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## The Owl, vol. 7, no. 5

Santa Clara University student body

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*Vol. VII.*

*JUNE, 1873.*

*No. 5.*

# THE OWL

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO  
MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY

*THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.*




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1873.


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# THE OWL.

Vol. VII.

JUNE, 1873.

No. 5.

## "BLOODY MARY."

(ALCIDE L. VEUVE, 1st Rhetoric.)

(An Oration delivered in the Exhibition Hall, Santa Clara College Hall, on the occasion of the Sixth Grand Annual Meeting of the Philalethic Literary Society, May 7th, 1873.)

*Mr. President and Members of the Philalethic Society,  
Ladies and Gentlemen:*

IN selecting "Bloody Mary," as the subject upon which to address you this evening, I have presumed to suppose that Americans have just as good grounds as the natives of the mother country for interesting themselves in the deeds, whether good or bad, and the punishments, whether deserved or undeserved, of our common ancestors.

Nor is it from the mere fact that the House of Tudor reigned over our ancestors, that I feel entitled to claim your attention to-night. Mere isolated facts lose their interest as soon as they have entered the domain of the past; and some such there are, no doubt, in history. But most assuredly the facts of

Queen Mary's reign are not among them. In a religious as well as a political sense they have left their mark upon the English race; and from the English race of that day we, Americans, are directly descended. We live, it is true, upon the Western side of the Atlantic, and our country is a wide one; whereas our forefathers lived upon its Eastern side, and in an island of comparatively small dimensions. But are they any the less our forefathers on that account? Are the influences which affected them and their descendants, alien to us their Transatlantic children? Surely not. For these influences have had their weight—and no small weight either—in forming our na-



tional character.

Such are the special grounds upon which my present subject has been chosen. But I feel, moreover, as a Philalethic—a truth-lover—that it amounts to a positive duty on my part, to penetrate, from time to time, by the light of truth and reason, the darkness in which prejudice may have shrouded the transactions of any important historical epoch like the reign of Mary, and to vindicate if necessary—as in the present case it seems to be—the characters upon whom any unjust stigma has been cast.

In doing this, it shall of course be my duty to avoid giving needless offence to those of my hearers, if any, to whom the truth on such a subject may be unpalatable; and I shall with this view; avoid all controversial argument, confining myself as much as possible to well authenticated facts, given upon the authority of reliable English historians.

It is perhaps too much for me to hope that I can modify to any great extent, the opinion which the elder portion of my audience may have formed concerning Queen Mary; but that my younger hearers may prepare themselves to think of her as deserving rather of their well founded admiration than of their hasty and thoughtless reprobation, I shall now refer briefly to the principal transactions of her reign.

Her first acts were such as to

stamp her character, at the very outset, as that of a high-minded and virtuous queen. She liberated, with the most affecting tenderness, all the prisoners who had been confined by the tyranny of her father, reinstating each in his former dignity and power. She abolished the base currency which her father, in the first instance, had imposed upon the people, and which her brother had made still baser. She promptly paid the debts of the Crown, and reduced considerably the taxes under which her subjects were groaning.

By such generous actions did she arrest, and even to a great extent repair, the evil done by her predecessors.

The first execution of Mary's reign was that of the Duke of Northumberland, whose crime was high treason. Two of his confederates, Gates and Palmer, suffered with him; and surely he did not suffer without a cause. He it was who, with the help, no doubt, of many partisans, but in opposition to the will both of the people and the nobility, had placed the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey upon the throne; using her, however, as a mask under which to hide his own ambitious designs, which were directed to nothing less than the usurpation of the supreme power; the Lady Jane's husband being none other than the Duke's own son, Lord Guilford Dudley, who was completely under his father's

influence.

In this triple execution we behold, *not* an instance of cruelty, but, on the other hand, an almost unparalleled example of clemency. Eleven were condemned to die; but three only were executed. No instance, indeed, can be found, in which so few of those condemned have suffered capital punishment for an offence of such a nature.

The Duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane's father, had also been arrested; but Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, directly her husband was taken from her, hastened to the Queen, and implored her mercy in his behalf. Mary was at once softened, and granted the liberation of the Duke. "A wonderful instance of mercy," Bishop Godwin observes. Thus, harmed neither in person nor in estate, Suffolk paid the penalty of but three days imprisonment for his treason.

The peculiar injustice of the title "Bloody," as applied to this Queen, consists in the circumstance that all such titles are more or less *relative*. The use of it implies that by comparison with the other sovereigns and potentates of the age in which she lived, she was *relatively* more "bloody" than they.

True enough it is that *the age* deserved the name of "bloody"; especially in England, which had produced, to begin with, that monster of cruelty, "the bluff King Hal," and which was characterized shortly afterwards by those acts of

selfish and cold-blooded tyranny which were so constantly occurring under "Good Queen Bess." Neither of these potentates were styled "Bloody"; although as a matter of fact, each of them shed far more blood, and with far less reason, than Queen Mary; and although the executions which occurred in their reigns were acts of purely *arbitrary* cruelty. "Bloody Mary" believed conscientiously, as even her greatest opponents admit, that it was her solemn duty to obey and enforce obedience to the authority of an ancient and a world-wide Church: "bluff" King Hal and "good" Queen Bess enforced nothing but their own whims for the time being—whims which, in the case of the "bluff" monarch, changed almost as frequently as the weather. It would often happen, indeed, in the reign of Henry, that one person would be under sentence of death for being too Protestant, and another, at the same moment, for being too Catholic. Nor could the veriest *trimmer*, even, make sure of his safety; for the King's "theological views" (save the mark!) were so uncertain, and his variations so unforeseen, that it was next to impossible to keep pace with them. And Elizabeth, though not so versatile, was equally determined in enforcing her private fancies on all alike and in making all "recusants" criminals.

The subject of which I am treat-



ing to-night is not that of the propriety or impropriety of religious persecution, and I shall not suffer myself to be betrayed into an irrelevant argument, upon the principle—right or wrong—on which such persecution rests. I deal only with historical facts. And I desire, in doing so, to point out that *as a fact*, this practice prevailed on all sides, in the epoch in which Queen Mary lived.

To her father, Henry, indeed, the title "Bloody" might well and truthfully have been given; nor could any one—except, indeed, Mr. George Anthony Froude who *mirabile dictu*, makes Henry a subject for genuine hero-worship—have disputed its applicability. "A man without a good quality" says the learned Protestant historian, Sir James Mackintosh, "would perhaps be in the condition of a monster in the *physical* world, where distortion and deformity, *in every organ* seem to be incompatible with life. But Henry perhaps approached as nearly to the ideal standard of perfect wickedness as the infirmities of human nature will allow." Yet English popular sentiment calls his daughter "Bloody", whilst to the monster himself it still gives the genial and almost affectionate title of "bluff".

One of the chief charges against Queen Mary is that she sacrificed the young and unfortunate Lady Jane Grey to her supposed barbarous thirst for blood. But the ex-

cuse, if not the justification of the Queen is at hand. At the moment of the suppression of a dangerous rebellion of Lady Jane's faction—a rebellion which, from its boldness and suddenness, had well nigh cost Mary her crown—she was vehemently urged by her advisers, of all parties, to consent to this execution, as a necessary means of self-preservation; as indeed it may well have seemed to be. "¶But" says another Protestant historian of renown—Miss Strickland—"if Queen Mary considered herself impelled to this sacrifice by inexorable necessity, she neither aggravated it by malicious observations nor by hypocritical conduct." Certainly there was no personal cruelty on her part in the matter. "It was evidently impelled by the exigencies of the moment, before Queen Mary had lost the impression of the blood lately shed around her, and of the numerous executions which must, perforce, follow the rebellion."

Again, with regard to Elizabeth herself, the merciful and clement disposition of Mary is conspicuous.

There was little or no doubt as to the complicity of Elizabeth with the rebel leaders. Far less evidence would have sufficed to destroy her, had her father, the fierce Henry, still been on the throne. But when the Spanish Ambassador urged upon Queen Mary the necessity of Elizabeth's punishment before the Queen's marriage with

Philip of Spain could be concluded, Mary replied *that the law of England condemned to death only those who had been guilty of overt acts of treason*; and she would not allow that her sister's guilt was sufficiently manifest. "Proof upon proof," said this "bloody" queen, "must be brought against her, before any harsher measures than temporary imprisonment can be adopted."

Mary's conscientiousness, in short, saved her sister's life. How different was that sister's conduct in after years, when she so thirsted after the innocent blood of her own next heiress, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots! And yet we have been taught to call Elizabeth "good" and Mary "bloody".

It would not be difficult to accumulate instances of the gentleness and kindness of heart so often manifested by this "bloody" Queen, and which are absolutely inconsistent with the idea of personal cruelty of disposition on her part. One in particular may be mentioned—brief though my time is—that of the well-known Edward Underhill, the Hot-Gospeller. This ultra protestant zealot was always protected by Mary; as were also many others of similar views.

And as to those numerous cases in which persons suffered death for opposing the ancient faith, it is only truth and justice to state that the Queen's personal disposition was always on the side of clemen-

cy; and that in all the severities which occurred, it was *the spirit of the age*—a spirit common to both sides—which was the actuating cause and *not* the Queen herself. The sharpest times of persecution, indeed, were those during which her illness, or other circumstances, threw the management of affairs into the hands of her Ministers. Nearly all those who could contrive to gain access to the Queen, were pardoned, if she could only induce Gardiner, her Prime Minister to consent. Examples of this merciful interference on her part are to be found in the cases of Edwin Sandys, Sir John Cheke, her sister Elizabeth (as I have already shown) and Lord Bray.

And proofs are not far to seek—though time precludes present search after them—that in the many instances in which clemency was *not* exercised, Mary's personal influence was not exercised either.

The mean and miserable Cramer suffered, it is true, in spite of all his twists and tergiversations; and with him suffered the two bolder and more respectable heresiarchs, Latimer and Ridley. But in days when the light of religious toleration had not yet begun even to glimmer upon the European world, how could such men *expect* to escape? To lay their death at the door of Queen Mary, personally, as though it were her individual delight in cruelty that had brought it about, is indeed the very acme



of injustice. "With the measure with which they had meted it was measured to them again." And—lament it or not as we please—let us at least be just enough to attribute it to its proper cause.

I think I have shown, even within the brief space allotted to me, that Queen Mary's spirit was the reverse of that so commonly attributed to her.

Utterly unlike her father, Henry VIII., or her sister, the "Good" Bess, she never, in any one instance, brought a victim to the block or to the stake from personal animosity or from private whim.

Utterly unlike them both, her influence, whenever exerted at all, was exerted on the side of mercy.

Utterly unlike them both, I repeat, she was actuated in all her measures, by the most conscientious—nay, the most self-sacrificing motives.

And if the age in which she lived was an age of persecution, and if she individually was not in advance of her age, that, at most, is all that can be laid to her charge.

I might now conclude. But there is one little anecdote which I have reserved for the last; firstly, because it is somewhat comic, and the lighter portion of a subject naturally comes at the end; and secondly, because when one is going to withdraw for the night, the garment of which I am about to speak is "a cap which fits".

One of Mary's strongest traits

was that of considerate gratitude to all who had at any time done her good service. Out of the many instances which show her kindness of heart let me select this:

The Earl of Sussex was in delicate health; and, like many other other invalids, was full of apprehension lest he should increase his sickness by catching cold. So he petitioned the Queen, for *what*, think you? For permission—pardon me, ladies—to wear *his night-cap in her royal presence!* And the Queen, in her abundant grace, gave him leave to wear not only one but two nightcaps, if he liked. These are the words of the Royal Patent:

"Know ye," says Her Majesty, "that we do give to our well beloved and trusty cousin and councillor, Henry, Earl of Sussex, Viscount Fitzwater and Lord of Egremont and Burnell, leave and pardon to wear his cap, coif, or night-cap, or any two of them at his pleasure, as well in our presence as in the presence of any other person or persons within this our realm, or any other place in our dominions whatsoever, during his life. And these our letters shall be sufficient warrant in this behalf."

The Queen's seal, with the garter round it, was affixed to this singular document.

Ladies and gentlemen, I acknowledge that the night-cap fits and I make my bow.

## ECHO:

*Lines written for recitation by the First Elocution Class.*

(PROFESSOR H. DANCE)

**T**HROUGH the glad woods I roamed at will:  
 "Freedom!" I cried, "Six weeks of joy!"  
 Then quick there came this utterance shrill:  
 "What seek'st thou, boy? What seek'st thou, boy?"

I started like a frightened deer  
 That hears the dogs' resounding bark:  
 "Hark! Hark!" said I, in inward fear:  
 The wild voice shouted, "*Hark! Hark! Hark!*"

I strove to climb the steep hill-side:  
 "On! On!" I screamed; "The top! The top!"  
 And still, as fear increased my stride,  
 The voice below bawled, "*Stop, boy! Stop!*"

I sank beside a mountain stream,  
 Exhausted, silent, helpless, still.  
 Nor voice nor sound disturbed my dream:  
 I only heard the gurgling rill.

Again upon my feet I sprang:  
 "What ho!" I shouted; "Murder! Help!"  
 With scornful taunts the wild wood rang:  
 Voice after voice cried, "*Whelp!*"—"Whelp!"—"Whelp!"

One headlong scamper down the steep—  
 One piercing yell of fear unfeigned—  
 One stifled sob—one frantic leap;  
 Then, pale as death, my home I gained.

Boy-like, I sought my mother's knee:—  
 "The fiends! They scare me from the wood;  
 They hoot; they mock: and when I flee,  
 '*Whelp! Whelp!*' they cry, '*We seek your blood!*'"

"Ah, child! No fiends the fair wood haunt:  
 From *you* it came—that demon screech.  
 Be calm! Your cries your own heart daunt:  
 'Tis tricky ECHO mocks your speech."



## WHY?

(YUSEF, Mental Philosophy.)

I MUST have been dozing; for I slowly opened my eyes, gazed, and looked around me, as one does when waking from a doze. What! Back in the Dormitory? Yes! There are the dim gas jets; the beds; all the boys back; the two Prefects—two black sombre figures—moving noiselessly among the sleepers.

I reason with myself: "How is this? I don't remember having come back to College to-day. This is the Christmas vacation; and I am spending it with my friends, Dick and Harry, at least a score of miles from the College. Didn't I go out duck-hunting this very day with Dick, and Van, and Willie, (and his mule)? And didn't the four of us, with the aid of three double-barrelled shot-guns, three horses, a stick, two dogs, and, above all, a mule, succeed in bringing down a wood-duck; and wasn't I myself that heroic youth who put the last of six loads of shot into that duck? And didn't the chivalrous Willie bravely attack the wounded game when it came to bay, and, after a fierce struggle,

despatch it with a stick? Yes; it all happened this very day—even to Willie's mule coming to a stand-still in a mud-hole, and allowing his youthful master to perform a pretty acrobatic feat; *i.e.*, to rest his shoulder gently on the mule's ears, and gradually dance a jig upside down, meanwhile affectionately embracing the docile animal's neck. Nay, I even remember our horseback slide down the mountain, and my own inglorious fall, whereby I spoiled my pretty pantaloons. But didn't we triumphantly carry that duck down? Yea, verily we did! And, alas for our pride! didn't Miss Fouryearold, who has a predilection for ducks and a natural love for music, smooth that duck's feathers caressingly, put it tenderly in her doll-wagon, and draw it before us for our admiration, at the same time singing, with her lisping, murmuring voice:

"There was a little duck  
A floating in a brook," etc.

And here I am now in the College! I pinch myself; but to no avail! I am wide awake, and to-

morrow begins the dull grind of another five months."

Thus was I reasoning with myself; not fearing anything; but rather, it seemed to me, playing a game of mental hide-and-seek with my own imaginations.

See: one of the gas jets is flickering! I will go and fix it.

I arose and went towards it; but as I approached, it turned to a sickly green color, except about its edges, which retained their dirty yellow tint; and then it flashed up, throwing a weird light over the room, and went out, leaving the dormitory almost perfectly dark. Every one else is asleep; but I cannot make up my mind to go to bed, and so I sit down and rest my head upon my hand, to try to make out how I came back.

Everything is perfectly still, save that now and then there comes a sigh from some one dreaming, perhaps, of his departure from the happy home he left this morning. There go the College clock-bells— one—two—three four:—then the slow, clear ring of the hour-bell. It is twelve o'clock. But listen! It is still striking! Thirteen—fourteen—fifteen sixteen—seventeen! Then, again, all is silent.

Now I begin to feel that there is something not quite right. True, I am not frightened as yet. The colors in the flame, I say to myself, might have been produced by chemical means; but then had

such been the case, it would have been done for a set purpose. The peculiar burning of the jet would have been the signal for some demonstration. But nothing appears; and no one else is awake. Besides, the operation must have been conducted with extreme delicacy, and would therefore have required considerable time. But, under existing circumstances, it is impossible that the requisite time could have been given.

As for the clock it may be out of order. I have heard it strike all the hours of the day without stopping. But then why should it strike more than twelve and no more than seventeen? Before, when it struck more than twelve, it would always continue until the whole twelve hours had been struck, or till it was stopped. But no one could have stopped it on this occasion, for the place in which the key was kept could not be reached so quickly but that the hammer might make at least twenty strokes before its motion could be arrested.

Suddenly the one small white gas-jet which was still burning, assumed a red tint. The jet itself did not increase in size; yet a sphere of blood-red light formed around it, which gradually enlarged, spreading slowly on every side till one after another the sleeping faces of the boys around me were revealed. They all wore a frightened look, as though they dreamed



of some awful thing; and the red light made them appear ghastly. Larger and larger grew the light; and more and more lonely I felt, in the midst of my unconscious companions. At last one great dark circle on the wall was all that remained unlighted by the now, to me, terrible illumination.

Some invisible power fixed me immovably, against my will. My eyes were involuntarily fastened upon the black circle. I could no more shut them, nor avert my head, than if I had been a statue of stone. A sound like the crackle of burning wood came to my ears; and then I heard low, trembling, moaning music; slow at first, then less slow, then faster, faster, faster, till it seemed that a hundred beats resounded in every bar, and even the crimson light quivered, around the black circle, to the sound!

The music ceased. Then was a moment of awful suspense. I prayed for anything to break it. A bright tongue of flame shot from the centre of the circle: then another, and another; till there was only a ring of perfect black, in the centre of which was a horrible living picture.

A man wearing a cloak and hat like those of the Pilgrim Fathers, was tied firmly to a post. Around his feet was piled a lot of dry wood, from which flames curled around the victim. He pointed backward. There was a long, dim vista; and on a slight eminence an

executioner stood, axe in hand, ready to decapitate a kneeling king. The burning man looked at me with terrible eyes, his hand still pointing at the executioner's block. He tried to speak, as if there were some important thing that he had to impart before dying; but he could not.

The king bends his head over the block; the executioner strikes, the head falls and rolls down towards me. It is coming to me! Closer, closer! Oh heavens, it is ALIVE! The lips open, breaking the clotted gore that sealed them: They writhe in agony; and whilst the horrid eyes look straight into mine, with a vengeful meaning, a hollow, gurgling sound comes from the bloody mouth, like the word—"Why?"

At last, after making a strong effort of the will, I close my eyes. But now I cannot open them! I feel the head upon my shoulder; its cheek against mine. The cold clammy sweat and clotted blood are on my face. \* \* \*

Thank heaven, my eyes are open! But what? Here I am, in Dick's house—in my room,—not in the dormitory!

I rose from my seat, put out the light, which was burning, walked out to the old vine-covered porch, and enjoyed a cigarette by moonlight.

The night was beautiful. The moon and stars all shone, I thought, as they had never shone before.

The high redwood-crowned hills rose up immediately behind the house, and stretched away on either side, till they were lost in the far distance in an approaching ocean fog. The beautiful valley lay in front, with its fields and willow groves and lakes; and the moonbeams seemed to delight in resting on the lovely scene, and in playing with the little murmuring rivulets that broke on the grassy banks. White clouds, whose shadows fell like lace upon the earth, floated calmly, below the bright disk of the moon. A delightful perfume of flowers was in the air, coming from the dark green winter-blooming vines that hung from above. The distant line of breakers sent on the soft night wind, a long, regular sound, as if old Ocean were moaning for the lives he had taken in the storm of the day before. And then the grand redwoods, away upon the hills, with their branches swaying in the wind, moaned back an echo to the far-off breakers. The gentle south wind whispered in the trellised vines, and sighed sweetly through the drooping willows around the house; then sang a low song along the caves, and passed away. The only living thing that greeted my eyes was an owl that sat on one of the withered branches of an old sycamore, whilst the dead leaves fell, circling around him, to the damp ground.

I was now sitting on the steps of

the porch. The beauty of the scene had driven away every thought of my late vision. I looked around; and behold, there stood before me a noble-looking lady, dressed in the costume of the time of Charles I. of England. I looked closely at the features, as I rose to make a bow to salute the lady; and to my surprise, I saw that she was no other than "Aunt Kate", as she was called by the children.

At first I was rather surprised to see her standing there at that time of night; and then again I was inclined to laugh at her antique costume. But a solemn look was on her usually pleasing face, and her kind voice assumed an unearthly tone, as—with her white taper hand pointing at me, and with a vengeful aspect on her pale features, half shaded as they were by the hanging vines—the now stern lady uttered the single word—"Why?" I stepped forward to ask the meaning of the question; but my tongue would not move; my very soul thrilled with fear; and when at last I regained my voice, she was gone!

I went into the house and to bed; and all night long I dreamed of the visions that had appeared to me. Not only that night, but the next night, and the next, and every night were these visions repeated.

Last night they came again; and the horrors of the first scene, and the beauty and solemnity of the second become, every night, more vivid.



I hasten to bring this to a close; for I begin to fear that in a few more days I may be mad.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now I would ask you—if you would give this matter a thought—Wh—

Excuse me kind reader! The porter has just brought me a letter, addressed in a delicate angular hand; and I never could allow a letter from a lady to wait for anything: so I must read before I write. *finis* to this article. \* \* \* \* \* Why, reader, it is the very thing we want! It is the answer to a note I sent the lady of my visions—not a *young* lady, I beg to say, for in that case the well

known asceticism of the Owl, might probably have led that grim bird to reject my article. And you shall read it; though you will be the first person who ever read any of my letters.

*Dear young gentleman:*

Allow me to express my profound sympathy with you, in the distressing state of mind into which your endeavors to solve my unfortunate conundrum have thrown you. It was, as you too well know—

Why is the death of John Rogers preferable to that of Charles I.?

And the answer is—

*Because there are more attractions in a hot steak than in a cold chop.*

Wishing you success in your studies, I am, your sincere friend,

“AUNT KATE.”

## IN SANCTUM ALOYSIUM.\*

ODE.

Anctare J. S. S. J.)

SECVLI fallacis opes refugit,  
 Gentis et scepra et patrios honores  
 Agminis Christi Lodoix decora  
 Signa secutus.

Ut solet saepe altivolans videri  
 Negligens terras volucris supremos  
 Nubium campos petere, et secare  
 Aethera pennis :

Ipsē sic fortis Lodoix fugaces  
 Respuit gazas celeremque famam ;  
 Respuit quae offert peregrina tellus,  
 Sidera spectans.

Te decent sedes Superumque regna,  
 Nulla quae sternerent peritura secla ;  
 Nam tui semper placuere gesta,  
 Usque placebant.

Nunc juvat frontem redimire myrto  
 Sempiterna, purpureisque gemmis,  
 Quas per exactae bene comparasti  
 Tempora vitae.

Occulent umbrae generosa facta  
 Regios actus simul et fugacem  
 Gloriam partam populis domandis  
 Ense cruento.

\*Celebratur Festum die 21 Junii.



Sed nihil magnum sinit interire  
 Nil mori virtus patitur, reservans  
 Posteris sanctae monumenta vitae  
 Condita fastis.

Te lyra sumit celebrare vates  
 Teque per gentes imitatur arte  
 Sculptor, et cives tibi jam verenda  
 Templa dicarunt.

Te cupit doctis tabulis sacrare  
 Pictor, et gaudet numerare laudes  
 Pontifex templis pueris decoras  
 Atque puellis.

Tum per Europae spatiosa regna  
 Tum per ardentis Libyae latebras  
 Et per Indorum penetravit arva  
 Gloria Divi.

Hic manet corda intaminata splendor :  
 Hi viros justos decorant honores,  
 Quos quidem nullum reticebit unquam  
 Temporis aevum.

Ille nunc civis rutilantis aulae  
 Annuat votis populi rogantis,  
 Sorte mutata, ut redeant in aurum  
 Tempora priscum.

## GUNPOWDER: ITS DISCOVERY, MANUFACTURE AND USES

(HERMANN B. PEYTON, Mental Philosophy.)

CHAP. III.—*Its Uses.*

IN this my last article on the subject of gunpowder, I propose in the first place to speak of the chemistry of its combustion, and afterwards to make some remarks on its different applications.

The efficacy of an explosion is directly proportional to the amount of gas which the powder generates when detonated, and to the rapidity with which the combustion spreads throughout its mass.

The first point is so obvious as to require no explanation; but the second is perhaps not so well understood; and therefore I will dwell for a moment upon it.

Every one has remarked that different forces are necessary to the accomplishment of different mechanical effects. Thus, for example, if I wish to move a very heavy weight, I apply to it a strain gradually increasing in power; while on the contrary, if my object is to throw a stone, or to discharge an arrow from a bow, I accomplish my purpose by means of a sharp and almost instantaneous impulse. Now, the case is exactly the same with gunpowder. If it is required

for blasting purposes, to throw down a pile of rocks, or to split open the trunk of a tree, it must burn slowly; while, if a projectile is to be propelled, the impulse must be quick. Without entering into the why and wherefore of this, I will explain it by a simple illustration, and then pass on. Suppose it is our wish to shatter a pane of glass. We discharge a pistol ball at it, and obtain only a small round hole of the diameter of the ball; because the force is so nearly instantaneous that it has not time to act on the mass of the glass. We toss against it a piece of wood, or a stone, and it immediately flies into splinters; for the force, being in this case slowly applied, has time to radiate before it is spent. Were we to use sporting powder for a blast, the effect would be much the same as that of the pistol ball on the glass; while blasting powder, in a gun, would be of little or no use.

Let us pass now to the *chemistry of the combustion* of this explosive. It is a prevalent notion that gunpowder, in igniting, goes through



a series of *decompositions*; while in reality the very reverse is the case; as I shall soon, I hope, make clear. I have said before that gunpowder is a mechanical mixture, compounded of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal. When it is raised to 300° of temperature, or when, under certain conditions, it is subjected to friction or to percussion, these three ingredients enter into a variety of combinations with one another, increasing thereby some 800 times in volume, and thus creating a force which it is impossible to withstand. The products of these combinations have been well ascertained; and as they may be interesting to the reader, I give them in full, below.

100 parts, by volume, of the gaseous products, consist of

Carbonic acid	52.67
Nitrogen	41.12
Oxide of carbon	3.88
Hydrogen	1.21
Sulphurated hydrogen	0.60
Oxygen	0.52

The composition of the smoke of gunpowder has been ascertained to be:

Sulphate of potassa	65.29
Carbonate of potassa	33.48
Hyposulphite of potassa	4.90
Sulphuret of potassium	—
Caustic potassa	1.33
Sulphocyanide of potassium	0.55
Saltpetre	3.18
Carbon	1.86
Sulphur	0.20
Sesquicarbonate of ammonia	4.10

The solid residue of powder after combustion is as follows:

Sulphate of potassa	56.62
Carbonate of potassa	27.02
Hydrosulphite of potassa	7.57
Sulphuret of potassium	1.06
Hydrated oxyde of potassium	1.26
Sulphocyanide of potassium	0.86
Saltpetre	5.19
Carbon	0.97
Carbonate of ammonia	} Traces.
Sulphur	

Of course these proportions vary with the different kinds of powder.

The above are taken from the results obtained by Drs. Bunsen and Schischkoff, in an analysis of rifle-powder.

Having thus glanced hastily at the chemical phenomena presented by the burning explosive, and having, I hope, awakened sufficient interest in the reader's mind by my previous chapters, to induce him to read with some degree of pleasure what I have now to say about the uses of gunpowder, I will pass at once to this, the last and most important part of my subject.

The *uses* of gunpowder may be described under two general heads: firstly, its application to the purposes of warfare: and secondly its use in blasting and mining.

The first is by far the more ancient of the two; for as I have demonstrated in my paper on its discovery, gunpowder, or at least something nearly akin to it, was

used in battle, as far back as the time of Alexander the Great. The ancient guns however, like the powder, were very imperfect. They were made of bars of wrought iron welded longitudinally together, and strengthened by heavy iron rings, forced over them. In China, even at the present day, guns of this description are in common use. During the fourteenth century, artillery came into general use in Europe; but the guns were of very inferior construction. Those of large calibre, were so unwieldy and heavy as to require to be taken to pieces when moved; which will be understood clearly enough when the reader knows that each part of a gun formed a good wagon-load. Those of small calibre were also exceedingly heavy; nor did any proper proportion exist between the weight of the gun and the shot, or between the shot and the charge. When these pieces were fired, a large scaffold of heavy timbers was erected, to sustain them. In the annals of the town of Ghent, a piece of frame work of this description is mentioned, which measured no less than fifty feet in length. What then must have been the size and weight of the gun placed upon it? Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, artillery was frequently used in those days, even in naval engagements. As early as the year 1386, two French vessels armed with can-

non were taken by the English.

Since those times, artillery has, of course, been much improved. Shells were introduced in the fifteenth century; and under Charles V., guns were fixed on moveable carriages. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Frederick the Great of Prussia effected various useful improvements in field guns, and indeed almost did away with the unwieldy artillery of their predecessors.

It is within the last half-century however, that the manufacture of fire-arms has been brought to the greatest perfection; and the cannon of the present day bear little or no resemblance to those used by our ancestors. Down to a comparatively recent date, guns were fired or touched off by means of a fuse or of a rod of iron heated at one end, and applied by the hand of the artillery man to the touch-hole. This method of firing was productive of great danger owing to the frequent bursting of the guns, and during war, many men were lost from this cause. Of late years, however, percussion caps and electricity have entirely superseded the iron rod and fuse; and this danger is consequently done away with.

One would naturally be inclined to believe, and many in fact do believe, that since the invention of gunpowder, more lives have been lost in war than before, and therefore that this explosive is to be



condemned. This view, though quite erroneous, is of sufficient importance to demand refutation. If we compare most memorable battles of ancient times, with those which have been fought since gunpowder came into general use, we shall find the former to have been much more bloody than the latter. Let us take three of the greatest battles of ancient times, Platea, (B.C. 479), the struggle between Abias and Jeroboam (B.C. 958), and the battle of Arbelia (B. C. 331), and compare them with Austerlitz, Waterloo and Jena; and we shall see that the loss in every one of the three former battles, surpasses that of the latter three taken collectively. The reason of this is manifest. The ancient warrior went forth to battle, with his buckler, his sword and his spear; and when he met the enemy he fought hand to hand, and seldom gave away until he was either victorious or no longer able to fight; and thus the vanquished army usually left an immense number of slain on the field. Since the introduction of gunpowder however, armies fight, if we may so speak, *at a distance*; and, when worsted, have every opportunity to find safety, by retiring out of the range of the enemy's guns. Hence we see that gunpowder is rather to be blessed than to be condemned, in this regard.

I will now pass to the consideration of the uses of powder in

blasting.

It is somewhat surprising considering the length of time during which gunpowder has been used to pierce and shatter the bodies of men, that its application to the blasting of rocks should be of such recent date. The first mention we find of its having been put to such a purpose, is contained in a curious old book published in 1700, and entitled, "Familiar Discourse, Concerning the Mine Adventure." Among other things, the author compares the use of gunpowder, as a newly introduced means of blasting, with the old method of wedging down the material in mines. The first to propose its application for this purpose (the author substantially says) was Martin Weigal, at Freiburg, in 1613; but his proposition received no encouragement; and it was not till 1631 that gunpowder began to be generally employed throughout Saxony, the Hartz and North and South Germany. In England it first came into use in 1670, at the Ecton mines, in North Staffordshire. The blasting of those days, however, was just as imperfect as the artillery, if not more so; the powder being simply used to blow to pieces masses of rock freed from their beds by other agencies. "We must not," says Dr. Raymond in his *Mining Statistics*, "be led astray by statements in books respecting the earlier use of gunpowder in mines; as the older references to 'firing',

belong to the still more ancient practice of 'fire-setting,' which dates from a very early period, and was no doubt employed by the Romans." Even as late as the year 1862, the mines of Japan were worked without the aid of gunpowder; which was introduced there for the first time, by some Americans, under the sanction of the government. "Up to that time," says one of the gentlemen belonging to the party who introduced it, "the miners of Nippon and Yesso, had cut their way through the rocks by means of the pick and gad, aided sometimes by fire; and they were very greatly astonished when they saw the hard rock at the end of a drift, abandoned by them because it was too hard to cut, thrown down by means of a few ounces of powder." At the present day, powder for blasting purposes is used, I may say universally: and indeed of such importance and necessity has it become to the miner, that without it, it is practically impossible for him to conduct his work.

And not only in mining districts is its utility manifest, but wherever roads have to be made or the tracks of the locomotive laid down. How, think you, would those mighty grades which wind their way across the snow-capped domes of the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains, have been constructed without it? What other power that man possesses,

could split in twain those mighty cliffs, on which a thousand centuries have spent their lightning in vain?

Any man who has witnessed the explosion of one of those mighty blasts placed in the hard conglomerates of the deep placer deposits, can testify, with me, to the sublime strength of the expanding force. Charges of from 2,500 to 12,500 lbs., are placed deep under the surface of the earth, and exploded by means of electricity. The effect is one which it is impossible to describe. The whole bosom of the land is upheaved and crumbles, and the voice of the giant worker rises to heaven like the combined war of a hundred thunder-storms. Thus, in one second, is the work of centuries accomplished, and the bowels of the earth, hitherto undisturbed, laid open to the inquiring search of man.

Upon the Pacific slope, a vast amount of blasting powder is annually consumed. Two hundred thousand kegs are sent out every year by the Pacific Powder Company, almost all of which is consumed by the miners of California and Nevada.

I beg pardon of my reader for the scantiness of this information—which is all that my space has enabled me to give him—concerning the uses of gunpowder. My hope is, however, that the little I have said may induce him to consider the subject further. A few con-



cluding words on the different modes of testing the strength of gunpowder, with a brief summary of the characteristics which *good powder* should possess, may not be out of place.

The strength, or projectile force, of gunpowder, may be determined (1) by the test-mortar; (2) by the rod-testing machine; (3) by the lever-testing machine; (4) by the ballistic pendulum; and (5) by the chronoscope. The first two methods are by far the most frequently used; and it may therefore suffice, if I describe them only; my space being so limited.

The first of these contrivances is a heavy mortar, charged with 92 grms. of powder, and a ball weighing 29.4 kilos, the mortar being placed at an angle of 45°. Its bore is 191 millimetres in diameter, and 239 in depth. Good powder should send the ball over a distance of 225 metres; and frequently it is carried from 250 to 260 metres.

The rod-testing machine, consists of a mortar placed vertically, which, when charged with from 22 to 25 grms. of powder, lifts a weight of 8 lbs, made to move between toothed rods. By the height to which this weight is raised—springs, attached to the weight, fastening in the notches of the rod and holding it—the quality of the powder is judged.

Good powder is recognized by the following properties. (1) Its lustre should be slate-black. Blue-

black indicates a more than due amount of charcoal; while deep black shows the powder to be damp. (2) If intended for sporting purposes, it should not be too much polished, so as to shine like black lead. (3) Its color should be uniform. Small shining specks indicate that the saltpetre has crystallized on the surface. (4) The grains should be all of one size. (5) The grains should crack uniformly when strongly pressed, should withstand pressure between the fingers, and should not be readily crushed to powder when pressed between the hands. (6) When pulverized, the mass should feel soft. Hard specks indicate that the sulphur has been imperfectly pulverized. (7) Powder should not blacken white paper or the back of the hand, when gently rubbed thereon. (8) When a little powder is burnt on paper, the combustion should be rapid, entirely consuming the powder, and not setting fire to the paper. If black specks remain, the powder contained too much charcoal, or else that substance was poorly incorporated when the powder was manufactured. Yellow streaks, remaining after combustion, indicate the same thing with regard to sulphur. If there remains which cannot be ignited, the saltpetre was impure. If the powder sets fire to the paper, it is a proof that it is either damp, or of an inferior quality.

## A GARLAND OF VERSE

HUMBLY OFFERED TO OUR BLESSED LADY

By ALCIDE L. VEUVE, (1st Rhetoric.)

ANGEL music, downward stealing  
 Swells around the Virgin Shrine :  
 O'er that form so humbly kneeling  
 Gleams the light of love divine.

And amidst the heavenly chorus  
 Mighty Gabriel lights on earth ;  
 Gabriel, who the message bore us  
 That foretold the Saviour's birth.

Like the sound of murmuring waters  
 Swells the music of his voice :  
 "Hail, fair Queen of Eva's daughters!  
 Mother maiden, Wisdom's choice!"

"Future ages shall address thee  
 "In the words of love and praise,  
 "Men and angels ever bless thee,  
 "Even to the latter days."

\* \* \* \* \*

Pure and white the lily groweth  
 By the meadow's murmuring stream ;  
 Clear the crystal streamlet floweth,  
 Glistening 'neath each sunny beam.

Purer far the flower that flourished  
 In the hills of Bethlehem ;  
 For by love its life was nourished,  
 And by faith it reared its stem.

Ruthless time, with withering power,  
 Dooms the rose to quick decay ;  
 And the hearts that love the flower  
 Weep to see it pass away.

But the flower of heavenly beauty—  
 Sharon's Rose—shall never fade ;  
 And mankind, in filial duty,  
 Still shall own her saving aid.



## ECHOES FROM A NEST OF OWLETS.

(HENRY WELSH, 4th English.)

## THE MISSIONS OF PARAGUAY.

DEAR reader: When you peruse the following lines, do not think that the Spanish kings were to blame for the bloody and cruel deeds that took place in South America under their rule. Far from causing such deeds, they did all that lay in their power to prevent them. But, owing to the great distance of the colonies from the mother country, and to serious difficulties at home which absorbed their attention, these monarchs could not always promptly check their avaricious subjects across the Atlantic; who were the scum of society, who desired only to repair their broken fortunes, or to build up new ones, and whose lust for gold and power could be satiated by nothing. Death alone stopped their mad career.

Often would the ruffian Spaniard take mortal offence at some trivial, or fancied wrong committed by a native under his charge; and then, against all the laws of God and man, he would murder the supposed offender, in cold blood.

Nor were the white men satisfied even with the total subjugation of the natives. It was not enough to make them cultivate the fields, build the houses, and do all the servile work of the colonies. This was too little in the eyes of the Spanish conquerors. They thirsted for gold. Gold was what they had come for; and they had no scruples about the manner of getting it. Long had they nurtured in their greedy hearts a vile plan which their weakness alone had prevented them from putting into execution. This plan was to enslave the natives.

At last, having been strengthened by the arrival of many colonists from the mother country, they put it into practice. They carried away the Indians from their villages, and publicly bought and sold them, or sent them to foreign countries as slaves. The ministers of the king expostulated with the slave-traders, but to no purpose. The Spanish Government was so enfeebled by wars at

home, that it could not spare troops enough to enforce the law in the colonies, and these iniquitous men were too well aware of this fact.

Such was the state of affairs in Paraguay, when the Jesuits applied to the Spanish King for liberty to convert and civilize the Indians of the New World. This having been readily granted, the next ship that reached Paraguay from Spain, brought over a number of these holy men, who had sacrificed all love of home, all worldly hopes, and even themselves, to rescue the Indians from the degrading condition in which they lived, and to enlighten them with the truths of Christianity. Such a mission required men of extraordinary patience and endurance; and the Jesuits were equal to the task.

No sooner had they landed than they went forth to their work, with that burning yet prudent zeal which religion only can furnish.

They saw, from the first, that their labor would be useless unless they separated the Indians from the Spaniards. For how could they inculcate upon the Indians, the virtues of evangelical poverty, of meekness, and of humility, when pride, cruelty, and thirst for gold, were the chief characteristics displayed by the Spaniards for their imitation?

Acting upon this belief, the missionaries appealed to the home

government for permission to remove the Indians far away from the habitations of the whites, and to found colleges and towns for their benefit. Their appeal was answered by letters, in which they received the power to do as they thought would be the best for the glory of God, for the country, for the natives, and for themselves.

When the news came to the ears of the colonists that the Jesuits were authorized to take their slaves from them, they at once commenced a persecution against the Fathers, and drove them from the colonies. It was then that these true sons of Loyola showed the spirit which had been exhibited centuries before by the primitive Christians. Regardless of the dangers through which they would have to pass, animated by true religious zeal, and burning with just indignation at the cruelties which they had seen the colonists commit, they determined to travel on foot through the swamps and tangled forests of South America, for the purpose of gathering together all the Indians, with a view to their conversion.

After many trials and hardships they at last succeeded in assembling on the banks of the Parana river, a party of well disposed natives. Having baptized them, they prevailed upon them to build a church, a college, and numerous dwelling houses, and to unite in the cultivation of the soil.



Soon the fame of this village, and of the justice with which it was ruled, spread among the neighboring tribes; and crowds of natives flocked hither to find happiness and protection. In a short time the village was found to be too small to accommodate its population; and then it became necessary to build another village, or "reduction," as it was called, for the new converts. With this object, a number of these assisted by the Jesuits, set to work, and a reduction was soon formed, which was located at some distance from that first mentioned.

Many others were subsequently founded, in a similar manner. At one time the number of these reductions was thirty-three. The houses were built principally of unburnt brick. Each reduction contained a church, a college, and blacksmith, shoemaking and other shops, in which many natives were taught useful trades. The native women were employed in running numerous spindles, and they manufactured all the clothes used in their villages. In the centre of the reduction was the public granary, in which all the products of the surrounding country were carefully kept; and once a week the Indians would assemble there to receive their weekly allowance of food. Every evening they would come from the fields where they had been toiling all day, and congregate in the chapel or public square

to offer up their thanks to God for the benefits he had bestowed upon them, and to pray for further mercies. All was cheerfulness, all was happiness. The wants of the natives were simple and few, and they were all satisfied by the fatherly care of the missionaries. No one was poor, no one was indigent among them; perfect harmony reigned between reduction and reduction, between family and family; their hearts were possessed by the same desires and the same feelings; their end was one—and that eternal and infinite—and consequently no interior disturbance ever arose among them. If they took up arms, it was to repel the mamelukes of Brazil, who many times attacked and laid waste their reductions, carrying the occupants into slavery. But even from these exterior disturbances they were finally freed. For being at last allowed to use firearms, they defeated their enemies, and entirely destroyed their power, and Paraguay was again the land of peace and a paradise on earth.

But now a worse and stronger foe than the mamelukes was slowly rising against them. The party at home which had always opposed the Jesuits, had been gradually gaining strength at Court, and at last the storm which had been so long brewing, burst upon the devoted heads of the sons of Loyola, and swept away missions and missionaries with one fell blow; thus

destroying the most efficient means ever instituted by man for the conversion and civilization of the Indian. The Jesuits were banished from the homes which their labor had founded; they were snatched from the spiritual children who so loved them, and whom by their labors they had made heirs to a heavenly kingdom; their places were filled by men who had little or no experience in dealing with Indians, and who were ignorant of Indian customs. This caused continual dissensions, which always terminated in the Indians deserting the reductions, and seeking a home in the mountains or woods; till at length the reductions having no more inhabitants ceased to exist.

The Jesuits were arrested and taken to the court of Spain, there to answer to numerous charges, all of which proved to be groundless. They were consequently discharged. But a decree was issued, forbidding them ever to return to the reductions, and sending them into exile.

At the present day the reductions are nothing but piles of crumbling brickwork, the natives who once occupied them are gone,

and their children, who are deeper than ever in the mire of ignorance, cling to the heathen worship with more tenacity than their sires did before the light of faith had shone upon them. Who can tell the actual wretchedness of these miserable creatures? That cruelty which robbed them of their consolers, filled them with hatred against the whites; that despotism which banished their instructors, cast them into the very darkness from which they had been rescued; and those unheard of barbarities which severed them from their beloved fathers, added obstinacy to their hearts. Their misery is great; it cried, and still cries for vengeance at the throne of God, upon those who have brought them to such degradation.

This cry will pass from father to son, so long as there shall remain a single descendant of theirs in the shade of paganism; and if the murder of Abel called the wrath of the Almighty upon Cain and his descendants, how shall we estimate the punishment which the murder of thousands and thousands of souls will draw upon their guilty murderers?



[NOTE.—The following charming lines by Victor Hugo, accompanied by the original translation on the opposite page, have been kindly sent us by “our London Correspondent” (to whom our best thanks are due) for publication in the OWL. So highly do we appreciate them in their English garb, that we have laid them before Professor Lawrie of this College, whose musical talent is so well and widely known, with a view to obtaining for them a suitable accompaniment. This the Professor, with his usual courteous kindness, has promised us: and we shall do ourselves the pleasure ere long of presenting both song and music to all our subscribers.

### LA TOMBE ET LA ROSE.

VICTOR HUGO.

La tombe dit à la rose,  
 “Des pleurs dont l’aube t’arrose  
 Que fais tu, fleurs des amours ?”  
 La rose dit à la tombe,  
 “Que fais tu de ce qui tombe  
 Dans ton gouffre, ouvert toujours ?”

La rose dit,—“Tombe sombre,  
 De ces pleurs je fais dans l’ombre  
 Un parfum d’ombre et de miel.”  
 La tombe dit,—“Fleur plaintive,  
 De chaque âme qui m’arrive  
 Je fais un ange du ciel !”

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## THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

(TRANSLATION BY "DEADLOCK.")

A lovely rose was thus addressed  
By yonder tomb, so cold and drear :—  
“What dost thou with the dew-drops blest  
“That rest upon thee, sweet and clear?”

“List to my answer, sombre friend !  
“In shade-land from these tears I make  
“A perfume, heavenward to send,  
“Ere morning light begin to break.

“But I would ask thee what dost *thou*  
“With all that fall into thy home?  
“For weeping is the willow now,  
“And o'er thy turf the dead leaves roam.’

A brighter song than thine, sweet rose,  
Ariseth from that tomb, I ween :—  
“Each soul that findeth here repose  
“In heav'n an angel will be seen !”

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR EXCHANGES are continually increasing in number, and for the most part, we are bound to say, improving in the quality of their literary matter. One of the most recent which have come to hand is the *College Herald*, of Lewisburg, Pa., which is extremely neat, typographically, and creditable in other respects.

THE *Index Niagarensis*, a thoroughly Catholic journal is always welcome to our table. It has been sometimes we think unnecessarily fiery in its language when referring to non-Catholics; but it has been more guarded in this respect of late, and will carry more weight with it in consequence. It deserves the best thanks of those who value the authorized music of the Catholic Church, for its recent series of articles on the Gregorian Tones. When will American Catholics be educated up to the point of liking them? Their advocacy is indeed up-hill work; but it is cheering to find it taken in hand so bravely by the *Index*. We sincerely hope our contemporary will not let the subject drop.

THERE seems to be an extensive controversy raging just now as to the respective merits of "Eastern" and "Western" Colleges. We fancy none will claim to be more Western than Santa Clara; and our testimony will therefore be allowed to be unprejudiced when we say that it seems to us most absurd to lay down the general proposition that Western colleges, which must necessarily be young, are superior or even equal to Eastern colleges, so many of which were celebrated homes of learning before we were thought of. No doubt there are exceptional cases; but *exceptio probat regulam*. Our friend the *Blackburn Gazette*, of Carlinville, Ill., opines otherwise. Hear its penny trumpet, Orientals, and tremble in your Eastern shoes! "The difference between students East and West is simply this: the students East have more money than brains, while Western students have more brains than money. Hence it is that Eastern papers are printed upon finer paper than ours, while Western papers are filled with more common-place talk and less play than Eastern

"papers. We scorn such little "flings as the *Magenta* and others "fling at us." It is to be hoped that the "*Magenta* and others" will not take the above tirade as representative of Western sentiments generally. For "common-sense talk" no one could take it. A little further on under the highly refined title of "Hic-kups," we came across these two items consecutively:—

"Theologs [sic] have been on a preaching tramp."

"Senior Theolog has new striped breeches."

Is this "common-sense" talk? Or is it elegance? Or is it—we hope our contemporary will pardon us for asking the question, but—*is it* Blackburn wit?

THE association of ideas leads us to speak next of the *Vassar Miscellany*, in which we find more "common-sense talk" than in any college magazine we know of. Will the fair editresses excuse us for being surprised at this? *A priori* we should not have expected anything half so good from a ladies college. *A posteriori*, we honestly confess that its excellence is such as to put the other sex to shame. In looking over its pages we find almost nothing with which to find fault, and much which deserves high commendation. We observe that some of our contemporaries, in criticising the last number of the *Vassar*, intimate that they regard it as inferior to those

which have preceded it. We cannot share this opinion. It is not, perhaps so sparkling; but we think it, in some respects, even more meritorious. The principal article, on the somewhat dry subject of "Sobriety," has no dryness about it, and is so ably written that it would do credit to any magazine. And nearly all the others are good in their respective ways. If we were to make an exception to this praise, it would be in reference to the comic verses addressed to a *mummy*, which are scarcely up to the Vassar mark. Rhetoric must be well taught at Vassar; for in that respect the magazine is nearly perfect.

For the *Packer Quarterly*, another specimen of female work, we cannot say half so much. It seems unfair indeed to put the two side by side; for, if we regard the *Packer* by itself it is not destitute of merit. But, unlike the *Vassar*, it is just what we should, *a priori*, expect from young ladies. It is light and agreeable and ladylike; and we always welcome it to our table. Moreover it seems to be replete with earnest religious feeling, and must therefore command the respect, on that account, even of those who differ from it.

We are amused at the "intense excitement" which, as the fair editresses inform us, was experienced at Packer, on the arrival of a recent number of the OWL. This fluttering of the Volscians was



caused, it seems, by the circumstance that the percentage of credits given to many of our students in arithmetic, book-keeping and mathematics was enormously lower than the percentage obtained by the "Seniors" at Packer in the same branches of study. Now we don't want to depreciate the high intellectual qualities of the fair ladies who think that "the great winds which come from the Pacific Coast must have blown" our "ideas over to" them. We are glad to hear of their proficiency in the very useful studies referred to. But may we venture to suggest to them that if they were subjected to the rigorous examinations customary in Jesuit Colleges, their percentage might not turn out quite so high as at present? We can assure them that it is not so easy a matter to get high marks at Santa Clara College, as it seems to be at Packer, Well: good luck to them! May their credits never be less!

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IN the last number of the *Yale Courant*, just received, we notice two very sensible articles. The first is entitled "A Fault," and refers to the cynicism and consequent hypocrisy which, according to the writer, characterizes the students of Yale. And true enough it is, not of Yale only but of very many other colleges, that a sort of false pride is prevalent among their stu-

dents, in consequence of which it is thought "the thing" to suppress as much as possible all those finer feelings of our nature the expression of which is so peculiarly becoming to the young. "Stoicism and secretiveness," says the *Courant*, "are the first principles of action with very many of us." And the writer shows very conclusively the evil progress that such a change as this involves, from the guileless and impulsive disposition which the ordinary freshman brings with him to college.

The other article to which we refer is on the much vexed question of the proposed substitution of modern languages for ancient in a college course. We have not space to say more, on the present occasion, than that we fully agree with the writer that the advantage of classic study is "not that it helps us trick the ignorant"—[rather a good hit, that! ]—"but that it goes into our store of knowledge, and aids us, though we do not know whence the aid comes."

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WE welcome the *Virginia University Magazine* to our table. The opening article deserves much credit for the careful and laborious manner in which it has been worked out. Its object is first to state and then disprove the arguments of a sceptic.

## IDLE NOTES.

THE Sixth Grand Annual Meeting of the Philalethic Literary Society of this College took place on the evening of May the 7th. The audience was rather small; and as, through some accident, the sun-burners could not be lighted, the Hall presented quite a desolate appearance. After the "Caliph of Bagdad" had been finely rendered by the Brass Band, Mr. D. O. Furlong was introduced, and delivered an oration on the "Ravages of Time." The gentleman spoke well and his composition evinced care and attention. "Les Clochettes," polka, was played after he had finished; and then the Hon. J. W. Dwinelle, delivered the Address of the evening, taking for his subject, "The Duty of Citizens to make Politics a Study." The hon. gentleman's oration was replete with sound sense and good reasoning, and could not but be listened to with pleasure by all. His remarks were greeted from time to time, with enthusiastic rounds of applause. After some beautiful "Selections from Martha" had been given by the band, the Poem of the evening was delivered by the Hon. W. H. Rhodes, who began by informing the house, that

it was a translation from the Chinoock tongue, the real author being no less a personage than *Shacknasty Jim*, the Modoc hero. It consisted of a defiance supposed to be hurled by Capt. Jack at the "pale faces." It was well written and delivered with much spirit. Music ("Woodland March") followed; and then Mr. A. L. Veuve delivered an oration on the subject "Bloody Mary." The speech was well written; but the gentleman's voice, ordinarily a strong one, failed him so completely—especially towards the end—that it became quite painful to listen to him. Music ("Then You'll Remember Me") came next, and was rendered very sweetly. The last thing on the programme was a poem, entitled, "The Ghost by the River," delivered by Mr. J. Poujade. From the known poetic talent of this gentleman, it may be assumed that the composition was meritorious, though we were quite unable to follow the speaker, his voice being so weak that, at the further end of the hall, hardly a word was audible. Altogether, the entertainment was not as good as we had expected to see it.



THE Grand Instrumental and Vocal Concert, in aid of the Philhistorian Society of this College, took place on Tuesday evening, May the 13th. The audience was small but appreciative; and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure and success of the evening. The overture to the "Poet and Peasant," (opera de Suppé) was rendered by the College Orchestra in a masterly manner, and gave the greatest pleasure to every one. We must compliment the gentlemen of the Orchestra, on their success. "Music and her Sister Song," a duet for two cornets, was played by Messrs. A. Sauffrignon and C. Georget, accompanied by Professor J. R. Lawrie on the piano. It could not have been better. Professors E. Gramm and P. Ylissaliturri followed, with a duet on the violin and flute, entitled "The Serenade." It would be superfluous for us to say that Prof. Gramm played beautifully; he could not do otherwise. Prof. Ylissaliturri did not seem to do himself justice however; although he played very well. "Cinta il Crin" (by Alary), rendered by the Brass Band, was lovely. A violin solo, (Fantasia from the "Barber of Seville") was next rendered by Prof. Gramm, accompanied by Prof. H. Schemmel. The gentlemen were enthusiastically applauded and honored. The first part concluded with a vocal duet, "Gently sighs the Breeze," sung by Masters M.

Ylissaliturri and V. Vidaurreta, accompanied by Prof. Lawrie. Both of the young gentlemen, especially the former, have fine voices; and their singing gave much pleasure. The Second Part of the entertainment was opened with the overture to Tancredi, by the Brass Band. It was beautiful. A flute solo "Polonaise" (by Bigot) was next rendered by Prof. Ylissaliturri, accompanied by Professor Lawrie. It was excellent. A violin solo, "Aragonesa" (by Alard) followed. It was rendered by Professor Gramm, acc. by Prof. Schemmel, and was perhaps the feature of the evening. We have never heard Prof. Gramm "surpass himself" more than he did in this piece. The entertainment closed with a grand chorus and solo, "The Magnificat" (by Lambillotte), by the Students, accompanied by the Orchestra. Under the skilful direction of Fr. Caredda, it could not but be a success. Altogether, the success of the concert surpassed the most sanguine expectations; and there was none but happy faces in the Hall that night. May we have the pleasure of attending just such another entertainment at no very distant day! We append a communication handed to us by the Corresponding Secretary of the Philhistorian Society:

Santa Clara College, May 25th, 1873.  
 EDS. OWL.—*Dear Sirs:*—At a recent meeting of the Philhistorian Society, the thanks of the Society were voted to the gentlemen who kindly tendered their

services to make the concert of the 13th inst., a success; and also to the brass and string bands, who played during the evening. I am, etc.,

V. S. McCLATCHY,  
Cor. Sec., P.L.S.

At the kind invitation of the Cecilian Society, we attended its Annual Banquet, held on Thursday evening, May 7th, in the College Refectory. The supper was everything that a good cook could make it; and those who sat down to it did not fail to show, by the havoc they made with their knives and forks, that they realized the fact. As soon as it was over, the company adjourned to another room, where such disciples of Apollo as Professors Gramm, Lawrie and Ylialiturri, called forth such harmony from their several instruments as could not but give every one the greatest pleasure. We left the party that evening, delighted, and we may well say that the banquet of the Cecilian Society for 1873, was the finest, in every respect, that we have attended in this College.

WE also attended the banquet of the Philhistorian Society held May 21st. This, too, was a most pleasant affair, and the evening was spent in a delightful manner. The lovers of Terpsichore tripped the light fantastic toe till a late hour, and then went happily to bed, to dream of "The beautiful Blue Danube" and "The Thousand and one Nights."

THE Exhibition will fall on Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 2d and 3d. The entertainment on the first evening will be of a literary character; that on the second, scientific. Wednesday the 4th is the closing day.

OUR annual picnic was held at Belmont a week or two ago, and was productive of much pleasure.

THE Parthenian, Philalethic and Philhistorian Societies have adjourned till after the Vacation.

ON the 29th of May, the final meeting of the Board of Managers of the OWL was held. Our Financial Editor, Mr. A. Sauffrignon, S. B., presented his report, which showed *no* liabilities on the part of the Association, and a considerable sum in cash to its credit. For this highly satisfactory condition of our affairs, we are indebted mainly to the zeal and efficiency of Mr. Sauffrignon himself, to whom the well-deserved thanks of the Board were unanimously voted.

In this connexion we must say a word to our subscribers which it has often been in our minds to say before. To many of them we feel that apologies are due; because owing to the inaccurate condition in which our books were found at the commencement of the present scholastic year, erroneous applications have in sundry instances been made. The blame of this does not,



however, rest upon the present Board, nor upon the present Financial Editor, whose business it has been to collect numerous arrears of subscriptions (a thankless task at best), and to restore the books of the Association to the orderly state in which they now are. In so doing he has found it impossible to avoid reducing our subscription list; and we therefore appeal to our friends and supporters throughout the State and elsewhere to exert themselves in our behalf. We want at least a hundred new subscribers by the beginning of next session; and we intend to have them; and, what is more, to *deserve* them. Arrangements are in progress by which the OWL will appear in an entirely new dress next session, and will moreover be printed on very superior paper to that hitherto used. And, concurrently with these material improvements, we shall hope and strive for that *intellectual* improvement to which our Magazine is "devoted," and without which fine paper and clear typography will be of small avail. *Imprimis*, we can promise a new and amusing serial story of Californian life, which is now being written expressly for the OWL, and the opening chapter of which will appear in our next number. Our financial editor will be in residence throughout the Vacation. Those of our subscribers who are still in arrear, are requested to send remittances to him forthwith.

HERE we are at the end of another Session! The examinations are almost over. Every face is bright with anticipated pleasure; every heart beats high at the thought of home and the loved ones that there await the son and brother, who will soon come to their arms with the trophies of a well-spent year. Many of our old and loved companions are taking their degrees, and go from amongst us never more to return. It is indeed sad to part from our old chums and confidants; but such is the will of Providence, and we must bow before it. Good bye then, old boys! May your lives never know a drawback! May all your plans succeed! Sometimes, we beseech you, when far advanced upon the path of duty and (it may be) of glory, turn your heads and cast a glance upon those whom you will have left behind, and who will watch your every movement with the solicitude of brothers. And to those of our school-fellows who return again next year, we wish all the happiness of Vacation. Since this is our last issue for this scholastic year, we also bid farewell to all our subscribers, with the hope that next session they may find our magazine even more worthy of their kind patronage than it has been during the present one.

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## OLIO.

OUR printer complains of having to work in an office where there is always more or less "dead matter." We suggested that he make "*pi*" of it, and apprise a few of the little fellows of the fact. No further trouble would be necessary.

BILLINGS (not our worthy and obliging Postmaster at Santa Clara, though, we believe, a near relative of his) is writing a book to prove that mosquitoes come of poor but industrious parents, and have some of the best blood of the country in their veins. We think he will make out his case.

HARD TO PLEASE.—A young man's friends object to his being loose; but somehow they have an equal objection to his being tight. Some people are so unreasonable.

—*Judy.*

THE LETTER H AGAIN.—It sometimes happens that when a man's heir thinks he ought to die, *he* thinks he ought to dye his hair.

—*Judy.*

A Freshman translated the phrase *mortem omni aetati esse communem*. Commons is sure death to every class.—*Harvard Advocate.*

WHY is the first moustache like a Crown Prince? Because it is heir apparent.

A LAWN PARTY. A Protestant Bishop.

Why is a blasé voluptuary like an umbrella in wet weather? Because he's used up.

Mrs. Partington who, like all good housewives, takes a lively interest in needlework, is anxious to know if the compass has a needle with thirty-two points, how long it will take a seamstress of average industry to make a shirt with it.

What is the difference between the engine driver and a passenger who has lost the train. One is right in front and the other is left behind.

OLD Scotch lady holding a snuff box to gentleman with a large nasal appendage:—"Take a snuff, sir." *Gentleman* (indignantly)—"Do I look like a snuffer?" *Old lady*—"Weel, I canna jist say yer do; though I maun say ye hae grand accommodation."

THE man who said he was "wedded to immortal woes" used to disagree with his wife.



## SCENE IN RHETORIC CLASS—

*Prof.*—What does Blair say in regard to this?

*Fresh.*—W-h-y *blasé* is a French word meaning “played out.”

—*Yale Courant.*

## ANOTHER DITTO—

*Prof. of Rhetoric*—What is the peculiarity of a *macaronic piece*?

*Student*—Why it is a long, round thing with no pith in it; and I’ll be hanged if I like it.

*The Tarquin.*

## CHEMISTRY—

*Professor*—Mr. —, please hand me that ewer.

*Student* (who has not distinctly heard the remark)—Sir?

*P.* I say that ewer there.

*S.* Yes, sir. I’m here.

*P.* (getting riled). On the table.

*S.* (wonderingly) On the table?

*P.* (very much riled). Don’t you see that ewer on the table?

*S.* I’m *not* on the table.

*P.* (ready to burst). Can’t you see that ewer full of A. S.?

[Student feels greatly insulted, and leaves the room to lay his grievances before the President. Professor, very much discomfited, goes for the ewer himself.]

—*The Tarquin.*

THE following anecdote has outlived its early youth, but it still reads well: John Phoenix tells the story that he was one day leaving San Francisco by the steamer. Everyone else was taking leave of friends—but he did not know a soul in the crowd. Ashamed of his loneliness, as the boat sheered off, he called out in a loud voice, “Good bye, Colonel!” and to his great delight, every man on the wharf took off his hat and shouted, “Colonel, good bye!”

Wooden tobacco-men, gilt balls, the mortar and pestle, the big shoe, and the other symbolic signs used by tradesmen, are all relics of a time when the public were so ignorant that lettered signs were useless.

Chinamen are said to make good market gardeners. No people like them for minding their peas and their ques.

Some questions very naturally suggest themselves to an inquiring mind. An amateur farmer wonders “why, on all this fair earth, the ground is spread bottom side up, so that it must be turned over with a plough before crops can be raised..”

## TABLE OF HONOR

*Credits for the month of April as read on Wednesday, May 7th 1873.*

## CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

- 1st Class—R. Bowie 100, J. Coddington 100, A.W. Den 100, C. Ebner 100, H. Martin 100, V. C. McClatchy 100, T. Mcrrison 100, L. Palmer 90, W. Cardwell 95.  
 2d Class—H. Bowie 90, R. Brenham 70, M. Donahue 100, Jas. Enright 100, W. Furman 70, D. Furlong 90, J. Machado 95, A. McCone 80, C. McClatchy 70, J. Nichol 70, A. Pierotich 80, N. Robles 70, J. Sanchez 70, G. W. Seifert 70, E. Sheridan 70, J. Smith 100, P. Soto 100, R. Wallace 80, J. Walsh 100, J. R. Arguello 90, R. Enright 100, H. Welsh 96, B. Yorba 100.  
 3d Class—Th. Hanley 70, E. McLaughlin 70, S. Sheridan 80.

## ETHICS—M. Walsh 82.

## MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

- A. Arguello 80, J. Carrigan 73, R. Del Valle 100, F. McCusker 94, H. Peyton 90, J. Poujade 75.

## MATHEMATICS.

- 2d Class—F. McCusker 100, C. Ebner 97, V. McClatchy 100, R. Del Valle 100, W. Cardwell 95, J. Poujade 100.  
 3d Class—A. Bell 99, N. Brisac 80, S. Fellom 75, C. Friedlander 95, Th. Morrison 70, H. Peyton 70, R. Smith 70, G. Winston 98, B. Smith 90, W. Gray 100.

## GREEK.

- 1st Class—M. Walsh 100.  
 2d Class—R. Bowie 90.  
 3d Class—C. Friedlander 80, J. Poujade 76, W. Gray 71.  
 4th Class—A. Veuve 78 G. Winston 95.  
 5th Class—W. Davis 100, S. Fellom 100, H. Martin 78, C. A. Stonesifer 72, B. Yorba 78, J. Walsh 75.

## LATIN.

- 1st Class—R. Bowie 100, M. Walsh 100, C. Friedlander 70.  
 2d Class—W. Gray 70.  
 3d Class—C. Ebner 70, T. Morrison 76, L. Winston 77.  
 4th Class—V. McClatchy 90, P. Soto 70.  
 5th Class—W. Davis 73, S. Fellom 86, C. Stonesifer 70, B. Yorba 96, J. R. Arguello 76, J. Walsh 70, J. Smith 70.

## RHETORIC.

- 1st Class—R. Bowie 74, V. Hereford 82, V. McClatchy 72, A. Veuve 79.  
 2d Class—W. Cardwell 89, D. Furlong 74, T. Morrison 70, B. Smith 96, L. Winston 83.

## GRAMMAR.

- 1st Class—J. Walsh 95, B. Yorba 87, L. Palmer 90, J. Machado 80, G. Roundey 95, A. Bell 90, D. Oreña 70, J. Callaghan 76, H. Bowie 75, C. Stonesifer 75, H. Martin 70, J. Nichol 70, R. Wallace 76, W. Gray 100.  
 2d Class—J. Aguirre 82, J. Barrenechea 76, R. Brenham 84, W. Davis 95, M. Donahue 76, R. Enright 80, C. Georget 78, P. Mallon 70, G. Norris 90, J. Smith 95, H. Welsh 95, W. Furman 72, D. Kidd 70, A. McCone 78, J. R. Arguello 70, C. Welton 70.  
 3d Class—F. Chavez 70, J. Chavez 80, J. De la Cruz 75, C. Floed 85, T. Hanley 78, G. Hopkins 70, R. Kifer 70, J. Norris 70, J. Perrier 70, J. Sanroman 75, R. Spence 90, L. Shinn 95, R. Sheridan 70, L. Pruzzo 70.



## FRENCH.

- 1st Class—N. Brisac 70, C. Friedlander 70, C. Georget 80, H. Martin 70, T. Morrison 70.  
 2d Class—J. Perrier 72, G. Norris 90, D. Oreña 80, O. Oreña 76.  
 3d Class—F. Chavez 98, J. Bernal 82, R. Spence 80.

## SPANISH.

- 1st Class—J. Aguirre 75, L. Camarillo 70, J. Callaghan 75, N. Robles 72, P. Soto 80.  
 3d Class—C. McClatchy 75, A. Pacheco 70, C. Stonesifer 90, J. Ward 70.

## GERMAN.

- J. Auzerais 70, J. Barrenechea 80, V. McClatchy 100.

## ARITHMETIC.

- 1st Class—J. Bernal 70, J. Barrenechea 80, A. Bell 95, J. Callaghan 95, J. Chavez 95, T. Durbin 75, D. Furlong 72, J. Machado 90, A. McCone 78, L. Palmer 85, N. Robles 70, G. Roundey 100, J. Walsh 73, J. Walsh 73, B. Yorba 100.  
 2d Class—J. Aguirre 76, H. Bowie 75, R. Enright 93, J. Enright 95, G. Norris 90, H. Welsh 100, P. Mallon 90, J. Cole 77, J. San Roman 79, C. Stonesifer 78, W. Randall 74, J. Nichol 70, A. Pierotich 82, D. Kidd 76, J. Eldridge 71, R. Kifer 70, Alph. Den 73, M. Donaghue 78, F. Scully 88.  
 3d Class—E. Auzerais 95, F. Chavez 75, S. Sheridan 85, G. Trenought 90, C. Welti 88, L. Shinn 85, O. Oreña 80.

## BOOK-KEEPING.

- 1st Class—S. Fellom 90, V. McClatchy 100, P. Soto 100.  
 2d Class—A. Bell 90, N. Brisac 70, H. Bowie 98, A. Den 70, T. Durbin 80, C. Ebner 97, C. Gambill 70, H. Martin 70, T. Morrison 96, J. Nichol 72, A. Pierotich 73, G. Roundey 100, C. Stonesifer 75, B. Yorba 75, J. Walsh 74, L. Winston 85.  
 3d Class—J. Aguirre 91, J. Barrenechea 78, J. Callaghan 100, J. Chavez 70, W. Davis 80, C. Floed 85, W. Furman 70, C. Georget 79, D. Kidd 98, C. McClatchy 100, E. Sheridan 79, R. Enright 88, J. Smith 70, H. Welsh 100, C. Welti 90.

## READING AND SPELLING.

- 1st Class—J. R. Arguello 74, J. Cole 78, J. B. Chretien 70, W. Furman 88, A. W. Den 73, Alf. Den 71, R. Enright 78, C. Gambill 74, A. McCone 76, N. Robles 75, G. Roundey 77, A. Pierotich 78, R. Spence 70, P. Mallon 80, R. Smith 72, J. Smith 84, H. Walsh 80, R. Wallace 77.  
 2d Class—J. Aguirre 90, C. Arguello 72, J. Auzerais 78, J. Barrenechea 82, F. Chavez 93, J. Chavez 87, J. De la Guerra 72, J. Eldridge 73, J. Enright 80, C. Floed 74, C. Georget 70, T. Hanley 79, D. Kidd 75, R. Kifer 71, F. La Coste 73, E. McLaughlin 70, G. Norris 70, J. San Roman 83, J. Sanchez 78, C. Welti 85, G. Murphy 80, A. Garesche 73, F. Moraes 82, L. Shinn 100, G. Hopkins 70, L. Pruzzo 73.  
 3d Class—E. Auzerais 70, A. Bowie 70, R. De la Vega 98, W. Hopkins 80, C. Moore 76, S. Sheridan 95, J. Donahue 90, T. Donahue 70, G. Markham 95, J. Pulsifer 73, G. Shafer 73, J. Sullivan 70, H. Farmer 90, J. Sullivan 70, G. Trenought 80, D. Harvey 80, J. McCall 70.

## ELOCUTION

- 1st Class—V. McClatchy 72, A. Veuve 70.  
 2d Class—W. Cardwell 70, S. Fellom 70, D. Furlong 85, T. Morrison 70.  
 3d Class—J. Walsh 90, D. Oreña 95, R. Wallace 74, A. Bell 90, J. Nichol 76, L. Palmer 80, J. Machado 72, J. Callaghan 70, N. Robles 70, G. Roundey 70, C. Stonesifer 70, B. Yorba 70, W. T. Gray 70.  
 4th Class—J. Barrenechea 90, P. Mallon 75, W. Furman 72, A. McCone 70, J. Smith 93, J. De la Guerra 80.  
 5th Class—C. Gambill 70, R. Kifer 60, J. Sanroman 70, E. Sheridan 70, R. Sheridan 70.

## PENMANSHIP.

- 1st Class—J. Barrenechea 95, A. W. Den 98, G. Norris 98, A. Pierotich 80, P. Soto 98, J. Bernal 82, B. Yorba 95, J. R. Arguello 90, W. Randall 73, R. Remus 98, R. Spence 73, J. Callaghan 75, J. Machado 85.
- 2d Class—J. Aguirre 78, L. Camarillo 78, J. Cole 77, J. B. Chretien 80, A. L. Den 95, R. Enright 90, G. Elems 72, C. Friedlander; 72, E. Hall 80, D. Kidd 90, R. Kifer 80, A. McCone 85, J. Norris 100, J. Nichol 75, J. Sanchez 72, J. San Roman 90, E. Sheridan 90, J. Walsh 80, W. Cardwell 80, H. Christin 80, J. Anzerais 90, R. Brenham 75, J. Chavez 90, F. Chavez 73, W. Davis 72, C. Floed 90, W. Furman 74, T. Hanley 95, G. Hopkins 90, G. Roundey 85, C. Stonesifer 93, R. Serrano 78, L. Winston 77, C. Welti 80, H. Walsh 80, G. Trenought 90, M. Ylisaliturri 90.
- 3d Class—J. De la Cruz 75, D. Culkin 75, J. Eldridge 80, J. Enright 80, De la Guerra 71, J. Harvey 72, J. Hayes 71, F. La Coste 95, E. McLaughlin 80, G. Markham 80, G. Murphy 72, W. Meehan 75, J. Perrier 85, J. Pulsifer 85, L. Pruzzo 80, G. Seifert 85, J. Smith 75, S. Sheridan 72, A. Spence 80, J. Versalovich 72, J. Ward 70, A. Young 72.

## DRAWING.

- H. Bowie 80, H. Martin 70, G. Seifert 70, V. McClatchy 100, C. McClatchy 70, A. Pierotich 100, R. Remus 75, J. San Roman 85, P. Soto 80, V. Vidaurreta 70, P. Mallon 100, M. Donahue 70, A. Arriola 70.

## PIANO.

- R. Bowie 90, C. Ebner 80, A. Arzuello 75, A. Den 75, W. Randall 75, H. Bowie 80, B. Smith 75.

## VIOLIN.

- J. Carrigan 90, W. Davis 80, R. Enright 85, T. Morrison 90, M. Donahue 80, R. Bowie 70, P. Mallon 70.

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[Classes of the PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT are omitted.]  
Highest number of credits given, 100. Recipients of 70 and over only mentioned.

E. LAMORY,

DEVINE & ABEL'S



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- Bakers*—Chas. Bossert, Santa Clara.
- Butchers*.—Ledy & Brothers, San Jose.
- Booksellers and Stationers*—A. Waldteufel, San Jose; Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco.
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- Candy Manufacturers*—Maurice O'Brien, San Jose.
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Cor. Main & Franklin sts.

Santa Clara.

E. LAMORY,

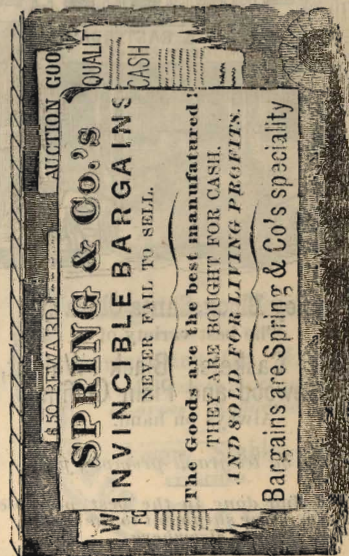
Proprietor.

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.





# TO THE PUBLIC.

**O**WING to the death of the senior member of the firm of **J. DINEGAN & SON, Merchant Tailors**, the business will hereafter be conducted by **J. H. DINEGAN**, who hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on the late firm.

*A fine assortment of the best and latest style of goods always on hand, and a perfect fit guaranteed.*

Prices reasonable, and work promptly delivered.

Remember the place: next door to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Office.

**J. H. DINEGAN,**  
Santa Clara.



Hensley Block, Santa Clara st.,  
The best variety of

Metalic Caskets, Black Walnut,  
Rosewood and Plain Coffins  
Always on hand.

Orders by telegraph promptly filled.

Embalming done in the best possible  
manner, for shipment to the States  
and elsewhere.

Reference given.

**LEDDY & BROTHERS,**

DEALERS IN

**Beef,  
Pork,  
Mutton,  
Veal,  
Lamb, etc.**

Stall No. 1, City Market,  
Market Street, San Jose.

**GRAND CHOP HOUSE,**

(Hensley's Block.)

N. W. cor Santa Clara and Market  
streets, San Jose.

**G. Demetrie, & Co., Proprietors.**

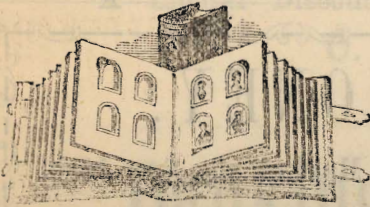
The proprietors only ask their  
friends, and the public, to give  
their establishment a trial, and  
they will feel satisfied with the  
result.

# 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,**

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(Entrance on First Street.)

Every description of Pictures taken on  
short notice and on the most REASON-  
ABLE TERMS.

## Union Bakery,

Franklin Street, Santa Clara.

**CHAS. BOSSERT,**  
Bread and Biscuit Baker.

any Pastry and Confectionery made to  
order on the shortest notice.

Balls and Parties supplied on reasonable  
terms.

## 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!

**RHODES & LEWIS**



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Physicians' Prescriptions accurately  
compounded at all hours.





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“City of San Jose,”

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Are now offering for sale a large and elegant stock of

**Spring and Summer Dry Goods,**

FROM THE

Leading Manufacturers of the East and  
Europe.

**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.*

**J. M. SWINFORD,**

**FARMERS' STORE,**

*Cor. of Washington & Franklin sts.,*

**SANTA CLARA.**

# C. J. Martin & Co.,

Are now in receipt of a fine and well selected stock of

## Fancy Dry Goods.

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Having bought from first hands, we guarantee to save to our customers **from 10 to 15 per cent.** We would ask the College boys especially to come and look at our French Cassimeres, Beavers and Tailors' Trimmings. We know you want the best and we have got it for you.

**A Liberal Discount made to Tailors.**

**C. J. MARTIN & Co.,**  
*320 First Street, San Jose.*

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## Banking House,

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## **McLAUGHLIN & RYLAND,**

Corner of First and Santa Clara Streets,

SAN JOSE.

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

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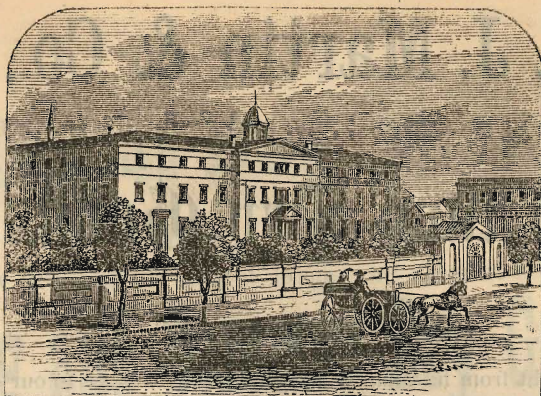
**CONSOLIDATED BANK (Limited.) London.**

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**TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS MADE ON NEW YORK**

*Interest allowed on Time Deposits.*





## College of Notre Dame, San Jose, Cal.

### YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

**T**HIS 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.

**The 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
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**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 the Session.

## ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, SANTA CLARA.

**T**HIS 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 enable 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 Per Month**, payable in advance. There is also a

### Young Ladies' Day School.

<b>TERMS</b> —Elementary Class, per Month.....	\$3.00
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<b>EXTRA</b> —French and Spanish Languages per Month.....	1.00
Piano " .....	6.00
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# "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

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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.

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