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# THE OWL.

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## SUNBEAMS.

By M. J. WALSH, (Mental Philosophy.)

IT is an undoubted fact, and one which stands forth conspicuously among many others of a like kind, that the more science progresses, the greater appears the importance of *the sunbeam*.

Let us suppose, by way of exemplification, that the sun were suddenly to lose the power of giving light and heat: and then let us notice some of the changes that would result from the realization of such a supposition.

In three days from the extinction of the sun, every vestige, both of animal and vegetable life, would have disappeared from the earth.

Plants are chiefly made of the four organogens: oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon. Such being the four elements of plants, it is natural to expect them also in the *food* by which plants are nourished; and we find, according-

ly, that the vegetable world feeds on carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. Now, carbonic acid is a compound of carbon and oxygen; and is supplied to the air by the respiration of all animals, by all ordinary combustion, and by the decomposition of organic matter. It is a poison if it exist in the air even in so small a proportion as ten per cent. The *Poison Valley* of Java, and the *Grotto del Cane*, owe their fame to the presence of this gas. In these two places it comes up from the ground, where it is produced by the decomposition of carbonate of lime by subterraneous heat. This acid is a gas, and the leaves absorb it from the atmosphere, though not directly. There is always some moisture, or in other words, some water on the leaves, and this water takes the acid from the air and conveys

it to the leaf. The motion of the atmosphere constantly brings new portions of the air into contact with the leaves, which are thus dispensed from the necessity of moving from place to place for their food. The carbonic acid is decomposed in the leaves, and the oxygen returns to the air; while the carbon is kept, to be assimilated to the substance of the plant.

But the decomposition of carbonic acid in the leaves takes place, *only in the presence of light*. Hence, in the night the leaves repose; while during the day they toil for the support of the plant. In fact, the leaves of some trees assume a different posture during the night, from that which they have held in the day. The leaves of the locust, for instance, which point in a horizontal direction during the day, point downward during the night, and thus not only cease, during the night, to perform any of the functions of leaves, but even assume a posture indicative of perfect repose.

The fact that leaves do not decompose carbonic acid at night; may be proved by the following experiment. A branch with the leaves on it may be cut from a tree, and placed in an inverted glass jar, filled with water charged with carbonic acid. In the light, a quantity of oxygen, resulting from the decomposition of the carbonic acid, may be seen accumulating at the top of the jar, the

volume of which oxygen increases in the light, but does not increase in the dark; thus clearly proving that light is essential for the decomposition of carbonic acid by leaves. Consequently, if the sun gave no light, plants could have no carbon;—an element most necessary to their existence, since it forms the greater part of the solid matter of which they are composed.

Water is the next food of the plant; and water is a combination of oxygen and hydrogen. It is produced by the respiration of all animals, by the combustion of all things containing hydrogen, and by the decomposition of organic matter. The rootlets of the plant absorb it from the ground; and from them, through the trunk and branches it is carried to the leaves, where it is deoxidised, the oxygen being thrown into the atmosphere, while the hydrogen is used in the formation of some part of the plant. But if there be neither light nor heat, no oxygen will be given off from the leaves, and the plant will consequently be unable to use water as a food.

But the principal use of water is, that it serves as a vehicle for conveying ammonia and carbonic acid to the plant. Ammonia is a combination of nitrogen and hydrogen. It is a gas possessing so great an affinity to water that one volume of the latter will absorb seven hundred volumes of ammoniacal gas. It is produced by the



decomposition of organic matter. The large amount of water everywhere present, and the great affinity of ammonia to it, will account for the fact that the gas is never found free, but always in water. Water also absorbs its own volume of carbonic acid, which is so common in nature. These substances, therefore—ammonia and carbonic acid—are present in the water absorbed by the rootlets. Some salts of potash and soda are also generally held by the water thus absorbed, and are therefore found in small quantities in plants; but they are not of much consequence to the life of the plant. The force of capillarity causes the water to rise from the rootlets to the leaves, where a great deal of it is discharged in the form of vapor, and the residue having been chemically acted upon by the sun's rays, becomes sap, and is used, in this form, for the improvement of the plant.

But, on our supposition, the change into sap could not be accomplished; because, in the first place, the sun's light, with its chemical power, would be wanting; and, in the second, the absence of heat would leave the water in a frozen state, and thus render its absorption and circulation impossible.

We have now seen that without the sun's life-giving rays the plant could neither procure nor utilize the food ordinarily used by it

All animals feed on organic food

or on substances that have been formed by organic action. But animals cannot form organic matter from inorganic. Plants alone have this power. Hence every animal must, either mediately or immediately, live on plants. Some live immediately on plants, others on herbivorous animals; and thus both classes are alike dependent on the vegetable world. But if the sun ceased to give forth light and heat, all plants would die; and, as a result of this, all animals would become extinct.

Moreover, the cold that would follow from the loss of the sun's heat, would in three days' time cause the thermometer to fall to about two hundred below zero; and what animal could withstand such a temperature?

We are all aware of the phenomenon of the magnetic needle. Now, scientific investigation leads us to the belief that the reason why the needle points north and south is, that the earth is a *monster electro-magnet*; and since opposite poles of magnets attract each other, and like poles repel, the needle is kept in one definite position. But if the earth is an electro-magnet, there must be electro-currents to magnetize it. These are formed in the thermo-electric currents produced by the heat of the sun. One half of the earth is being heated by the sun while the other half is cooling, and this gives rise to the thermo-electric currents that circulate



around the earth in a fixed and determined direction, and thus causes the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. If, therefore, the sun did not emit heat, the effect just mentioned would not follow, and the needle could no longer serve as a guide.

The air is, of itself, what is called a non-conductor of electricity; but when charged with water, as damp air is, it has the power of holding a great amount of electricity. Franklin proved that lightning was an electric discharge from cloud to cloud, or from clouds to the earth. There must, indeed, be an enormous amount of electricity in the clouds; because some discharges have been measured and found to be miles in length. The question consequently arises,

*Whence did all this electricity come?* It is certain that the evaporation of sea water plays a most important part in the production of atmospheric electricity. If the water of the sea were pure water, no electricity would be developed; for it is only in the evaporation of alkaline or acidulated water that electricity is produced. In the case of alkaline solutions, the vapor is positively, while the solution is negatively electrified. In acidulated water, the reverse is the case. But it is the heat of the sun that evaporates water so as to form clouds, and by evaporation, electrifies them. Therefore, if the thermal radiation of the sun were

stopped, no evaporation would take place; and there would be neither thunder nor lightning; for thunder is the noise caused by, and accompanying, that grand electric discharge which we call lightning. I use the word accompanying, because the flash of lightning and peal of thunder occur simultaneously; although it does not seem so to us, on account of the great difference in the time occupied in the transmission, respectively, of light and of sound.

Winds are currents in the atmosphere, moving in variable directions, with variable velocities. They are caused by the unequal heat of the earth's surface. If one portion of the earth be heated more than other portions, the air will expand more in this heated part than elsewhere, and, being thus rendered specifically lighter, will rise. Its rising will cause a current of air to flow in from the adjacent country, to fill up the place lately occupied by the air that rose up, and which, in its rise, forms a current in the upper region of the atmosphere. Thus, from the unequal distribution of heat we get two winds, a warm one from the warmer country, and a cold one to it.

But what is it which heats one part of the earth more than another? The sun. At the equator, for instance, the rays of heat strike nearly perpendicularly, and therefore more heat is absorbed than in

the temperate zones, where the rays strike obliquely, and a greater part is reflected. This cause is continually in action. Hence we should expect a constant wind from the temperate zones towards the equator; and we find it in the "trade winds." But there are also many accidental causes, which give one country more heat than another, for a short time. Hence it is that we have so many variable winds. Now, since inequality of temperature is the cause of the winds, we should have none at all, if the thermal radiation of the sun were discontinued.

When the watery vapor, which has risen into the air from evaporation, becomes, by condensation, specifically heavier than the air, it falls down in drops of rain. Three-fourth of the earth's surface are covered with water; and as one half of this is continually under the influence of the sun's heat, a considerable amount of water is necessarily evaporated, and kept floating in the air. The winds carry this vapor in every direction; and when condensed, it falls to the earth, either in a liquid state, as rain, or in the more solid form of snow. All the rivers of the world are fed by this condensation of water. The springs which form the sources of rivers, are but the outlets of large natural reservoirs, which are continually replenished by rain. But if the sun emitted neither light nor heat,

water would not be evaporated from the sea, rain would not fall, springs would dry up, and rivers would cease to flow.

Some think they have found a sufficient explanation of the fact of volcanic eruptions, in *the tides*. The rise of the tide brings to bear on one place, millions of tons of water more than it had to sustain before. This enormous weight must necessarily compress the shell of the earth to such an extent as to throw it out of its former shape. Now any alteration in the shape of a sphere decreases its volume; and thus we see why the molten matter in the earth is driven out. But if the sun did not give its heat, the sea would soon become solid ice, and we should have no currents nor tides, and consequently no volcanic eruptions.

From all that has been said above, we may see that the sun is the ultimate source of almost all the phenomena of nature.

By its vivifying action the vegetable kingdom is enabled to draw its support from inorganic matter, and in its turn to support animals and man.

Without the sun's radiation, the grass withers in the vale, the flowers fade, the hardy trees die, and all animals perish.

The solar ray it is, and that alone, which keeps the vast ocean in its liquid state, and causes its water to circulate from sea to air, from air to earth,—where it irri-



gates the land and gives birth to springs and rivers.

It is the heat of the sun which generates every wind; from the gentle Zephyr of evening which scarcely ripples the surface of the placid lake, to the resistless tornado that uproots the mightiest giant of the forest, or tosses the deep sea skyward, in foaming mountains of white and blue.

What is it but solar heat which produces all those disturbances in

the electric equilibrium of our atmosphere, which manifest themselves in lightning, and in the *auroræ*?

Volcanic eruptions, again, and tidal currents are due, principally, to the sun's energy.

In short,—as we have endeavored, however feebly, to shew,—almost every force exhibited in nature, whether in the organic or inorganic world, springs from the mighty power of the SUNBEAM.

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## HISTORY.

J. T. MALONE, (Ethics.)

**T**HERE is one particular branch of study which is of vast importance,—especially to the public man, and which is not without its advantages to the humblest: That study is *history*; not the mere knowledge of past events and the accidents connected with them, but the study of their cause, and effects, and the influence they have upon their own and succeeding times. It is not enough to be

merely acquainted with a number of events and dates, and to be able to tell in what year Alexander crossed the Hellespont, or who built the Pyramids. There is a philosophy, and a beautiful philosophy, in history; and this is what must be well considered and understood.

A book of history is one of the first placed in the hands of a child just learning to read, and therefore



it is, and should be, the inseparable companion of all his studies. What would you say of a man who, expert in mathematics, skilled in chemistry or physics, and who still did not know the commonest events in the history of his own country? You laugh and say, it would be very difficult to find such a man. And why? Simply for the reason, that to all good and advantageous study, history is absolutely necessary. Can you imagine a person erudite in the languages of the Greeks and Latins, and ignorant of the history of those nations? No! because it is impossible to study either science or art, without studying history. The subject is pre-eminently abundant in food for thought and reflection, and possesses all the advantages that can render it most instructive and interesting to all classes. Take up the commonest and simplest of histories—the history that is placed in the hands of children. What do you find? The history of the Word of God. What a field you have here for thought and study. Where is the book in the whole category of familiar works of classic or of modern times, that possesses one half the sublime beauty that is contained in the story of the world's creation; the short, sad recital of man's first error and his fall, and the long tale of suffering and punishment incurred by the first disobedience; the woes and wanderings of God's chosen

people. the God-man crying and dying for man,—offering himself up as a sacrifice of expiation for countless sins of the human race. What pleasure, what instruction, what comfort to sorrow, and “balm to hurt minds,” those sacred pages give?

And then the history of your country. How the eye flashes, how the cheek glows, as the hot blood thrills through your veins and your heart beats with passionate sympathy, as bending over the graphic pages you read of the acts of the heroes of your native land, of the warriors who stood in the din of battle, fearless and unawed, and with true swords upheld their country's glory.

It was the deep knowledge of the genius of history that made the greatest and wisest of our statesmen what they were. The immortal Burke, who has no equal in modern times as a statesman, admits, that to his hard and persevering study of history alone, he owed the greater part of his success. So conversant had he become with past events, and so deeply had he studied their nature and effects, that he could trace, in some events of his own times, the same relation that characterized them in the past; and for this reason, many of his speeches are almost prophetic. But his was not a mere cursory knowledge. It was the unvalued store, brought up with infinite labor from the secret depths.

This study has also the effect of nourishing the sympathies of the heart towards the good, and exciting horror against evil. Seeing virtue everywhere rewarded and praised, and evil decried and punished, naturally, a laudable ambition is aroused, and the nobler faculties of the mind brought into action. Who is there that reads of the actions of some great hero of old, but burns to follow in his footsteps? Who that reads of the power and glory of some great master spirit, but is eager to emulate his example? There is no feeling of the human heart that history does not represent, no virtue that it does not honor, no vice that it does not condemn; and he who studies it rightly, deeply, thoroughly, does so, not only for the mere advantage that he gains, but also for the good influence which it has upon his own mind.

But there is also another effect of a good study of history, and that the greatest, and the best. It is the indisputable proof which it contains of the existence of an All-wise, Providential Creator. I have somewhere read that it is impossible for a physician to be an infidel. And I believe it; because, can a man who has made himself familiar with nature's most cherished secrets, who knows with what an infinite order and regularity every atom of matter performs its allotted part in the great universal plan,—can he, I say, doubt that an

Infinitely Almighty Cause pervades the whole, and governs the vast creation with His will? It cannot be! I may, with equal certainty declare, that no one who studies history can disbelieve the existence, not only of a Providence, but of a powerful and just God, rewarding virtue and confounding vice.

It may be regarded as a maxim that man never changes. Human nature is the same to-day as it was yesterday,—four thousand years ago. The same motives, the same hopes, the same fears, the same virtues, the same passions, the same joys, the same sorrows, actuate the creature of to-day as actuated the first created in the garden of Eden. Hence, we say, that history is ever repeating itself. This is no idle assertion. Look at the history of the past. What difference do you trace between the rise and fall of the Assyrian Empire, and that of Rome? They both were founded on virtue; and vice undermined them both. What difference do you find between the actions of an Alexander and a Cæsar: a Cæsar and a Napoleon? Does not the same insatiate ambition accompany them all? The present is but the image of the past. Great men, good men have been and will be born. Right will now be trodden under foot, and again will rise triumphant. Let men say what they will of modern progress and refinement, but look in the mirror of history, and you will find that all the



boasted greatness of to-day, is but the reflection of the glory of the past. Let the hot enthusiast rave of "universal freedom;" let demagogues prate to their heart's con-

tent;—there will still be Polands, there will be Irelands until the end of Time; and let tyrants grasp their precarious sceptres tighter, for there will be Americas too.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH (FROM THE ROMAIC)

OF THE LATE

THOMAS COCHRANE, EARL OF DUNDONALD,

THE

"SAVIOUR OF GREECE."

PROFESSOR H. DANCE.

“Ὁ Θωμᾶς Κόχραν, Κόμης τοῦ Δονδονάλδ, Λόρδος Χόχραν τοῦ Παίσιλεϋ καὶ Ὀχιλ-  
τρήϊ, Βαρόνος τῆς Νέας Σκω-  
τίας, Ναύαρχος τῆς Ἐρυθρᾶς  
Σημείας, καὶ Ὑποναύαρχος  
τοῦ Στόλ — or in more fam-  
iliar words, *Thomas Cochrane,*  
*Earl of Dundonald, Lord Coch-*  
*rane of Paisley and Ochil-*  
*tree, Baron of Nova Scotia,*  
*Admiral of the Red, and*  
*Vice-Admiral of the Fleet,*—to  
which list of titles may be added  
that of *Admiral of the United*

*Kingdom of Great Britain and*  
*Ireland,*—was born on the 14th of  
December, 1775.

We take occasion to give the present sketch of his eventful life, partly because the career of so bold and dashing a sailor can scarcely fail to have some interest, of itself, for the general reader; and partly because the memoir now lying before us, and from which, chiefly, we shall take our facts, is written by a Greek, and in Greek; and thus not only forms a more impartial tribute to our hero's merits than



anything could which originated in his native country, but has also an interest of its own for those who care to hear about the present fate, as a living language, of the grand old tongue of Homer and Thucydides. We are inclined to think it would puzzle many a Greek scholar to translate the foregoing list of titles glibly from English into Greek; but the modern Greek writer from whom we quote our opening sentence felt no difficulty whatever in so doing; and indeed one of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the modern language is the facility and success with which it adapts old Greek words to modern uses.

We may possibly recur to the subject of the Modern Greek tongue on some future occasion, should it seem to interest our readers; and meanwhile, we shall give them a few specimens from time to time, in the course of the present article, of that tongue, as now spoken and written.

That Lord Dundonald should have found, as he has found, not merely a Greek biographer to commemorate his deeds, but also, as will presently be seen, a Greek poet to write an elegy upon his death, is a circumstance which forms no small testimony to his cosmopolitan character, and to the sympathy which he always felt for liberty, or for what seemed to him such, whether in his own country or any other. He might have,

indeed,—nay he *has*, for aught we know to the contrary—received similar testimonies of *post mortem* gratitude from Brazil or from Chili, to both of which countries his services in the hour of need were great: but whatever may be the case with other lands, Greece at any rate, seems to bear her friends gratefully in mind, ranking as she does such men as Lord Byron and Lord Dundonald among the foremost of her own heroes in her *War of Independence*.

Tradition hath it that the Cochranes derive their origin from certain Scandinavian pirates of ancient times, who made a descent upon Renfrew and Ayr, and finally established themselves in those parts, and well indeed does the dashing career of our hero befit the descendants of the Vikings of old.

His father, Archibald, the ninth Earl, had devoted himself enthusiastically to scientific pursuits, and had gained considerable distinction as a chemist, spending a very large portion of his fortune upon the expensive experiments which the elucidation of his various theories required. At length, however, he resolved to address himself once more to the management of his estates and the affairs of his family, which had suffered greatly by his exclusive devotion to science; and, after much consideration, he determined to bring up his son and heir, the subject of the present memoir,

to the naval profession; with which view he got him an appointment to H. M. S. *Vesuvius*, then under the command of Captain Sir Alexander Cochrane. But the untimely death of Lady Dundonald, put an end for a time to this idea; and indeed left our hero at a great disadvantage as regards his education, which had been mainly cared for by her. His maternal grandmother, however, stepped in, and found him a suitable tutor, to whom he became much attached, and whose raps on the knuckles he even remembered with gratitude in after years; a somewhat unusual circumstance, though not altogether without parallel; for the celebrated Dr Busby of Eton (of birchen memory) commanded, we believe, the affections of many of the leading men of England on no other ground than that he had, in their childhood, applied the rod to their then unprotected persons, with that judgment, skill and frequency for which his reign at Eton was so remarkable. Nay, we can ourselves remember being honored with a visit, in our mature years, from our old "head master," whom we received with the greatest respect and the warmest cordiality, mainly—we suspect—for analogous reasons.

There can be no doubt that this is a somewhat singular feature in *boy*—(or *man*)—*nature*; but it is, we are inclined to suspect, peculiar to *John Bull*, after all, and goes

with roast beef, plum-pudding, top boots, and other such idiosyncrasies, for which there is no accounting. On the European continent, whenever any particularly mad-brained freak is performed, and when, as is usually the case, answer can be made to inquiries that the man who did it was an *Englishman*, the hearer dismisses the subject with a satisfied shrug, implying that *if so*, the matter is indeed accounted for. With a similar shrug, therefore, of the shoulders of our mind, and recollecting, as we ought and must, that Lord Dundonald was a regular *John Bull*, we may dismiss this peculiarity of his to the limbo of the by-gones, and proceed to the rest of our narrative.

His father having married again, —some say for pecuniary reasons, —young Cochrane was sent to a military academy at Kensington, to prepare for the army; at which establishment he remained four years and a half; "useless years," as he says himself, with much reason; for his career was evidently destined to be *the sea*: though he found himself at this period of his life, in spite of all his own wishes and tendencies, presented with a commission in the 79th Foot.

It was on the 27th of June, 1793 that he first embarked on board the *Stag*, commanded by his uncle, Sir Alexander Cochrane; —all idea of the army as a profession having been finally given up,



both by him, and by his friends on his behalf. But he was transferred in the course of the same year, to H.M.S. frigate *Thetis*, 42, in which he speedily acquired credit as a smart officer and a brave man, rising in the course of three years to the rank of first lieutenant.

On the 17th of May, 1795, when Acting First Lieutenant of the *Thetis*, he came to action with a French division of five ships, (his own force consisting of the *Thetis*, and one other vessel, the *Hussar*) and captured two out of the five. After this he served in the *Africa*, and, we think, in some other vessel; then again in the *Thetis*; and then in Lord Keith's division, in the Mediterranean, on board the *Thunderer*, the *Barfleur*, and the *Queen Charlotte*, successively. And after numberless small brushes with the French, in all of which he showed his usual gallantry, he was appointed to the command of the *Speedy*, of 14 guns and 54 men.

With this small command he had perfect freedom of action; and so well did he use that freedom, that within fourteen months he had captured thirty-three of the enemy's vessels, mounting, in all, one hundred and twenty eight guns, and carrying an united compliment of five hundred and thirty-three men!

But his greatest exploit was performed on the 6th of May, 1801. The *Speedy* being quietly at anchor in the Roads of Bachelo-

na, a Spanish frigate hove in sight, which proved to be *El Gamo*, a vessel of twice his fighting power, which carried 32 guns, with a complement of 319 men, and which had been despatched, in company with certain other ships, expressly to capture him. The little *Speedy* instantly bore down upon her, and after a cannonade of forty-five minutes' duration, in which the Spanish captain lost his life, closed, boarded, and captured her; carrying her off in triumph with the English flag flying at her main.

"Εὐθύς" saith his Lordship's Greek biographer, ὁ Ταχὺς ὁρμᾷ κατ' αὐτῆς, καὶ μετὰ κανονοβολισμὸν ἐπὶ 45 λεπτά, καθ' ὃν ὁ πλόιαρχος αὐτῆς, ἐφονεύθη, πλησιάζει, καὶ γίνεται κύριος αὐτῆς, καὶ ἀπάγει αὐτὴν θριαμβευτικῶς ὑπὸ τὴν Ἀγγλικὴν σημαίαν· ἐν δὲ τῷ Ταχεῖ τρεῖς μόνον ἐφονεύθησαν, καὶ ὀκτὼ ἐπληρώθησαν. Διὰ τὸ ἔνδοξον δὲ τοῦτο ἀνδραγάθημα, ὁ Χόχραν προῆλθεν εἰς τὸν βαθμὸν πλοιάρχου."

For this brilliant exploit, Lord Cochrane was raised to the rank of *post-captain*.

Before, however, he could receive the news of his advancement, his ship was taken by a French squadron; on which occasion he exhibited so much daring and bravery that the captain of the *Desaix*, to whom he surrendered his sword, immediately handed it back



to him, professing himself, with true French politeness, unworthy to receive the sword of so brave an enemy.

He did not long remain in a French prison; an exchange of prisoners being made, in which he was included, and upon the completion of which he returned to England.

For a year and a half after his return home, he was left unemployed,—“ἔμεινεν ἀργός”—; and conceived a most bitter aversion for his superiors in the Admiralty, on that account, saying that if the Admiralty had not given an unfair colouring to the matter, his own services and those of his crew in the *Speedy*, “would have met with some recompense”—(ἤθελον τύχει ἀμοιβῆς τινος)\*

Our renowned sea captain having now nothing to do, entered himself at the University of Edinburgh, frequenting its lectures with great assiduity, “ἵνα γείνη ἐν-γλωττος καὶ πειστικός ῥήτωρ,” in order to become a fluent and persuasive orator, and thus be able to fight his own battles against the Admiralty, in the House of Com-

\*We find here one of the peculiarities of the Modern Greek, which alters the verbs (of course very much for the worse) more than it alters anything else. “ἤθελον τύχει,” (which, is here, a compound tense, and not two independent words) meaning, literally, “wished to obtain:” “τύχει” being an infinitive form, with its final “ν” elided.

mons. Conscious of the shortcomings of his early education, and resolved to make up for them, “ἐγένετο παλιν παῖς,”—he became again a child—that he might qualify himself for higher advances in life as a man. “Ὅπόσον ἀξιοσημείωτος,” exclaims his Greek admirer, “εἶναι\* [ἐστὶ] ἡ προᾶξις αὐτῇ!”

After two years of academic studies, Lord Cochrane was appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Pallas*. with which, in 1805, he captured a Spanish galleon, having on board an enormous treasure both in money and merchandize; and, shortly after, having embarked about ninety of his men in boats in order to cut out some of the enemy's ships which were lying at anchor at the mouth of the river Gironde, in the Bay of Biscay, he suddenly observed three French men-of-war bearing down upon him, which were evidently of vastly superior force, and which indeed carried, among them, as many as 64 guns. “Εὐθὺς,” says our Greek, “ἐπιπίπτει κατ' αὐτῶν, τρέπει εἰς φυγὴν, καὶ διώκει πρὸς τὴν ξηρὰν, ὅπου ἐξώκειλαν.”

He next turned his attention to electioneering matters, holding as firmly as ever to his purpose of

\*Εἶναι, in the modern language, takes the place of ἐστὶ, except among those who adopt what is called the “high style.”

getting into Parliament in order that he might, from his seat in the Commons, attack his old enemies, the Lords of the Admiralty.

Standing for the borough of Honiton in Devonshire, he failed: and immediately upon his failure, gave orders to his agent to make a present of ten guineas to every elector who had voted for him:—"διέταξεν ἕνα τῶν ὁπαδῶν αὐτοῦ νὰ (ἵνα) διανείμῃ ἐκάστῳ τῶν ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ ψηφοφορήσαντων 10 γυνέας." The result of which piece of smartness, at the next election, may easily be surmised. "Τὸ ἐπόμενον ἔτος οἱ ἐκλογεῖς τοῦ Χόνιτον, καὶ Οὐίγοι καὶ Συντηρητικοί, μὲ ἀνοικτάς ἀγκάλας ἐδέχθησαν τὸν Λόρδον Χόχραν. Εὐκόλως δὲ νῦν ὑπερίσχυσεν· ἀλλ' ὅτε οἱ ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ δόντες τὰς ψήφους ἐζήτησαν χρήματα, εἶπε, Δὲν δίδω οὐδ' ἐν λεπτόν· εἰμαι ἐκ τῶν μεταρρυθμιστῶν." The following year the electors of Honiton, both Whigs and Conservatives, received Lord Cochrane with open arms. And, this time, he was "facile princeps." But when those who had given their votes in his favor asked for their rewards, his answer was, "I will not give a single farthing! *I am a Reformer!*"

We fancy there is an amount of genuine Yankee *smartness* in this "dodge" of the young English noble, which very few New Englanders could exceed. The electors of

Honiton certainly received a considerable number of the Cochrane guineas. But was it bribery? By no means. He would have scorned the very thought. "*He was a Reformer.*"

After this (in the year 1807) he became member for Westminster; and his attacks on the Admiralty proved so annoying to the Ministry of the day that, by way of relieving themselves (as they hoped) from the nuisance, "διέταξαν αὐτὸν νὰ ἐπανέλθῃ εἰς τὸν στόλον ἐν τῇ Μεσογείῳ, ἐλπίζοντες ὅτι ἤθελεν ἐγκαταλείπει τὴν θέσιν του. Ἀλλ' οἱ ἐκλογεῖς τοῦ Οὐεσμίνστερ ἐνόμισαν καλὸν νὰ δώσωσιν εἰς τὸν ἀντιπρόσωπον αὐτῶν ἀπερίοριστον ἀδειαν ἀπουσίας." They ordered him to rejoin the Medierranean fleet, hoping that this would make him vacate his seat. The electors of Westminster, however, thought fit to grant their representative unlimited leave of absence; and the seat was consequently retained, notwithstanding that its holder was busily engaged in pulling down, one after another, all the semaphores on the coast of France.

In 1809, Lord Cochrane was ordered to join the Channel Fleet (νὰ ἐνωθῇ μετὰ τοῦ λοιποῦ στόλου τοῦ κατὰ τὸν Ἀγγλικὸν πορθμὸν) where his services were much needed, to secure the destruction of a French squadron which threatened to sallv forth



from the *Basque Roads*, to prey upon English commerce. This he promptly effected by means of fire ships (διὰ πυροπολικῶν πλοίων); and so brilliant an exploit was it considered at home, that he was rewarded for it with the Order of the Bath: "ἐγένετο," says our Greek, "ὑπὸ τῆς τοῦ Λουροῦ."

In consequence, however, of a quarrel which he had at this time μετὰ τοῦ Λόρδου Γαμβιέρου, with Lord Gambier, his superior in command, and of his proceedings in consequence thereof, he began to lose much of his popularity at this time; and the Ministry took advantage of the circumstance to refuse him employment; so that, from the year 1809, he had to remain idle.

From this time, indeed, fortune seems to have left our hero entirely in the lurch.

In February, 1814, some false reports of the death of the French Emperor having been put into circulation for interested purposes, and a great rise in the Funds having resulted, Lord Cochrane was charged with complicity in the matter, found guilty of fraud, and sentenced to stand in the pillory, to pay a fine of one thousand pounds sterling, and to undergo one year's imprisonment. On the 5th of July, he was expelled from the House of Commons, by 140 votes to 44, deprived of the Order of the Bath, and stricken off the list of Captains. The sentence

was in some degree modified; that portion of it which involved his standing in the pillory being remitted; and the Westminster electors, who afforded, we presume, a fair index of public opinion generally, unanimously elected him as member for their borough; in addition to which his fine was paid by public subscription.

In the year 1818, having no longer any position in the English navy, and being too full of energy and *vim* to remain any longer idle, he went to Valparaiso, to take command of the navy of the Chilean Republic, then fighting for its independence against Spain. Here he not only destroyed the whole commerce of old Spain in those parts, but also made a successful eruption into Peru: for all which services the Government of Chili rewarded him with a gift of twenty thousand acres of land.

He invariably distinguished himself while in the Chilean service, by actions of "incredible courage and skill," whenever the opportunity for such actions presented itself. In particular, and by way of mentioning the bravest and most striking, perhaps, of all his exploits in South American waters, we may refer to the cutting-out of the Spanish frigate *Esmeralda* from the harbour of Callao on the 5th of November 1820, which was just one of those *impossible* deeds which men of Lord Dundonald's (then Cochrane) stamp perform as



matter of course, regardless of the fact, that, by all the received rules of warfare, their achievement is out of the question. This action was the subject of much comment and admiration in Parliament, and indeed put the climax to Lord Cochrane's renown.

In 1823, having cleared the entire South American coast of the pirates by whom it had been infested, he was appointed Admiral-in-Chief of the Brazilian Navy, and made Marquis of Maranao by Don Pedro, the then Emperor of Brazil.

On quitting the service of this monarch, he once more sought his native country. But there being no scope there, owing to the unfortunate circumstances we have narrated, for the exercise of his peculiar talents in the profession to which he was so devoted, he continued to look out for opportunities of exercising them in other countries: always on the side of freedom; for his nature was too noble to allow of his fighting in the spirit of a mere adventurer, without regard to the justice of the cause he espoused.

The struggle of the Greek nation against its Turkish oppressors was precisely the sort of cause which was calculated to make the sword of Lord Cochrane leap from its scabbard; and he offered his services to that gallant little country with (we need hardly say) a well grounded assurance that they

would be accepted. During the years 1827 and 1828, he fought with his usual daring and success in the Greek naval service, and the independence of the country (to which he had in no small degree contributed) having been acknowledged, he returned to England, where on the death of his father he succeeded to the title of *Earl of Dundonald*.

Fortune, which was always fickle to him, now began once more to smile; for there was no longer a shadow of belief remaining, anywhere, of the possible truth of the charges upon which he had been condemned, and on account of which he had been so great a sufferer.

On the accession of William IV., the "sailor king," who, no doubt, was better able than others to appreciate the merits of so gallant a brother officer, he was reinstated in his command in the British navy, and made Rear Admiral. He was made Vice Admiral of the Blue in 1841; and at length, though not until after the lapse of several more years, Order of the Bath was also restored to him; an honor which has a somewhat empty sound about it, to American ears, but which is nevertheless one of the things most highly coveted by Englishmen, and the restoration of which was therefore proportionately valued by the subject of our memoir. This was in 1847. In the following year he received

the chief command of the fleet in the West Indian and North American Stations; in 1851, he became Vice Admiral of the White; and in 1854 Admiral of the United Kingdom.

His merits were thus finally, though tardily, recognized by his country; and it is satisfactory, in speaking of the career of such a man, to be able to say that he lived to see justice done him.

It might have been hoped that the old hero's troubles were now at an end; but we fear it must be acknowledged that his talents were more appreciated, even to the last, by foreign countries than by his own; for he had to suffer a final disappointment, towards the end of his life, in the rejection by the English Government of an invention of his, by which he declared that the City of Sebastopol, which the French and English were then besieging, could be destroyed in a few hours.

We do not mean to accuse the Government of any intention to slight or annoy the old officer; for it is of course constantly necessary for a government to reject schemes and inventions which do not seem likely to realize what their too sanguine projectors anticipate. But nevertheless we cannot help wishing either that Lord Dundonald had never proposed such a scheme at all, or that it had been found worthy of acceptance by those in authority; for its rejection tended

no doubt to embitter the few remaining years of his life, and to foster that morbid feeling which had been created by the many grievous injustices he had suffered during his long and eventful career, but which had in some degree subsided since his restoration to the Royal Navy and to his previous honors.

A very characteristic portrait of the old nobleman is now lying before us, which we wish we could transfer to the pages of the *Owl*, so clearly is the man's personal history impressed upon his physiognomy as there represented. Especially marked are the expression of discontent and the sense of undeserved injury which display themselves in the peculiar downward curve of the extremities of the mouth and the corresponding contraction of the eyebrows; and yet, decided as that expression is, there is something also, in the general aspect of the face, to give the idea of its having been, at some former period, more forcible and more pervading than at the time when the portrait was taken. It appears, in fact, to have suffered diminution; as we know, from the circumstances of his latter years, is likely to have been the case; though it could not, of course, be expected that the lines traced on the features of a man of mature age by long years of disappointment and injustice, should altogether disappear, even though the



justice so long delayed should at last be granted.

The conduct of the other countries in whose service he labored and fought so successfully, and which always showed their grateful appreciation of the help he gave them, forms a pleasing contrast to the prolonged ingratitude of England; and may have been one of the causes which tended to lessen the intensity of the physiological expression to which we have referred. Frequently indeed was he honored with distinctions for his services to foreign nations:

—“Διὰ παρασῆμων ἐτιμῆθη διὰ τὰς πρὸς ξένας χώρας ἐκδουλεύσεις του. Ἡ Βραζιλία ἀπένευμεν αὐτῷ τὸ παράσημον τοῦ Κρουζέρου, ἡ δὲ Ἑλλάς τὸ τῆς Σωτῆρος, τρία δ' ἕτερα παράσημα ἔλαβεν ἐκ τῆς Χιλῆς.” Brazil gave him the title of the “Hard-hitter,” Greece that of the “Preserver,” and he received three other complimentary surnames from Chili.

A poetical tribute to his memory, by a Greek author, which for the benefit of our readers we have translated into English verse, will be found on another page.

We shall conclude, by way of affording a little amusement to

some of our Greek students here, with an extract from the concluding portion of the Greek memoir to which we have so often alluded; and we shall leave it untranslated, in order to allow of the application of their knowledge of ancient Greek to the rendering of the modern into English; premising that the passage is a particularly easy one, and that it presents very few points of divergence from the old tongue.

“Τοιοῦτος ἐγένετο ὁ ἀνὴρ ὢν, θανόντα τὴν 31 Ὀκτωβρίου 1860, πενθεῖ νῦν ἅπασα ἡ Ἀγγλία τοιαύτας τῇ πατρίδι του προσήνεγκε πράξεις· ἐλθὼν καὶ εἰς τὴν ὑπὸ ἐπταετοῦς ἀγῶνος τεταλαιπωρημένην Ἑλλάδα, νὰ παράσχη χεῖρα βοηθείας. Τὰ ἀνδραγαθήματα αὐτοῦ, τὴν αὐταπάρισιν, τὸ ἥρωικόν δάρβος, τὴν γενναϊότητα, τὴν φιλανθρωπίαν, τὴν ἐν ταῖς ἀτυχίαις καρτερίαν καὶ ὑπομονὴν αὐτοῦ, ἡ ἱστορία δέλει ἐξυμνήσῃ ἀρκούντως· καὶ ἡμεῖς δὲ εὐγνωμονοῦντες, ἀς χύσομεν ἐν δάκρυ μετὰ τῶν πατριωτῶν αὐτοῦ, οὐτινες ἀδέκαστοι ἐτιμῆται τῶν εὐγενῶν προτερημάτων ὄντες, δρηνοῖσι τὸν θάνατον αὐτοῦ, καὶ ἐξυμνοῖσιν ἐν ταῖς ἐφημερίσιν αὐτῶν τὸν ἄνδρα.”

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT NEW ZEALAND.

BY J. P. O.

[No. 1.]

WILL my readers kindly glance at the map of the world, before reading this article, and see what a small country New Zealand is,—how narrow in proportion to its length,—and by what a vast amount of water it is surrounded? Hence, a great variety of climate exists in this little country. In the extreme North the temperature is semi-tropical. There it rains every day in the week, and doubles the quantity on Sundays; while the extreme south so much resembles Scotland that the “canny Scots” have seized upon it, and formed the colony of *Otago*; where, for some time, Puritanism and whisky flourished side by side. On the Eastern coast the climate resembles that of Santa Clara Valley; but on the Western, cold and dampness reign supreme.

The land is divided into provinces in New Zealand, and in the province of Auckland are situated the *Thom-*

*as Gold Diggings*, about which my readers have, doubtless, heard. They are on the North Island, on Maori land leased to white people; and the fortunate chieftain derives an annual income of \$60,000 from the Thame township.

There are some wonderful geysers on the lakes Rotarua, Rotaiti, and Terawera, in Auckland, the waters of which being possessed of strong petrifying power, have surrounded themselves with a series of pink petrifactons, one above another, like hollow stairs. Over these the water flows so as to form a fine series of ornamental waterworks. In the lakes themselves are regions of hot and cold water, indistinguishable on the surface, but known to the natives. A friend of mine, bathing one day, was about to swim into hot water, when he was recalled by the shouts of a native. This uneven temperature is greatly prized by the Maori women, who have here an



amount of clothes-washing facility that would drive a Chinaman into a delirium of joy. By taking up a proper position, they can dip their clothes alternately into hot and cold water, without moving from where they stand. They can also boil food, without difficulty.

The coast of New Zealand is the stormiest, and the Pacific Ocean the noisiest in the world; so, as you may imagine, there is always more or less of a commotion going on there. I shall never forget what a time we had, sailing through Cook's Straits, between the two islands. This is a channel much dreaded by sailors; and our poor captain was very uneasy (and so was the wind) when he got inside. His favorite cry was, "*Main-sail, haul!*" which, being interpreted, means that, having got the sails fixed up one way, he wanted them all pulled down and put up some other way; and then, "*Main-sail, haul!*" again; and down they all came to be sent up the former way: and so on. The sailors were kept running in a very lively manner, I can tell you! But the fact was, this was the only method of keeping clear of the needle-like rocks that rise up without any shelving sides, from the bottom of the strait. When a vessel strikes them, she at once gets impaled on their sharp points; and, when lifted off by the force of the waves, immediately sinks in almost fathomless water.

One of the finest sights in the

world is obtained by standing on a New Zealand beach, when there is a strong land breeze, and watching the "sea horses" come in. As the huge breakers roll inwards, the wind lifts their white crests and sends the spray and foam flying behind them; so that they resemble the arched necks of galloping horses, with manes flying in the breeze! Hence the name given them by the settlers.

Through the centre of both islands runs a high range of mountains, called in the North the *Ruahine*, in the South, the *Southern Alps*. These form the water-shed of the country, and give birth to the numerous rapid rivers which everywhere intersect the land. There are, however, no large rivers in New Zealand, the course of every stream being so short, from its birth in the mountains to its death in the sea.

There are two volcanoes in the North Island; *Tongariro* and *Mount Egmont*; the former upwards of six thousand and the latter upwards of eight thousand feet high. "When Tongariro ceases smoking, there will be an earthquake," say the natives; and they have generally been right in their prophecy. The highest mountain in the North Island is *Ruapeho*, which is always covered with snow, being nine thousand feet high: the highest in the "Southern Alps" is *Mount Cook*, thirteen thousand two hundred

feet in height. The scenery, in both ranges of mountains is very fine; but in the "Southern Alps" it fairly rivals Switzerland. There is a road cut right through this range, connecting the eastern and western coasts of Canterbury; and the scenery here is very magnificent. The road is ninety miles long; but a New Zealand landscape, though often strikingly grand, is never a genial one. The lower ranges of mountains are covered with dense pine forests, and the higher ranges with snow; and the blue green of the forests and the blue white of the snow make a cold coloring, which no amount of sunshine seems to warm. Could a new Zealand artist paint a true picture of a scene in the "Southern Alps," and place it side by side with Bierdstadt's "Yosemite," the difference between the two countries would be at once seen. In the one the landscape seems to smile, in the other to frown at you.

Though outwardly so cold looking, a New Zealand forest is quite *tropical* in its luxuriance. One has to *axe* one's way through, on account of the dense vegetation. Vines creep from tree to tree. And then there are "Capt. Cook's ropes"—great cords of woody fibre, hanging in festoons, without a leaf or flower, and linking trees together in a union anything but convenient to passers by. They hang, too, at

every elevation from the ground; so that, when they don't catch you by the head, they throw you by entangling your feet. Why such malicious contrivances of nature should be called after the benevolent Captain Cook, I do not know.

New Zealand has a great variety of ferns, which are found there in all sizes and shapes. The celebrated *fern tree* is a native of this country. It is an undergrowth of the forest; and attains a height of 20 feet.

Some of the New Zealand underwood is very beautiful: for instance the "*Marpa*" (I don't know what it is called in California; but I see varieties of it in every nurseryman's garden)—and also the *ti-tree*, or *cabbage-tree palm*; this latter, though found in the bush, grows also in the open country.

I will close this paper with an account of the general aspect of New Zealand.

It is very rugged, with no plains worth speaking about, but with narrow vallies everywhere, bounded in by the mountains. On the low lands flax bushes abound: on the high land, fern, of a brown species, which takes the place that *chaparral* holds here.

Should my readers wish it, I will tell them, in a subsequent paper, something about the *cities* of New Zealand.



## ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS COCHRANE, EARL OF DUNDONALD, THE  
"PRESERVER OF GREECE."

*Translated from the Greek of 'Ο Βρεττανικὸς Ἀστὴρ.*

PROFESSOR H. DANCE.

Son of that isle whose glory fills the world,  
Cochrane, true friend of fair and hapless Greece,  
How oft thy fiery-sided ships have hur'd  
Grim death around, our country to release!  
Yet conq'ror as thou art, thy conquests cease  
When age assails thee with his nerveless arm:  
That vet'ran frame thou leav'st to earth in peace,  
While heavenly bliss thy noble soul doth charm  
There, in her native land. The loving wail  
Of widow'd Greece may rise; but, safe from harm,  
Thy glorious spirit needs no earthly veil,  
With graces crowned, all joyous, pure and calm.  
Nor harsh the messenger, though stern and pale,  
Who calls a hero hence to life that ne'er shall fail!

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## “VALENTINES.”

JOHN S. R'LEIGH } 1st Rhetoric.  
J. POUJADE.

**ST. VALENTINE'S DAY!**—What memories does this name not arouse! What feelings of joy and sorrow does it not awaken!!

It was upon that day that you received the valentine which gave you such exquisite joy, or upon that day, perhaps, that you were in receipt of a caricature of yourself, which enraged you beyond endurance. Yet you look forward to the Saint's anniversary with delight. And why? Because you may again have the pleasure of receiving such a Valentine as the first, and also, perhaps, the malicious satisfaction of retaliating with interest for the last.

But we are proceeding too rapidly. We are putting “the vehicle before the steeds.” The “previous question” *what is a valentine*, has not yet been answered. Ask the young miss of sixteen what *she* considers a valentine; and she replies with a simper:—“O, it is such a sweet letter! Charley always sends me one on St. Valentine's day. Such nice poetry! And all covered with beautiful cupids and hearts!”

D

Ask the crusty old bachelor of fifty *his* opinion on the question, and he replies:—“Don't bother me with your nonsense! Valentines are nothing but vile slanders upon a man's personal appearance and manners. Senders of such trash should be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law!”

The young Cœlebs thinks that “it is a capital way of reaching a maiden's heart;” while the mature married man considers it “a very good amusement for the children.” And so on.

The intelligent reader can take whichever answer he chooses.

With regard to the origin of valentines not much is known; though they are supposed to date back to a very early period.

St. Valentine himself does not seem to have been connected with the introduction of the epistles named after him; though they were usually sent around upon his day. He had doubtless other and more serious business to attract his attention, for he was a priest and martyr of the Church. He perished in the year 219 A.D., at Rome, where he was first beaten with



## THE OWL'S "VALENTINE."

PROFESSOR H. DANCE.

YES, gentle reader! You may open your eyes in astonishment, and we think you will,—unless you go upon that abominable principle, which is so much in vogue at the present day, of "*nil admirari*,"—but we really are about to offer you an amatory effusion which has emanated from our own wise beak!

The gravest philosopher can relax sometimes; and the wisest philosophers are probably those who relax the oftenest. Grave, therefore, as we are, and College Bird as we are,—nay, all the more *because* we are a College Bird,—we are prepared to justify ourselves against all assailants of our conduct on the present occasion, and to avow, without the least disturbance of our feathers, that we have dictated a "valentine" to one of the students of this College; the which valentine, he proposes to send, in his own name, to a certain mysterious fair one, who must, perforce, so far as our readers and ourselves are concerned, be nameless.

He is,—let us confess it—a bashful young man in literary matters, especially where ladies are concerned, and more devoted to Cupid than to the Muses. Feeling himself therefore in somewhat of a quandary at the task he had set himself of addressing the lady of his love in amatory verse, and recollecting the literary powers of the College "Bird-o'-wisdom,"—he sought our perch and earnestly implored our aid.

And we cannot but acknowledge, for our part, that we felt rather flattered than otherwise by the appeal made to us; for it seemed to show that we were not considered by the boys as a mere *old foggy* of a bird, like a certain stupid old relative of ours—only a very distant cousin we beg to say—whom we saw in durance in the porter's room the other day, and at whom all the parrots in the front quadrangle were laughing. We were regarded, on the contrary, as the occurrence of this little incident proved, in the light of a "guide, philosopher, and

friend," who could sympathise in the boys' amusements as well as in their studies, and who might even be relied upon to give them a helping hand in love affairs, provided they were virtuous, honest, and straightforward.

It was, we verily believe, because he regarded us in this light that the young man in question confided his approaching difficulties to us. He was tremblingly anxious to surprise a certain beautiful damsel by a "valentine," on the 14th of this instant February, but almost inclined, nevertheless, to give up the idea, lest his mode of carrying it into execution might displease her. It is wonderful how timid your bold young Yankee *can* become when there is a lady in the case!

"Well, old *bipes*," said he to us;—for he wasn't at all timid in *our* presence, we being, as all America is aware, a male owl;—"Well, old *bipes*! I guess you know better how to do the business than I do; and, besides, your feelings won't overpower your judgment. So you just scribble something down, and I'll copy it off and send it. Only, mind, say what you will, you can't make it too strong for the occasion; for I'm in real downright earnest. That's so; and no mistake!"

"Not so fast, young gentleman," said we. "We like you, and we think you mean to be a good contributor, some day, to our maga-

zine, if only on the principle that *one good turn deserves another*; so we will, certainly, do our best to help you. But we can't go at it blindfold." And we went on to explain to the youth an idea or two of ours respecting the way in which valentines ought to be written. We pointed out to him the foolish character of those painted or printed generalizations which go by the name of valentines in stationers' shops; and we explained that the more general a valentine was, the less effect was it likely to produce on any particular individual. We therefore demanded a full, true and minute description of the young lady;—name, birth, parentage; person and education;—in order that we might avoid such generalities as those to which we had alluded, and point our weapons with more effect at the heart of the intended victim. But our young friend met us with an unexpected difficulty. He would say nothing about either the young lady or her name. He would neither tell it in Gath, nor breathe it in Ascalon. He could not bring himself even to whisper it into our most confidential ear. We argued the matter with him. for some time; but the more we argued, the more nervous this bold young American became; until, at last, we saw that the thing was hopeless; and, taking pity on his mental state, we compromised the matter by accepting the initials of the



fair one's name, in lieu of any and all other information respecting her; and undertook, with only this very "slim" *πῶς στω*, to work the Archimedelean lever which should move our young friend's world. Ah, by the bye! one thing more he *did* tell us about her; and a point of that importance should certainly be mentioned, though it did not add much to our stock of positive knowledge. Her eyes were not black, he said; nor were they blue. Should any one of our male readers chance to recognise the young lady by means of this description, we trust he will regard it as an obligation of honor not to avail himself of the

advantage which he will thus have derived from the perusal of our pages. We label her before-hand, as the lilies in the College garden are labelled, whose purity and beauty so much resemble hers—"NE TOUCHEZ PAS!" Which precaution is all the more necessary because her recognition must be comparatively easy; FEW (according to our young friend) being like her.

Without further preface, we subjoin the verses which he wrote from our dictation, and of which, we are happy to say, he expresses his approval, with the one drawback, that he considers them "not strong enough."

To F. E. W. (Feb. 14th, 1872.)

I contemplated womankind:

I said, "Delightful view!"

Then chased the many from my mind

And thought of only FEW.

I sat me down, in study brown,

The ills of life to rue:

Then cried I, "What though many frown?

I look for smiles from FEW."

Some worship eyes as black as jet;

Some pay their vows to blue:

The orbs I love are sweeter yet:

Who owns them? Only FEW

I thought the pictured charms of old  
 Mere painters' dreams,—untrue;  
 But—(let the simple truth be told)—  
 They *are* possessed by—FEW.

At church I fear I'm often "lost":  
 I look towards *one* pew;  
 And, grieving all the angel *host*,  
 I watch the angel *FEW*.

Inconstancy (so poets sing)  
 Is crime of darkest hue;  
 Yet, whether praise or blame it bring,  
 I'll constant be to FEW.

Instead of fifty stanzas more,  
 I'll write but one or two;  
 For *many* rhymes you'd deem a bore,  
 If you, like me, love *FEW*.

Her treasured name whom I love best  
 I breathe not, e'en to you:  
 'Tis hidden deep within my breast,  
 Nor guessed at, save by FEW.

The Mormon reckons *many* wives.  
 No more than just his due:  
 I laugh at that for which he strives:  
 I will have *none*—or *FEW*.

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Fourth. Mr. James H. Campbell, our worthy ex-First Editor, has left us, to revel in the blisses of Grass Valley life; and our ex-Fourth Editor, Mr. H. J. Harrison, has also left us, and has determined to remain in San Francisco, where he will shortly tread the intricate paths of business. May success attend our ex-Editors! May they lend to their new circle of friends that sweet light which they once shed amidst their College companions!

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THE Semi-Annual examinations passed off quietly; and, contrary to expectations, the College Hall was not graced by the presence of even one stranger; a fact for which most of the students felt thankful. Old Jupiter Pluvius seemed to smile with favor upon us; and when the examinations commenced, he opened the flood gates of high Olympus, and the pent up rain of months came pouring down, and thus most effectually prevented the advent of visitors to our examinations. "Allah be praised!"

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It is with sorrow that we record the departure from our midst of one of our professors, Mr. Cialenti, S. J. He has been called from us, and will soon make Europe the seat of his labors. We miss him sadly; we miss his good natured face and kind words, and we no more hear his hearty laugh. To him is due, in a great measure, the

perfection attained in our dramatic representations; and the canvas that seems to breathe under his artistic brush, will feel no more, in our College Hall, its magic touch. We can but wish "God speed!" to Mr. Cialenti, our beloved professor, and the skilled exponent of the painter's art. We wish him a safe voyage to his distant home, and hope he will often think of the young friends left behind him, in whose memory he will ever rest.

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OUR College Hall is undergoing a change at present. The seats in the lower part of the house are being raised so as to form an inclined plane; thus making them more comfortable in every way,—a change that was greatly needed.

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It is with pleasure that we announce to our readers, the publication of a new musical production, by Professor E. C. E. Vile, of our College, entitled, "*The Fairest of the Fair Polka*." It is quite pretty, and will, no doubt, be pleasing to every lover of music.

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LEAP YEAR has dawned upon us, and bashful youths hie themselves to the front. This is the year when they—come forward, relieved in a measure, from that reserve and backwardness which characterise those, whose struggling moustaches vainly endeavor to obtain a permanent rooting on the youth-

ful lip. It is at this time that he of the sheepish countenance can walk boldly into the ball room, with at least some faint expectation of joining in the mazes of the dance; for he is conscious that now, a lady *can*, without any sacrifice of dignity, ask him to act as her partner. It is, also, a time of rejoicing for fast-fading bachelors, and they hail its coming with every mark of pleasure. We of the editorial department, likewise hail its coming; for, 'tis our lot to have been blessed with more bashfulness than bravery. All hail! O Leap Year!

At a regular meeting of the Philalethic Literary Society, held in their hall in the College, on Jan. 10th, Messrs. J. T. Malone, J. Poujade, and J. C. Johnson, were elected as speakers at the Grand Annual of the Society, to be held on the first Wednesday in May, next. Judge Belden, of San Jose, has kindly accepted his appointment as Orator for the occasion.

On Tuesday, Jan 16th, the Phoenix Base Ball Club of Santa Clara College, was re-organized, and officers for the ensuing term were elected. Mr. R. Kenna, S. J. was chosen as President; Mr. D. G. Sullivan, Vice President; Mr. Delvalle, Secretary; Mr. J. Radovich, Treasurer; Mr. L. Wolter, Censor; Mr. J. F. McQuade, Captain of the First Nine. Messrs A. Arguello,

Ham. Bowie, and J. F. McQuade were chosen as delegates to represent the Phoenix Club in the Pacific Base Ball Convention.

MANY of our students seem to have been stricken with the skating mania; and the Plymptons are the exclusive talk of our skatorial performers. Santa Clara lacks a skating rink; and so her value has become depreciated in the eyes of our more forward students. San Jose is blessed with a rink of large size,—a comfortable, well regulated, well ventilated hall. Thither our College boys wend their way when the gods smile upon them, and bless them with an hour or two which they can spend on the rollers. Many of our skaters willingly place themselves in danger's way, that they may have the happiness of gazing upon the twinkling stars and deathly pale moon, which flit before them when the head seeks the place to which the feet belong.

Many are so taken with the mania that they forget that *bona mixta malis* exist. They remain at the rink over their allotted time and, on returning to the College, find to their dismay that they will have the pleasure of taxing their memory and of displaying their handwriting as a punishment for their thoughtlessness. It has been bruited about the College that it were advisable to draw up a petition wherein would be set forth



the pleasure found in skating, its healthful exercise etc., and so many wish our President to allow the boys to go to the rink at certain times and try the merit of its rolling stock. We do not skate, but we wish our friends success in their petition; for, though we are not fond of fish, yet we do like the "skates."

Ask any student of the College whether he would like to see the OWL prosper; and he would undoubtedly answer, "Certainly, I wish to see our Magazine prosper." Then, if such be the wish of every student, why is that so many of our best writers are so backward in writing for the OWL? Why is it that they do not show their heartfelt desire for its prosperity

in something more worthy, more truly substantial than mere words? Why do not Second Rhetoric boys stir themselves up and make a showing in the columns of our magazine? Why have the poets of that class deserted their favorite muse? Even though they may not be able to ascend to Parnassus' top, or wander amid the most beautiful of Tempe's groves, still they *can* bring forth something to show their regard for the OWL, and their ability to produce themes worthy of their class. Wake up boys! Keep up the reputation of Minerva's favorite; let not the coldness of neglect ruffle its plumage or prevent it from still soaring in its native atmosphere of wisdom. Second Rhetoric to the front!

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE are pleased to receive a specimen copy of a new Catholic paper, recently started in San Francisco, by Mr. Eagan. It comes to us as a champion of religion; and if we may judge from the strength of the articles in this, the first number, we predict a long, prosperous and beneficial career for the *Catholic Guardian*.

THE San Francisco *Monitor* of Jan. 13, 1872, contains a synopsis of a really excellent discourse on "The Bible in the Schools." It is an ably written article and its author, the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, has proved himself a sound scholar, a deep thinker, and a clear, logical reasoner, it is written on a subject which, at the present time, is the cause of much controversy, and we earnestly advise all, who take an interest in the progress of education, to read it carefully. In the same paper we find an interesting and most conclusive discourse on, "What is Sectarianism?" by the Right Rev. B. J. McQuaid, Bishop of Baltimore.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. A. Waldteufel, of San Jose, we have found upon our table: *The Catholic Record*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Every Saturday*, and the *The Transatlantic Magazine*, all for the month of January. The Editors of the OWL return thanks to Mr. Waldteufel.

It is well for some of our inclined-to-be-lazy boys that the Professors of our College are not exceedingly strict. In our Eastern Colleges, says the *Chronicle*, it is customary to suspend from the College, delinquents in rhetorical exercises. We think that if such a rule were enforced here, a few of our students would be blessed with a greater number of vacations than the College prospectus prescribes; for some of the boys will persist in bringing in an essay, one day later than the time appointed, which delay is a matter of suspension in one of our distant Colleges.

THE students of Amherst College, are in a state of great excite-



ment, because the faculty of the College have denied them the privilege of dancing. This despotism [?] is attributed to "microscopi: religion." That faculty must be truly of *little faith* if their religion is in keeping with the small idea that has been formed of it in the mind of every Amherst student.

It appears that some of our Eastern brother students do not relish long sermons, for we hear that one poor woe-stricken fellow, after listening to an "elongated" sermon, exclaimed in mournful accents, that "those theological professors study so much about eternity that they lose all conception of time." Now we *do* like long sermons for various reasons. First of all, by a long sermon, we are apt to have our rhetorical palates tickled with well seasoned metaphors and similes, stirred to the consistency of figurative soup. Secondly, long sermons tend to fill the soul with patience, a virtue which blesses him who has it. Of course this patience is somewhat forced upon a student; for it is against the rules of decency and decorum to leave chapel while some professor soars above the world, and, roaming amid the rhetorical heavens, forgets that conciseness of speech is a virtue. Nevertheless, it is a kind of patience which our students practice. What say our Ethical sharps?

Thirdly, long sermons show forth the strength of the corporeal part of man; for surely none but "a muscular christian" can sit on a not-over-soft-bench, and, with a heavenly light beaming from his every feature, calmly listen to a darkly painted sermon on death.

---

THE *Simpsonian* tells us that the Edinburgh University is to have a Professorship of Celtic. *Erin go unnni e pluribus bragh!*

---

OUR contemporary the *Cub*,—a children's periodical published at San Francisco,—does us the honor to notice the OWL in his last issue; trying vainly, with his immature and ineffectual claws, to pull a feather or two from our venerable tail.

We are not vain enough to think that we are all we ought to be, or all we might be; and we mean to take "Excelsior" for our motto; but we do not hesitate to say that in making an invidious comparison between our past and our present self, to the great detriment of the latter, this unlicked *Cub* has hit the wrong nail on the head. We know how apt children generally are to judge of a book by its outside; and "cubs," if they can be considered qualified to express any literary opinion at all, have, doubtless, the same tendency. Now, when our issue began, we were printed by one of the first firms in the City, and our external appear-

ance was consequently more stylish than now, when we print *ourselves*, within the walls of our own College. Thus we seemed, to the youthful vision of the partially developed "grizzly," to be quite a superior magazine;—"excellent," he says we "once" were—though, for *our* parts, we place our standard of excellence at a much higher point than any we have reached as yet. But *now*, forsooth, because in our own press we have not all the appliances of the great City firms, and cannot consequently give ourselves to the world with so much outside prettiness,—(poor Cubby looks no deeper)—he pronounces us "greatly deteriorated." Well, let him go! We don't want to be ill-natured; and he is but a little chap, after all. Let him scratch at us with his little claws if he likes: "it amuses him; and it doesn't hurt us." Many happy New-Years, to you youngster! and with more years, more wisdom!

---

ON Saturday, January 20th, we had the pleasure of receiv-

ing a visit from Mr. Dillon Eagan, at our College. This gentleman, as most of our readers are probably aware, was, until recently, a "Protestant Episcopal minister" in the City; and, being anxious, now that he has the happiness to belong to the true Church, to work in her cause, he has started a new weekly paper, entitled the *Catholic Guardian*. The object of the new journal, which will be unconnected with any political party, is simply to uphold the interests of Catholics, as such, and to represent their doctrines and ideas to the outside world in the true light. This can only be done by a faithful and uncompromising adherence to the teaching of the Church, and a firm advocacy of all measures, whether educational or political, which harmonize with her spirit. On such principles does the *Catholic Guardian* rest its hopes of success; and, knowing that it does so, we confidently recommend it to our readers, and with it, heartily, "God speed!"



## O L I O

JOSEPH was a bad boy. He had succeeded in blinding his mother for some time to his drinking propensities. One night Joseph came in before the old lady had retired. He sat down, and, with a look of semi-intoxicated wisdom, began conversing about the goodness of the crops and other matters. He got along very well until he espied what he supposed to be a cigar on the mantel-piece; he caught it up, and placing one end in his mouth, began very gravely to light it at the candle. He drew and pulled until he was getting red in the face. The old lady's eyes were opened, and she addressed him: "If thee takes that ten-penny nail for a cigar, it is time thee went to bed."

A gentleman of our acquaintance, happening to be in a country town not a thousand miles away from Santa Clara, was obliged to go to a barber's-shop to get shaved. Whilst the tonsorial operation was going on, the customer felt the barber, now and then, pulling on the razor, with what he thought an undue amount of force. Finally, as the barber, pulled harder and harder on the dull razor, the customer could stand it no longer: "Barber," said he "this razor is

very dull,—it scrapes horribly!," "Yes" said the barber, "I know the razor's dull; but I'm a determined man, M's er; and I'm bound to cut them hairs, *if the handle don't break!*"

HOW DISCRIMINATING.—A dark colored man once went into a certain church, accompanied by an American, who took him into a good pew; when the next neighbor said to the man who owned it, in a very audible whisper:

"Why do you bring that confounded nigger into our pew?"

"Nigger! He's no nigger—he's a Haytian."

"Can't help that; he's as *black* as the ace of spades."

"Why, Sir! he's a correspondent of mine."

"Can't help that; I tell you he is black."

"But he's a millionaire."

"Oh, is he though? INTRODUCE ME!"

PUNCH'S Mental Philosophy:—

Q. What is mind?

A. No matter.

Q. What is matter?

A. Never mind.

Q. What is the nature of the soul?

A. It is immaterial.

## RESULT OF THE EXAMINATION

*Given by the Students of Santa Clara College, in December 1871.*

NAMES.	Elocution	Christian Doctrine	English; Hist.; Geography	Arithmetic	Reading and Spelling	Mathematics	Chemistry	Natural Philosophy	Mental Philosophy	Moral Philosophy	Book keeping	Latin	Greek	French	Spanish	German
Arguello, A.....						95			45							
Auzerais, J.....		2	87	96	90										79	
Bandini, A.....		40	88	70							90				70	
Bell, A.....	50	70	82	83	71						60				83	
Bell, W.....		64	10	74	73										63	
Bernard, P.....		20	65	60	100											
Bisagno, J.....			53	78							95	35				
Brenham, R.....		64	70	35								56				
Bull, G.....		60	94			75						69			94	
Burling, Fr.....		58	58	63	85										53	
Burling, J.....	70		55			25	76				70	72			65	
Burling, L. B.....						96	33				100				63	
Bowie, Ham.....						68	48		5			40	30			
Bowie, Hyde.....	30	59	68	0							45	56	20			
Bowie, Rob.....	65	60	57	35								60	60	90		
Bryan, E.....		20	55	74												
Camarillo, L.....			30	0	80										40	
Camarillo, N.....		95	70	60	61						70				70	
Campbell, A.....						68	69		33							
Carrigan, J.....						89			58			63				
Cerini, J.....		20	57	25	85											
Chevalier, M.....		80	89	36	40											
Chretien, J.....						96	91	37	76							
Coddington, J.....		90	79	75								79			60	
Cohen, P.....	56	63	50	40	55											
Davis, W.....	75		85	70	96											
De Celis, P.....		80	94	100	73											
Delavega, R.....		40	70	67												
Delvalle, R.....	63	90	56			80	32	20				80		95		
Den, W. A.....		50	28	30	43						69					
Den, A. W.....	30	10	33	33	70						10					
Den, Alphonso.....		0	21	75	75						80					
Donahue, M.....	72	64	80	63	94									80		
Donahue, P.....		45	55	20	80									61		
Dunne, Jas.....	57	00	51	30								38		43		
Darbin, Thos.....			66	70	43						100	71				
Ebner, Chas.....		55	83		87	95					69	69				
Fellom, S.....	100	00	95	99	82						70	77			80	
Furlong, D.....	10		37	40								58				
Furman, W.....	78	31	50	15	70											
Gambill, C.....			30	0	62											
Gargas, W.....	90	54	30	90	79									80		
Georget, C.....		50	90	80	76											
Goetz, J.....	35	70	70	70	92						65					
Hall, E.....	59		45	76	88											
Hanley, Th.....		47	47	0	43											
Hereford, W.....			90	90							90	60				
Hopkins, H.....			53	25								93			90	
Hubbard, H.....			34	39	32						45					



NAMES.	Election	Christian Doctrine	English; Hist. and Geogr.	Arithmetic	Reading and Spelling	Mathematics	Chemistry	Natural Philosophy	Mental Philosophy	Moral Philosophy	Book-keeping	Latin	Greek	French	Spanish	German
Judd, J.	69		64	75											43	
Kellogg, Fr.		80	78	80	84	0	10	45								
Kelly, A.						65	67									
Kennedy, Jas.	83		78													
Kidd, D.		40	59	48	86									45		
Lacoste, F.		73	90	78	82											
Laid, Jos.			77	75												
Marshall, W.	99		77	75											40	
Martin, G.		58	90	63	71						40			73		
Martin, H.		90	74	39	76											
McCarthy, J.	76	70	45	65	39											
McClatchy, V.	90	95	97			99				100	84					90
McConne, A.		90	40	100	60					40						
McConsker, F.	70		62			83	79	67		95						
Morrison, Thos.		80	83	70	75					69	73			88		
Moson, W.	45		37	65	56					55						
Murray, P.	68	70	30	67	99											
Newell, Jos.		30	58	68	60											
Nichol, Jas.	50	79	55	40	60					45						
Noris, G.		60	20	39	81											
Noris, J.		70	70	65	91											
Pacheco, A.		45	82	67	67										85	
Pacheco, G.		70	80	88	76					100	77				66	
Palmer, L.		90	76	60	71									91		
Perrier, J.	47		10	30	80											
Peterson, C.	80		100	40	73											
Peterson, E.			73	65	79											
Peyton, H.	77		53			69	94	63				83	63			70
Pfister, H.		100	63	90						90						
Pierotich, A.		91	50	53	60	61	53							84		
Radovich, J.	80	95	59													
Raleigh, A.			73	83												
Raleigh, J.	75		58			98	71	80								
Reale, A.		88	65	55	62											
Redondo, F.		40	73	52	48											
Redondo, Jos.		35	52	60	75										60	
Robles, N.		36	70	33	59					45						
Sanroman, J.			79	64	93											
Sansevalin, P.										45						
Saufrignon, A.	25	62	30	60	54											
Seifert, G.		81	82	66	78				66							
Sheridan, Jos.		77	55	70	62					60						
Sheridan, E.		68	9	70	72											
Smith, Jas.	64	85	53			93	70	30								
Smith, R.			53	65	64											
Soto, R.		100	90	100	81					100	77				89	
Soto, P.		100	90	95	83					90	75				80	
Stonesifer, C.			65	75	65					45					45	
Sullivan, D. G.						94	76	55	66							
Sax, J.		55		55												
Thorn, R.		55	0	68	80											
Trembley, F.		45	25	69	69											
Underwood, E.				62	71											
Venve, A.	85	100	95			97	86	67						60		
Videau, G.		49	0	55	74									85		
Wallace, R.	79	58	70	40	49											
Walsh, M.		100	95				97	72	95			93	78			
Ward, J.		70	94	45	72				75							
Wilson, M.						60	73									
Wolter, Jos.		63	75		91											
Wolter, L.			84	60	83						70					
Yrigoyen, P.			70		73	92	45	40								
Arguello, C.				30	84											

NAME3.	Elocution	Christian Doctrine	English; Hist. and Geog.	Arithmetic	Reading and Spelling	Mathematics	Chemistry	Natural Philosophy	Mental Philosophy	Moral Philosophy	Book-keeping	Latin	Greek.	French	Spanish	German
Broder, J.....				60	82											
Broder, L.....				35	83											
Cannon, P.....				57	80											
Christin, H.....				60	94											
Corpstein, P.....				20	44											
Cole, W.....			60		44											
Day, J.....	80		68	63	87											
Egan, D.....	80		68	57	72											
Elms, G.....			30	40	70											
Enright, C.....			50	25												
Enright, R.....					66											
Ford, T.....			69	10	75											
Gaddi, A.....		87	75	60	43					100						
Godfrey, T.....			70	90	80											
Hill, P.....				75	64											
Lamolle, E.....			70	44												
Lane, W.....					43											
McGovern, P.....			79	75	82											
McClaren, B.....				48	90											
Pinard, L.....		33					35		56							
Shafer, H.....				80	100											
Shafer, G.....				74												
Spence, A.....				35	72											
Spence, R.....			15	76	69											
Sullivan, J.....			48		69						10					
Tafero.....				25	90											
Thompson, J.....	76				76											

N.B.—Owing to the inclement weather, many students could not be present at the examination on different branches.





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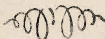
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