may expect that it will remain fashionable among them for some time to come.

On the occasion to which we referred at the commencement of this article, it was indeed, as the Saturday Review phrases it, "altogether a glorified affair, with a princess looking on, a squadron of mail-clad troopers to keep the ground, and a trumpeter in cloth of gold to sound the charge." There were only, however, (for those were the early days of the game) six champions on either side. In future, we doubt not, the numbers will be much greater; especially on such grand occasions as those which call forth a Prince and Princess to be lookers on. The uniform adopted was "short cords, riding-gaiters, jerseys, and caps;" and the two sides were of course distinguished by different colors.

Nothing, short of actual war, can well be more exciting; nor, we should suppose, could anything afford more opportunity for a display of all those physical qualities of which the officers of "crack" regiments are always so proud. "The charges of the horsemen after the ball," says the review already quoted, "now rushing together in a dense cluster, now breaking loose, wheeling and scattering, the rattle of sticks, and the plunging of ponies, the racing, chasing, and collisions the varying chances and stirring incidents of the sport, give it a highly picturesque and animated character. Besides which," continues the same writer, "it has at least the recommendation of being a manly sport. It is a healthy and invigorating exercise; it requires skill, dash, and nerve; and it develops all the qualities of a thorough horseman. Apart from the fun of the thing, it is easy to imagine how a man might be better, morally as well as physically, for a game at polo; which braces the muscles, trains the eye, the hand, the limbs,—and has just that spice of personal risk, if not exactly of danger, which steadies the nerves, and exercises those qualities which are supposed to be summed up in manliness. A man who is not on the alert at polo, may 'fetch a cropper,' or get
an awkward crack on the crown; to warn him to have his wits about him next time;" but after all, what matter such trifling annoyances as these, when weighed in the balance with all the pleasurable excitement, not to speak of the moral and physical advantages, which a spirited youth may derive from such a game? There are many amusements in vogue—though we venture to think they are not in accordance with the true genius of the Anglo-Saxon race—at which any sneak or poltroon may shine; but sport like "polo" tends to develop what Englishmen and Americans call "pluck;" a term for which the continental languages of Europe, so far as we are aware, supply no precise equivalent, but which certainly includes, as we understand it, nearly all the qualities to which other nations apply the epithet "virile."

We understand, that Polo was first introduced by officers who had seen service in India, and that the game itself, or something closely resembling it, has for a long time been in use among the English officers stationed in that country, who have taken the idea of it from oriental sources. Everyone knows the skill of Eastern cavaliers in warlike manœuvres and games on horseback; and it is likely that whilst the English may have taken the idea from something they have seen among the natives of India of the present day, these latter, on the other hand, may be only carrying on their ancient traditions of horsemanship and athletic exercise combined, in the game which has suggested "polo" to their English masters. We never heard, however, of Indians playing hockey: so we are driven to conclude that polo is of mongrel origin after all, and that, good as it is, it is only a cross between some ancient Indian game and the hockey of our schoolboy days. Well: perhaps that may recommend it all the more strongly to the "jeunesse dorée" of the United States. Republicans are supposed to hold "blue blood" in light esteem; and if polo cannot boast a long or unmixed pedigree, there seems to be no reason why it should be the less highly esteemed on that account by the citizens of a young republic. We shall not, however, undertake even to hazard a guess as to its chances of adoption in America. All we shall venture to say is that the chances of polo what they may, on this side of the Atlantic, we think "Rallie-papier," the other game the name of which heads this article, is at any rate less likely to succeed here. We had intended to treat of this latter sport at some length; but we begin to fear that our frame of mind is hardly respectful enough towards it to allow of our doing the subject justice; and, besides, we have perhaps tried the patience of our readers long enough as it is. We will there-
fore only say that whilst English cavalry officers have been inventing polo, those of France have been "trying to regenerate themselves by means of equestrian paper-chases which they call 'rallie-papier'." This is not a game which has any pretensions to foreign or ancient descent, and yet it is not altogether new; for just as Polo is more or less a representation of an old school game, with the grand difference that it is played on horseback instead of on foot; so also is "Rallie-papier:" the game reproduced under the latter name being that of "hare-and-hounds," with which many American boys are well acquainted. The "scent" is represented, in the adult as in the juvenile form of the game, by bits of paper, which are disseminated by the horseman who represents the "hare," from a couple of capacious and well-stored saddle-bags. "Cords, a bottle-green coat and a velvet jockey-cap" are the uniform in which this game is played on the plain of Satory, near Paris, by the initiated; though the uninitiated are allowed to dress as they please. Ladies join in the game, on the strength of the assurance given in advance, that like Leech's sportsman, they will have "nothing but prime turnpike roads all the way;" and when we speak of ladies joining in any equestrian game in the neighborhood of Paris, it "goes without saying" that among them will be no small number of American and English ladies. A start of ten minutes is allowed to the "hare," and then off canter the assembled company along the "turnpike roads." If the hare be adventurous, however, he sometimes takes the "field," through a hedge, or over a wall, or into a stream; and thus many of the party come to grief. "The French ladies," says our authority, "ask themselves whether the mud on their skirts will detract much from their general appearance when luncheon time comes. The American ladies laugh and like it." What the English ladies do, that deponent sayeth not; but we strongly suspect, from a long and intimate knowledge of their idiosyncrasies, that they adopt neither course.

Eventually, somebody comes up with the "hare," (who generally makes a very desperate and amusing scuffle to avoid capture,) snatches from his button-hole the rosette which has been attached thereto at the opening of the hunt for this especial purpose, cries "Victoire," and hands the trophy to the lady of his heart,—"the pretty Miss Somebody" (says our English authority, the Pall Mall, "of Baltimore, U. S." Et voila tout!

And now, bold and gallant American reader, solve for us the difficulty with which we began; and tell us which of the games is, in your candid opinion, the more
likely to commend itself to the youth of the United States. Will the boldness of Polo or the gallantry of Rallie-popier take your countrymen's fancy most; or will they (as is quite conceivable) decline to appreciate the good points of either, and insist upon inventing for themselves, now, henceforth, and forever, all such games as they may in future condescend to play?

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A GENTLEMAN.

J. C. JOHNSON.

THE characteristics of a gentleman have been variously stated by different authors, who, prejudiced by national sympathies, or by the prevailing sentiments of the day, have been led to set forth a list of certain necessary qualities as belonging to true gentlemen, which succeeding times have often found not only absurd but wicked. Thus, from age to age, a gentleman, or rather an honorable man, ("generosus,"?) has been credited with qualities ever varying.

In ancient times there were far fewer distinguishing characteristics than in the more modern ages.

Among the Greeks, a pure patriotism was the marking trait. Thus a man might commit innumerable crimes against other countries and individuals not of his own land, yet, if he displayed courage and self sacrifice for his country, all else was forgotten.

Among the Romans the ideas on this point were similar.

Descending to modern times, we find that in the early ages of our mother-land, a man need be only "sans peur" to be also "sans reproche." Thus, though the leading knight of Arthur's Round Table, beguiled and misled the King's spouse, yet, since he was brave and always foremost upon the field of battle, he was considered a bright specimen of the medieval gentleman.

All that fierce swarm of bullying
knights that followed William the Bastard across the channel, were gentlemen; and he who at that time would have been so bold as to deny it, would assuredly have had his caitiff nose and ears cut off for his pains.

The Cavaliers, with their licentiousness, hectoring, and brutal ways, because, for-sooth, they were free with what was not their own, and gay and dazzling in the way in which they committed their wrongs and iniquities were gentlemen; while the Puritan, though virtuous, and acting justly according to his limited light, because he had not that gay and dashing disregard for right and propriety which distinguished the Cavaliers, was no gentleman, and was therefore relegated to a place among the scum and offscourings of society.

Coming to a later time, we find that he only was a gentleman who became so by inheritance. And later still, to be able to partake of a certain number of bottles of wine, to have fought at least one duel, and to have several intrigues on hand, were the characteristics of a gentleman. Thus the “first gentleman of England,” George IV, was a lying, licentious, brutal and soft-headed prince. The noble youths of the Hell-fire Club were then all gentlemen. Beau Brummel, with never a thought above the sit of his coat and the tying of his necktie, was a gentleman also, and indeed a model. Having mentioned so many of the false ideas respecting the characteristics of a gentleman which have been held at different times, I may be asked, “What then distinguishes the true gentleman from the false?” To this I answer, a gentleman is he who is possessed of a true and elevated knowledge of right and wrong, and who in all things guides himself by this knowledge.

It does not require that the hands should be white; but it is necessary that the soul be so. Not purple and fine linen, but a pure and unstained conscience is necessary. *Savoir faire* is not enough. Graceful manners, honeyed accents, noble family and stoic philosophy, do not, separately or collectively make a gentleman. Chesterfield was all this; and yet a more wick-ed and deceitful scoundrel never lived.

Though poverty and toil be one’s portion, though his name and family be obscure, though he be destitute of manners and of education, “a man’s a man for a’ that.” Let him only “love his God with his whole heart and his neighbor as himself,” and he possesses all the characteristics of a gentleman. It cannot be that if a man follow these commandments of our Lord, he should act otherwise than as a gentleman. A regard for others begets those softening influences in the breast of a man, which all so loudly demand that every gen-
tlemann should possess. Love is the great civilizer of man's nature, even when its motives are merely natural. And if this will do so much, what will not that supernatural love effect, which, in its essence, approaches to the sublimity of the love of our Saviour for the world,—I mean that love of man for his fellow-man which is the result of supernatural grace. Truly this will soften whatever is rough in a man's nature; this will subdue the fierceness of his passions; this, in a word, will make him a true gentleman. Faith, honor and nobility belong to him, and will influence his every action. Nothing that is mean or base will commend itself to him, for the purity of his virtue will revolt from it. A regard for the weak, miserable, and oppressed, a hatred for the vain, sinful and tyrannical, will always reign paramount in his breast. He will possess, in short, all the characteristics as of a good Christian, so also of a true gentleman.

THE CLIPPER SHIP.

BY OUR JUNIOR (PRINTER'S) DEVIL.

WITH swelling sail before the gale
She ploughs the pathless sea;
And though each wave may prove her grave
Yet not a fear has she.

Her hardy crew, well tried and true,
Are bound for foreign shore:
They dare the deep, though tempests sweep,
And billows foam and roar.

I scarce can spy her mainmast high,
So swiftly doth she run:
Like some fair star, she gleams afar,
Touched by the setting sun.

May heaven smile on her the while,
And guide her safely on;
May favoring gales fill all her sails
Till she the port has won!
On the First Wednesday of last month, at the Distribution of Honors, we were favored with the recitation of a poem and two original essays. The poem was rendered by Mr. S. Fellom; and, although he labored under the disadvantage of not having it well committed to memory—one of the greatest drawbacks to a speaker—his recitation was quite creditable. Mr. D. Furlong read a biographical sketch entitled, "Byron Lansing," which was of considerable literary merit, as was also the essay of Mr. Jas. Coddington, on "The evil effects of the Press."

On the 7th of last month, Charini's Royal Italian Circus gave an exhibition in this town. The students attended in a body and from all appearance enjoyed themselves very much; the little fellows especially. The performance was quite good—an unusual thing for a travelling circus—and the evening passed very pleasantly. We will not pause to criticise the several performers; only let us mention one feature of the entertainment that struck us as being more painful than pleasurable to witness. We refer to the riding of a little girl, apparently not more than three years old. The child rode, standing, on two bare-backed ponies, and although she was fastened so that she could not fall, the audience watched her with anxiety and dread, which overcame all sentiments of pleasure. The scene was strange and out of place; the infant seemed better fitted to be in its mother's arms than to be tearing around a circus ring on the backs of two ponies, which its puny efforts could never control.

The fair, lately held by the ladies of San Jose, in aid of St. Joseph's Church, was a complete success. On Friday, the 18th of October, in the afternoon, the members of the Philalethic and Philhistorian Literary Societies of this College, visited it in a body. Music Hall, the place in which it was held, was most tastefully fitted up, and bore beautiful evidence of the zeal of the good ladies who conducted it. The tables display-
ed a variety of ornamental and useful articles. A flower arbor in the centre of the floor, lent a charming freshness to the busy scene. The hall was constantly crowded, and from morning till late at night displayed a bright scene of pleasure and beauty. We would be pleased had we the space to enter more minutely into a description of the several departments of the fair, but not being able to do so, let us at least say, that this exhibition was one of the best of its kind that we have ever seen, and that it cannot fail to reflect much credit on its fair managers.

Now that the cold weather is coming on, the boys begin to take up base-ball, for the sake of the exercise it affords. We have been kindly furnished by Mr. R. Bowie with the score of a match game, played between the 2d Nine of the Energetic clubs, on Thursday, October 17th:

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<td>Eldridge, 1 f</td>
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<td>Winston, c f</td>
<td>3 Geoget, s s</td>
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<td>Camarillo, 3 b</td>
<td>6 Espinosa, c f</td>
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<td>Don, s s</td>
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<td>Friedlander, 3 b</td>
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</tbody>
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Mr. B. Calzia, S. J., V. McClatchy, Scorer. Scorer. P. Boro, Umpire.

Thus has been a musical month for us. Owing to an advertisement of the College for a violin teacher, several gentlemen have applied for the position, and two of them were kind enough to play for our entertainment. One of these gentlemen was a victim of that dreadful infirmity, blindness; but, notwithstanding this, he was perfectly familiar with his instrument, and drew forth a delicacy and clearness of sound that were simply exquisite. Truly it is wonderful how the blind can perform things, that, in their case, appear to us no less than prodigies. Their other senses become so acute that they seem, if such a thing can be, almost to compensate for the loss of sight.

The other evening our meditations were broken by the clamor of many voices in the region of the junior students. Thither we proceeded; and lo! soaring in triumph around the room we beheld a lordly owl. Not a jot cared he for the tumult beneath him. He seemed to look down upon it with a disdainful eye. How came he there? Surely not of his own accord! He was a prisoner, no doubt, and some youthful trick-player might tell his history. Soon, an open door offered him a means of escape, and slowly and grandly he sailed out into the night, to revisit, once more, his ancestral towers.

The races are now the general topic of conversation among the
boys. "Goldsmith Maid," "Lucy," and "Occident," are daily discussed, and their merits extolled by their respective "backers." In one place we see a sage young gentleman, well versed in horsecraft, explaining to an admiring group around him, the reasons why such a horse must come out victorious. In another, we hear an equally well informed gentleman, telling directly the opposite. Then there are the men who doubt and shake their heads, and say, "the thing will be very tight;" and again, there is the young enthusiast who chooses for his favorite, the animal with the name he deems prettiest, and praises that one to the skies. Truly a college is a little world of itself; in it we find the poet, the philosopher, the mechanic, the mathematician,—almost every shade and distinction of character. It has its excitements, its periods of dulness, and its politics; in fact, to be brief, it offers a facility for the study of human nature, such as is rarely found elsewhere.

The first rain of the season patted against our class-room window on the afternoon of October 26. It did little more than lay the dust on the play-ground; but, although a brief, it was nevertheless a welcome visitor; for, every one hailed it as the herald of rich and luxuriant crops for our beautiful valley. It is to be hoped, however, that old Winter will not deluge us as he did last year, washing away railroads, houses and bridges, and almost depriving us of our Christmas holidays. Such things are not pleasant.

We have received the following communication from the Dramatic Society:

Santa Clara College,
October 21st, 1872.

Editors "Owl." — Gentlemen:— As Secretary of the Dramatic Society of Santa Clara College, I have been instructed to inform you that the said Society intend to give a dramatic representation, on the 13th of November, on which occasion will be represented the drama of "Manasses," (a translation by the Rev. Fr. Whyte:) and also the farce entitled "Guttle and Gulpit."—I am, etc.,

A. L. Vevve, Sec., D. S.

The other day, our Professor of Chemistry, in illustrating the lightness of hydrogen gas, inflated a small india-rubber balloon, and handed it to one of his pupils for a moment, preparatory to letting it go. The young gentleman is not proverbial for his strength, and some of his class-mates informed us, that he was just rising from the ground, and about to take a trip among the clouds, when he was fortunately seized by some of the bystanders, and thus saved from a dreadful fate. For the truth of this story, however, we cannot vouch. We will tell a little incident, though, which took place before our very eyes: The class
of Natural Philosophy is at present studying a course of electricity. The Professor, having remarked a disposition in some of his pupils to handle the instruments, determined to play a trick on them. Accordingly, he charged, very strongly, an Epinus condenser—an apparently harmless, but still very powerful little instrument—and placed it in a conspicuous position in the class-room. Before long several of the students entered, and one of them, remarking the little condenser, placed his hand upon it, and received the whole charge. We will not attempt to describe his consternation. Enough it is to say, that he most solemnly assured us that he would never touch any such instrument again, without first applying to it a discharger. Of course the laugh was at his expense.

What will not young men do to amuse themselves? A stranger, sometimes, would be surprised, were he to witness the simplicity and childishness of many of the sports resorted to by some even among the elder portion of our students. We witnessed, the other day, perhaps one of the most unique ways of creating fun, that could be devised. Observing four young gentlemen discussing some subject with the greatest earnestness, we inquired what was the matter, and were informed that the four were no less personages than Napoleon I, Marshal Ney, the Duke of Wellington, and the Prussian general, Blücher; and that they were discussing the possibility of obtaining for Europe a general peace. No satisfactory result, however, seemed to be arrived at; for after a little while Napoleon buttoned up his coat, called Ney to his side, made a formal declaration of war, and retired to his entrenchments, i.e., behind some tree boxes. Very soon the artillery came into play,—pebbles being the substitute for cannon balls—and a sharp firing was kept up for some time, without any decisive result. At length, Napoleon advanced towards the enemy, with a flag of truce in his hand. But oh! the treachery of mankind.—Wellington and Blücher allowed him to advance to within a short distance of their lines, when they opened upon him a most murderous fire. The Emperor, however, defended himself valiantly, and at length succeeded in fighting his way back to his own army. The battle now raged more fiercely than ever, until Marshal Ney, by a skillful flank movement, decided the day. The only one wounded in the engagement was the Duke, who received a shot in the arm.

We are glad to see that the position of drawing master, left vacant by the lamented death of Mr. Pascal, is once more filled. This class is a very beneficial one; for besides enabling the student to
advance in the beautiful study of drawing, it gives him, every day, an hour of pleasure, which is always welcomed. After a morning of hard study, the drawing class is the most pleasant relief that we know of.

On Friday, the 25th of October, our President, the Rev. Fr. Varsi, granted us a half holiday, on his return to the College after his late absence.

We notice, hanging in the Chapel, a beautiful new sanctuary lamp. It was a thing long needed; and improves the appearance of the altar decorations very much.

On Wednesday evening, October 23d, the Dramatic Society attended an entertainment consisting of dramatic readings, in Widney’s Hall in Santa Clara. The reader was Mr. Plummer, who is well known in the vicinity as an elocutionist. The reading of the comic selections was excellent; and the pieces, though perhaps a little “old,” were well chosen, and rendered with so much life, that one could almost imagine the reader had never either heard or read them before. But, though we have heard a great deal of Mr. Plummer as a dramatic reader, and though it may be fashionable to pronounce him excellent in all things, yet, we cannot say that his more serious selections were read with that spirit which we expected to see in one of such a reputation as he possesses. True, his gestures were graceful, his voice well trained; but then there was a certain air of affectation, a drawling, and sometimes, we think, even too much violence in the movements of the body, as, for instance, in pieces like “Maud Miller.” We do not object to the use of art, in reading; for we are well aware of the fact that every reader must use art, to read well; but we are decidedly opposed to having a man show that it is art by which he produces an effect on his hearers. The reading of such pieces as “Flora McFlimsey,” “Mark Twain,” “Not Frightened but Agitated,” etc., were excellent. And the entertainment was, we think, the best that Santa Clara has seen for a long time. We hope to see Mr. Plummer here once more.

The College has been fortunate enough to secure, for a violin teacher, Mr. Gramm, a graduate of the Conservatoire at Berlin, and a gentleman of great talent. We had the pleasure of hearing him play, some days ago; and we must say that his expression and harmony are of the highest order. The young gentlemen who study under him, express themselves greatly pleased with his mode of instruction; and we have no doubt, that under such a teacher they cannot fail to progress.
EDITOR'S TABLE.

STUDENTS ATTENTION!—The Owl can never live on mere air. Her pages will never be filled up by your conversing about it in the yard. We want more manuscript from you. It is a very good thing for you to pay your subscription fee, and have a not unfriendly feeling for us; but that is not enough. We want "copy." Do not content yourselves with scribbling off a few pages of footscap, and passing it in once or twice a year;—do not wait until the Editor takes you by the button-hole and asks you for "that little piece of yours," but write the best article that your brain can produce; and pass it in as soon as you have written it. Do not think that it will be unwelcome. Even if rejected, no one will be the loser by it; for it will cause the heart of the reviser to warm with the remembrance that others are working with him. The fact of an article's rejection does not prove that you are incapable of writing a good paper. Why, this very month, several papers have been rejected, whose writers are not only warm friends of ours, personally, but are really capable of writing good articles, if they would only try. And the style of these papers was remarkably good. Now go to work and write. The Owl belongs to you; we are your servants, and we have to work hard too. But the only recompense we ask of you is that you shall not leave us to be the only ones who care for your property. This magazine will show the literary calibre of the students. People outside judge of us by what they see; but if you do not aid us in our work, they will never have a just idea of what we are.

We call the attention of all, and especially of every student, to our advertisements; and we think that, before going to Santa Clara or to San Jose, to make purchases of the many things that conduce to a student's comfort, each one should glance over the pages of this our own magazine, that he may see whom he should patronize. We have the advertisements of the best houses in almost every line of business, and we should all make a point of helping those who have an interest in the cause of education, and show it in a substantial way. Do not say "that would be
a good idea,” and let it pass; but put it into effect, once at least; and if you are not pleased with the trial, we won’t ask you to try again.

The Catholic Sentinel comes to us regularly, steadily improving in appearance and in matter. It is an honor to Oregon, and to the fair city of Portland, where it is published, to have a paper so valuable and so much needed.

The College Courant.—This is one of our most valuable exchanges. It comes to us weekly, filled with matter of much interest to every professor and student, and, in fact, to all interested in education. It fills an important part in the rank of American journals, and we wish it long and continued prosperity!

Among our new exchanges is the College Express, published at Olivet, Michigan, a neat, eight-page monthly.

The University Echo, which comes from the State University, has again made its appearance. Glad to see you, Echo.

Thanks to Messrs. Bangs & Owen of the Mercury office, San Jose, for a copy of the Great Register of Santa Clara County. It is a neat piece of work, and worthy of the office from which it comes.
Olio.

"—Moping melancholy
And moonstruck madness." Milton

One of our fellow-students, remarkable for his moustache, which he never forgets to twist once every five minutes, lately thought that the muse was inciting him to indite, in flowing numbers, some of the high and soul-stirring ideas that flashed through his fiery mind. For two long days was he moody and sober; and it was remarked by all that he did not twist nor part his moustache, but kept running his distended fingers over his heated brow and through his short hair. At the end of this time he sat down by his desk, took out his knife and sharpened his pen with it, and put the pen in his pocket. Then he dipped his lead-pencil into the ink-stand and wrote:

"Rage, my brain in tortures rage;"
but his feelings overcame him and he wrote no more. We are happy to be able to inform his numerous friends that he has since recovered, and now looks as though nothing had been the matter. He is in his normal condition,—twisting and parting his moustache.

A report is being circulated that Flamininus Olympiolance Agrippa Williams sets type in San Francisco.

A boy translated *hic jacet, "he lies;"* and the ghost of the dead man haunted him until he took it back.

When Brown was asked why his nose presented such a picturesque outline, he said:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough how we may."

Jones (who is not an Irishman) said: "I remember well the first time I went to a circus; because, just as we were starting the tire came off the wheel, and we did not go at all."

Smith's house is equal in value to the goods therein. The house burned down and the goods burned up; and the insurance company said that this made things even. Smith don't think so.

By way of explanation, we may state that the gentleman who spoke of *magnifying* a piece of steel by suspending it in the direction assumed by the dipping needle, meant *magnetizing.*

Why should we condemn *silent approbation?* Because it is not allowed.
STUDENTS' BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

The following is a list of reliable persons who patronize us. Let every student make it a point to patronize them:

**Attorneys**—None.

**Banks**—McLaughlin & Ryland, San Jose; Hibernia Saving and Loan Society, San Francisco.

**Barbers**—None.

**Bakers**—None.

**Booksellers and Stationers**—A. Waldtendel, San Jose; Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco.

**Boot and Shoe Merchants**—Pulverman, San Jose; B. Newman, San Jose.

**Candy Manufacturers**—Maurice O'Brien, San Jose.

**Carriage Painters**—Kimball & Linville, San Jose.

**Carriage Manufacturers**—Thomas & McQuaid, San Jose.

**Cigar Store**—Louis Duncan, Santa Clara.

**Clothiers and Merchant Tailors**—J. Dinegan & Son, Santa Clara.

**Dentists**—None.

**Druggists**—Gates and Rhodes, San Jose; J. B. Hewson & Co., San Jose.

**Dry Goods Merchants**—D. Bergin, Santa Clara; E. Mahoney, San Jose; Spring & Co., San Jose.

**Grocers**—E. Lamory, Santa Clara; Louis Pinard & Co., San Jose; Devine & Abel, San Jose.

**Hotels**—Cameron House, Santa Clara.

**Insurance Agents**—None.

**Livery Stables**—None.

**Photographers**—E. Schroder, San Jose.

**Restaurants**—Buckeye, by John Elitch & Son, San Jose.

**Sportsmen's Emporium**—Felix Sourissey, San Jose.

**Watchmaker and Jeweler**—Jackson Lewis, San Jose.
Table of Honor

Credits for the month of September, as read on Wednesday October 2d, 1872.

Christian Doctrine.
1st Class—R. Bowie 80, G. Bull 95, N. Camarillo 100, J. Coddington 100, A. W. Den 100, P. De Ceulis 95, C. Ebner 95, H. Martin 100, V. McClatchy 95, T. Morrison 95, L. Palmer 95, R. Soto 100.

Ethics.—M. Walsh 80.

Mental Philosophy.
A. Arguello 70, J. L. Carrigan 70, R. del Valle 71, J. Dunne 70, H. B. Peyton 78.

Natural Philosophy.
A. Arguello 70, J. Burling 70, N. Brisac 80, F. McCusker 90, H. B. Peyton, 75, B. Tunnel 85, A. Veuve 95.

Chemistry.—2nd year.
A. Arguello 85, L. Frank 80, N. F. Brisac 75, L. Burling 70.

Chemistry.—1st year.
H. B. Peyton 90, J. Kennedy 85, R. del Valle 80, J. Burling 74.

Mathematics
2d Class—J. Poulade 100, R. del Valle 75, V. McClatchy 90, C. Ebner 80, F. McCusker 100, G. Bull 80.
3d Class—A. Ball 75, N. F. Brisac 95, L. Frank 100, C. Friedlander 85, W. Hereford 70, J. Kennedy 70, T. Morrison 70, H. B. Peyton 70, R. Soto 94, B. Tunnel 100, G. Winston 90.
Table of Honor.

**Latin.**

1st Class—R. Bowie 75, C. Friedlander 75.
3rd Class—J. Burling 70, C. Ebner 70, T. Morrison 77, R. Soto 86, G. Winston 74.
4th Class—J. Coddington 85, V. McClatchy 85, J. Poujade 100, B. Tunnell 70, A. Veuve 75.
5th Class—H. Bowie 89, W. Davis 82, J. Dunne 92, D. Furlong 76, S. Fellom 80, H. H. Martin 76, F. McCusker 86, C. Stonesifer 73, A. Scholl, 86.

**Greek.**

2nd Class—R. Bowie 80, H. B. Peyton 70, M. Walsh 75.
3rd Class—C. Friedlander 80.
4th Class—J. Coddington 80, J. Poujade 100, B. Tunnell 70, A. Veuve 75.

**Rhetoric Class.**

1st Class—R. Bowie 70, L. Frank 74, W. Hereford 70, J. Kennedy 75, A. Veuve 78.
2nd Class—J. Coddington 80, P. deCelis 75, C. Friedlander 70, V. McClatchy 72, T. Morrison 71, R. Soto 81.

**Grammar.**

1st Class—L. Palmer 70, A. Scholl 70.
2nd Class—R. Brenham 72, J. Callaghan 80, W. Davis 89, Alph. Don 70, H. McAndrew 85, J. McDonald 70, J. A. Barrenechea 83, G. Norris 75, — Machado 80, B. Yerba 70.

**French.**

1st Class—G. Bull 75, C. Friedlander 80, C. Georget 80, H. Martin 70.
2nd Class—J. Perrier 75, P. Sansevain 80.

**Spanish.**

1st Class—P. Soto 70.
2nd Class—L. Camarillo 70, N. Robles 70.
3rd Class—J. Aguirre 74, J. Callaghan 74, V. McClatchy 70, W. Randall 73, C. Stonesifer 75.

**Arithmetic.**

1st Class—J. Barrenechea 88, A. Bell 95, J. Bernal 70, R. Bowie 85, J. Callaghan 82, W. Davis 75, T. Durbin 90, D. Furlong 75, L. Palmer 75, N. Robles 78, G. Runday 85, P. Sansevain 72, A. Scholl 85, J. Walsh 80, R. Wallace 70, B. Yerba 70.
3rd Class—E. Auzerais 70, G. Norris 70, C. Welti 80.
Table of Honor.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1st Class—V. McClatchy 95, S. Fellom 90, N. Camarillo 100, P. Soto 94.
2d Class—N. Briscoe 90, H. Bowie 98, T. Durbin 75, C. Ebner 90, W. Moson 76, T. Morrison 75, J. Nichol 73, A. Pierotich 70, N. Robles 72,
3d Class—J. Aguirre 70, J. Barrenechea 72, J. Callaghan 80, W. Davis 75, C. Flood 78, R. Kifer 73, D. Kidd 70, C. McClatchy 90, G. H. Boundey 100, A. Scholl 98, E. Sheridan 88, R. Wallace 70, J. Walsh 100, J. Day 70, R. Enright 95, G. Welti 78.

READING AND SPELLING.

2d Class—G. Norris 75, J. Phippen 72, J. Sanroman 83.
3d Class—E. Auzerais 70, F. Burling 80, J. De la Cruz 70, R. De la Vega 70, G. Markham 90, C. Moore 70, F. Sanchez 70, S. Sheridan 85, J. Donahue 87, T. Donahue 70, F. Shafer 75, G. Shafer 85, G. Trenought 70, H. Turner 80.

ELOCUTION.

1st Class—W. Hereford 70, V. McClatchy 76, A. Veuve 80.
1d Class—S. Fallom 74, D. Furlon 72, T. Morrison 70.
3d Class—J. Walsh 80, R. Wallace 72, W. Moson 78, J. Day 70, L. Palmer 76.
5th Class—J. Aguirre 70, J. Auzerais 70, J. Cole 70, Ch. Welti 70.

PENMANSHIP.


PIANO.

1st Class—R. Bowie 90, C. Ebner 80, N. Camarillo 80, A. Arguello 75, Alfr. Den 75.
2d Class—L. Frank 70.

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MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND BOOK NOTICES

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