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Santa Clara University student body

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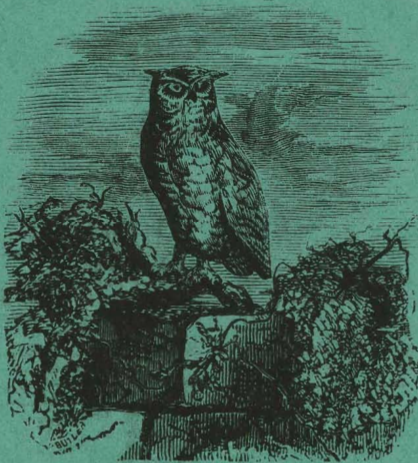
*No. 7.*

# THE OWL

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT;

*EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.*



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1874



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# THE OWL

Vol. VIII.

MARCH, 1874.

No. 7.

## MISDIRECTED EFFORTS.

(JAMES F. DUNNE, Mental Philosophy.)

“MISDIRECTED Efforts !”  
How sadly do those words fall upon the ear! To the young they are full of solemn warning; while to all who are advanced in life they seem fraught with unavailing reproach.

Thousands indeed there are who have reached the goal of their ambition, who have secured by their talents and perseverance, fortune, fame, and even undying renown, and who nevertheless gaze from the eminence of their greatness upon those bygone efforts which have enabled them to win it, *not* with complacency, nor even with moderate satisfaction, but with feelings of the most bitter regret. For at last they perceive clearly that

their aim in life has been perverted, and could they but regain the pure and unclouded consciences of their youthful days, would be willing to forego all the glory accruing to them from their exertions in the past.

A lawyer, for instance, who has retired from his labors at the bar, crowned with the laurels which he seems to have fairly won by his eloquence and learning, feels oftentimes that he is undeserving of the generous praises lavished upon him. It may be true that his talents are of a very superior character, his eloquence may indeed have been capable of affecting strongly the minds of his listeners; and his reasoning may have been log-



ical, deep and subtle; but this, *this* is the very thing that renders the memory of the past sad and remorseful. Instead of using his eloquence in support of innocence and virtue, and in antagonism to immorality and vice, he has employed it to shield the guilty and to oppress the innocent.

Again; because such a one is a millionaire, because he is possessed of all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can procure—in the accumulation of which he has spent a lifetime—he is generally looked upon as having been successful in his efforts. Now, he really is so only, if a proper use of his riches be made by him in the first place, and if, in the second, the mode of their acquisition has been just and lawful. But sadly indeed have his *efforts* been *misdirected* if the great fortune which results from them has been obtained by fraud and cunning, by unscrupulous knavery, by the heartless oppression of the poor:—if their sole object has been but to pander to the extravagant caprices of the individual; or if they have been directed not to the alleviation of human suffering by means of judicious charity, not to the diffusion of cheerfulness and contentment on all sides, but—as is oftentimes the case—to the heaping up of artificial calamities upon less fortunate persons.

How many, too, there are, whose talents have raised them from obscure positions to the highest offices in the country, whose abilities are the theme of every tongue, whose careers appear to the casual observer to have been *eminently* successful, but who, notwithstanding all their eminence, have really *misdirected* their *efforts*!

Peer into the Senatorial chambers of every State; inspect the halls of Congress; do not allow even the highest stations to escape your observation; and the result will speak for itself. Offices of importance have been sought for and obtained, not for the laudable end of regulating in a proper manner the affairs of the state, of perfecting the laws and of improving the people; but merely for the sake of personal aggrandizement, merely in order to appropriate to the holder's private uses the wealth which should have been devoted to the good of the country. How very seldom is it that our prominent politicians retire from their labors with unsullied honor, and with the consciousness that their *efforts* have not been *misdirected*!

I shall not confine myself, however, to these almost *local* instances of misdirected efforts. Let us glance, though ever so rapidly, over the pages of history, and we shall find them replete with the most striking illustrations of our subject. How many instances present themselves of persons who have reached the topmost pinnacle of fame, and who have nevertheless won by *misdirected efforts*, those names that are so renowned throughout the world!

Alexander, whose extraordinary military genius thrilled the world with wonder, whose mighty conquests and brilliant achievements won him the surname of Great, is among the first to impress the student's imagination.

Follow him through all his conquests; survey his brilliant victories on the tented field; note his unbending pertinacity before beleagured towns; see him deluged with the crimson tide of human slaughter; ponder

upon the ruin, the desolation, the untold suffering inflicted by him upon his unoffending fellow-creatures; and then weigh the motives which prompt-

ed him to such deeds, and which secured to him the name of Great and the admiration and applause of the world. Truly has it been said:—

“One to destroy is murder by the law;  
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;  
To murder thousands takes a specious name—  
War’s glorious art—and gives immortal fame.”

No one will gainsay that the name of Alexander is rightly linked with ideas of genius and valor; a genius indeed, and a valor which obstacles only served to animate; but it must also occur to every impartial mind that those brilliant efforts of his were altogether *misdirected*. Ambition was the God he worshipped—his *own* ambition; and it was the mere thirst for worldly glory that prompted him to those deeds which have immortalized his name. His object was not the abolition of tyranny and oppression, but merely the substitution of one tyranny for another. Far indeed was he from achieving his greatness and renown in the holy cause of Liberty.

And Cæsar, too,—“the foremost man in all this world”—the mighty Cæsar, whose name comes down to us on the scroll of fame as the greatest of Rome’s great men, and who from his earliest infancy gave evidence of the most extraordinary endowments—he is another example of efforts misdirected. After using his talents in behalf of his country, and winning in her cause undying military fame, he became intoxicated with his own greatness, and we find him at last rebelling against the country in whose service he had so valiantly labored, and leading his victorious legions

against the very land that gave him birth.

Indeed, when we look more deeply into the motives of the zeal which he had already displayed, *before* his weapons were directed against his country’s vitals, we cannot but suspect that while ostensibly engaged in battling against her foes, his real aim had been merely his own personal aggrandizement.

In later days we read of a certain royal *Frederick*, whose many and great exploits commanded the admiration of the world, and have justly earned for him the title of Great. But in this case also, we may well ask, were his efforts directed solely to the advantage of his country? No! They were inspired mainly by his insatiate love of conquest and thirst for military glory; for he himself informs us of the fact. It was with these motives that he traversed the fertile plains of Silesia, and deluged them with Prussian blood; with these, or such as these, that he reduced to ruin the territory of the fair young queen Maria Theresa, at the expense of the lives of thousands of his own subjects.

Should I but attempt to cite all the instances of men whose names Fame has blazoned among those of the mighty ones of the world, and who



yet have won their renown by efforts more or less *misdirected*, I should indeed tire your patience. Suffice it to say that not in the roll of military conquerors alone are such men to be found.

Even among those whose golden eloquence has won the attention and admiration of nations, we find oratory perverted, and used in proclaiming and defending injustice.

And in the long list of *literary* celebrities, how many are there whose works are storehouses of immorality and infidelity; who merely pander to the vicious inclinations of the age in which they write, and who yet manage to secure thereby a large amount of literary fame!

The unhappy Byron, who was really gifted with the highest poetical talents, and who justly holds a con-

spicuous place among the foremost English poets, is an oft quoted example of "misdirected efforts." His "Childe Harold" is, indeed one of the finest works in the language. The descriptions which it contains of the familiar scenes of the old world are often sublime; and the work is moreover instructive, and free from aught that would endanger the morality of its readers. But when we examine his later works and especially his "Don Juan," and find him sneering at virtue and alluring his readers to a life of vice by that poetical fascination of which he was so great a master, we cannot but instinctively exclaim that his talents were devoted to an utterly unworthy end. Alas, to how few of those prominent in the literary world do these lines apply!—

"For his chaste Muse employed her heaven taught lyre  
None but the noblest passions to inspire,  
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought;  
One line which dying he would wish to blot."

But I have said enough in the way of *warning*; let me now reverse the picture.

I might speak, if my subject and my time permitted, of the heroes of olden time—of the demi-gods of Greece, of the Eastern patriarchs, of the Christian Saints. And I might speak of the warriors and patriots of more modern days—men who labored and who prayed, and whose efforts, directed to the glory of God and the good of man, were in the fullest sense of the words, *rightly* directed. Since however to enter upon this would be beside the point, I will limit myself to

a single example, which I shall adduce merely by way of contrast.

Before concluding, then, let us cast a glance towards one whose achievements have won for him undying renown, and yet of whose efforts it cannot be said that they were in any manner *misdirected*.

Does it not occur to every mind what a contrast the name of an Alexander or a Frederick—and I may say a Napoleon—presents, when coupled with that of him whose birth we this day\* celebrate?

Search those pages in history in

\*February 22d.

which Washington's achievements are enumerated; behold him leading his heroic band across the icy Delaware; see him and his ragged soldiers encamped at Valley Forge—starving, freezing, and enduring the utmost suffering—then scrutinize minutely the motives animating his actions, as he battled hand to hand against powerful odds, and led his troops from victory to victory. Our search will be vain if we seek for aught, in all *his* career that was not done from the purest, the noblest and the highest of motives. The privation and fatigue he endured, and the triumph which attended his efforts were not for his own gain or personal glory, but for the sake of his loved country—for the

maintenance of her independence, and the defence of her liberties against the tyranny which threatened her.

The immortal renown which he has won for himself, will never be lessened by the charge that personal ambition and self-seeking led him on, for his mighty energies were all concentrated in the noble cause of Liberty; under her holy standard were his battles fought and won; and had he even failed in his heroic aims, still his name could not have been mentioned without respectful veneration.

His memory shall ever remain as one of the brightest examples which history can offer of efforts *directed aright*.

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"GOOD-BYE."

(LANGSTON C. WINSTON, 1st Rhetoric.)

**H**OW hard it is, when friends are doomed to part,  
 To quell the riot in the loving heart !  
 E'en Nature's self revolts against the deed,  
 For in that heart is planted nature's seed.  
 We feel love's sympathy, and, lingering, sigh,  
 "Why must we say that fatal word,—*Good-bye.*"



To quit this world is oft the soul's desire;  
(Save, Lord, thy servants from eternal fire!)  
Yet, while we linger at the gates of Death,  
We murmur with a quiv'ring, falt'ring breath,  
To those we love, in sorrow standing nigh,  
"Alas, how hard it is to say, Good-bye!"

We stand beside some dreary dungeon's walls,  
And hear, perchance, the sufferers' feeble calls  
For food, light, love, all help that man can give,  
And, loudest, for permission still to live.  
In vain, in vain, O helpless ones, ye sigh:  
For you remains but one sad word—"Good-bye!"

The forms we love must vanish from our sight,  
Enveloped in the dark mysterious night;  
Or *we* may leave them in the sunlit world,  
Ourselves, perchance, to outer darkness hurl'd;  
And on our beds, expecting soon to die,  
May feebly whisper them our last "Good-bye!"

How shall I say that cruel word again,  
Which, each succeeding time, gives greater pain?  
Nay, rather let me speak such words of love,  
As angels utter in the realms above;  
And e'en when death's dark film shall shroud my eye,  
Forbear to murmur that sad word, "Good-bye!"

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## THE ADVENTURES OF A STRONG-MINDED KITTEN ;

## A STORY OF CALIFORNIAN LIFE.

(BY J. P. ROWE.)

CHAPTER XX.—*A Lawyer's Photograph.*

ONCE more Pussy is transplanted to a new scene; and we now find her in a luxurious city home under the care of *Mr. Lawyer's* house-keeper.

Pussy's new master was one of the shining lights of San Francisco. He subscribed liberally to the city charities, and went to sleep regularly in his church pew every Sunday morning.

He owned a great number of ranches, all over California, which he had acquired from silly Spaniards or foolish "forty-niners," for whom he had settled land-grant disputes, and whose property he had taken in payment for his services. All the ranches that he thus legally acquired he stocked with cattle, and would on no account sell any of his real estate, except at fabulous prices; and, as in all the counties where his land lay the bulk of the the taxation fell upon the improved land of the small farmers, he escaped almost scot free, and consequently made a great deal of money with very little outlay of capital.

Sometimes he would erect a saw-mill and clear off the timber on one of his estates, and would then set up a township and sell town lots at \$1,000 an acre. In fact, having already great quantities of money, it was easy for him to make more.

Midas-like, he seemed to turn everthing he touched into gold; and, so far, he might have been considered a happy man: but, judging others by himself, he thought no one was to be trusted, or loved; and so, being sadly in want of a companion, he concluded to make a pet of little broken-legged Pussy.

Had she been an ordinarily good looking cat he would never have bestowed a second thought on her; but she was so grotesquely ugly that, having a natural liking for *all* crooked things, he took a fancy to her at once. So far, indeed, did this innate peculiarity extend, that he never looked people straight in the face, but only glanced at them out of the corners of his eyes.



CHAPTER XXI.—*Mrs. Jones's Misfortune.*

*Mr. Lawyer's* housekeeper was a little wizened, hump-backed woman, with a parchment face, a tremendous beak for a nose, a very small mouth, and an equally small chin, which last feature retreated as far as it could into her bony neck, just as if it were ashamed of itself.

She was not a very bright-minded person; but for all that, she had two qualities for which *Mr. Lawyer* prized her highly. She was very deaf, and very silent. "Here's a present for ye, marm," said the policeman, "wid *Mr. Lawyer's* compliments."

Now *Mrs. Jones*, concluding there was something nice for dinner in the basket, placed it on the clean kitchen table, and putting on her spectacles proceeded to raise one of the basket flaps.

But there was a very angry cat inside; and no sooner was the housekeeper's face within reach, than it was vigorously attacked; and behold a great scratch right across *Mrs. Jones's* Roman nose! "Dear me! Something alive!" cried little *Mrs. Jones*; and she immediately clapped a long strip of black sticking-plaster across the bridge of her nose.

The street door bell rang at this

moment; and as soon as she opened it, *Mr. Lawyer* hailed her.

"Well, *Mrs. Jones*: how do you like my present? Eh? Good gracious! what's the matter with your nose?" cried he, going up to her and shouting in her ear.

Then, without waiting for her answer, the lawyer burst into such a fit of laughing that he began to think he had made a good investment in this Pussy-cat which had caused such fun.

"Come, *Mrs. Jones*," he cried, "let me see the unfeeling wretch that has so barbarously injured you." And the little woman tripped gravely into the kitchen, followed by grinning *Mr. Lawyer*.

"Why you haven't taken it out of the basket yet!" cried he. So *Mr. Lawyer* lifted Miss Puss out himself, and placed her on a chair by the stove.

*Mrs. Jones* was at first disposed to keep Pussy at arm's length; but being a person of very forgiving temper, as the sticking-plaster peeled from her nose, so did all unkind feelings from her heart; and cat and housekeeper became ere long the greatest friends possible.

CHAPTER XXII.—*Treasure-Trove.*

ONE day our kitten, without meaning any harm, nearly frightened poor Mrs. Jones out of her life; for having recovered from her ailments, and feeling once more quite strong and hearty, she was so delighted that she suddenly stood on her head, right in the center of the kitchen, just as Mrs. Jones was carrying a hot beefsteak into the breakfast parlor.

“Oh my!” cried the housekeeper, “Oh my!! Oh my!!!” each time louder than before; whereupon *Mr. Lawyer*, thinking there must be robbers in the house, rushed in with the most unlaywerlike promptitude, and saw kitty wheeling, head over heels, round the kitchen.

“Why, she is dancing the *catalepsy*, Mrs. Jones!” cried the limb of the law, looking intensely amused.

“What’s that, Sir?” inquired the trembling housekeeper, glancing in dismay at the (once hot) beefsteak and potatoes, which now lay in a chilled

heap at her feet, mixed up with a quantity of broken crockery.

“The cat fandango, to be sure;” replied *Mr. Lawyer*.

“Oh my, yes! The cat fandango, to be sure;” repeated the old woman, still shaking all over.

“Yes,” returned the lawyer; “she’s only amusing herself like the Mexicans. Why didn’t you think of this before, Mrs. Jones, instead of going off into a tantrum, and spilling my beefsteak?”

By this time Puss had arrived in front of the worthy housekeeper, and was standing upright, with front paws straight down, by her side, like a soldier in the attitude of attention. She was begging for the beefsteak.

“Let her have it!” exclaimed the lawyer; who began to think himself a remarkably smart man, to have been able to wheedle *Mr. Manager* and *Mr. Farmer* out of such a treasure.

CHAPTER XXIII.—*Pussy Becomes a “City Madam.”*

Nothing was now too good for Pussy, who became henceforward the ruling power in the house, and could consequently do whatever she liked, so long as she did not go beyond the precincts of the yard.

This yard was extremely limited in extent; but inasmuch as it had high walls, and Kitty’s crooked limbs were not good at climbing, she was kept within bounds.

Other cats used, however, to come



and see her; and as they were all fond of music, it was agreed to establish a glee club, and make the yard the concert room; and here accordingly, Kitty sang to her heart's content, without fear of coyotes.

Fortunately for the club, Mrs. Jones was, as we have said, deaf; and *Mr. Lawyer* was generally absent until late at night at his office; so that Pussy's operatic airs did not disturb the household in which she lived, although the

*neighbors* were driven nearly distracted by her. There was no redress, however; for what would it avail, in San Francisco, to go to law against a rich lawyer?

So Kitty lived and prospered; and in due time grew quite domestic, and became the mother of a large family of kittens to whom she often told the story of her life, as a warning to them not to indulge in pranks which entailed such sufferings.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

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## TOBACCO.

(JULIEN BURLING, *Mental Philosophy.*)

“Sublime Tobacco! Which from East to West  
Cheers the tars labor, and the Turkman's rest.”

BYRON.

(*Concluded.*)

FOR the production of snuff the dried leaves are taken, sprinkled with water, and thrown up into heaps, in which they are allowed to heat and ferment from one to six months. In the course of this fermentation a chemical action takes place, by means of which the leaves give off, firstly, nicotine and ammo-

nia, and subsequently water and acetic acid. During this first fermentation which the leaf undergoes in preparing it for snuff, and also during a second fermentation, which takes place after it is ground, a large proportion of the nicotine escapes or is decomposed.

The chemical formula of ammonia

at once explains this decomposition. Ammonia is written in chemical language thus— $H_3N$ ,—and nicotine is also rich in nitrogen. The hydrogen uniting with the nitrogen—forms the ammonia: hence the decomposition which ensues.

Further, the artificial drying or roasting of the tobacco for dry snuffs, expels a portion of the natural volatile oil, besides a certain amount of the alkaloide or nicotine. Hence, tobacco in the form of snuffs, dry snuff particularly, is much less active in its effects than the same weed in other forms; and that necessarily, inasmuch as snuffs are necessarily less rich in the active ingredients of the natural leaf. Even the Rappées, though made of the strongest European and Virginia tobacco, in which 5, 6, and even 7 per cent. of nicotine is found, contain scarcely 2 per cent. when fully prepared.

From this we can see clearly how many of the effects produced by tobacco when in the natural leaf, are lost to those who use it under the form of snuff.

It is curious to observe that each of the different snuff-taking nations has its own peculiar mode of taking snuff.

The Icelanders, for example, have a horn full of snuff, and inserting one end of this horn into the nostril, they give it a slight shake which accomplishes the desired end.

The Highlanders of Scotland carry the snuff to their noses with a little shovel, which is capable of containing a sufficient amount.

The practice of using snuff is said to have come into England after the Restoration, and to have been brought

from France. The name *Rappées*, which is given to most snuffs, is of French derivation.

We are all well acquainted with the different modes under which tobacco is sold.

When the dried leaves are coarsely broken it is known as *canaster* or *knaster*.

By cutting it into fine threads which are moistened and compressed, the *cut* or *shag* tobacco is formed.

When softened with molasses or syrup, and pressed into plugs, it is known by the euphonious appellation of *nigger-head*.

Cigars are made of the dried leaves deprived of the midribs and rolled into a cylindrical or conical shape; and are sometimes sprinkled with a solution of saltpetre, to make them burn evenly.

When cut straight across, or truncated at each end, as is the custom at Manilla, they form what are called "cheroots."

I could continue almost indefinitely giving the different names and forms under which tobacco is sold, but what I have already said will, I think, suffice.

With regard to the various qualities of snuff I will say a few words.

The quality and flavor of snuff are affected,

- 1stly by the quality of tobacco used;
- 2dly by the part of the leaf from which the snuff is formed;
- 3dly by the extent to which the two fermentations are carried;
- 4thly by the amount of heat to which the leaves are exposed in the process of drying or roasting;
- 5thly—and lastly—by the length of



time during which they are exposed to said heat.

All these causes must, as is evident, exercise an influence on the quality of snuff. I will say no more on this point.

We will now turn our attention to the physiological effects of the use of tobacco, both in moderation and in excess.

In whichever of the three above, mentioned modes tobacco is used, its general effects are about the same.

Dr. Pereira says that, in the case of habitual smokers, the practice, when moderately indulged in, provokes thirst, and produces a remarkably soothing and tranquilizing effect on the mind; which latter is perhaps the prime reason for its universal adoption by both barbarous and civilized nations.

"Smoking, when carried to excess," continues the same author, "by those unaccustomed to it, is productive of great harm. Nausea, vomiting, in some cases purging, trembling, paralysis, torpor and even death, have been the result of an excessive use of the weed."

The effects of chewing it are of a similar nature; but the vapors which accompany the smoke of *burning* tobacco act more speedily on the system than the juice which is squeezed from the leaf as it is chewed and occasionally turned over in the mouth. The chewer, by his use of tobacco in this way, takes from nature the necessary material whereby to carry on her proper functions. The secretion of the saliva is a means of lubricating the mouth and tissues, and is indispensable to the sense of

taste. It also begins the process of digestion. Therefore he who prevents the saliva from performing its part in the great drama of Nature, as does the chewer, makes a great blunder. Saliva being necessary for digestion, where there is no saliva the digestion cannot go on. Hence the universal complaint of chewers, *dyspepsia*. Tobacco-chewing is also productive of pulmonary troubles, as is quite evident.

We have seen already the difference between the amount of poison which is introduced into the system by the chewer and smoker respectively. Now as regards the snuffer it may certainly be said that he takes the most healthy way of using tobacco—if the term *healthy* can be applied at all in this connection—inasmuch as most of the poisonous principles of the weed have been destroyed by the fermentation which it undergoes. Snuff produces some of the same effects as the "quid" or the pipe; for instance, a secretion of the saliva, sneezing, and a discharge of mucus from the nasal organ. The excessive use of snuff, blunts the sense of smell by impairing the olfactory nerves, alters the tone of the voice, and occasionally produces dyspepsia and loss of appetite.

As I have remarked before, the prime reason why tobacco is indulged in so much, in preference to the other narcotics, is that whilst it has the property, in common with other vegetable alkaloids, of exercising a soothing and tranquilizing effect, it has this great point of difference from them: that it does not produce the dejection and depression of spirits which result

from almost all the other narcotics.

A very curious fact may be noticed here; viz., that whilst in North America the smoking of tobacco seems to *incite* men to alcoholic dissipation, its tendency in Asia is just the contrary; for there it *restrains* them from the use of alcoholic and intoxicating drinks, and in fact takes the place of such drink. Now there must be a complication of causes,\* to produce results so greatly in contrariety one to another. Climate, temperament, bodily constitution, habits and institutions, act and react on those subject to their various influences; and accordingly as its tendencies are modified thereby, in this or that country, the same narcotic produces upon the mass of the people a salutary, a harmless, or a baneful effect.

The physiological action of tobacco upon the bulk of mankind, apart from its *moral* influence, is such as to establish clearly its claim to be ranked amongst the narcotics:—

1stly—Because its greatest and first effect is to allay or assuage disturbing influences, and soothe the system in general. It is as yet undetermined by physiologists, to what special action on the brain and nerves the soothing power of tobacco should be ascribed. According to Dr. Madden, it consists in a *temporary annihilation of thought*.

2dly—Because its second effect is to incite and invigorate, and at the same time to give steadiness and

fixity of thought.

We will now pass to the various *adulterations of tobacco*, which demand great attention; for just as the yearly supply of and demand for the article are increasing, so also must its adulterations be increasing. Now, whether or not tobacco be of its own nature injurious, it is certainly rendered so, when it is made the vehicle for the introduction into the human system of matter foreign to it.

This point is of great importance, inasmuch as it affects personally, and I may almost say vitally, many millions of human beings.

The modes of adulteration (which I have given on the authority of Dr. Johnson) are principally as follows.

Artificial flavors are imparted in various ways.

Saccharine matter, such as molasses, sugar, honey, etc., is used not only for adulterating tobacco, but also for the purpose of increasing its weight.

Vegetable leaves—as those of the rhubarb, the beech, the walnut—mosses, lichens, bran, sprouts of malt, beet-root, dregs, liquorice, rosin, yellow ochre, fullers earth, sand, saltpetre, common salt, sal ammoniac:—such and so varied is the list of substances which have been detected in adulterated tobacco. Therefore it is not in the least degree surprising that we should meet with tobacco of a thousand and one different flavor, for which the chemistry of the natural leaf can in no way account.

Snuff has its particular adulterations; among which is that of hellebore which is used to provoke or superinduce sneezing. This is the

[\*We venture to suggest a *single* reason for the facts referred to, which, to our mind, sufficiently account for it; though that reason has no connection with tobacco. Mohammedanism prevails in Asia, and Mohammedanism is a *temperance religion*.—Ed.]



most deadly of all the adulterations; and great care should consequently be exercised in the choice and use of snuffs.

As substitutes for or admixtures with tobacco, to form either snuff or chewing and smoking tobacco, the leaves of the different spices of rhubarb, large and small, are collected in Thibet, on the slopes of the Himalayas.

Many other substances and mixtures have been adopted in other countries, from reasons either of poverty or of taste.

The Otomacs, a tribe of *dirt-eaters* in South America, make a kind of snuff from the powdered pods of the "*Acacia Niopo*." This substance throws them into a trance which lasts several days, and under the influence of which the cares and restraints of life are forgotten and many terrible crimes perpetrated.

In conclusion we will consider *the exhaustiveness of tobacco as a crop*; or, in other words, the amount of matter extracted by it from the soil in which it is planted.

To an unobservant reader this point may seem small; but if we look a little deeper into the matter, we shall see that it is a great one. It is *the point*, indeed, on which the production of the weed depends.

Glance along the Atlantic border of the United States, to day; and note the waste of desolation that meets your eye! Look into the centre of the United States; and you see the same thing. Look over the United States generally, and in various districts of various States you will observe a similar devastation: and all

from the cultivation of tobacco! Does not this fact, which we have learned to our cost, prove the exhausting nature of the tobacco plant?

Even here, in our own fertile and lovely valley of Santa Clara, have they already begun to plant tobacco; and the result will be that in a very few short years this favored spot where all is verdure, and where the horn of plenty overflows, will be scarcely habitable.

When vegetable matter is burned in the open air, a deposit is left of the non-combustible mineral salts called "ash." The tobacco plant is one of the richest in this ash; for we see by recent investigations and experiments, that the dried tobacco-leaf, when burned, yields from 19 per cent. to 28 per cent. of ash; or, in other words, that on an average every four pounds of weed will contain and produce one pound of this incombustible ash. This it is which is left in our pipes after smoking, or on the end of a cigar which has undergone combustion.

These salts are composed of carbonates of lime and magnesia, chloride of potassium, and sulphate of potash. Now all these substances have been derived directly from the soil in which the tobacco was grown; they are absolutely and indispensably necessary for vegetables; and they are not so very abundant, even in fertile soils. In proportion, therefore, to the weight of leaves gathered must have been the weight of all these substances which have been extracted from the soil. And since *every* ton carries off from 4 to 5 cwt. of this mineral matter—as much as is con-

tained in *fourteen* tons of wheat—it must be clear that tobacco is one of the most exhausting and expensive crops which can be sown.

Now we can see perhaps a little more clearly, why so many lands which, some years back, were virgin forests—the ground as rich and as fertile as it could possibly be—are, so to speak, *deserts*; and why many and many a rich planter, even in the most favored districts, has seen his fortune gradually dwindling away with the

failing fertility of his once productive plantations.

It is one of chemistry's greatest triumphs that it has ascertained definitely just what the land loses, whatever be the crop grown thereon; and how, after the ingredients which Nature has given have been abstracted, they may be replaced artificially, so that the old fertility may be restored, and new fortunes be extracted from the same soil.

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## MEATS AND MINCES

### USED DURING THE LATE SIEGE OF PARIS.

(N. F. BRISAC; 1st Rhetoric.)

“But mice, and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.”

*King Lear, Act iii., Sc. 4.*

#### CHAPTER I.—*Horseflesh.*

OF all the foods which man consumes, and which assist in a greater or less degree to repair the waste which the human body daily undergoes, the most essential, perhaps is *meat*.

But for this nourishment, indeed, it would be an impossibility to sustain life, without consuming a much larger amount of various other foods, and thus effecting by variety and increase of quantity that which is now

accomplished by a comparatively small bulk of homogeneous food. It will therefore, I think, prove both interesting and instructive, if we endeavour to ascertain, as accurately as possible, to what expedients the authorities of Paris had recourse to supply the lack of this article of necessity—for so I may almost call it—during the late siege of that city.

Count Bismarck, as is well known, had promised his king, and also the



German army, that the journey to Paris should be merely a recreation; a military promenade; that the great capital would throw wide her portals, and treat for peace on any conditions. Perhaps he may have really believed, for a time, that Paris was cowed by the succession of disasters which had attended the French arms; but if such was the case, the fourth day of September was destined to change the Chancellor's ideas upon this point.

Still, however, he hoped, as did also, probably, Von Moltke, that the Government of the National Defence, would never succeed in organizing the Parisians into an army capable of withstanding an attack; and above all, that lack of discipline and the riotous propensities of the lower classes, would produce such internal distractions as would soon render it possible for him to make his triumphal entry.

On neither side was the thought given to the possibility of a famine; for neither the besieged nor the besiegers thought that the siege could last more than two or three months, at most. Unfortunately, Paris was perfectly tranquil with regard to the largeness of its stores: the future shows that had the administration been more provident in this respect, the Prussians might have remained much longer outside the gates; and perhaps—— who knows? However, "*sic volvere fata.*" It is not our business here to make idle reproaches.

The Parisians apparently felt no concern in regard to the siege; the restaurants, cafés, theatres, etc., were

as much frequented as ever; in fact no one thought of famine, or even of reducing in any manner the daily consumption of food.

And yet the Prussian king, was no more destined to triumph *here* by force of arms, than he had been at Metz or Strasbourg; it was his usual ally, *famine*, who was once more to fight upon his side, to open the gates of Paris to him, and to enable his troops to parade in the Champs-Élysées.

It was when the siege had lasted one month that the first panic arose. Towards the beginning of October, it was reported—and the news spread with lightning rapidity from palace to cottage—that *the butchers refused to sell more meat than was sufficient for the day's consumption!*

A rush was at once made by the people to obtain *their rights*, as they thought; and immense crowds flocked to the butchers' stalls, in the hope of obtaining a large quantity of meat.

Animated discussions arose in every quarter; a fearful tumult became imminent; and it was seen to be impossible to maintain this new system without powerful support from the governing authorities.

Then it was that the decree was published which fixed the daily amount of meat to be given to each individual at 250 grammes, (about 5 ounces).

From that moment began the sufferings of the Parisians; and from that moment also the world began to realize and to appreciate the strong patriotic feeling of this indolent population, which had until then been so disdainfully treated.

Mutton lasted but a very short time in Paris, and beef unfortunately not much longer; for within a few days the daily rations were reduced to 100 grammes.

From this point, the amount decreased, until it finally came to 33 grammes a day, or 100 grammes for three days. It was as yet but early in the siege; the weather was beautiful, the promenades were frequented, harvesting was progressing, the bread supplied was still excellent, wine did not increase in price, and above all, every one *hoped*.

If beef had diminished in quantity, the deficiency was made up by means of other foods, as much as possible; and some of epicures even declared that they would eat potatoes if necessary.

The first substitute for beef was soon placed in the stalls, and ere long was, perforce, universally adopted. I refer, of course, to horseflesh, which even before this period, had, under various appellations, satisfied the appetites of many scores of people. Indeed it had been, for a long time, in use at many of the leading restaurants, and had also, under various high-sounding names, been served up at many private tables.

It now began to be sold openly; but the delicate Parisians disdained it. Considering, nevertheless, how small was the amount of beef which could be obtained, some of the bravest tried the horseflesh, and declared that they found it excellent. It became, indeed, almost an ordinary salutation, to say; "Well; how is the horse?" Words to this effect might have been heard on every side; and, generally,

the response was, "Don't spoil my appetite," or something analogous thereto.

But gastronom, epicure, gourmand, and ordinary citizen alike, were soon to partake, and that with avidity, of the so long despised horseflesh. Paris, in short, adopted it.

At first there was some choice; 100 grammes of horseflesh, or 23 grammes of beef were allowed. But ere long the allowance was 100 grammes of horseflesh alone, and in this number, successive reductions were made, which brought down the amount to 80, 70, 50, and finally to 33 grammes, daily.

But Parisian stomachs had become convinced that they required meat; and consequently all agreed in declaring horseflesh excellent.

I may be excused, perhaps, for a short digression here; for the following fact is a good illustration, not of my subject only, but also of the power of the imagination.

A gentleman of the horse-eating persuasion had, ever since the beginning of the siege, placed his wife and children upon this diet, foreseeing that they would soon be driven to it by necessity. The lady had all along persevered in asserting that she never ate horseflesh; whilst that food was, nevertheless, constantly appearing upon her table, *of course under the name of beef*, and making the most beautiful "roast beef," (I should say *horse*) conceivable. One day, however, our amateur remarked after dinner, that the supposed "beef" which they had all been eating, was neither more nor less than horseflesh; whereupon my lady of course fainted



with the utmost promptitude, and had moreover a most terrible fit of indigestion. It was a frightful disillusion.

But a yet lower descent had to be made. The first animals brought to the butchers' axe were of course "horses of luxury," so called; but ere long scarcely any such horses were to be seen in Paris. None but those which were absolutely necessary for the fulfilment of the last rites to the dead, were spared. And yet these troubles were but the forerunners of still greater hardships to ensue!

The question has much been agitated since the siege, whether horseflesh will continue to be made at least a partial substitute for beef; and to this the general answer is that there is no solid reason why it should not. Long and sad experience has sufficiently well proved, not only that horseflesh is very palatable and healthy, but that it can readily be cooked in all the various ways in which we are accustomed to cook beef. Another argument of great importance which may be used in its favor is that it can be sold much cheaper than either beef, mutton or veal, and consequently that the poorer classes would be enabled, by its adoption, to provide for themselves a food fully as nourishing, as healthy, and as palatable as any of those hitherto used, whilst its price would be much more suitable to their means.

That horseflesh is still extensively used in France is an indisputable fact; nor is there any good reason why it should not continue to be so.

We find it stated in the *Scientific American* of Feb. 14, 1874, that "during July, August and September, 1873, the meat of 1,548 horses, 140 asses, and 15 mules was consumed in Paris, showing an increase of nearly 100 per cent over the same months in 1872."

The objection has been made, that none but very healthy and fat horses are fit for culinary purposes; whereas animals in a poor condition are just those which might most probably be sold to the butchers, and hence prove injurious to the community at large. This evil, however, has been satisfactorily remedied by the French authorities, who have appointed regular officials for the inspection of all animals to be killed. By this means fraudulent endeavors to force poor meat upon the market are prevented.

Considering everything, therefore, there seems to be no valid reason why the use of horseflesh as a food should not be much more generally adopted. The composition of this kind of flesh may be reckoned as nearly identical with that of lean beef.

It may serve perhaps to diminish in some degree the prejudice which exists against such food, if I conclude this article with the *menu* of a celebrated horseflesh dinner which was given at the Langham Hotel, Portland Place, London, on the 6th of February 1868. Many of my readers will doubtless remember perusing the accounts of it which were given in the papers of that date.

*Potages.*

Consommé de cheval. Purée de destrier.  
Amontillado.

*Poissons.*

Saumon à la sauce arabe. Filets de Soles à l'huile hippophagique.  
Vin du Rhin.

*Hors-d'œuvres.*

Terrines de Foie maigre chevalines. Saucissons de cheval aux pistaches syriaques.

*Xéres.**Relevés.*

Filet de Pégase rôti aux pommes de terre à la crème. Dinde aux châtaignes. Aloyau de cheval farci à la centaure et aux choux de Bruxelles. Culotte de cheval braisée aux chevaux-de-frise.

Champagne sec.

*Entrées.*

Petits pâtés à la Moëlle Bucéphale. Kromeskys à la Gladiateur. Poulets garnis à l'hippogriffe. Langues de cheval à la Troyenne  
Château Pérayne.

*Rôtis.*

Canards sauvages. Pluviers.

Volney

Mayonnaises de Homard à l'huile de Rossinante. Petits pois à la Française. Choux-fleurs au parmesan

*Entremets.*

Gelée de pieds de cheval au marasquin. Zéphirs sautés à l'huile chevaleresque. Gâteau vétérinaire à la Ducroix. Feuillantines aux pommes de Hespérides.

Saint-Péray.

*Glaces.*

Crème aux truffes. Sorbets contre-préjugés.

Liqueurs.

*Dessert.*

Vins fins de Bordeaux. Madère. Café.

*Buffet.*

Collared horse-head. Baron of horse. Boiled withers.



## THE MAMELUKES.

(WILLIAM CARDWELL, 1st Rhetoric.)

THE word *Mamelukes* is derived from the Arabic "Memalik," signifying a *slave*.

In the early part of the thirteenth century, the sultan, Es-Salih, then reigning in Egypt, (the last monarch of the dynasty of the Ayoubites, or posterity of Saladin) purchased from Genghis Khan, some thousands of Arabic youths, chiefly natives of Turkistan, who had become that conqueror's captives by the fortune of war, and whom the custom of the age authorized him to sell as slaves.

These youths had not been long in Egypt, before they began to be called the "Bahree" Mamelukes, or Mamelukes *of the River*, a name which they derived from the character of the place in which they were first placed, a little island surrounded by the rushing waters of the Nile. There they were subjected to a severe course of military discipline which combined the practice of arms with the theory of war, making them at once trained soldiers and able commanders. When they had completed the course of training required of them, they were sent away to form the body-guard of the sultan, who was thus enabled to overawe the disaffected, and to render hopeless any attacks against his person.

When we consider their state of life before they formed the body-guard of the sultan, we cannot but wonder at their being placed in a position of such importance; one, indeed, in which they could be of great danger to the state, should they wish to disturb the existing order of things. The fortune of war had made them mere slaves, whose lives and fortunes were subject to the will of masters who often did not scruple to deprive them of existence for a mere whim. Compared with those other poor slaves who toiled in underground caverns enveloped in the gloom of perpetual night and guided only by the flickering light of torches, their state in life was indeed a fortunate one: and we shall see, on looking into their subsequent career, that they availed themselves of the opportunities chance placed within their reach, mounted the proud throne of the ancient Ptolemies, and ruled their former masters with absolute sway.

Tooran-Shah, otherwise called Malek-el-Moaddham, the son and successor of Es Salih, having made himself obnoxious both to his subjects and to his body-guard, the Mamelukes, acting on this occasion, as it would seem, in unison with the pop-

ular wish, attacked him, and even carried their audacity so far as to murder him. This was in the year 1249, shortly after the capture of Damietta by St. Louis of France. The Mamelukes had by this time become the most powerful and influential body of men in the country; and they consequently arrogated to themselves the right of being consulted by the sovereign on all questions of importance. And so incensed were they with the Sultan for not having asked their opinion about the condition of his truce with the French king, that they broke tumultuously into his tent, and assassinated him.

Being now masters of the situation, and their leader, one Az-ed-deen Ibegh, having at the same time succeeded in securing the favor of the Sultana Schagredor, the widow of Tooran-Shah, whose influence thus became united with theirs, they placed Ibegh upon the throne forthwith, and the Sultana sanctioned the act by espousing him.

From this time the Mamelukes were an established power.

Ibegh, *alias* Eybeck, was the first of the Bahree or Turkish Dynasty. In quick succession a long line of sultans followed, all of whom owed their elevation to the protection and favor of the Mamelukes.

But the terrible method of dealing with unpopular sovereigns which had been introduced in the reign of Tooran-Shah, still remained; and whenever any one of these Mameluke sultans, gave dissatisfaction to his former comrades, he was immediately deposed and slain. In short it was a necessary qualification for the Egyptian

throne that its occupant should rule in conformity with the views of his supporters and make them the constant recipients of his bounty. The penalties of neglecting to do this were well known.

But some of these Sultans had created a new band of Mamelukes, Circassians and Georgians, who were named "Borghees," or Mamelukes *of the Tower*; which name they derived from being employed to garrison the different Egyptian fortresses.

These Borghees, being constantly reinforced from their native country, soon outnumbered the Bahrees, who began to show much jealousy at their prosperity, and distrust of their growing power; while the Borghees on the other hand, could not brook the idea that their rivals should rule over them, who were superior in numbers.

While the feelings of both parties were thus antagonistic, of course no peaceful settlement could possibly be made; and matters went from bad to worse, until at last one of the Sultans who had helped to import these new Mamelukes, had occasion to repent the false policy which had actuated him.

As the Borghees were scattered throughout the different provinces of the realm, it was evident that they could not do very much harm to their rivals unless they combined their forces. But by a preconcerted movement made with this purpose, they at length gained the ascendancy, dethroned the reigning Sultan, and raised their own commander to the throne. This occurred about the year 1387.

The Borghees retained the ascen-



dancy, governing the country with despotic sway for about a century and a half; at the expiration of which time they were in turn subdued by the Ottoman Turks, who made Egypt a dependency of Constantinople.

The Turkish conquest of Egypt occurred in the time of the great Selim, under whose command, in the early part of the sixteenth century, the Turkish troops invaded and ravaged Persia. The Mameluke Sultan having aided the Shah of Persia in this war, Selim took umbrage thereat, and marched with an immense army into Egypt. In a series of battles he broke the power of the Mamelukes, and finally made Egypt a province of Turkey. From that time, the Mamelukes in place of being the masters of the country, became its mere guards, and were employed to support the Turkish governors.

But although the Mamelukes were now subdued, the Turkish Sultan did not consider it politic to deprive them of all power and influence in the government. On the contrary, he allowed them, for reasons of his own, to enjoy certain privileges which enabled them to act as a check on the authority of his representative. Egypt was divided into twenty-four provinces, each of which was given to a Mameluke chief or *Bey*, who, in theory, was subordinate to the Pasha. The *Beys* could moreover elect the Sheik-el-Belled, or Governor of Cairo. This Governorship was the highest office within their reach.

The Mamelukes now amounted to the considerable number of 12,000. They were nearly all from the region lying between the Caspian and Black

Seas. They were brought from their country at an early age, and on their arrival in Egypt were either persuaded or compelled to embrace the creed of Mahomet.

Some were treated as ordinary slaves, and subjected to all sorts of cruelty at the hands of their masters; while others were trained to a soldier's career.

They retained one peculiarity worth noticing, namely, that of refusing to intermarry with any of the races that surrounded them, and of buying wives from among the slaves imported into Egypt from their own country. These women, transplanted from the North into the sunny climate of Egypt, very seldom bore children; and when they did, their offspring was generally sickly, and likely to die at an early age. Few indeed are the instances of the sons of Mamelukes living to enjoy their paternal possessions. The property generally passed from master to slave. Volney even says that when he had occasion to visit Egypt, in the latter part of the last century, not a single family of the second generation could be found there.

Though, as a matter of theory, the Mameluke *Beys* were under the jurisdiction of the Turkish Pasha, still, as they were always intriguing, they finally obtained such power in the administration of affairs that they became virtually the rulers of Egypt. Each of them maintained a numerous retinue of followers, chosen from among his Mameluke brethren; and sometimes amounting to 500 or 600 in number.

The rule of the Mamelukes was

most despotic. Napoleon relates that on halting one day for a short time at the hovel of an Arab, he noticed the squalid appearance of his house, and knowing that the man was rich, asked him why he lived in such a state. He replied that at one time he had lived in a style worthy of his station, but that the Mamelukes had heard of his prosperity, had seized him, dragged him to Cairo, and by means of the bastinado, had compelled him to pay them a sum of money amounting to nearly all he possessed. Since then, he had gained a sufficient sum to keep him in ease and luxury, but he still preferred this mode of life to one in which he would be continually harassed by these despots.

It was by means such as this that the Mamelukes continued to keep their superiority in the country, and to gain the money necessary for carrying on their wars.

War was their chief object. They were trained with the greatest care in all the branches of the military art; and when equipped in their splendid uniforms and, mounted upon their richly caparisoned Arabian steeds, they presented a truly magnificent sight.

And not only did they form one of the finest sights in the world when displaying their skill in manoeuvres of war, but in the field they were like so many lions roused from their lairs by the cravings of hunger.

On the invasion of Egypt by the French, in 1798, the Mamelukes suffered terribly. Many were the battles in which they were engaged; from the storming of Alexandria to the great

battle of the Pyramids. On no occasion however were they thoroughly vanquished; for although they might be routed on one day, they would muster so rapidly as to present a determined front on the next. Their excellent discipline, combined with agility in battle and their splendid horsemanship made them the first cavalry soldiers in the world.

Napoleon first beheld the Mamelukes on his march from Alexandria to Cairo. "The whole plain," says Mr. Scott, "was covered with Mamelukes, mounted on the finest Arabian horses and armed with pistols, carbines and blunderbusses of the best English workmanship—their plumed turbans waving in the air, and their rich dresses and arms glittering in the sun. Entertaining a high contempt for the French troops, as consisting almost entirely of infantry, this barbaric chivalry watched every opportunity for charging them; nor did a single straggler escape the relentless edges of their sabres. Their charge was as swift as the wind; and as their severe bits enabled them to halt, or wheel their horses, at full gallop, their retreat was as rapid as their advance. Even the practised veterans of Italy were at first embarrassed by this new mode of fighting, and lost several men; especially when fatigue caused any one to fall out of the ranks, in which case his fate was certain. But they were soon reconciled to fighting the Mamelukes, when they discovered that each of them carried about with him his fortune, and that it not uncommonly amounted to a considerable sum in gold."

But in order to form a more accu-



rate opinion of their courage, let us see what results attended their charges in the Battle of the Pyramids.

They mustered, on this occasion, all their forces, and charged the French battallions with almost irresistible élan. With Murad Bey at their head, they swept down upon the French at full speed, rushing their horses headlong upon the glittering lines of bayonets that barred their way. Their steel fell upon the opposing steel with deafening noise; while their pistols, useless from having been just discharged, were flung into their enemies' faces.

But all was in vain! Out of their gallant array of seven thousand, only two thousand five hundred survived that disastrous fight.

"Could I have united the Mameluke horse with the French infantry," was the memorable saying of Napoleon on this occasion, "I would have reckoned myself master of the world." This opinion, spontaneously expressed by the conqueror of so many battles, shows how terrific must have been that Mameluke charge.

When the English had driven out the French from Egypt, the Mamelukes regained, in great measure, their former preponderance. About this time, however, they grew weary of Turkish rule; and a civil war in Egypt was the result.

In this war, the Turks, unable to gain any decisive advantage, had recourse to treachery. Twice, after treacherous promises of friendship, did they spill the heart blood of the Mamelukes; but still their detestable course was not successful. At length,

however, a third and more terrible piece of treachery was enacted.

On the 1st of March, 1811, the Pasha, Mehemet Ali, under the pretence of celebrating a great national feast, beguiled four hundred and seventy of their chiefs into the citadel of Cairo, and the gates having been closed, the Albanian soldiers were ordered to fire on them, and an indiscriminate massacre occurred.

Only one of the Beys escaped; and that by the daring expedient of leaping his horse over the wall. He reached the ground, himself, without injury; but his faithful steed was killed by the shock.

Immediately after these events, and before any news of the treachery could be conveyed to the other unsuspecting Mamelukes, a general massacre was ordered, throughout Egypt, and Mameluke corpses blocked the streets of several cities.

Only a few of these unhappy men survived; and these escaped to Nubia, where they founded the town of New Dongola. Here, thinking themselves free from their enemies, they endeavored to perpetuate their power by instructing negroes in all those branches of the military art in which they were themselves so proficient. But in these, from various causes, they failed; and but a few years elapsed, before their number dwindled down to the insignificant figure of *one hundred*. With sorrow they gave up their cherished idea, dispersed, ceasing from this period to exist as a military and political power.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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### "ECHOES."

(By Owlets of the Fifth English.)

AH, Father Owl! The winds blow cold, and "Jack Frost" breathes his chilly breath upon tree and lawn and house-top! Yet for all that, the Owlets still live; and right merrily do we work away.

The nest is well nigh full, good Father. How we love that sacred word *Father!*

And here, while our hearts are warm, we, with just indignation, enter our eternal protest against the vile vulgarity which would substitute "Old Man," "Governor," "Boss," etc., for this beloved title, *Father*. Brother Owlets, let us despise this ungentlemanly manner of addressing our father, and thus set an example worthy of admiration and of imitation.

Pardon the digression! We were about to say, good Father, that though we have not sent you anything for some time, still you must not conclude that we have grown tepid. No; we desired to leave room for other-

more worthy of your kindness, and whose productions would be more pleasing and beneficial to your readers.

We have begun the New Year well, and if our actions do not always merit praise, at least our intention is always the purest and noblest.

And an upright intention is a great thing. This will make our humblest actions good and great.

The diamond is but crystallized coal; and the jasper, emerald, sapphire, ruby, etc., but crystallized clay; and it requires but a very small foreign substance, to change the common crystallized clay into the coveted and brilliant gems. Even so does a pure intention to glorify God, turn all of our common actions into gems which shall shine for eternity! It crystallizes the coal and the clay of our daily labor; and angels gather up, as brilliant pearls, the sweat-drops of the worker who does all for God and his neighbor.



Now, Father Owl, it is with such an intention that we send you these clippings from our class-papers.

The first is from a letter written by *Master H. Dinklage*; and it expresses the sentiments of a genuine *owlet*.—

#### COLLEGE LIFE.

"How glad we all should be to dwell inside these college walls.

Why should we not be contented here? 'Tis true "there is no place like home;" but we cannot always be at home; and our parents would not love us wisely if they were to keep us there.

We want knowledge; we need education; but these are found within the college walls.

We are not wise enough yet to comprehend the use of being thus locked up during what seems to us to be the best part of life; but I think we shall be hereafter thankful to our parents for having sent us to college, and grateful to our teachers for hav-

ing compelled us to study. \* \* \*

I have attended several colleges, but this one suits me better than any other. If we do not know our lessons we are punished; this causes some boys to grumble. Now that is not the way to take things. A boy who does so will never get along well at school. Such catastrophes must happen; and the wisest way is never to make any remarks, but calmly and peacefully to take things as they come. Yes, Father Owl: no true owlet growls and fusses over every little trouble that comes in his way. If he does, he will prepare much unhappiness for himself; and he will never be a great man."

Owlet Dinklage is philosophic not only in word but in deed also; few ever saw him in a hurry, and fewer in an angry mood.

We cannot refrain from presenting a short extract from one of the "Competitions" which are written as test exercises once a week in each class. This will give you an idea of how some of the owlets take hold of grammar.

Not long since the teacher gave us the following sentence to correct:—

"*I shall die; and no one shall help me.*"

It is truly astonishing to witness the genius displayed by these mere fledgelings; some one of whom may yet take the last laurel from Murray's brow. As it may both interest and gratify the intelligent readers of *THE OWL*, (and this epithet includes them *all*,) we shall give a few of the res-

ponses:—

No. 1.—*I will die and no one shall help me!*

No. 2.—*I will die and no one will help me!*

No. 3.—*I can die and no one shall help me!*

No. 4.—*I will die and no one can help me!*

No. 5.—*I will die if no one helps me!*

No. 6.—*I might die and no one shall help me!*

No. 7.—*I should die and no one would help me!*

No. 8.—*I may die and no one will help me!*

No. 9.—*I shall die and no one shall help me!*

No. 10.—*I shall die and no one will help me!*

Choose, friends! For you are free when doctors disagree.

Variety pleases: Hear then the voice of a good little French owlet, *Master Edward Auzevais*, who relates

"An Amusing Incident" which happened in his own loved France.

#### AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

On great feasts, in France, there are many kinds of *races*.

I was once present at one of the races. It was an *ass race*, which took place in a large field before an immense assemblage.

The first signal for starting was given by a loud blast from the band which was on the grounds. This noise scared the asses so much that the riders could scarcely hold them. At that moment only two asses were present on the field; but as the last sign was about to be given, an old man who was standing by, ran to the band and begged them to wait a moment. They did so; and in about five minutes after, they saw the old man coming back at full speed on an old white donkey. As he came up, he said, "I believe my old Jack can win the prize."

When all were ready to start, the sign was given, and the asses started, running and jumping with all their force, in their efforts to throw their riders off.

When they came to the middle of the field they had to jump over a large ditch. One of them stopped short and would not cross; and notwithstanding the efforts of his rider he ran back to the crowd. The

others cleared the ditch, and continued on their way.

The old white Jack was now far behind; but when they arrived at the end of the field, the one that was ahead would not turn back; and as the rider was whipping him too much he lay down. When the rider saw him down he would not jump off till the ass began to roll. This forced him to leave the saddle; and no sooner did our cunning friend find his burden gone, than up he sprang, and started again in the race, with all his might and main. Still he could not overtake the white Jack before he had reached the winning-post. So old Jack won the prize and was crowned victor, amid the acclamations of the people, who cried out, "He deserves it; for he has been very obedient."

So Jack departed looking very much pleased, and seemingly conscious of having done something glorious; and as he trotted off the field he returned the acclamations of the people by several loud and musical notes:—"Hee-ah! Hee-ah! Hee-ah! Hee-ah! Oh-h—a—w!"

And, owlet as I am, I cannot help remarking that I think the spirit of obedience will guide us *all* to victory.

We have another owlet from La Belle France, *Master L. Lemoine*, and in a composition describing his "First Day at Santa Clara," we find this little morsel:—

"I thought that *No* meant *Yes*. So, when I went to supper, a boy passed me a dish, and I, wishing for

some of its contents, said *No*; and when another was offered me I said *No* again. I did not find out my mistake till supper was nearly over and it was too late. I left the supper-table so hungry, that I did not sleep much that night, but often dreamt of "*Yes*" and "*No*."



Who has not read of "Jack the Giant Killer," of "The Dragon Slayers," etc.? But we think few persons know that we have, not far from Santa Clara, a Monster,—a Seven-Headed Dragon.

Don't laugh, reader! We copy the following from the composition of

*Carlos Argüello*, who certainly would not wilfully lead you astray. Gird on your armor, ye young heroes; and away to the mountains! Make them glorious by your heroic exploits! And Father Owl will chronicle your deeds and hand them down to generations yet unborn:—

#### A STRANGE ANIMAL.

\* \* \* The two hunters heard a rumbling noise, like distant thunder. They paused; and one of them said, "Perhaps some house is near by, and the noise proceeds thence."

The noise stopped for a while, but soon began again, and then stopped a second time.

In about ten minutes they saw a hideous thing, like a serpent, crawling towards them.

It looked something like a serpent, and the men thought it was one.

As soon as they saw it they dropped their rifles and ran away; as they thought it was coming after them. One indeed was going to shoot at it;

but as he saw the other retreating, he ran also.

One of the guns went off as it struck the ground; and the noise frightened the monster; and as it crawled away, the men heard the same loud noise as before.

Not long ago, a man that had charge of my brother's ranch, saw the same monster. He went one day to a creek, to get some water; and he saw it upon the top of a hill. He described it as having seven heads and a lizard's body.

This is not related as a fable, but as a fact. What the monster is I know not.

Be this true or be it false, a wee fledgling at our elbow says, "Father Owl, I know where there is a real seven-headed dragon; and he does his work of death day after day."

"Where, my child?" asks Father Owl.

"To-day he is in a little book, Father, which a bad boy hides from his teacher. To-morrow he is concealed among some pictures which that boy has in his little tin box. Another day, he comes forth; this bad boy is his mouth-piece; and, while

he speaks, death enters the souls of the innocent, and they become black and soon die the saddest of deaths: the death of sin." Oh, (sad to say!) this monster has many friends! But if we attend faithfully to our duties, we shall conquer him and rescue them. Let us not fear him, nor his agents, but be ever mindful of the presence of God, Whose eyes are always upon us, and Whose grace is always with the humble, pure and faithful.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### Editor's Table.

#### *Ourselves.*

“Oh wad some God the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as ithers see us !”

ON the principle of beginning with the least important topic, we are going to say a few words just here about our humble selves—or rather about a certain moral defect which a contemporary attributes to us.

“THE OWL, of Santa Clara, California,” says our friend the *University Reporter*, of Iowa, “is equal to the average of college publications; but it unworthily assumes an air of perfection which we think detracts largely from its merit.”

Well: certainly no God has hitherto given us the “giftie” to see ourselves in the light in which we appear to the *Reporter*; but since it must certainly be that some remark or remarks of ours have led him so to regard us, we are not going to follow the conventional course for such cases made and provided, and fly into a literary passion with our worthy mentor. We will not even attempt to lessen the force of his remark by quoting any of the laudatory references to THE OWL, which we have noticed so frequently of late in the columns of our exchanges.

One thing only let us say—for it may account to some extent, perhaps, for the impression which we seem to have made on our contemporary's editorial mind—viz.: that inasmuch as we are Catholics, we have the advantage of *absolute certainty* on a great many important topics more or less connected with every-day life—particularly educational life—on which non Catholics have no guidance whatever. But this certainty of ours is the result *not* of self-conceit, but on the contrary, of self-submission. We recognize a higher authority than that of our individual opinion; we bow to it because, being divine, it is infallible; and when the principles which it teaches conflict in



any way with the popular theories of the day, we uphold those principles with a decision of tone which may have seemed, perhaps, to the *University Reporter*, like "unworthy assumption."

If we have afforded any other grounds than this for the animadversions of our contemporary, we have certainly not done so intentionally. It is far enough from our thoughts to "assume an air of perfection" to which we are fully conscious that we have no claim, and which would moreover be, of itself, irrefutable evidence of *imperfection*.

For all this, however, and notwithstanding that we will bear the *Reporter's* hint in mind, we shall continue to take the freedom which all free Americans take, viz.: that of expressing our opinions in the style which our own judgment may dictate.

### *Notes on Exchanges.*

AMONG the other good qualities of our fellow labourer the *Index Niagarensis*, we have always noticed with special appreciation, its soundness on the ecclesiastical music question. We had thought that the *Index*, with as great a love of the ancient music as we ourselves cherish, and with more knowledge of it than we possess, was fighting with some degree of success the battle for its restoration. And we should like to think so still. But when we turn to the account of the "Palestrinian Concert" which our contemporary so warmly praises, expecting not unnaturally real Palestrinian music, what do we find? "Such names," says the Editor, "as Mendelssohn, Haydn, Weber, and Rossini, in one small programme, will give a true idea of the spirit and tone of the whole concert to those who had not the happiness of being present." But,—ὦ πόποι!—if those were the names of the composers, in what imaginable sense can the concert be called "Palestrinian?" Explain, good *Index*, or we shall think your "Palestrinian Society" must have been so named on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*.

THE sight of the respectable brown cover of the *Yale Lit.* always gives us pleasure, for we are sure of finding something within that is worth reading, and equally sure that its articles will be, distinctively, the production of *gentlemen*.

A SIMILAR remark, *mutatis mutandis*, may be made with regard to the *Vassar Miscellany*, which is so continuously good as to make our quarterly repetitions of praise seem somewhat monotonous. Had we time and space, we might relieve this monotony by entering on a more particular criticism of its contents; but in the few lines which we can devote to it this month, such criticism cannot be attempted. Owls can hardly be expected to say pretty

things to young ladies; or we might have disputed for the "Pretty Things Prize," with the happy editors of the *Williams Review*. By the bye, why do we receive nothing from "Williams?" What have we done?

WE are indebted to Mr. J. Moulton, Publisher of New York, for "Schem's Statistics of the World," a very useful and comprehensive work of reference, bringing its varied information up to November, 1873.

THE second number of the *College Miscellany* (from Washington College, Alameda Co., Cal.,) has lately reached us; but the remarks which we might otherwise have made on it, are suddenly checked by the presence of a great sorrow. Just as we go to press we observe in the columns of the *San José Mercury*, the following shocking and deeply saddening piece of intelligence:—

On Monday evening, some of the students of Washington College, Alameda Co., Cal., who had just returned from hunting, were looking over the game in the hall of the building, when a gun that had been inadvertently left with a load in it, being handled by one of the party, was discharged, the contents taking effect in the thigh of young Harmon, a lad about fourteen years old, son of the Principal of the institution. The thigh was completely shattered and the artery severed. He died in about twenty minutes. Though very sad the consequence, it appears that the affair was purely accidental.

We beg our young friends of the *Miscellany*, to express for us to their respected Principal and to Mrs. Harmon, the earnest and deep sympathy which we feel for them in this terrible hour of their trial. We know well enough how poor a solace to the bereaved mourners are such expressions of sympathy from those around them; and yet, surely, the *absence* of sympathy would make their weight of grief still heavier to bear. For this reason, therefore, we yield to the impulse of our feelings, and strangers though we are, venture respectfully to add our condolences to those of their own pupils. Of higher sources of consolation it would be an impertinence for us to speak.

THE *Berkeleyan*, immediately after referring to the *Chronicle*, of the University of Michigan, asserts in the most unblushing manner, that its "*next nearest neighbor is THE OWL!*" Now this singular geographical hallucination surely cannot be laid to the charge of the Atlases in use at our State University. Still less can it be the fault of the Professors; who are certainly competent to teach the geography of the United States correctly. Are the editors of the *Berkeleyan* in fault then? Impossible! Our contemporary must have taken a draught, unawares, from some geographical *Læthe*, and whilst remembering many things which he might advantageously forget, must have forgotten just one which it would have been good for his reputation to remember.

Yes, gentlemen of the *Berkeleyan*; we agree with you that our name, THE



OWL, is "most appropriate." We can see, even in the dark, what you keep stumbling over by daylight; to wit, the illogical absurdity of the modern notion that it is possible to teach Christianity without a creed. Be logical, gentlemen; be straightforward! Give up maundering about Xtianity. If this enlightened age has found out that the Xtian religion is false, and you agree with the age, say so, like men; and have done with it! But don't talk to us about that solution of *all* religions in milk and water, which your would-be liberals dub by the name of "unsectarianism."

We leave the topic for the present; but we may possibly recur to it. Nor shall we ask the *Berkeleyan's* leave before doing so. Indeed, there is probably something to be gained, on one or both sides, by discussions between college-journals of different views; and we shall always be glad to hear what the *Berkeleyan* may have to say on this or any other subject—except geography. We have perused its present number with much pleasure, and can assure its editors that we take all their little hits in good part.

THE following is the list of the various Exchanges received by us since our last issue:—

JOURNALS.

- Salesianum*, Seminary of St. Francis of Sales, Milwaukee Co., Wisconsin.  
*Olivet Ohio*, Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan.  
*University Reporter*, Iowa State University, Iowa City, Iowa.  
*Western Collegian*, Ohio Wesleyan University, and Ohio Wesleyan Female College, Delaware, Ohio.  
*Berkeleyan*, University of California, Berkeley, Cal.  
*College Journal*, Georgetown College, Georgetown, D.C.  
*Triad*, Upper Iowa University, Fayette, Iowa.  
*Iowa Classic*, Iowa Wesleyan University, Mount Pleasant, Iowa.  
*Tripod*, North Western University, Evanston, Ill.  
*Dalhousie Gazette*, Dalhousie College and University, Halifax, Nova Scotia.  
*Magenta*, Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.  
*Harvard Advocate*, ditto ditto.  
*Trinity Tablet*, Trinity College, Hartford, Con.  
*College Herald*, University of Lewisburg, Lewisburg, Penn.  
*Delaware College Advance*, Delaware College, Newark, Del.  
*Scholastic*, Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana.  
*Index Niagarensis*, Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, New York.  
*Bowdoin Orient*, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.  
*University Press*, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.  
*Annalist*, Albion College, Albion, Michigan.  
*College News Letter*, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.  
*College Days*, Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.

*Westminster Monthly*, Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.  
*University Missourian*, State University, Mo.  
*College Spectator*, Union College, Union University, Schenectady, N. Y.  
*College Ohio*, Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio.  
*Chronicle*, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.  
*Central Collegian*, Central College, Fayette, Mo.

## MAGAZINES.

*Bates Student*, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.  
*Yale Literary Magazine*, Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut.  
*Hamilton Literary Monthly*, Hamilton College, Clinton, New York  
*Virginia University Magazine*, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.  
*Vassar Miscellany*, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York.  
*Alumni Journal*, Illinois Western University, Bloomington, Illinois.  
*College Miscellany*, Washington College, Alameda County, California.

Besides the above we have received several *outside* exchanges, the names of which we need not here recapitulate.

\*.\* Certain well-known and welcome journals are "conspicuous by their absence" from the above list: some, no doubt, because their periods of publication or other chance circumstances have prevented their reaching us in this particular interval of time; but others for reasons of which we are ignorant.

It may be well to repeat what we said when the new postal regulations came into effect, viz: that we shall always be happy to prepay copies of THE OWL sent to those of our exchanges who will reciprocate the courtesy.

**Clippings from Contemporaries.**

It would be a good idea to encourage fish to write poetry. We have seen some capital fish lines.—*What Next*. And we have seen some lines more "fishy" than capital, elaborated even within the classic shades of Santa Clara College.—[Ed. OWL.]

A bad omen—To owe men money.—*Id*

The cup that neither cheers nor inebriates—The hic-cup.—*Id*.

A coroner's jury in California verdicted thus on the body of a well-known drunkard: "Accidental death while unpacking a glass."—*Berkleyan*.

What is the champion conundrum—Life; because everybody has to give it up.—*Id*.

*Scene in a Recitation Room*—*Prof.*—"The ancient Egyptians were in the habit of sacrificing red-headed girls to the devil." *Auburn haired Student*—"What did they do with the red-beared boys?" *Prof.*—"They supposed that they would go of their own accord." Auburn-haired student subsides.—*University Press (Madison, Wis.)*



Particle doesn't get up conundrums, but he has a friend who has the sole right in that line; here are his latest inventions: No. 1.—“What tribe of Indians first adopted chess?” “Why, the *Paven-ees* of course.” No. 2.—“Why did they do it?” “To show their *Ingin-nity*, to be sure.—*Trinity Tablet*.

*Teacher*—“Who was the first man?” *Head Scholar*—“Washington; he was first in war, first in—” *Teacher*—“No, no; Adam was the first man.” *Head Scholar*—“Oh, if you are speaking of foreigners, I s'pose he was.”—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

Lately at a certain dinner table a gentleman remarked that A——, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting to be more circumspect. “Yes,” replied Judge Hoar, “he has reached the superlative of life. He began by seeking to get *on*, then he sought to get *honor*, and now he is trying to get *honest*.—*Catholic Register*.

Case of kidnapping—Young goat asleep.—*Virginia University Magazine*.

How to consume time—Eat dates.—*Id.*

Two popular sovereigns—Smo-King and jo-King.—*Id.*

*Prof.*—(to student in philosophy class)—“How are hot springs formed?”

*Student*—“By water running over heated rocks.”

*Prof.*—“How are the rocks heated?”

*Student*—“By eternal fires.”

*Prof.*—“Yes; and so will you be.”—*Central Collegian*.

A baby was born on a street railway in St. Louis. If it is a boy, it ought to be christened Hos-car.—*N. Y. World*. But as it's a girl, the mother has determined to call it Car'line.—*Courier-Journal*.

THE VINEGAR POLYP—A very singular present has been recently made to the aquarium of the Jardin d'Acclimation at Paris. It is a medusa polyp, which on the day after its entry into the pool assigned to it, had created a void around it, and had skilfully got rid of all its neighbors. How? This was a mystery until the water of the pool had been analysed. It was then found that the water had been converted into a solution of vinegar. It was apparent that the mollusc was one of those very rare ones, the vinegar polyp, the body of which, when plunged into pure water, gives presently a strongly-characterised acetic solution. The nature of this animal is very curious; it produces alcohol, which it transforms into vinegar. The poisonous mollusc was of course quickly withdrawn, and put in clarified vinegar in a closed jar, where it will pursue undisturbed the economical manufacture of vinegar.—*London Weekly Dispatch*.

The other day an Arkansas man named Mellon swam the Mississippi River where it was a mile wide. He must have wanted people to take him for a water-Mellon.—*Georgetown College Journal*.

## Idle Notes

ACCORDING to the usual custom of Santa Clara, the natal anniversary of the "Father of his country" was duly celebrated in the College Hall; and, as usual, the audience was large and fashionable.

The military decoration of the stage was a novelty in the College, and had a magnificent and very pleasing effect. The idea originated in the fertile mind of Mr. W. B. Wilson, and its success was due to his efforts. Immediately behind the bust of Washington, which occupied the centre of the stage, he constructed a large military star, of about thirty sabres and bayonets, which was nearly five feet in diameter. Several standards were draped around it; and at its foot he placed two stands of arms. The light, reflected from the polished surfaces of the weapons upon the flags and bust, produced a brilliant effect. Washington, as a military man, was certainly very appropriately honored by a military trophy of this kind.

The programme of the evening was well arranged and carried out, and just short enough to make the exercises agreeable and pleasant without the least tendency to monotony.

The first speaker was Master L. Palmer who delivered the "Introductory." The young gentleman's remarks were appropriate and well expressed, and did him much credit.

Mr. H. B. Peyton's oration entitled "Past and Present," was a fine production. He compared in his usual vivid style the honesty, integrity and patriotism of Washington, Jefferson, and their fellow-laborers, with the theft and fraud of the modern tribe of officeholders, "the money changers in the temple." We should like to make an extended criticism, but space forbids. Suffice it to say that the gentleman on this occasion excelled all his previous efforts.

Then came a pleasing feature of the entertainment, "Haydn's Serenade," on three violins and a violoncello, by Prof. E. Gramm, and Messrs. J. Burling, P. Mallon and A. Saufrignon. The music was so soft that we doubt whether it could have been heard at the farther end of the Hall; yet all who did hear it deemed it exquisite, as indeed it was.

Mr. W. P. Veuve was then introduced and delivered a very pleasing poem entitled "Reconciled in Death." The incident of which it was descriptive occurred during the late Rebellion. His delivery was forcible and varied, and deserving of credit.



Another treat in the musical line was the violin solo of Prof. E. Gramm. Comment would be useless, and indeed almost presumptuous, the gentleman's talent as a violinist being well-known.

Of Mr. James Dunne's oration on the subject "Misdirected Efforts," which our readers will find in this number, we leave them to judge. We will only say that his excellent elocution, added to the good composition of his speech had a marked effect upon the audience.

Then followed a dialogue entitled "The Boy of 1746," written by Mr. H. B. Peyton, for the Junior Dramatic Society. The dialogue, besides being very interesting and well-written, was also well-delivered.

"Squire Washington," George's father, was impersonated by Master C. McClatchy, with the genuine dignity and gravity of the old colonial father. But Master W. B. Schofield carried off the most laurels; for everybody was lavish of praises in his behalf. His self-possession and animation were wonderful, for one so small and young. Master James Enright made a capital "Farmer Hobson." The two rogues "Charley Green" and "Peter Smith," who vainly attempted to induce George to go on a marauding expedition with them into Farmer Hobson's orchard, were well personated by James Smith and Willie Davis respectively. "Sam," who hailed from the dusky shores of Ethiopia, was a character well rendered by B. Brisac. "Rob. Meyers," by A. Muller was likewise good.

In the farce "A Race for a Dinner," by the Senior Dramatic Society, Mr. Peyton again attracted favorable notice. He is undoubtedly deserving of much praise for his excellent rendering of the character of "Sponge." His costume was a good make-up, and his tall pointed hat and "goatee" beard gave him that peculiar "lean and hungry look" which so well suited his character.

Mr. Jules Burling had at last been prevailed upon to throw aside his habitual timidity (?) with regard to public appearances; and he now therefore made his debut upon the stage in character. We only wonder that he was never prevailed upon to do this before; since his personation of "Doric, the retired merchant" was easy, graceful and creditable. Oh no, Jules! It won't do here, for you to impersonate the sentiment of the well-known lines—"Full many a flower, etc., etc."

The rendering of the part of "Measureton, the architect;" the intended son-in-law of Mr. Doric, by James F. Dunne, was lively and animated: indeed, nearly faultless.

Our old friend, Mr. Mallon, as "Feedwell," the innkeeper, seemed "to the manner born," and presented quite a genial and host-like appearance. Concerning his elocution, we are incapable of judging; since his voice was not loud enough to reach our ears. What we did hear, however, ("Coming directly, sir!") was excellent.

Messrs. N. F. Brisac and L. Winston as "Dalton" and "Lovell," respectively, did full justice to the respective characters.

Mr. Morrison, as "Frank," was very good.

The debut of Mr. Enright, as "The Waiter," was as promising as his exit (urged by a gentle reminder from "Sponge"), was unceremonious.

Mr. Durbin, as the "Bailiff," was so *officer-like* as to leave no doubt that he could have triumphantly "passed the examination" in San Francisco for admission into the police force.

Troughout the entertainment selections of music were given by the College Brass Band in its usual artistic style.

After the entertainment, and the subsequent collation in the Refectory, the members of the Senior Dramatic Society adjourned to the Chaplain's Room, where some time was spent in conversation; Rev. Father Pinasco in the chair. At length Mr. Peyton arose, and in a neat speech presented Mr. J. A. Waddell with an appropriate present, as a token of the esteem in which the gentleman was held. Mr. Waddell replied in a few short and feeling remarks, thanking the Society for this proof of their kindness and esteem, and assuring them of his warmest friendship. After this agreeable little episode all retired to the dormitory, conscious of having spent a most pleasant evening; in which opinion we flatter ourselves that our visitors are likely to coincide.

We cannot let this occasion pass without mentioning the magnificent dinner with which the Students were furnished, in honor of our nation's hero. The rapidity with which the tables were lightened of their load, and the full justice done to the meal, signified, in our opinion, that the kindness of the Faculty was not unappreciated.

The Ætna B. B. C. has re-elected the following officers for the ensuing half-session:—Vice-President, J. F. Dunne; Recording Secretary, L. C. Winston; Corresponding Secretary, J. Burling; Treasurer, T. Durbin; Captain First Nine, A. L. Veuve; Captain Second Nine, G. Gray. For many years has this club held, not only the championship of the College, but also that of the county; and this action seems to signify that they intend to maintain their high position.

WE have heard of the organization of several base-ball clubs among the students of a neighboring college, who have shown themselves more interested in the national game, than we ourselves have been lately. Should they ever wish to contest the championship in the field with our veterans, we think that the latter would own their "weakness," and allow their opponents some share of victory. The "Ætnas" are ready, we are sure, to extend to you the hand of fellowship, O "Lightfoot Xcelsiors!" (Phœbus! What a name!)

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## TABLE OF HONOR

*Credits for the month of January as read on Wednesday, February 3, 1873.*

## CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

- 1s Class—H. Bowie 75, W. Cardwell 75, C. Ebner 80, C. McClatchy 80, J. Machado 70  
L. Palmer 75, A. Pierotich 70, J. F. Smith 80, R. Soto 80, B. Yorba 80.
- 2p Class—J. Aguirre 73, A. Bandini 85, J. Callaghan 72, V. Clement 71, P. Colombet  
70, J. Enright 73, R. Enright 74, T. Hanley 75, W. Harrison 70, J. Hudner 74, J.  
McKinnon 76, G. Norris 70, F. Scully 72, G. Seifert 73, R. Sheridan 90, J. E.  
Smith 84, W. Smith 80, G. Taylor 73, T. Tully 90, J. F. Walsh 100.
- 3d Class—E. Auzerais 100, G. Barron 100, A. Bowie 100, F. Cavagnaro 70, J. Cava-  
gnaro 70, J. Chretien 100, J. Cima 90, J. De la Cruz 90, R. De la Vega 100, A.  
Dinklage 90, T. Dowell 100, T. Ebner 100, A. Garasche 100, D. Harvey 90, E.  
Holden 100, J. Meyers 75, C. Miles 98, C. Moore 90, A. Müller 97, P. Murphy 100,  
E. O'Connor 90, J. Olcese 100, O. Oreña 99, E. Pierson 75, W. Proctor 100, L.  
Pruzzo 95, W. Schofield 100, W. Randall 80.

## SPANISH CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

- J. Franklin 100, V. Ugarte 100, A. Loweree 90, Aug. Den 70, F. Chavez 70, R. Pico 70

## MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

- J. Burling 70, W. Hereford 70, A. Veuve 70, W. Veuve 70.

## NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

- N. F. Brisac 72, W. Hereford 70, T. Tully 80, J. Walsh 85.

## ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY

- J. Dunne 70, T. Durbin 73, W. Howard 76, T. Morrison 72, T. Tully 82, J. Walsh 98,  
L. Winston 71, W. Hereford 96.

## ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

- N. F. Baisac 96, J. Burling 96.

## MATHEMATICS

- 1st Class—J. Cardwell 70, C. Ebner 70.

- 2d Class—N. F. Brisac 95, J. Burling 90, J. F. Dunne 83, W. T. Gray 100, W. S.  
Hereford 95, W. B. Howard 96, T. Morrison 95, H. B. Peyton 94, J. T. Walsh  
100, L. C. Winston 92, T. Tully 92.

- 3d Class—B. Brisac 80, V. Clement 95, G. Gray 70, J. Hermann 100, C. McClatchy  
100, A. McCone 70, G. H. Roundey 95, R. Soto 100, B. Yorba 90.

## GREEK.

- 2d Class—W. T. Gray 80, H. B. Peyton 90, W. Veuve 100.

- 3d Class—L. C. Winston 72, J. T. Walsh 70.

- 4th Class—C. Ebner 80, R. Soto 80, B. Yorba 70.

- 5th Class—R. Arguello 70, J. Callaghan 78, J. Ebner 78, J. Hermann 98, L. Partridge  
78, J. Smith 88, T. Tully 70, C. W. Quilty 88.

## LATIN.

- 2d Class—J. Cardwell 75, C. Ebner 70, W. Gray 75, T. Morrison 80, H. Peyton 90,  
W. Veuve 90, L. Winston 85.

- 3d Class—G. Gray 70, R. Soto 90.

- 4th Class—J. Herman 70, J. Smith 70, B. Yorba 80.

- 5th Class—J. Aguirre 71, J. Bernal 70, J. Chavez 70, V. M. Clement 70, J. Ebner 78,  
J. J. Kelly, 70, J. Machado 70, A. McCone 70, L. Partridge 75, T. Tully 72, C.  
Quilty 90.

## RHETORIC.

- 1st Class—N. F. Brisac 90, W. Cardwell 75, T. Durbin 84, W. T. Gray 73, C. McClat-  
chy 71, L. C. Winston 73.

- 2d Class—W. B. Howard 79, H. Martin 72, L. Partridge 71, R. Soto 81, T. Tully 72,  
J. Walsh 81, B. Yorba 76.

## GRAMMAR.

- 1st Class—J. Aguirre 75, V. Clement 76, W. Davis 100, J. Enright 95, R. Enright 70, J. Franklin 100, G. B. Gray 85, G. Norris 80, O. Orena 70, A. Pierotich 75, V. Sears 70, J. Smith 100, Jos. E. Smith 70, W. Smith 70.
- 2d Class—J. Chavez 70, J. De la Cruz 88, T. Dowell 80, F. Ebner 73, H. Freudenthal 76, A. Garesche 70, T. Hanley 70, W. Harrison 70, G. Hopkins 74, G. Miles 76, J. Moss 76, C. Quilty 86, J. Sanroman 70, W. Schofield 72, R. Sheridan 79, E. Stanton 80, G. Taylor 80, C. Welti 75, X. Yorba 79.
- 3d Class—A. Becker 72, A. Bowie 74, F. Burling 75, J. Cina 72, P. Concannon 70, H. Farmer 85, E. Holden 70, M. Hoffman 74, W. Hopkins 70, E. Lamolle 73, R. Paredes 75, F. Sanchez 70, F. Shafer 90, A. Spence 72, L. Souc 76.

## FRENCH.

- 1st Class—O. Orena 70, L. Pinard 72, R. Soto 75.
- 2d Class—A. Bandini 85, J. Bernal 75, F. Chavez 80.
- 3d Class—J. Callaghan 76, W. Davis 98, R. De la Vega 90, T. Dowell 98, G. Gray 76, W. Gray 99.

## SPANISH.

- 1st Class—J. Herman 70.
- 3d Class—J. Hudner 70, L. Partridge 80, E. Stanton 75.

## GERMAN.

- N. F. Brisac 75, C. Ebner 100, F. Ebner 90, L. Pruzzo 75, X. Yorba 95.

## ITALIAN.

- F. Cavagnaro 70, T. Cavagnaro 70, J. Olcese 70, A. Pierotich 70, V. Spinetto 70.

## ARITHMETIC.

- 1st Class—H. Bowie 70, J. Cavagnaro 70, P. Colombet 75, W. Davis 70, J. Enright 96, J. Hudner 85, J. J. Kelly 76, P. Mallon 75, J. C. Moss 74, G. Norris 95, A. Pierotich 70, F. Scully 75, J. Smith 95, W. Smith 80, L. Wolter 70, C. Quilty 95.
- 2d Class—E. Auzeais 85, T. Dowell 90, J. Franklin 80, H. Freudenthal 97, C. Hoffmann 70, H. Hughes 70, A. Loweree 70, O. Orena 75, W. Schofield 95, W. Sears 75, J. Sheridan 70, Jos. Smith 70, C. Stanton 70, G. Taylor 83, X. Yorba 70, T. Cleaves 70, G. Trenought 78, C. Welti 75.
- 3d Class—A. Arriola 95, J. Auzeais 72, A. Den 70, H. Dinklage 85, F. Ebner 98, T. Hanley 70, C. Miles 79, C. Moore 70, A. Müller 70, J. Olcese 98, E. Pierson 98, G. Proctor 98, G. Seifert 70, V. Versalovich 98, J. Donahue 98, J. Hanck 70, D. Jones 70, C. Welti 70.

## BOOK-KEEPING.

- 1st Class—H. Bowie 90, J. Cavagnaro 70, P. Colombet 75, T. Durbin 77, C. Ebner 80, A. McCone 70, T. Morrison 80, A. Pierotich 70, G. H. Roundey 90, B. Yorba 92.
- 2d Class—J. Aguirre 70, E. Auzeais 95, J. Bernal 70, D. Berta 90, V. Clement 95, W. Davis 95, R. Enright 85, W. Furman 70, J. J. Kelly 70, C. McClatchy 95, J. F. Smith 95, G. Taylor 70, C. Welti 80, L. Wolter 70, X. Yorba 85.
- 3d Class—A. Bandini 76, R. Brisac 87, J. Cavagnaro 70, T. Dowell 100, F. Ebner 75, H. Freudenthal 98, A. Garesche 80, W. Harrison 86, J. Hudner 93, H. M. Hughes 70, F. Lacoste 71, G. Lomoiné 72, C. O. Miles 70, J. C. Moss 97, J. Olcese 93, O. Orena 78, L. Palmer 80, J. Perrier 80, E. Pierson 75, W. C. Proctor 78, W. Randall 95, F. Scully 72, W. Sears 72, R. S. Sheridan 92, E. Stanton 90, L. Vella 78, A. Ygual 87, F. Cleaves 83, C. Quilty 100, A. Loweree 94.

## READING AND SPELLING.

- 1st Class—V. Clement 70, W. Davis 100, T. Dowell 100, J. Franklin 95, C. Gambill 75, J. Hanley 73, W. Harrison 70, G. Hopkins 70, J. Hudner 100, H. Hughes 80, C. Miles 70, A. Muller 90, P. Murphy 72, A. Pierotich 95, F. Scully 70, W. Smith 70, C. Stanton 95, L. Vella 70, L. Wolter 70, X. Yorba 75, J. Day 100, F. Farmer 70, J. C. Smith 70.
- 3d Class—A. Becker 70, J. Bowie 70, J. Cavagnaro 70, J. De la Cruz 85, R. De la Vega 96, Aug. Den 70, H. Dinklage 70, A. Garesche, 80, J. Harvey 75, W. Hopkins 70, C. J. Hoffman 93, G. Markham 75, J. McKinnon 95, C. Moore 70, J. Murphy 70, J. Olcese 85, E. Pierson 90, L. Pruzzo 70, F. Sanchez, 78, G. Seifert 70, S. Sheridan 88, J. Bonnett 80, J. Donahue 90, H. Farmer 88, F. Hanck 75, T. Leahy 80, G. Murphy 85, R. Paredes 70, G. Shafer 85, T. Donahue 70.



3d Class—D. Berta 80, F. Cavagnaro 70, W. Gilbert 76, E. Holden 71, M. S. Hoffman 96, M. Pico 76, W. Randall 79, R. Remus 78, L. Souc 78, H. Thompson 76, V. Varsalovich 75, A. Ygual 74, H. Jeantrout 73, D. Jones 85, F. Shafer 98, Ed. Welti 79, M. Ylisaliturri 75.

## ELOCUTION

1st Class—C. Ebner 73, T. Morrison 70, L. C. Winston 70.

2d Class—J. Callaghan 70, L. Palmer 71, T. Tully 70, R. Wallace 80, J. Walsh 70.

3d Class—G. Barron 70, J. D. Harvey 70, G. Lamoine 75, G. Markham 70, J. McKinnon 80, A. Muller 80, J. Olcese 70, L. Vella 70.

4th Class—T. Dowell 86, W. Schofield 78, J. Perrier 70.

## PENMANSHIP.

1st Class—J R Arguello 81, J. Auzerais 70, J. Bernal 77, D. Berta 75, W. Cardwell 75, V. Clement 71, A. L. Den 72, J. A. Day 75, R. Enright 70, S. Franklin 74, T. Hanley 72, G. H. Hopkins 70, C. Huffman 71, A. Loweree 74, J. Machado 77, J. Norris 81, R. Remus 82, J. Sanroman 73, R. De la Vega 82.

2d Class—E. Auzerais 75, C. Arguello 75, F. Chavez 72, J. Chretien 75, J. Cavagnaro 70, H. Christin 75, F. Cleaves 74, H. Dinklage 71, A. H. Den 72, P. Debauge 72, W. Furman 74, J. Harvey 75, W. Harrison 70, G. Markham 75, J. C. Moss 70, J. Olcese 75, J. Pulsifer 71, L. Pruzzo 90, W. Proctor 71, G. H. Roundey 71, W. Schofield 75, J. F. Smith 70, L. Souc 71, F. Shafer 71, T. Tully 72, A. Young 70.

3d Class—A. Bowie 74, F. Burling 70, A. Becker 72, J. Cima 70, P. Cannon 73, T. Donahue 70, H. Farmer 70, A. Garesche 73, M. Huffman 74, E. Holden 70, P. Murphy 70, J. C. McKinnon 70, G. Murphy 73, C. E. Stanton 71, W. Smith 72, G. H. Shafer 73, W. Trenouth 70.

## DRAWING.

A. Arriola 90, J. Auzerais 75, D. Berta 100, B. Brisac 70, F. Burling 70, V. Clement 85, P. Mallon 80, A. Pierotich 100, R. Remus 85, J. Sanroman 80,

## PIANO.

H. Powie 80, C. Ebner 80, W. Randall 75, V. Vidaurreta 75, W. Gray 75, A. Loweree 75, T. Hanley 75, F. Gambert 70, W. Gilbert 70, R. Spence 70.

## VIOLIN.

W. Davis 75, R. Enright 80, G. Gray 95, W. Sears 95, T. Morrison 85, J. Burling 95, P. Mallon 80, A. Spence 86.

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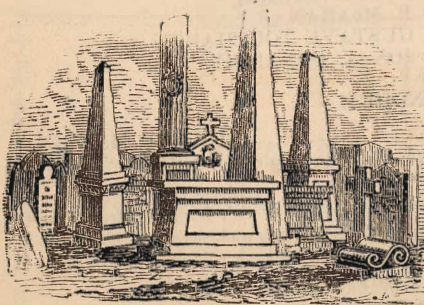
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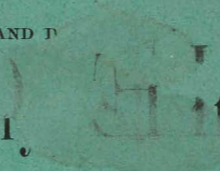
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