


12-1872

The Owl, vol. 6, no. 4

Santa Clara University student body

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarcommons.scu.edu/owl>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Santa Clara University student body, "The Owl, vol. 6, no. 4" (1872). *The Owl*. Book 28.
<http://scholarcommons.scu.edu/owl/28>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the SCU Publications at Scholar Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Owl by an authorized administrator of Scholar Commons. For more information, please contact rscroggin@scu.edu.

Vol. VI.

DECEMBER, 1872

No. 4

THE OWL

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY

THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.




SANTA CLARA
COLLEGE PRESS.

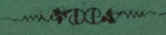
1872

CONTENTS:

	Page
WAS THE AMERICAN WAR JUSTIFIABLE ON THE PART OF THE UNITED STATES	121
A DREAM OF SHIPS.....	134
LETTER FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.....	136
AMERICAN SCIENCE TRIUMPHANT	139
ECHOES FROM AN OWLETS'-NEST.	140
A NEW ZEALANDER AMONG THE POETS.....	144
IDLE NOTES,	149
EDITOR'S TABLE,.....	153
OLIO,	155
TABLE OF HONOR.....	156
STUDENTS BUSINESS DIRECTORY.....	159


 EDITORS FOR 1872-73:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1.— <i>Editor General</i> .—J. POUJADE. | 3.— <i>Financial Editor</i> .—A. SAUFFRIGNON, S.B. |
| 2.— <i>Idle Notist</i> .—H. B. PEYTON. | 4.— <i>Recording Editor</i> .—M. J. WALSH, S.B. |


*Direct all communications to THE OWL, Santa Clara College
 Santa Clara, California.*

Pulverman's leading Shoe Store,

327 & 329 First Street, San Jose.

Sells Winter wear, all kinds, and water proof, low.

HIBERNIA SAVING AND LOAN SOCIETY.

N. E. Cor. Montgomery & Market Streets, San Francisco.

OFFICERS :

President.—M. D. SWEENEY,

Vice President.—C. D. O'SULLIVAN.

TRUSTEES :

M. D. SWEENEY,
C. D. O'SULLIVAN,
JOHN SULLIVAN,
R. J. TOBIN.

M. J. O'CONNOR,
P. McARAN,
GUSTAVE TOUCHARD,
JOS. A. DONAHOE,

PETER DONOHUE.

Treasurer..... EDWARD MARTIN
Attorney..... RICHARD TOBIN.

Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express office, or any reliable Banking House, but the Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. A paper pass-book will be delivered to the agent by whom the deposit is made.

Deposits Received from \$2.50 upwards

Office hours, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

St. Mary's Academy,

SANTA CLARA.

THIS Institution is conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, and was opened in August 1872, to afford those of moderate means an opportunity to procure for their daughters, at a trifling expense, a sound, moral and intellectual education, such as will help them to become useful and intelligent women.

To place the benefits of this Institution within the reach of the greater number, the charge will only be \$16.00 per month, payable in advance.

In connection with the above, there is also a

Young Ladies' Day School.

TERMS:—Elementary Class, per Month.....	\$3.00
Primary " "	1.50
EXTRA:—French and Spanish Languages per Month.....	1.00
Piano	6.00
Piano vocal Music "	25
Vocal Music of a higher degree "	2 00

THE OWL.

Vol. VI.

DECEMBER, 1873.

No. 4.

PRIZE ESSAY:—

“WAS THE MEXICAN WAR JUSTIFIABLE ON THE PART OF THE UNITED STATES?”

[To which a Gold Medal was awarded at the Distribution of Premiums, in the College Hall, June 5th, 1872.]

By “CHILDE HAROLD,” (HERMANN B. PRYTON, Mental Philosophy.)

MEXICO was in a great state of excitement. One of her largest and most valued possessions had revolted, declared its independence, and had been received among the members of the United States. From town to town the news of this movement on the part of Texas rapidly spread everywhere, stirring up the hot blood of the people with indignation. They felt grievously the vast loss of territory they had suffered; and their grievances were rendered almost unbearable, by the breach of friendship and the insulting contempt they had experienced from the United States, when the latter held out to the rebels a helping hand.

It is not to my interest to discuss the various arguments that might be brought up, and have been brought up by such masters of eloquence as Henry Clay, to prove that the United States were wrong in admitting Texas into the Union: it makes little difference in the present question whether they was right or wrong; and all that I wish to impress upon you is, that the Mexicans fretted under their wrongs and were therefore not in a fit state to be trifled with and imposed upon.

Such, then, was the condition of the Republic of Mexico at the time of the annexation. Her minister left Washington, and the United States entertained serious appre-

hensions of a war with the dissatisfied nation. Rumors were carried around that Texas was about to be attacked by an invading army; and the inhabitants, in much fear and consternation, called to the United States to give them aid and support,—to send them an army *to defend their possessions from invasion*. Particular notice should be taken of these last few words,—“To defend their possessions from invasion;” for upon them rests an important argument, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

The United States were prompt to meet this plea for assistance, and sent a reliable officer, General Taylor, with an army, to take up his post at Corpus Christi, a town on the northern bank of the Nueces river, in order that so posted on the frontier, he might defend the Texans from all interference from Mexico. Soon this army of observation, as it was called, reached its destination, and there quietly settled down to await hostilities on the part of Mexico.

It may be proper here for me to correct a mistake very prevalent in this country, and into which, unhappily, the majority of American historians fall, namely, that the immediate cause of the war was the annexation of Texas. This is false; and as I shall endeavor to prove, the annexation had little, or rather nothing at all to do with it. The cause of the war lies only with the United States, which I am sorry

to say, in this instance, seemed to throw aside all their nobleness and freedom, in cruelly *forcing* a war upon an innocent and unoffending people, without a reason, without an offence, without anything that might throw the slightest justification on the act.

Between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers,—the one in the south-western part of Texas, the other on the present Mexican boundary line, there stretches a vast and uncultivated desert, without water and without vegetation. It is over a hundred miles in width, and one portion of it only is inhabited;—the valley of the Rio Grande. These inhabitants consist only of Mexicans and Spaniards, “and in no part,” says a letter from the American camp at Corpus Christi, “in no part are the people more loyal to the Mexican Government than here,”—alluding to the country between the two rivers. These people loved Mexico and certainly had no desire to be under the jurisdiction of Texas. A wide desert, as I have said, separated them from that country, and this desert was rarely crossed by either party; in fact, it seemed directly pointed out by Nature as a vast and noble boundary line between the two nations. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, himself a Texan, remarks on the subject, “The stupendous deserts between the Nueces and the Rio Grande rivers, are the natural boundaries between the Anglo-

Saxon and the Mauritanian races. There ends the valley of the west; there Mexico begins. Thence, beyond the Rio Grande, begin the Moorish people and their Indian associates, to whom Mexico properly belongs, who should not cross this vast desert if they could, as on one side we too ought to stop there, because *interminable* conflicts *must ensue*, from either our going south or their coming north of that gigantic boundary. While peace is cherished that boundary will be sacred. Not till the spirit of conquest rages, will the people on either side molest or mix with each other; and whenever they do, one or the other race must be conquered if not extinguished."

Who will deny that these words are wise and true? Who, even among our most bitter opponents, will refuse to acknowledge their justice? None, I think; for the progress of events since their utterance have proved how clearly and justly, and with what a far-seeing spirit they were uttered.

Notwithstanding all these things which were as clearly visible to Texas as they are to us at the present day, she, immediately after the annexation, shifted her boundary from the Nueces river, down to the Rio Grande. This was done without any just or laudable reason, and with a fool-hardiness truly remarkable; for Texas could not blind herself to the troubles and commotions which were natural

offsprings to this unjust proceeding. This action was, of course, promptly condemned by the Mexicans, and it served to add fuel to the flames of indignation already burning amongst them. And justly too did they feel indignant, for Texas, by this bold measure, robbed them of several provinces, and established, or endeavored to establish her jurisdiction over loyal subjects of the Mexican Republic,—over subjects who had been born, bred, and were then living in peace under the Mexican flag,—over subjects who spurned the allegiance of Texas, and wished nothing more ardently than to be free from her interference.

But let us examine into the motives of Texas in thus changing the line; for surely to justify her in the act, she must have had weighty reasons. This was not so, however. Behold the poor and meagre shadow of a justification which she holds before our eyes! She says clearly, in revolting and declaring her independence, that a fixed boundary line would have to be determined between her own State and Mexico; and in order that she might have a *large margin* to retire on, without loss of her own territory, she fixed on the Rio Grande as the line. This I prove from the words of Judge Ellis, President of the convention that framed her constitution, and first member of their legislature. He says: "The boundaries of Texas

were fixed as they now are (that is extending to the Rio Grande) solely and professedly with the view of having a large margin in the negotiations with Mexico, and not with the expectation of retaining them as they now exist in the statute book”

Now, I would ask any man, what he thinks of such a reason as this to justify a country in seizing upon the territory of another. The answer cannot fail to be: “It was no justification at all.”

Texas was not ignorant of the baseness of her actions; she was half ashamed of it. She did not attempt to assert that she had *any right* to the country. And yet, blinded by self-interest, she rashly made this disgraceful and unfounded claim. Mexico, of course, indignantly denying the right of Texas to occupy this land, and Texas, on the other hand, stubbornly adhering to her hollow claim, the land was held as disputed territory, belonging to neither party, and in all justice free from *the occupation* of either party, until the dispute should be settled. Such was the state of affairs when the “army of observation” arrived at Corpus Christi,—the Texans laying an unfounded claim to the territory of Mexico, and Mexico, on her side, fretting for a redress of her injuries.

At Corpus Christi, the army lay encamped from August, 1844, until March 11th, 1846, and still no symptoms of the dreaded invasion

were shown. The country was perfectly quiet, the people on the frontier peaceable; and afflicted Mexico lay passive, notwithstanding the indignities heaped upon her head, showing not the slightest symptom of a hostile demonstration, or of any intention to invade Texas. The American army found nothing to do, the soldiers lay in camp from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, with absolutely no occupation to pass away their time; in fact there was not the slightest necessity for an army there at all. This I shall prove by letters of different dates, chosen from the correspondence of Gen. Taylor with the War Department at Washington.

It would be well to recollect, while reading these letters, that Gen. Taylor, experienced general as he was, would, in all probability, have made himself aware of any hostile intentions on the part of Mexico, if she had held any; and since nowhere in his correspondence from Corpus Christi, do we find a single intimation of any such intention, we must reasonably conclude that nothing of the kind existed.

The first of these communications is dated August 15th; he writes as follows: “Gen. Arista was to leave Monterey on the 4th of this month for Matamoros, with fifteen hundred men, five hundred being cavalry. Nor do I hear that

the reported concentration of troops at Matamoras is for any purpose of invasion."

On the 20th of the same month he wrote again: "Caravans of traders arrive occasionally from the Rio Grande, but bring no news of importance. They represent that there are no regular troops on that river except at Matamoras, and do not seem to be aware of any preparation for a demonstration on this side of the river."

On the 6th of September, he wrote: "A confidential agent, dispatched some days since to Matamoras, has returned, and reports that no extraordinary preparations are going on there; that the garrison does not seem to have increased, and that our consul is of the opinion there will be no declaration of war." Again, on the 14th of September, he wrote: "We have no news of importance from the frontier. Arista at last accounts was at Mar, but without any force; nor is there, as yet, any concentration of troops on the river."

On the 4th of October he wrote "Mexico having as yet made no positive declaration of war, or committed any overt acts of hostilities, I do not feel at liberty, under my instructions, particularly those of July 3d, to make a forward movement to the Rio Grande, without authority from the War Department."

The last letter, written on the 11th of October, reads: "Recent

arrivals from the Rio Grande, bring no news or information of a different aspect from that which I reported in my last. The views expressed in previous communications relative to the *pacific disposition* of the border people, on both sides of the river, are continually confirmed."

These letters, I think, are conclusive in proving that not only was there no necessity of keeping the army there, but that Mexico had no intention of invading Texas.

In the mean time the feelings of the United States towards Mexico, became, every day, more and more hostile. Her men-of-war hovered around Mexican harbors, in such a manner as to create suspicion. The "army of observation" was ordered to occupy the disputed territory; in fact, everything seemed to give evidence that she wished to make war against the unfortunate country, and only wanted a pretext for doing so. This may be considered as an assertion on my part, but it is none the less true.

It will be remembered, that previously to the war, there existed two feelings in the United States: the one opposed to the annexation of Texas for fear of trouble with Mexico; the other in favor of the annexation, and consequently in favor of war,—which both parties took for granted would arise, were Texas admitted into the Union. These two parties nominated two candidates for the Pre

sidency: the opposing party choosing Henry Clay; the other, J. Knox Polk, who was elected. As soon as Polk came into office, the annexation bill was passed; and Mexico, contrary to all expectations, not declaring war, the President took it into his own hands to bring it about.

His first move in this direction was to order Gen. Taylor to advance into the disputed territory with his army. This order, in the first place, was unconstitutional; for the constitution of the United States, gives no power to the President to order any such movements without the sanction of Congress, which he did not obtain. In the second place it was unjust, because as Gen. Taylor's letters concur to prove, Mexico had not given the slightest reason for such a movement. In the third place, it was contrary to the wishes and intentions of the people of Texas, whose call was for an army to *repel invasion*, and not for one to attempt conquest. Lastly, it was an act of direct oppression towards Mexico, a nation to whom the United States had pledged their friendship; for the territory which the American army were ordered to occupy, was in dispute, and consequently in all right and justice neither party could occupy it till the dispute was settled.

Now, I ask, what are we to conclude from this movement on the

part of America. What *can* we conclude when we see her engaging in such a lawless and unjust proceeding, except that her wish for the war was so great that it blinded all her sentiments of right. Never before had she perpetrated such an act, never before had her actions caused justice to weep; never before had she exposed herself to the indignant rebukes of all good men, never had she stained the robe of freedom with injustice, till she ordered the advance of the "army of observation."

In vain did the eloquence of Clay, Calhoun and Stevens, ring in the Senate Hall, striving to turn her from the dark deed! She was deaf to all their entreaties, and like one bereft of reason, she took the fatal step, treading under her feet, liberty, justice and reason, and clasping in her arms, oppression, injustice and broken friendship. And what reason did she give for so doing?—truly, one so transparent that the most casual observer might gaze through its texture and view its hollowness,—"*she wished to come to a definite conclusion concerning the boundary line,*" is the miserable plea which she strives to urge upon us as a justification of her conduct. What an excuse to place in the balance with the torrents of innocent blood that crimsoned the ground of Texas and Mexico; with the prayers of starving widows and orphans; with the burning ruins of happy

homes;—truly it seems almost incredible that such a justification should be ever thought of. She wished to come to a “definite conclusion” about the boundary line; and was this a reason why an army sent to *prevent invasion* should be turned into one of conquest? Was this a reason why war and bloodshed should be preferred to peaceful negotiations? Was this a reason why Mexico should be robbed of her possessions? No! America cannot justify herself in this matter; evidence is too clear against her.

But what, then, were the ultimate ends held in view by America in forcing this war on Mexico? This is left for us to surmise. For my part, I think she aimed at the possession of the Californias; for I can see nothing else that would tempt her to so much exertion, and cause her to be so lost to all sense of right, unless, perhaps, the conquest of Mexico itself.

This latter, however, is rather improbable, for she well knew that should she attempt such a deed, she would have to bid farewell forever to all her greatness and reputation for justice, the seeds of which were planted by her noble founders.

I have said that she might have made peaceful negotiations with Mexico, and thus avoided the horrors of war. But my opponents affirm that she made overtures towards a negotiation, and Mexico,

instead of accepting, scornfully refused them. Did they ever examine closely into the case? Have they not rather allowed prejudice to mould their opinions? Let us look into the truth of the matter, and judge for ourselves.

In the first place, the overtures they speak of were made at the wrong time. During all the period of the army’s encampment in Corpus Christi, which was the proper time for negotiations, were any to be made, not one word was uttered to that end; and it was not until after the Americans had already committed the outrage of entering the Mexican territory, that they wished to send their deputies into the town of Matamoras for that purpose. They were firmly refused an entrance by the Mexican authorities; but far from being denied a conference, Gen. La Vega was sent outside to treat with Gen. Worth, the American deputy.

Whence then, I ask, do our opponents draw this “scornful refusal” of the Mexican Government which they harp so much upon? Truly, nowhere, that I can see, unless they consider the command not to enter the city of Matamoras as a “scornful refusal” to negotiate. But it may be that they consider the Mexican Government to have been unjustifiable in forbidding entrance into the city to their haughty invaders. If so, I would ask them a simple question: Suppose a man

without any right or title whatever, should claim your farm. Suppose, without even allowing his claims to be settled in a lawful manner, he should take possession of it, and demand an entrance into your house! Would you not feel justifiable in giving that man a firm, or even a "scornful refusal" of his demand? I do not think there is one among you who would hesitate for a moment. And yet you blame Mexico for doing the very same thing you would do under like circumstances. The disputed territory was her farm; Matamoras was her house; the Americans the insulting claimants.—No! Far from acting unjustly in this matter, Mexico was only too mild; for in all right she should have *at once* wiped away from the face of her land the perpetrators of so many insults. She, however, did not act without determination; as a portion of the conversation between Generals La Vega and Worth, and a letter from the Mexican authorities of Matamoras to General Taylor, will prove.

At the interview, General La Vega affirmed, that the march of the United States troops through a part of the *Mexican territory* (Tamaulipas), was an act of war. This was precisely what America wanted. Nothing could have pleased her more than to see Mexico declare war; and by so doing to take the difficulty out of her own hands. Mexico, however,

wished to have no trouble with the United States; she wished to settle things peaceably, and see no bloodshed,—if she could do so honorably. All she desired was, that the invaders should evacuate the soil; and she was willing to let all other injuries drop to the ground. Alas, poor Mexico! little did you know the nation with which you were dealing,—idle were your fancies of peace and friendship,—vain your supposition that justice would be done unto you.

But to come back to the conversation between the two deputies. Gen. Worth asked, "Has Mexico declared war against the United States?" Gen. La Vega, "No!" Gen. Worth, "Are the two countries still at peace?" Gen. La Vega, "Yes!" Gen. La Vega afterwards asked, "Is it the intention of Gen. Taylor to remain with his army on the left bank of the Rio Grande?" Gen. Worth answered, "Most assuredly, and there to remain until otherwise directed *by his Government.*" Gen. La Vega remarked, "We feel indignation at seeing the American flag planted on the Rio Grande, a portion of the Mexican territory."

From this conversation it is not difficult to glean the feelings of indignation produced in Mexico by this forward movement; we also readily perceive a repugnance on the part of Mexico towards a war with her sister Republic, the Uni-

ted States. Why then, I ask again, was the movement ever ordered? For no earthly reason, as Mr. Stevens said, except "to provoke Mexico to war!" And if such is the case, as it plainly appears to be, (for I dare avow, that not a gentleman on the opposite side of the question can ever bring a fact to prove the contrary) where was the justice on the part of the United States? Truly they seemed to have lost it all, even to its smallest particle. Mark now another *provocation* used by the United States to bring about this unnatural war. When Gen. Taylor reached the Rio Grande, he erected a line of *entrenchments* and pointed his cannon *directly upon the principal streets* of Matamoras, which stood on the opposite bank from that on which the Americans had pitched their camps. Now, why was this done? Why should such an insult be added to afflicted Mexico? What had she done to merit such treatment,—to have a line of heavy guns so posted as to be able, at any moment, to sweep her streets with grape-shot, and send the cruel shells bursting through every house and home? She had done nothing! No war existed at the time; the two countries were at peace, and under a bond of friendship. Why then should the United States become so dead to their dignity, as to perpetrate such an outrage. Would they have suffered any nation to pursue the

same course in regard to one of their cities? No! Not for an instant would America remain in the position in which she placed Mexico. Why then was this insult offered? What reason can we assign for it! None but the same which marched the "army of observation,"—at vast expense and trouble—across the desert, without a single necessity,—none but the same which led the President to proceed unconstitutionally in ordering the advance,—none but the same which turned a defensive army into an army of invasion,—none but that most detestable reason: *the desire to provoke Mexico to war.* We can look upon this act in no other light; its explanation will bear no other construction. Our opponents may twist and turn the facts as they will; they may endeavor to clip reason down to nothing, and swell falsities to the size of mountains, but the truth will come out; it cannot be disguised.

My country is as dear to me, as it is to any of my opponents, but I am not so blind to honor and justice, as to justify her in that part of her career during which was fought the Mexican war. No, America! Great and glorious as your progress has been, you have not been always immaculate. Once, and only once, have you stooped to injustice. Let us hope that never again will the same thing happen, and that time and

glory may at length wipe away the stain which the Mexican war has made upon your otherwise spotless robe.

There is another point which I omitted to mention before, and which serves to give yet another example of the base proceedings of this unhappy period. I allude to the seizure of the Mexican Custom House at Port Isabelle,—a town a short distance north of the Rio Grande river. When the “army of observation” drew near this place, it was civilly met by deputies of the Mexican Government, who protested against its proceeding any further into the country. What was the answer to this protest? None at all. The orders of the *President* were imperative, and nothing could stop the march. This was too much for the Mexicans to endure; and like the people of Moscow, they set fire to the city, rather than see it fall into the hands of the enemy; and all the inhabitants fled to Matamoros. The sight of those burning houses infused not one jot of pity into the hearts of the Americans; but they steadily continued their march, entered the ruined town, seized the Custom House, which had escaped the flames, and made it a magazine for their military stores.

By what authority was this done? Was it not rather an action to be expected from a horde of banditti, than that of a civilized army? What excuse can the Uni-

ted States give us, to justify the seizure of a Custom House belonging to a nation against whom no war had been declared?

It is unnecessary that I should multiply instances to prove the injustice which everywhere stamps the career of the American army in its advance to the Rio Grande. Those I have mentioned are, I trust, enough to satisfy even the most prejudiced; for any one of them, even the smallest, would be ample reason to justify a declaration of war from Mexico.

And yet many of our opponents claim that Mexico showed a want of trust in the United States, when she burnt Isabelle, and refused to her deputies an entrance to the city of Matamoros. I am astonished that men of education and good sense should give vent to such a foolish sentiment. Why, how in the world could you expect Mexico to trust you, with your sword-points at her heart, your cannons ready to belch forth their charge of death at her homes, your ships of war hovering around her harbors, like hungry vultures, only waiting the signal to fall upon their prey? How could you expect her to trust you, I say, under such circumstances? What could she look for from you but death? Would you have her hold out the hand of welcome to the destroyer of her peace, to a nation whose every effort seemed to be directed towards her destruction? No! It cannot be

that you mean this. It cannot be that you are sunk in such ignorance as to censure her for showing, under such circumstances, a want of confidence in the United States; that is to say, for not opening her arms to the serpent, whose deadly venom was already working her destruction!

Before Matamoras, then, lay the American army; its guns in position; its soldiers girded for battle; its flags flying in full sight of the humbled Mexicans. This could not be endured. Mexico could not so far sacrifice her honor, as to allow this state of things to continue without one effort to stop it; and, consequently, a letter soon came to General Taylor, couched in the following language:

[TRANSLATION.]

"Head Quarters at Matamoras,

"2 o'clock P.M., April 12, 1846.

"FOURTH MILITARY DIVISION,

"GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

"To Señor General-in-Chief of the United States Army, Don Z. TAYLOR.

"To explain to you the *many grounds for the just grievance* felt by the Mexican nation, caused by the United States Government, would be a loss of time and an insult to your good sense; I therefore pass at once to such explanations as I consider of absolute necessity.

"Your Government, in an *incredible manner*,—you will even permit me to say an *extravagant* one, if the usages or general rules established and received among all civilized nations, are regarded, has not only *insulted*, but has *exasperated* the Mexican nation, bearing its *conquering* banner to the left bank of the Rio bravo del Norte (the Rio Grande): and

in this case, by explicit orders from my Government, which neither can, will, nor should receive new outrages, I require you in all form and at latest, in peremptory term of twenty four hours, to break up your camp and retire to the *other bank* of the *Nueces* river, while our governments are regulating the pending question in regard to Texas. If you insist in remaining upon the soil of the department of Tamaulipas, it will clearly result that arms, and arms alone, must decide the question; and in that case I advise you that we accept the war to which, with so much injustice on your part, you provoke us: and that, on our part, this war shall be conducted conformably to the principles established by the most civilized nations: that is to say, that the law of nations and of war, shall be the guide in my operations; trusting that on your part the same will be observed.

"With this view I tender to you that consideration due to your person and respectable office.

"God and Liberty!"

In this letter, the sentiments of Mexico towards the United States, appear clearly. Had there been any doubts before as to her friendship and desire of peace, this would have cleared them up. She says: "In that case, we accept the war to which, with so much *injustice* you provoke us." She did not desire the war; far from it! Peace was her aim; and she *accepted* war only when she could no longer consistently with her honor, hold aloof from it. It will also be noticed that she did not express any desire that the army should vacate Texas; she only requested its removal beyond the *Nueces* river, until such

time as the American and Mexican Governments should be able to give a decision on the pending question regarding the boundaries. Such being the case, there was evidently no necessity, no pretext for its remaining any longer. "It had come"—such is the assertion of our opponents—"to bring this question to a termination." And I now contend that *if such was the case*, Mexico having expressed her determination to settle the point as soon as possible, the army had no further business on her territory, and it was therefore the duty of our Government to withdraw it at once. But the case evidently was not such as our opponents represent. No; far from it! America desired war;—indeed was determined to have it;—and consequently refused to leave the position. From this moment, then, we may consider the war as existing; since Gen. Taylor, by remaining where he was, showed that he desired the consequences which he had been notified would follow his refusal. Thus we see, that the reproach of this unjust war, rests wholly upon the shoulders of the United States.

It is needless that I should recapitulate the horrors of the bloody fields of "Palo Alto" and "Resaca de la Palma," the seizure of Monterey, Matamoras, and finally of the great city of "Mexico" itself. Were I to do so, the cruelty of our country towards the poor Mexicans,

would only be made more manifest, without adding to my case. Therefore I let the matter pass.

My argument is now almost ended: I have shown, to the best of my ability, the many reasons which rendered this war unjustifiable on the part of the United States. My course has been plain; for justice has been upon my side. My country was in the wrong; and I have not scrupled to expose her faults. Let me only insert here, before concluding, an extract which I take from the "Reminiscences of the campaign on the Rio Grande," by Major George Deas, U. S. A., and which I think exposes in a few words many of the reasons which rendered the war unjustifiable:

"War had not been declared by the United States, in a formal manner, until the 13th of May, 1846, induced by the fact, that the march of the American army to the Rio Grande, was in itself an act of hostility. To be sure, that boundary had been claimed by the United States, by sustaining the pretensions of Texas to the same effect. But how unjust! No Americans or Texans lived there. All were Mexicans, acknowledging none but Mexican laws. Yet we went there with an army; drove those poor people away from their farms; and seized their Custom House at Port Isabelle; and yet our Government, in the most solemn manner, threw upon the Mexicans the

odium of beginning the war!"

In concluding, let me make but one remark, which has suggested itself to me while accumulating the materials for this essay. There seems to be a most deplorable ignorance among all the American historians, in regard to the causes of the Mexican war. Some, and these the great majority of them, affirm that it sprang immediately from the annexation of Texas; others that it resulted from Mexico's "scornful refusal to negotiate;" and there are still others who attribute it to other causes equally hollow and foolish. Why we should not have a clear and truthful history of the event, I do not know; for surely a sufficient time has elapsed since the war, to afford ample opportunity for the writing of a reliable work upon this subject. It may be that our historians refrain from giving the truth of the matter, in order to avoid throwing that disgrace upon the United States, which they have justly merited. This is the only way in which I can account for the present lack of information on this subject, and if it be the true way, I do not hesitate to say that such false delicacy is to be condemned

not praised. In justice to Mexico we should not refrain from acknowledging how deeply we have wronged and insulted her. America will not suffer from such an acknowledgement; on the contrary, she will be benefited by it; for by proceeding honorably we cannot but inspire the respect of all.

Let us then hope that before long, reliable histories of this war will be placed in our hands; and above all let us trust and pray that our glorious country may never again stoop to the commission of injustice and oppression, but that she may continue steadily, and without a check, in the path of virtue, honor, and prosperity, unto the end of time.

One wish also for poor Mexico! Almost powerless as she is, her weakness has been cruelly used by other nations in order to work out their own ends. May this state of things cease! May she forget the injustice we have done to her; may she, in a short time, stand forth triumphant before the world, hand in hand with the United States; and may the two nations be thenceforth acknowledged by all as the loveliest and most favored daughters of the blest land of America!

A DREAM OF SHIPS

JAS. S. KENNEDY, (1st Rhetoric.)

BENEATH Italia's balmy skies,
 Where Adriatic's waters clear
 In rippling wavelets kiss the shore
 Whereon sweet Flora's band uprear

Their gorgeous heads; where Nature's calm
 Is undisturbed by sounds of strife;
 Where only bees, with busy hum,
 Recall the whirl of human life;—

In solitude I lay and gazed
 On Adriatic's glassy breast,
 Or glanced the winding shores along,
 Or viewed the hills in verdure dress'd.

Far as the straining eye can reach,
 Where earth and heaven seem to meet,
 I see a score of tiny specks,
 The ships of yonder mighty fleet.

Emerging from the misty veil
 That hides their outlines, on they speed
 Across old Ocean's prairies broad,
 Like chargers from the tether freed.

Anon like sea-birds they appear;
 Their mighty sails are outstretched wings:
 Their rounded hulls of glossy sheen,
 Seem to the gazer living things.

Swiftly they pass ! In dreamy trance
 My head upon the sod I rest :
 Before me float the ships of yore
 On Adriatic's glassy breast !

I see the rude and fragile raft
 Which first the treach'rous ocean dared,—
 The bark canoe,—the hollowed tree,
 By arduous toil and pains prepared.

I see the "Coracles" of yore,
 In which the BRITONS loved to float :
 So strange their form, so poor their make,
 Scarce can they claim the name of "boat."

I see the TYRIAN biremes swift,
 That gather at the King's decree ;
 And now the storm-cloud seems to lift
 O'er SALAMIS and MYCALE.

But look ! The ROMAN banners gleam
 Across Sicilia's waters bright ;
 And Punic blood—or so I dream—
 Flows like the tide in, ruthless fight.

And next before my sight appears,
 With gilded sides, and pennans gay
 The galley in which EGYPT'S Queen
 Sailed, swan-like on her festal day.

I see the ships—so small, so weak—
 In which COLUMBUS braved the storm ;
 And GLORY'S rays round each poor barque
 A deathless halo seem to form.

And now I see the steam-ship brave—
 Urged on her course by modern art—
 That speeds, unchecked by wind or wave,
 From land to land, from mart to mart.

But stay!—What War-Queen ploughs the main,
 All armoured o'er from stern to stem,—
 With pointed beak,—with scales of steel?
 O hers be Ocean's diadem!

When peals the thunder of her might
 All floating things their doom foresee,
 Proclaiming by their panic flight,
 Her triumph on the roaring sea.

Entranced, I bow before His throne
 Who rules the sea,—the land,—the sky
 From Whom descend the wondrous gifts
 That teach us o'er the waves to fly.

LETTER FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1872.

DEAR "OWL:"—All things are so remarkably dull here, that I hardly know what to write.

An Englishman generally begins about the weather; and so will I. We are just out of the wettest October that anything, save a fish, ever knew. We scarcely saw the sun all the month, and indeed came very near a practical reversal of the Darwinian theory; for we

all turned (*pro tem.*) into *walking mushrooms*, passing all our time under umbrellas. The lowlands were under water; and the only public news of the month was that of the *railway accidents*, which were occurring almost daily. We are getting to do that kind of thing as neatly as you fellows can manage a blow-up in a steam-boat. I suppose that when we've smash-

ed up a whole board of Directors on their way home from a meeting, we shall begin to look to our points and sidings, and learn how to put the drag on.

We have the prospect of a very dull winter before us. Coal-owners put their heads together some time ago, and got coal up ten shillings a ton; and now they are dropping it at sixpence at a time, on the principle of *festina lentè*.

The harvest has proved very deficient, the potatoes are all gone bad, and meat is frightfully dear; and though wages have risen immensely, working men are no better off; for they only work half their time, and go in for beer and skittles the other half. It seems to me, indeed, that the increase in laborers' wages—not only colliers' but all others'—in this country, and their decreasing work, constitute quite a sad feature of the time. For the men are deteriorating fast. I hear that some of the colliers have taken to champagne; and as they only work four days a week, even when in a working mood, you may fancy what *they* are earning.

The fight of labor *versus* capital is the puzzle of the day; but what seems no puzzle to either side is the further question: *how the consumer is to pay*. I don't know.

The "Long" is just now over, and the lawyers are brushing up their wigs. We have lost a *real Solon* from the Bench in the late Mr. Justice Willes, whose brain

was upset by gout and heart disease, and who killed himself with a revolver, a month ago. His law was as good as could be, and his decisions scarcely ever upset. And now we hear that Lord Penzance, who presides over the mysteries of the Divorce Court, and who has let loose more couples than any starter at coursing meetings, is retiring, to save his head and life. He will be missed, and sadly too. I don't know who's to succeed him in the pious labor of making divorce easy.

Cockburn, who spoke his mind in the *Alabama* affair, and had more sense in his head than some others whom he met with at Geneva, is ready for action, and will have the Leviathan "Claimant" in the Tichborne Case before him, in a month's time. The last act in that farce is now being rehearsed in the lawyers' offices; and I hope to see the fellow in the dock, preparatory to his being kept for some time, free of all expense to himself. He has been "starring it" in the Provinces, and taking in more gulls: but, on the whole, his backers and companions, Onslow and Whalley (both M. P.s) must have dirtied their hands to little profit, I guess. The thing had died out, but will crop up again over our Xmas turkeys I suppose; and there are people enough who espouse his cause, to keep Carlisle's dietum true as ever, that "most of us are fools,"—(present company; O bird of wisdom,

excepted.)

You Yankees have caught us again, about San Juan. England seems to be always "catching it" now-a-days; and this last business will make you brag more than ever. We were so sure that we were right and you wrong about this boundary question, that the decision seems, to us on this side of the water, perfectly unaccountable. But we are gentlemen (I hope) and therefore know how to accept it with a good grace. "*Roma locuta est: causa finita est.*"

We are trying, here in England, to make people sober, by Act of Parliament; which is a hardish game. We "close earlier" and "open later;" but people find time to get very drunk, notwithstanding; and still indulge in the Englishman's privilege of *going home drunk*, and licking their wives.

Good people say that we are getting better, but I'll tell you what I think we're doing;—growing sceptical, atheistical, idle, and more beery than ever; and if England has got better days before her, I think she'll see some worse first; after which something good may, Phoenix-like, come up out of the ashes. But I won't croak. You see one's liver gets wrong, with this wet weather!

The Prince of Wales, for whom we were all praying this time last year, is going on just the same as ever;—shooting and larking, and not a bit altered by his awful

warning. I feel very sorry both for the country and the Crown.

The best fellow who has turned up this year, has been Sir Richard Wallace, the possessor of all Lord Hertford's Art Treasures, and half his wealth. Government wanted to improve the taste of the garotters and bird-catchers in Bethnal Green—(not that I mean to insinuate that there are no honest workers there, too: on the contrary, they are just as "thick as thieves" in all that quarter; although not like the thieves in any other respect)—and so built a museum, for the Bethnal Green public, and then found that they had \bigcirc to put in it. Sir Richard says, "I'll help you," goes over to Paris, and brings back a ship-load of paintings and other treasures, at his own expense, and hangs them all up for a year in Bethnal Green, for the world to look at. He has thus lent them at least half a million's worth of gems—in paintings and other curiosities. [Work that out in dollars, you sapient old Owl!] He seems to have a kind heart and a liberal hand for any good object. Let me tell you no more, or you'll be sending a special reporter to "interview" him, and get something out of him: and we want to keep him and his mighty dollars here.

As to the eternal "Irish difficulty," what is to be done Heaven only knows; I don't. We have just as good intentions towards that unlucky country as the best

paviour in the infernal regions ever laid down. But that don't seem to help us a morsel. The fact is, Ireland is too near us. We *dare not* give her the freedom which she deserves; though we would gladly weigh her anchor if we could, and float her across the Atlantic to you; as we did the great Bermuda Dock.

There are two anonymous benefactors to the English race, both of whom preserve their "incog" well, who keep dropping cheques for £1,000, into the collecting boxes of London Charities, and have, between them, given in the last two years about £100,000. The che-

ques are signed with initials. I keep looking in my letter box, but haven't seen one yet.

One of your chaps said a smart thing as he walked through Trafalgar Square with an English friend. The Englishman asked him what he thought of those magnificent lions of Sir Edwin Landseer's at the base of the Nelson Column. "Waal," said he, "I guess they've pretty considerably tree-ed old Nelson up there!"

Good night, old blinker! I'll send you my Xmas bills, if you can do anything with them.

Ever yours,

DEADLOCK.

AMERICAN SCIENCE TRIUMPHANT.

PROFESSOR H. DANCE.

That STANLEY has done wonders,
 Let envious Europe own:
 Without delay or blunders,
 He found a *living stone!*

ECHOES FROM AN OWLETS'-NEST.

(BY THE FIFTH ENGLISH CLASS.)

NOBLE and venerable Owl! Behold before you some poor little owlets, weak fledglings, who look up to you with a feeling of awe, and suppliantly beg you to cast a benign glance upon them, and to teach them how to fly!

O wise and mighty Bird! our voices are as yet untuned; we can but just peep over the edge of our etymological nest; but we trust you will not refuse to listen to our first notes. We hope that time and exercise will make them louder, clearer, and sweeter.

Our nest is in room No. 38, and we are called by common folk who know no better, the *Fifth English Class*. We are fed from "Browne's First Lines of E. Grammar,"—and though they are certainly cut up for us very carefully, we must say that we sometimes find them just a little indigestible. Each one of us has his proper name; and as we are enemies of communism in every shape, each one will sing for himself. Welcome, then, O noble patriarch, *the first owlet*. He has flown to you from distant Tahiti.

SUMMER BREEZES FROM TAHITI.

(C. GEORGET, 5th English.)

Far out upon the great ocean, amid the Ocean World, lies a group of islands, named the "Society Islands." The chief of them is named "Otaheité," or more commonly "Tahiti." Little known to the world, perhaps, but dear to me is Tahiti, for it is my home; and, kind reader of the "Owl," if ever you wish to visit a sweet and pleasant spot, you will find it at Tahiti;

and a warm welcome will greet you, too, if ever you go there. Cordially do I invite you; and if you have not time to go in body, come at least with me in spirit

You accept? Ah! I thought you would. Well then; let us suppose we have safely landed on the beautiful shore.

I shall not ask you to delay long in my native town, Papéeté, with

its charming gardens and groves and crystal streams. If you wish, at some other time, we shall take a sail on its reef-environed harbor where safe at anchor lie many men-of-war and merchant ships of all nations. The entrance to this harbor is but nine hundred feet wide.

To-day I wish you to accompany me into the interior. Come, the horses are waiting for us, and ere the sun rises from his ocean bed, we will be far on our journey. A pleasant ride this, among the tropical groves; though as we advance, and rise upon the table land and mountains, we shall find the tropical plants gradually giving way to the hardier denizens of the temperate zone.

Well done, ponies! Who would believe it! We have ridden but an hour and a half, and here we are at the entrance of the beautiful "Fataua Valley!" That stream to our left is called Fataua River. Its waters rush and leap along, as if eager to reach the great ocean.

Let us stop awhile, and pull some of those golden oranges, which look so tempting, as they hang amongst the dark green foliage of the lovely trees: or, if you love flowers, behold, the valley smiles with a thousand charming varieties.

As we spur along, the roaring of the sea grows fainter and fainter; but the noise of a distant cascade begins to mingle with the rushing

of the river waters. In fifteen minutes we are at the foot of the cascade of "Fataua-iti," as it is called by the natives. These falls are only about twenty feet high, and hence are called "Fataua-iti," which signifies, "little falls."

Above these falls we find the land covered with oranges, wild bananas, (called by the natives, "Fei,") wild sugar-cane, and many other tropical fruits.

Descending, we cross the river below the falls, on horse back, the water reaching a little above the horses' bellies. Here the river in the dry season, is about one hundred and twenty feet wide. Its water is clear, and its bottom gravelly and covered with eels; whilst we are delighted with the finny racers who sport through the limpid stream.

Now we must dismount and begin the ascent of the mountain. Bridle in hand, we proceed, leading our horses up the narrow zig-zag road. This road was made by the French, when they were about to storm one of the last strongholds of the Tahitians. It is only about one yard and a half wide; and a false step would precipitate the careless traveller upon the rocks many hundred feet below; so whilst we ascend, we cannot enjoy the grand views, nor stop to view the Great Cascade of "Fataua," to which we are bound, and which roars awfully as it plunges three hundred feet into the bowels of

the mountain.

High above the cascade, and a little to the left, we see the tri-colored flag of France, waving over the captured fort, which has been strengthened, and garrisoned by French soldiers.

A warm French welcome here greets us; and the Commandant, Lieutenant Brinsthere, after having given our horses to a groom, invites us to rest our weary limbs, and to refresh the carnal man, before we proceed to the object of our visit.

Luncheon over, we go on foot to the cascade.

This is indeed a most singular water-fall. Above the precipice over which the water rushes, nature has made for the little river two large basins in the rock. The height of the falls is about three hundred feet, but after the water has fallen about seventy feet, it expands into a cloud of spray.

The most curious thing about this cascade is, that it falls into a great hole in the mountain, whose walls drop perpendicularly to a depth of three hundred and fifty feet; nor has any human being ever reached the bottom alive. Could one descend thither, he would doubtless find it strewn with the bones of cattle, horses, etc., who have fallen in at various times; and also of the Tahitian warriors and French soldiers who perished together in the battles fought upon this lofty battle-ground. The

French ascended the height to storm the fort; and in so doing they had to pass near this chasm, and many were hurled into it by the Tahitian braves.

The water finds an outlet through a subterranean channel, and appears below again, after having run underground for about a quarter of a mile; then it goes some hundred yards and falls about twenty feet, forming the smaller cascade of "Fataua-iti," described above.

The source of the Fataua river is nearly two miles above the cascade at the foot of Fort Moorea. On the top of this mountain is a lake which is the mysterious source of nearly all the larger rivers in the island. It is nine hundred yards long, and five hundred wide. No stream runs into it, nor has it any visible outlet; but it is surrounded by black porous rock, from which water is always dripping. The water in the lake is in perpetual motion, and in the centre there is a constant whirl-pool, which sucks down everything cast upon the waters.

It seems strange that this lake does not dry up; for it is hardly possible that the water which oozes from the rocks can supply it. I think that it must possess not only subterranean outlets, but also similar inlets, and that the water which supplies it, either comes from some of the more lofty mountain ranges, or must be forced up by some con-

tinuous volcanic action.

The natives connect this lake with many superstitious legends. They say, for instance, that it is the residence of the souls of all wicked Tahitians, especially of those who have disobeyed their chieftains. Hence they fear to remain here alone, even in the day time: and they will neither eat nor drink anything that is produced here, until it has passed through a holy place somewhere down the mountain. They have no scruple, however, about drinking the water below this; for they say that bad spirits are limited to those upper regions, and cannot penetrate the valleys below.

But let us return to the Fort and Cascade. That great plateau to the left is called the "Plateau of Fataua." I am sorry we have not time, to-day, to go up there, where you, my dear reader, would feel more at home; for you would find some familiar objects there in the plants and vegetables, which are those of the temperate zone.

You see that the distance from the fort to the foot of the plateau is but a few hundred yards. The ascent thereto is however no easy task; though the French soldiers have made a very fine foot-path up to the top, and planted on each side of it fragrant roses to cheer and refresh you as you ascend the height. This road will lead us to the garden of the fort, which contains many productions of the tem-

perate zone. There are the only strawberries in the island; there also, is a solitary oak tree, together with one cork tree transplanted from France; and many other trees of the temperate zone are grown on that plateau. Throughout the year the mean temperature here is about 65° above zero, and the elevation about ten thousand feet.

Look now to the East and you will see "Mount Otaheite" rising 10,250 feet above the sea level; and then look to the north, and you will have a fine view of the bay of Papeete.

But turn to Mount Otaheite again. How like a great ship it appears, with its three peaks! The central one is the most elevated point in the island. There, according to the native superstition, dwell the souls of the good and brave warriors, who have fallen in the wars of the island. According also to the same veracious authority, one of the fallen chieftains, unable, even in the grave itself, to restrain his wrath against the natives of the island of "Moorea," who had revolted against their sovereign, cursed the island, seized his bow, and quiver, and from the summit of Mount Otaheite shot an arrow into the island. The arrow struck the side of a mountain three thousand feet high and passed through and through it, making a large hole which is still visible on any clear day from Papeete. It forms a tunnel about ten feet wide.

But now it is growing late: you many more of these strange
Come and sup with me in Papeete; and superstitious legends.
and on our way thither I will tell

A NEW ZEALANDER AMONG THE POETS.

(PROFESSOR DANIEL.)

WE live in the days of new poets: and they seem to come, mostly, from new places.

We have had Bret Hart, and we have had Joaquin Miller; or rather (to speak more correctly) we have them both still. And now comes another poet from another half settled land, whose power is certainly such as to command the attention, even at his first start, of the whole English-speaking public. We refer to Mr. ALFRED DOMETT, of New Zealand, whose recently published work "Ranolf and Amohia," will soon, we venture to say, be in everybody's hands.

From a Catholic point of view it seems, certainly a matter for deep regret that none of our new poets should be distinctively Christian. In the case of Mr. Domett that regret is increased by the fact—which we are sorry to say is undeniable—that his principles are positively *anti-Christian*, in the sense of being *pantheistic*. It would

therefore, no doubt, be far better that such a book should, (notwithstanding its poetical beauties, which are many), be kept from Catholic readers altogether, except in cases where dispensations might be judiciously granted. But—better or worse—it is, under present circumstances, impracticable to accomplish this; and so, on the principle that "forewarned is forearmed," we warn those Catholics who might otherwise take it up trustfully, to read it—if at all—*cum grano salis*. As to our younger friends, it would be far better that they should content themselves with the extracts we are about to give. It is true indeed that the Catholic reader whose intellect has been elevated by the sublime teachings of Holy Church, and whose charity has been expanded and intensified under the same genial influence—may enter into those higher and truer feelings of the poet which underlie his false phi-

losophy. It is not difficult to detect in his verses the expression of many yearnings which nothing short of the true Faith can ever satisfy, nor to put a Catholic interpretation upon much which, at the first blush of the thing, seems heterodox. But when all has been said in this way that *can* be said, it remains undeniable that the book is a dangerous book for young people, or for those whose Christian convictions are not firmly rooted.

Whilst professing to be a kind of love story, and to a certain extent carrying out that profession, it is really, more than any thing else, a vehicle for conveying to the reader the peculiar philosophy of *philosopher poet* from whose brain and pen it emanates.

In a magazine like the Owl it would be both inconsistent and harmful to give even an outline of this false philosophy; nor shall we think of attempting anything of the kind. Our desire, in noticing

the new poet and his work, is to call the attention of our readers to the fact that a poet of some power has sprung up in an unexpected quarter, and at the same time to caution the younger portion of them, especially the students of this College, against the irreligious principles of a book with which they will be likely to meet ere long, and the beauties of which might lead them, were they not thus fore-armed, into error.

Meanwhile we think they would be gratified by seeing one or two extracts from some of the most beautiful (and at the same time unobjectionable) portions of "Ranolf and Amohia."

One such which is particularly well calculated to show the writer's power, for the reason that it treats of a thoroughly well-worn matter—the reefing of topsails in a gale—to which it nevertheless gives all the life and interest of a new topic, we here subjoin:—

REEFING TOPSAILS IN A GALE.

" See! clambering nimbly up the shrouds,
Go, thick as bees, the sailor crowds.
The smartest for the post of honor vie,
That weather yard-arm pointing to the sky.
They gather at the top-mast head,
And, dark against the darkling cloud,
Sidling along the footropes spread--
Dim figures o'er the yard arm bowed,
How with the furious Sail, a glorious sight,
Up in the darkness of the sky they fight!
While, by the fierce encounter troubled,
The heavy pitching of the ship is doubled.

The big Sails swelling surging volumes, full
 Of wind, the strong reef-tackle half restrains;
 And like some lasso-tangled bull
 Checked in his mid career of savage might
 O'er far La Plata's plains,
 It raves and tugs and plunges to get free.
 And flaps and bellows in its agony!
 But, slowly yielding to its scarce seen foes,
 Faint and more faint its frenzied struggling grows:
 Till by its frantic rage at length
 Exhausted, like that desert ranger's strength,
 Silent and still, it seems to shrink and close.
 Then, tight compressed, the reef-points firmly tied,
 Down to the deck again the sailors glide;
 And easier now, with calm concentrated force,
 The Ship bounds forward on her lightened course."

We cannot but think, we shall be considered worthy of a "thank you" from any reader to whom it may chance that we present this powerful and beautiful picture for the first time. It is true there are some minor points in it at which an evilly disposed critic might cavil; but, to our mind, its beauty so far outweighs its defects that if the latter are worth this slight allusion, it is all they are worth. The impression left on the mind by the passage *as a whole*, is one of nearly unmingled admiration. What instance, can be more happy than the comparison of the belly-ing and bellowing sail to a "lasso-tangled bull," careering over the plains of La Plata? And the lines immediately following, which describe so vividly the desperate struggles and subsequent subjugation (so to speak) of *the Sail*, seem to give that boisterous individual such life and *personality*, that one

is half inclined at last, to feel something like pity for the poor chained prisoner who has fought so gallantly and yet so vainly.

Strength and simplicity are certainly here combined; and they consequently produce a somewhat similar effect upon the mind to that which was created by the great poets of olden time, in whom these two qualities were so remarkable.

In some parts of the poem, we cannot but admit that it would afford great relief to the earnest mind if one could but see a full stop. Vainly, in many and many a place, did we pant for such a thing. "It cometh not," we said; and the effect of its absence was, to make the lines very hard reading, in the first place; to confuse one's ideas, in the second; and to spoil the run of the metre, in the third. We cannot expect, of course, from a new poet, the magnificent rhythmic

and melody, and the perfect poetical and grammatical construction which mark, for instance, the writings of Tennyson. But it is nevertheless true that having been accustomed to such gratifications, we miss them.

One especial point on which the peculiar ideas of Mr. Domett attract notice is the old, old problem

“Decrees and works both powers; as when
A rower directs a pair of sculls,
With one hand backs, the other pulls—
Both acts are caused by one design.”

We mention this as one instance out of many which might serve to show the danger of the book; which, on this as other points, is full of arguments more or less likely to mislead, and couched in (more or less) beautiful and poetical language.

The writer, at this point, may however fairly say “*liberavi animam meam.*” We have sufficiently shewn wherein we think the evil of this poem lies. Let us end with another extract, to which we

of the existence on this world of ours of evil as well as good. Not satisfied with the Christian and Catholic idea of the action of the Almighty Ruler of the universe in making Evil subserve His own wise and loving purposes, our pantheistic poet forces in the notion that He is the source of both principles—

can give, so far as it goes, unmixed praise. It describes the hopeless love of a poor Maori maiden for a white man, and the feelings with which she resolves at last on the stern necessity of surrendering her dream of happiness and love. We are much mistaken if it escapes for any length of time the *peine forte et dure* of being set to music by a dozen incompetent composers. But let it speak for itself; and with it let us end:—

“Alas, and well-a-day! they are talking of me still:
By the tingling of my nostrils, I fear they are talking ill.
Poor hapless I—poor little I—so many mouths to fill!
And all for this strange feeling, O this sad, sweet pain!

“O senseless heart—O simple! to yearn so, and to pine
For one so far above me, confest o'er all to shine—
For one a hundred dote upon, who never can be mine!
O 'tis a foolish feeling—all this fond, sweet pain!

“When I was quite a child—not so many moons ago—
A happy little maiden—O then it was not so!
Like a sunny dancing wavelet then I sparkled to and fro;
And I never had this feeling, O this sad, sweet pain!

"I think it must be owing to the idle life I lead
In the dreamy house for ever, that this new bosom-weed
Has sprouted up and spread its shoots till it troubles me indeed
With a restless weary feeling—such a sad, sweet pain!

"So in the pleasant islet, O no longer will I stay—
And the shadowy summer dwelling I will leave this very day.
On Arapa I'll launch my skiff, and soon be borne away
From all that feeds this feeling, O this fond, sweet pain!

"I'll go and see dear Rima: she'll welcome me, I know!
And a flaxen cloak—her gayest—o'er my weary shoulders throw
With purple red and points so free—O quite a lovely show!
To charm away this feeling, O this sad, sweet pain!

"Two feathers I will borrow, and so gracefully I'll wear,
Two feathers soft and snowy, for my long black lustrous hair!
Of the albatross's down they'll be—O how charming they'll look there!
All to chase away this feeling, O this sad sweet pain!

"Then the lads will flock around me with flattering talk all day,
And with anxious little glances sly hints of love convey:
And I shall blush with happy pride to hear them . . . I dare say . . .
And quite forget this feeling, O this sad, sweet pain!"

IDLE NOTES.

AN entertainment was given by the Dramatic Society of this College, on Wednesday evening, November 13th. The audience was rather slim; but this fact did not affect in the least, the energy of the performers, or the pleasure of the evening. The drama presented was entitled "Manasses;" and its plot was founded on the imprisonment of the Jewish King of that name, by the Babylonians. It is our opinion that a better drama than this might have been chosen. Its plot is rather tedious, and the action in many scenes very lame and prosy. Mr. Malone, as "Manasses," did full justice to the character. His part, indeed, was the best sustained in the tragedy; the only fault we can find, is that the part did not do justice to *him*. Mr. B. L. Burling, as "Osias," acted well, and gave much pleasure. He spoke in too low a voice, however, and in the further portion of the Hall he could scarcely be heard. The role of "Eliakim," the prophet, was filled in an able manner by Mr. A. L. Veuve. The tallness of this gentleman, together with his long white beard and priestly vestments, gave him a

noble and venerable appearance on the stage; he looked every inch a patriarch. Mr. J. Poujade, as "Nebuchadonosor," as usual, did well; as did also Mr. McCusker, as "Alethes." We noticed a little monotony in the speaking of the last named gentleman, which, with a little care, we think, might be easily overcome. "Cyrus" was well sustained by Mr. Furlong; The richness and fullness of this gentleman's voice, cannot fail, in time, to make him prominent as an orator. Mr. A. O. Arguello's acting was good, as "Achion." Mr. Jas. S. Kennedy, jr., took the part of "Holofernes." This is the first entertainment in which we have seen Mr. Kennedy figure. He filled his part ably, and we must compliment him on the success of his debut. The pages, J. Auzerais and Wm. Davis, appeared very pretty. Altogether, the drama notwithstanding its natural dullness, went off well, and reflects credit on the gentlemen who produced it.

The farce, "Guttle and Gulpit," was in every way a success. Intrinsically very amusing, it was rendered doubly so, by the humor

with which it was acted. "Sir Gregory Grabit" (Mr. A. L. Veuve) was capital; and Aldermen Guttle and Gulpit, (Messrs. D. Furlong and J. Carrigan) were the very personification of two greedy easy-going public officers. Although Mr. Carrigan was suffering from a heavy cold, his part was one of the best sustained of the evening. Mr. F. McCusker, as "Calipee" a landlord, was in every way an honor to the profession; and the two sailors, "Jack" and "Tom," (Messrs. B. Burling and Arguello,) created much fun. "Charles" and "George," the sons of the Aldermen, (Messrs. J. S. Kennedy and C. Friedlander) were a fine pair of unruly young scape-graces. The minor parts, of "Sam," (Mr. R. Bowie,) "Peter," (Mr. J. Eldridge,) and the "Policeman," (Mr. T. Morrison,) were well sustained.

The music was, as usual, select and beautiful; and we must once more thank the gentlemen of the band for the great pleasure they gave us.

We left the Hall well satisfied with the entertainment; and we hope the Dramatic Society will soon favor us with another.

THE elections created quite an excitement in the yard. Polls were opened; bonfires blazed; speeches were made: in fact we had all the usual adjuncts of the time, on a small scale, within the College. Grant received a major-

ity of one, here; although the Greeley men say that they were ahead, in reality, because some two or three of their party, for some reason or other, did not cast their votes.

ON the 2d of November we had a heavy storm. The rain fell in torrents, and a battery of infant thunder kept up a brisk cannonade in the heavens. The yard was speedily flooded, and the aspect of things began to look very dreary, when it stopped raining. We invoke Jupiter Pluvius, in the name of all Olympus, not to wash away the railroad this year, till after we go home for our holidays!

THE students begin to look forward once more to the holidays. A few days more, and they will be at home, eating the turkey and plum-pudding of merry old Christmas. What a happy time to look forward to! How pleasant it is to think that we shall soon visit those loved ones who are already eagerly expecting our return amongst them! But before we go comes the *Examination*, that ordeal which all fear alike. Everyone is now busy preparing for it, and hard study is the order of the day. As this will be our last issue for the year 1872, we take the opportunity of wishing to all the boys, as well as to our numerous friends outside, "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

THE present cold weather, naturally renders the play-room and its stove, very enticing, consequently on Sundays and Thursdays most of the students may be found within its walls, either clustering around the fire, or rendering themselves as noisy as college-boys usually are when they are together. The other day, hearing a more than usual uproar in that vicinity we proceeded thither, note-book in hand, with all the precipitation of an editor in search of an item. Upon our arrival, we found a gentleman of considerable rotundity of person, wrapped in a large cloak and engaged in impersonating a tragic character. When he had finished his acting, several billets of wood were thrown at him in lieu of bouquets, and the audience testified their admiration by clustering around him and shaking his hands. Amidst all this applause the hero enveloped in his cloak, sank to the floor, where he lay for some moments supine. He told us privately afterwards, that he would never condescend to act again in this College, as the boys did not know how to control their emotions. So much for tragedy in the play room.

WE have been requested to insert the following communication:

Santa Clara College, Nov. 7, 1872.

EDITORS "OWEN."—Dear Sirs:—Allow me to inform you that on this day, we have organized a Base-ball Club, which

we have called the "Unequaled." Below you will find the names of the officers:—

President, Mr. B. Calzia, S. J.; Vice-President, J. De la Cruz; Secretary, W. B. Furman; Treasurer, J. H. Perrier; Censor, J. Norris; Captain 1st Nine, Mr. B. Calzia, S. J.

Respectfully yours,

WM. B. FURMAN,
Secretary.

The following is the score of a match game played between the above Club and a nine picked from among the students of the first division:—

PICKED NINE.		UNEQUALED.			
	O	R			
Remus	6	1	De la Cruz.....	2	4
McCarthy	1	4	G. Norris.....	3	2
Winston	3	2	Furman.....	1	4
Eldridge.....	3	4	Pacheco.....	5	1
Callaghan.....	2	3	Randall.....	6	0
Mosen.....	4	2	Mr. Calzia.....	1	4
Scully.....	2	3	McDonald.....	3	3
Young.....	3	2	Barrechea.....	2	1
Mr. Kenna.....	3	3	Perrier.....	4	1
Total	27	24	Total.....	27	21

The "Picked Nine" having given their opponents 20 runs ahead, the "Unequaled" Club came out victorious by 23 tallies.

WM. B. FURMAN, Sect.

It must not be understood that the "Picked nine" mentioned in the above score, were chosen from among the best players of the College, but only that they were taken from among the students of the "first division."

THANKSGIVING DAY passed very quietly with us. The principal amusement engaged in by the boys was base-ball; and in this the greater part of the day was occupied. The Thanksgiving dinner was excellent and did full justice to the ability of our worthy cook.

THE 21st of November, was the anniversary of our band. In the evening the members sat down to a supper which, if report does not mislead us, was something exceedingly grand. About nine o'clock, the students who were engaged at late study, were pleasantly surprised by a burst of music from the direction of the refectory. Two or three tunes were played, and the strains watted through the night air, were exceedingly soft and beautiful.

THE first of a series of games for the championship of the College, was played on Thursday, November 21, by the "Energetic" and "Ætna" Base-ball Clubs. The score was as follows:

ENERGETICS.		ÆTNA.			
R	O	R	O		
P. Soto, c	2	4	Dunne, c	2	5
Aguirre, r f	2	4	Fellom, 3d b	4	3
R. Soto, p	3	1	Roundey, 2d b	1	2
Den 1st b	3	3	Bull, p	0	7
Morrison, s s	3	2	Durbin, c f	5	1
Del Valle, c f	3	3	Kennedy, r f	2	3
Machado, 1 f	4	2	Hopkins, 1 f	5	1
Bernal, 3d b	2	3	Coddington, s s	3	2
Martin, 2d b	0	5	Veuve, 1st b	3	3
Total	22	27	Total	25	27

W. MOSON, Scorer.

B. L. BURLING, Scorer.

A. ARGUELLO, Umpire.

HUNTING at Alviso seems to be a source of pain rather than of pleasure, at least so we judge by the account given by our College Nimrods. A party of them set out early in the morning, some weeks ago, with sufficient determination and shooting material to kill all the game in the county. In the evening they returned with muddy

vestments, and begrimed visages, nearly tired to death. Pathetic in the extreme was their account of the hunt. They had stuck in the mud in twenty places; they had been chilled to the bone by the bleak wind of the marshes; they had discovered game, indeed, but only to see most of it vanish every where but in their game sacks. We assured the unlucky ones of our pity. We wiped their tears with our handkerchiefs; and on the next holiday we will show them the road to the game-covered fields of Milpitas, and bid them go and be of good heart.

MR. FERNANDEZ, our professor of penmanship, has established a dancing class for the benefit of our students. Almost every day they may be seen tripping the "light fantastic toe," and enjoying themselves generally. The dancing class is a good institution: besides affording a healthful exercise, it is the source of much amusement to the boys. We hope it will continue prosperous.

WE feel that we must apologize to our readers for the very few items of interest which the "Idle Notist" is able to present to them in this number. November has been a dull month in the College, and every one was too busy with his studies, to pause for a moment and create a little sensation, for the benefit of the poor editors.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHAT a joy to the weary Editor, to see upon his table, however unhandsome said table may be, a goodly pile of new exchanges. "Ah," says he, "here is matter for us; now shall we have something new!" But alas how often are his feelings of joy turned to those of bitter disappointment, on finding that one half of those papers are specimen copies of journalistic literature of the dime novel school, filled with self-praise "blood and thunder," and accompanied by a circular to the effect that, if he will comply with certain conditions, such as giving them a "puff," or inserting an advertisement, he will be honored by the reception of said journal for one year, along with a MAGNIFICENT prize. Whew! What a temptation!

WE do not object to have exchanges copy articles from our pages; but we do most sincerely object to a paper's omitting to give the proper credit for the same. The one which has done so will please bear this in mind.

LAST month we made an appeal to the public spirit of the students, that they might furnish us with

more material. We must acknowledge that the good work has begun. They (the students) are awakening to the fact that it requires work on their part as well as on ours to conduct the OWL. If all work together, and work well, as we now seem to be doing, we shall soon have our magazine running in first rate order, and always "on time."

THE *Academy Journal*, published at St. John's Academy, Alexandria, Va., comes to us as a new exchange. As it is rather small, and not, we must confess, a perfect model in a material point of view; and as it has been apparently very roughly handled by the post office department, its appearance, on the whole, is not very prepossessing. But when we look at the matter which fills its pages, we find that though the grains of wheat be few, they are good and sound, and no chaff is found among them. We quote from it the following:

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

"If your son don't get the medal in his class, send him to another school; the poor darling has been cheated out of it.

"If he don't pass his examinations, or can't graduate, be virtuously indignant thereat. Say the teacher is partial or

prejudiced; or tell your neighbors that the school is a poor one, and that they had better send their children elsewhere. Of course, this must be true, or your son would have passed, as he is the smartest and most studious boy in town."

THE *Dalhousie Gazette*, (Halifax, Nova Scotia,) has finally been thawed out, and is a welcome sheet upon our table.

AN exchange says that a Swedish dictionary which has been eighty-six years in preparation, has just got through the letter "A."

If one were in "Letter A," in the Santa Clara College sense of that term, for eighty-six years, it would be pretty hard.

THE *Ripon College Days* has arrived.

The Editor of the *McKendree Repository* thinks that such an abominable institution as the Romish Church should no longer be tolerated in this land of liberty. And after an effort which is evidently "too much" for the writer, he closes his "tremendous" article with the assertion that Papistry should be swept from the face of the earth. But we would gently remind him, that even Mrs. Partington did not succeed in sweeping the ocean away, though the instrument she used was considerably larger than the mere whist-broom which the *Repository* would probably wield. Now, we think, that

Eastern people must be cold-hearted, indeed; else they would surely have long since cared for the poor youth whom that horrible monster, Catholicity, has frightened out of his wits.

AMONG our new exchanges this month is the *College Herald*, published at Louisburg, Pa.

Vick's Illustrated Floral Guide, for 1873 is before us. In point of typographical and xylographical beauty it is really admirable. It consists of 132 pages of matter, almost every page containing several delicately engraved pictures of the flowers described. It will be a great aid, and, at the same time a great pleasure to every gardener,—amateur and professional. It is published at Rochester, N.Y.

THE *Tripod* has been received.

Certain American "Religious" editors, with an infinite small share of American brains, are rejoicing over the fact, that obscene plays are now enacted in Rome,—something, they say, which effectually proves that the Popish power no longer rules. What a triumph for the "Nineteenth Century!"

☞ THOSE of our subscribers who have so promptly responded to our circular, have our sincere thanks. May all of our patrons follow their Christian example.

O L I O

An Arkansas local soliloquises thus: Some of our exchanges are publishing, as a curious fact, a circumstance to the effect that a horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bung-hole of a barrel for the purpose of slaking his thirst. We do not see anything extraordinary in the occurrence. Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bung-hole and slaked his thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole out of the plug and slaked his thirst with the horse, or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slaked its thirst with the bung-hole, or if the bung-hole had pulled the thirst out of the horse and slaked the plug with the barrel, or if the barrel had pulled the horse out of the bung-hole and plugged its thirst with a slake, it might be worth while to make some fuss over it.

"There's no use talking, I'm going to get married," said a bachelor acquaintance the other day, while busily engaged in sewing. "Here I worked just twenty minutes by the watch trying to get this needle threaded, and then just as I succeeded I pulled the thread out. Finally I got it threaded again, and now, after sewing this button on good and strong, I find I've got it on the wrong side, and now I have my work all to do over again."

The man with his lung-tester who accompanies Barnum, and makes

an honest penny by testing the wind of the multitude, came to grief at Terra Haute on Tuesday. A healthy farmer's boy, with a chest on him like an Emigrant's valise, drew in a mouthful of the atmosphere, wrapped a quarter section of his lip over the muzzle, and breathed. An explosion followed, first of the by-standers, and then the machine; and the "professor" was heard to say, as he gathered the fragments of tingling brass springs, "He had been eating onions; that's what made his breath so strong."

Two of our number who are remarkable for asking each other conundrums, will be known by these names: "Gibbs," and "Buff." Among other things the following passed between them:

Gibbs.—I say, Buff, why should you willingly trust a carpenter?

Buff.—I don't know.

Gibbs.—Well; because he is remarkable for plain dealing.

Buff.—Plain dealing?

Gibbs.—Well, deal plaining then, if you like it better.

Some French lexicographers who were once compiling a dictionary, defined a *crab* to be "a little red fish that walks backwards." Cuvier entering soon after, they asked his opinion concerning the definition. "It's admirable," said he, "except in three particulars:—the crab is not a fish, is not red, and does not walk backwards."

TABLE OF HONOR

Credits for the month of October as read on Wednesday, Nov. 6th, 1872

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

- 1st Class—R. Bowie 90, G. Bull 90, N. Camarillo 100, J. Coddington 98, A. W. Den 100, P. De Celis 95, C. Ebner 95, J. Kennedy 70, H. Martin 95, V. Mc Clatchy 100, T. Morrison 100, L. Palmer 90, R. Soto 150.
- 2d Class—A. Bell 70, H. Bowie 90, R. Brenham 70, D. Furlong 100, Jno McCarthy 80, C. McClatchy 80, Jas. Nichol 80, A. Pierotich 90, N. Robles 100, Jno Sax 90, G. Seifert 70, E. Sheridan 100, P. Soto 100, R. Wallace 80, J. Walsh 100.
- 3d Class—J. Aguirre 70, J. Eldridge 70, T. Hanley 70, E. McLaughlin 70, J. Sanroman 70, S. Sheridan 80, R. Spence 70.

ETHICS—M. Walsh 78.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

- A. Arguello 70, R. F. Del Valle 80, J. Dunne 70, F. McCusker 83, H. Peyton 73, J. Pujade 70.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

- N. F. Brisac 72, Jno Carrigan 70, F. McCusker 90, H. B. Peyton 75, A. Veuve 85.

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

- N. F. Brisac 98, L. Frank 96, L. Burling 94, A. Arguello 90.

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

- H. Peyton 94, A. Veuve 92, F. McCusker 89, J. Burling 88, R. Del Valle 85.

MATHEMATICS

- 2d Class—J. Pujade 100, R. Del Valle 80, V. McClatchy 100, C. Ebner 80, F. McCusker 100, G. Bull 90, W. Cardwell 100.
- 3d Class—L. Frank 98, C. Friedlander 100, W. Hereford 75, T. Morrison 80, R. Soto 99, B. Tunnell 97, G. Winston 95.

LATIN.

- 1st Class—R. Bowie 70, C. Friedlander 70.
- 2d Class—M. Walsh 70.
- 3d Class—W. Cardwell 72, R. Soto 76, G. Winston 71.
- 4th Class—W. Hereford 70, V. McClatchy 100, J. Pujade 80, A. Veuve 79.
- 5th Class—H. Bowie 78, W. Davis 70, J. Dunne 78, S. Fellon 78, D. Furlong 70, H. Martin 70, C. McClatchy 70, F. McCusker 78, A. Pierotich 74, A. Scholl 78, C. Stonesifer 70, B. Yerba 84.

GREEK.

2d Class—R. Bowie 70, M. Walsh 70.

3d Class—C. Friedlander 70.

4th Class—J. Poujade 70, B. Tunnell 75, A. Veuve 75.

5th Class—W. Davis 94, J. Durbin 70, R. Del Valle 88, C. Ebner 90, S. Fellom 70, D. Furlong 70, W. Hereford 79, V. McClatchy 90, F. McCusker 70, T. Morrison 100, L. Palmer 70, R. Soto 100, J. Walsh 70, G. Winston 100.

RHETORIC CLASS.

1st Class—L. Frank 76, W. Hereford 81, J. Kennedy 75, V. McClatchy 84, A. Veuve 84.

2d Class—J. Coddington 83, C. Friedlander 75, D. Furlong 70, C. McClatchy 86, T. Morrison 88.

GRAMMAR.

1st Class—H. Bowie 70, A. Bell 73, N. Camarillo 74, L. Palmer 75, G. Roundey 78, A. Scholl 73, J. Walsh 75, R. Wallace 70.

2d Class—J. Barrenechea 75, R. Brenham 80, J. Callaghan 81, W. Davis 88, A. Den 70, E. Hall 70, D. Kidd 70, J. McCarthy 70, A. McCone 77, J. McDonald 77, H. McDonald 87, G. Norris 83, J. Machado 82, J. Thompson 79, B. Yorba 82, A. Garishe 70, P. Mallon 70.

3d Class—J. Aguirre 86, J. De la Cruz 70, C. Floed 80, C. Georget 80, T. Hanley 70, J. Norris 79, J. Sanroman 75, J. Sax 80, F. Scully 70, E. Sheridan 86, G. Tre-nought 70, C. Welti 90.

FRENCH.

1st Class—G. Bull 70, B. Burling 70, C. Friedlander 75, C. Georget 80.

2d Class—Vacat.

3d Class—R. Soto 95, G. Norris 90, N. Camarillo 80, J. Norris 75, J. Fellom 75, J. Machado 70.

SPANISH.

1st Class—P. Soto 70.

2d Class—L. Camarillo 70, N. Robles 70.

3d Class—J. Aguirre 75, J. Callaghan 80, C. Stonesifer 70, W. Randall 78, C. McClatchy 70.

ARITHMETIC.

1st Class—J. Barrenechea 80, A. Bell 92, J. Bernal 70, J. Gallagher 80, T. Durbin 95, D. Furlong 82, J. Machado 85, A. McCone 72, L. Palmer 84, N. Robles 75, G. Roundey 92, A. Scholl 82, J. Walsh 76, B. Yorba 90.

2d Class—H. McDonald 85, C. Floed 88, W. Moson 76, H. Bowie 72, J. McDonald 78, A. Den 78, J. Nichol 70, C. Stonesifer 80, J. Thompson 71, G. Norris 90, J. Cole 82, A. Pierotich 70, R. Enrigh 92, J. Aguirre 70, J. Sax 70, R. Kifer 73, J. Enright 85, W. Randall 80, J. Sanroman 74, J. Fallon 73, R. Spence 70, D. Kidd 70, J. Day 71, J. Eldridge 70, P. Mallon 70, F. Scully 73.

3d Class—E. Auzeais 90, W. Furman 90, C. Georget 70, J. Perrier 70, E. Sheridan 70, S. Sheridan 90, C. Welti 95.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1st Class—N. Camarillo 100, V. McClatchy 100, J. Fellom 95, R. Soto 95.

2d Class—A. Bell 80, H. Bowie 90, A. W. Den 85, T. Durbin 96, C. Ebner 92, C. Gumbill 70, J. Machado 75, T. Morrison 98, W. Moson 96, J. Nichol 92, A. Pierotich 85, C. Stonesifer 72, B. Yorba 95.

3d Class—J. Aguirre 70, J. Barrenechea 73, J. Callaghan 75, W. Davis 78, C. Flood 80, W. Furman 70, R. Kifer 73, D. Kidd 72, C. McClatchy 89, G. Roundey 95, E. Sheridan 83, J. Walsh 98, H. McDonald 100, J. B. Chretien 75, R. Enright 77, C. Welti 73.

READING AND SPELLING.

1st Class—C. Gambill 74, W. Furman 80, B. Chretien 70, J. Cole 78, J. Day 84, P. De Celis 78, R. Enright 72, A. Denn 70, A. W. Denn 73, J. McCarthy 70, G. H. Roundey 75, A. McCone 70, P. Mallon 75, J. Perrier 70, J. Nichol 72, N. Camarillo 80, J. Thompson 80, H. McDonald 80, W. Moson 70, J. Machado 75.
 2d Class—J. Aguirre 75, J. Barrenechea 79, J. Enright 71, F. Farmer 80, C. Flood 7, T. Hanley 74, J. McDonald 75, J. Phippen 71, J. Sanchez 77, J. Sanroman 91, J. Sullivan 72, C. Welti 71.
 3d Class—E. Auzerais 70, J. Donahue 84, T. Donahue 76, R. De la Vega 78, L. Souc 70, T. Moore 70, R. Sheridan 90, F. Shafer 79, G. Shafer 80, A. Young 70, H. Former 90, W. Meehan 70, G. Trenought 70, A. Bowie 70, G. Markman 95, F. Sanchez 80, T. Leahy 80.

ELOCUTION.

1st Class—R. Bowie 70, W. Hereford 70, V. McClatchy 80, A. Veuve, 87.
 2d Class—D. Furlong 90.
 3d Class—N. Camarillo 70, J. Day 72, W. Moson 78, L. Palmer 70, J. Walsh 100, R. Wallace 70.
 4th Class—J. Callaghan 75, J. McCarthy 75, W. Furman 70, A. McCone 75, J. Machado 70, B. Yorba 70, J. Thompson 70.
 5th Class—C. Flood 70, C. Gambill 70, C. Georget 70.

PENMANSHIP.

1st Class—J. Barrenechea 82, N. Camarillo 85, A. W. Den 85, J. Day 75, G. Norris 71, P. Soto 85, R. Smith 73, J. Thompson 75.
 2d Class—A. Bell 71, J. Cole 71, B. Christian 72, H. Christin 72, A. Den 80, R. Enright 70, C. Friedlander 71, C. Georget 70, E. Hall 75, D. Kidd 70, A. McCone 73, J. Norris 80, W. Randall 75, J. Sanroman 75, R. Spence 73, E. Sheridan 78, J. Walsh 71.
 3d Class—J. Auzerais 78, R. Brenham 78, M. Chevalier 73, W. Davis 75, C. Flood 76, T. Hanley 85, P. Hill 73, J. Perrier 70, S. Phippen 75, J. Sax 73, G. Seifert 70, C. Stonesifer 75, J. R. Sullivan 73, G. Trenouth 78.

PIANO.

1st Class—R. Bowie 90, C. Ebner 80, N. Camarillo 80, A. Arguello 70, A. Den 70.
 2d Class—B. Tunnel 70.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

Jas. Kennedy 70.

—o—

[Classes of the PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT are omitted.]

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

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—Phil. Schmittspan, Santa Clara.

Bakers—None.

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

Boot and Shoe Merchants—Pulverman, San Jose.

Candy Manufacturers—Maurice O'Brien, San Jose.

Carriage Painters—Kimball & Linville, San Jose.

Carriage Manufacturers—Thomas & McQuaid, San Jose.

Cigar Stores—Louis Duncan, Santa Clara; John F. Tobin, 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; John M. Swinford, 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.

Plumber—James Hagan, San Jose.

Restaurants—J. Pisciolli & Co., Santa Clara; "Buckeye," San Jose.

Sportsmen's Emporium—Felix Sourisseau, San Jose.

Watchmaker and Jeweler—Jackson Lewis, San Jose.

Banking House,
OF
McLAUGHLIN & RYLAND,
Corner of First and Santa Clara Streets,
SAN JOSE.

Receive General and Special Deposits in Gold, Silver and Currency, deal in U. S.
Bonds and Legal Tenders, and do a General Banking Business.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON

DONOHUE, KELLY, & Co., San Francisco.
EUGENE KELLY, & Co., New York.
CONSOLIDATED BANK (Limited.) London.
BANK OF IRELAND, Dublin.

TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS MADE ON NEW YORK.

Interest all need on Time Deposits.

JAMES HAGAN,

DEALER IN

CHANDELIERS, GAS FIXTURES,

Galvanized and Black Water Pipe,

MARBLE SLABS AND WASHBOWLS,

Copper and Zinc Bath Tubs, etc., etc.

366, 368 & 370 Santa Clara st.,

SAN JOSE,

(Opposite the Opera House).

TO FARMERS.—I have on hand, a large and well selected
stock of all kinds of **HOSE**, which I will sell at *two cents* per foot
reduction from former prices, until further notice.

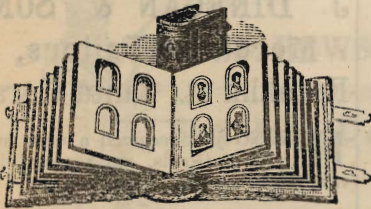
Plumbing and Gas Fitting promptly done.

John F. Tobin,

DEALER IN

Fruits, Pipes,
Nuts, Cigars,
Confectionery, Tobacco,
STATIONERY,
Fancy Goods. Spectacles, &c.,
N. W. Cor, Washington & Franklin sts.,
(Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.)
SANTA CLARA.

E. SCHRODER,



Photographic Artist,

245 Santa Clara street, San Jose.

Every description of Pictures taken on short notice and on the most REASONABLE TERMS.

LOUIS PINARD & Co.,

274 Santa Clara st., San Jose,

DEALERS IN

**FAMILY
GROCERIES.**

All orders promptly delivered, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Santa Clara Chop House,

(Odd Fellows' Building,)

Franklin st., Santa Clara,
JOS. PISCIOLI & Co.
PROPRIETORS.

Meals at all hours.

All the delicacies of the Season on hand.

Give us a Call,

PHIL. SCHMITTSPAN,
BARBER,
Franklin Street, Santa Clara.

GATES & RHODES



353 First-st., San Jose.

Physicians' Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours.

D. BERGIN'S
DRY GOODS STORE,
Corner Main and Franklin str., Santa Clara.

Gent's and Childrens' Clothing Furnishing Goods,
Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,
Embroideries, Laces, Shawls, Ribbons, etc., etc.



BUCKEYE RESTAURANT
 292 First Street, San Jose.

JOHN ELITCH & SON,
 PROPRIETORS,

*The cheapest, neatest and
 best Restaurant in San Jose.*

All the delicacies of the season on hand

Clam Chowder a speciality,
 (On Tuesdays and Fridays.)

Hot English Muffins and Coffee every
 morning.

Open Day and night.

J. DINEGAN & SON,
 Merchant Tailors,
 Franklin st., Santa Clara.

HAVING just received a new supply of Goods, we respectfully invite all who wish

A neat and stylish Suit of Clothes to call and examine our stock before going elsewhere. We will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

BEAVERS, (in all shades)

BROADCLOTHS,
DOESKINS,

French, English, Eastern and home-made Cassimeres

ALSO

A good variety of Vestings

Our work is its own recommendation,

Our prices reasonable,

AND WE

Guarantee a fit or no trade.

E. MAHONEY,

S. E. cor. Santa Clara & Market sts. San Jose.

Dry Goods,

Gents' and Childrens' Clothing,

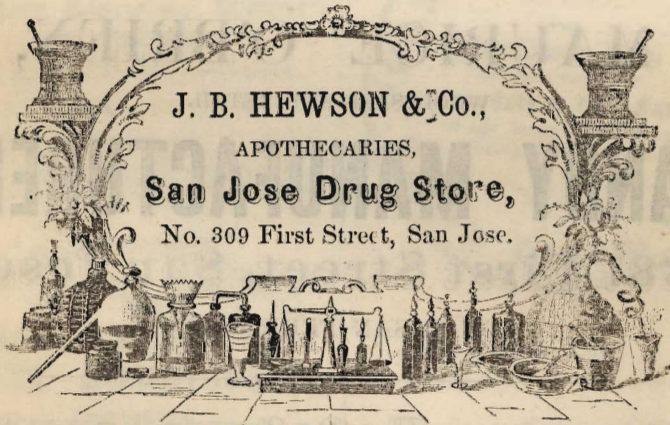
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,

etc.,

etc.,

etc.

A Tailoring Establishment is attached.



LOUIS DUNCAN

Franklin st., Santa Clara.

CIGAR & FRUIT STORE.

THE BEST BRANDS OF

Smoking & Chewing Tobacco.

Meccaum Pipes & Cigar-holders

In endless variety.

Choicest Fruits and Candies

Always on hand.

"A LA MARIPOSA."

Wholesale & Retail Grocery Store.

Cor. Main and Franklin sts., Santa Clara.

E. LAMORY, Proprietor.

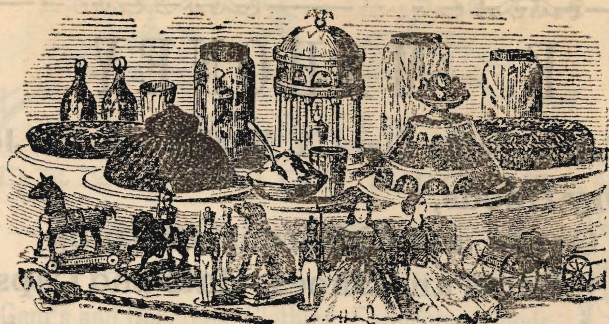
KIMBALL & LINVILLE,

Car & Carriage

Painting Company.

SANTA CLARA, and SAN JOSE.

Orders executed with despatch.



San Jose Candy Factory.

MAURICE O'BRIEN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CANDY MANUFACTURER,

387 First Street, San Jose.

(NEAR SAN FERNANDO.)

THOMAS & McQUAID,

Carriage Manufacturers,

No 428 and 430. First Street, San Jose.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

\$50 REWARD AUCTION GOO

SPRING & Co.'s
INVINCIBLE BARGAINS
 NEVER FAIL TO SELL.

The Goods are the best manufactured!
 THEY ARE BOUGHT FOR CASH,
 AND SOLD FOR LIVING PROFITS.

Bargains are Spring & Co's speciality

PAYOT,
UPHAM
& Co.,
 Importers, Booksellers, Stationers
 and Publishers,
 620 & 622 Washington-street,
 SAN FRANCISCO

Sportsmen's Emporium.



364 First st., San Jose.

FELIX SOURISSEAU,
 PROPRIETOR.

Sportsmen's Articles sold at the
 lowest prices.

Guns repaired at shortest notice

DEVINE & ABEL'S
Family Grocery Store,
 Cor. El Dorado and Market sts., San Jose.

A full and complete assortment of
THE VERY BEST ARTICLES always
 on hand.

CAMERON HOUSE
 THIS
 Magnificent Hotel
 AFFORDS THE BEST
 Accommodation for Families.
 Of any house in the County.
 Charges Moderate.
Santa Clara, Cal.



Lewis,

DEALER IN

Jackson

Watches,
 Jewelry,
 Silver and Plated Ware,
 etc., etc.

250 Santa Clara street, San Jose

Watches and Jewelry Repaired.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME,

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA,

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

THIS Institution, which is incorporated according to the laws of the State, and empowered to confer academical honors, commenced its Twenty First Annual Session on Monday, August 21st 1872.

Course of Instruction embraces all the branches of a thorough education.

TERMS:

Entrance to be paid but once.....	\$15.00
Board and Tuition, per quarter.....	62.50
Washing, per quarter.....	12.50
Physicians' fees unless it may be preferred to pay the bill in case of sickness, per quarter.....	2.50

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

Payments are required to be made half a Session in advance.

Pupils will find it much to their advantage to be present at the opening of th Session.

J. M. SWINFORD,
FARMERS' STORE,
Cor. of Washington & Franklin sts.,
SANTA CLARA.

"THE OWL,"

A Magazine, Edited by the Boys of Santa Clara College, Cal.

The columns of the OWL, filled with only original matter, are devoted to
SCIENTIFIC AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS :

TALES, DRAMAS, POETRY AND HUMOR ;

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND BOOK NOTICES

CLASS-STANDING

Our State, taking such rapid strides in all lines of progress, is not at all backward in that of Educational Institutions. A reflex of the interior of one of its most prominent Colleges ought to meet with liberal encouragement from every person who feels an active interest in education. It is the endeavour of the Editors strictly to exclude all matter of a puerile nature, and give the Magazine a literary merit, and a fair standing among other periodicals. They desire to make it, not a mere novelty, as being the only California College Magazine, but a source of pleasure and profit to the general reader. How far they are successful, the work itself proclaims.

TERMS:

\$2.50 per annum (payable in advance), **25 cts. per single copy**

An extra copy will be sent gratis to every club of five names

Back numbers may be obtained from the office, or from agents. Postage on the OWL, within the United States, is 24cts. a year, payable at the office where received. The necessary amount must accompany foreign subscriptions.

AGENTS:

IN SAN FRANCISCO,

M. FLOOD, Bookseller, 727 Market Street.

PETER N. RYAN, 40 Fourth Street.

W. E. LOOMIS, cor. Washington and Sansome Streets.

H. C. BATEMAN, 227 Kearny Street.

IN SAN JOSE.

A. WALDTEUFEL, Bookseller, Music Hall, First Street.

IN SANTA CLARA.

WM. B. WILSON. Any orders left with J. M. BILLINGS, Esq., Santa Clara Post Office, will receive prompt attention.

AN EXCELLENT ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

The circulation of the OWL has already attained a very respectable latitude, and is constantly on the increase.

TERMS FOR EACH INSERTION, MONTHLY :

Outside Cover, full page.....	\$10 00	Facing Index, full page.....	\$10 00
Inside " ".....	10 00	Inside pages.....	7 00
" " half-page.....	6 00	" " half-page.....	4 00
" " quarter-page.....	4 00	" " quarter-page.....	2 00

Advertisements and articles must be in by the fifth of the month to secure insertion in the succeeding number.

A. WALDTEUFEL,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Books, Stationery, Sheet Music,

Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, etc.

AGENT FOR

Steinway & Son's Piano Fortes,
Chickering & Son's Piano Fortes,
Haines' Piano Fortes,
Burdett Celest Combination Organs,
Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs.

Pianos and Organs for Sale or to rent

And rent applied to purchasing price.

Catholic Books, and others in all their
different branches.

Liberal Discount made to Colleges, Schools and Libraries.

A. WALDTEUFEL,

Music Hall, First Street, San Jose.