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Santa Clara University student body
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OF all the arts which call forth the skill or genius of man, there is none, perhaps, which redounds so much to his credit, as that of navigation.

It fills the mind with wonder at the high faculties which God has given to man, to see him crossing the mighty deep with almost perfect security in vessels of wood or iron,—to see him boldly encountering the stormy elements in their own peculiar domain, and there successfully defying them,—to see him even turning the angry blast to his advantage by forcing it to aid him in his course,—to see him riding triumphantly over the waves on his dumb but agile steed, holding uninterrupted intercourse with all parts of the world, and exchanging, at will, the rich harvest of the south for the pines and firs of the bleak north. We think, especially of the great inventive genius with which man must have been endowed, in order that he might bring these instruments of commerce and navigation, ships, to the degree of perfection in which we now find them.

The idea of conveying themselves in hollow vessels over the sea, must have occurred to the minds of the world’s first inhabitants while observing trees and logs floating upon the water.

Without doubt, ships, in their primitive state, were of very simple construction. A raft composed of logs, or the trunk of a tree hollowed out to make a boat, was probably their first form; and thence the art advanced, vessels increasing in size as man became more experienced in their use, and
voyages lengthening as he became bold from success.

It is conjectured that the subsequent use of oar, sail and rudder, as means of propelling and guiding the craft, proceeded from observing the movements of fish, and especially of the nautilus. This, however, is a mere conjecture; and although it is highly probable, still one cannot be condemned for expressing a contrary opinion if he can offer any arguments to sustain it.

The Egyptians, first in this art as in every other, built vessels of joists of aconthus, which lapped over each other like tiles; but, owing to their religious prejudices, they did not improve the noble invention. They regarded the sea as a monster, because it swallowed the sacred Nile; and not only refused to sail on it, but even prevented their neighbors, the Phoenicians, from entering the holy river. The latter people, thus driven to extend their voyages seaward, found out by experience, the defects of their vessels, and from time to time, remedied them. Thus they soon began to take the lead, among the ancients, at once in navigation and in commerce; in both of which they maintained their superiority for many centuries. Indeed it was that alone which made them the prosperous people we know them to have been.

Coeval with these old Phoenician navigators were the Chinese; and, possessed as they were of many advantages, especially those of a fine sea coast and commodious harbors, it seems rather strange that they should have persisted in using, for thirty centuries, the same shapeless junk, which now excites the ridicule of our sailors. And it is still more strange, that having daily before them, at the present time, ships of the most graceful type, which they cannot, surely, behold without instituting a humiliating comparison between them and their own junks, they should not discontinue the construction of the latter, and adopt as models for imitation, vessels which are not only far more graceful than their own in form, but infinitely superior to them in speed and strength.

The ancient ship, in form and appearance, was very much like the junk of the "Celestials;" for it had a high poop and a deck of an elliptical mould, it was without rudder or keel, and it was propelled by means of oars. At her prow the vessel of antiquity bore a carved figure-head, from which she took her name. Her stern was often elaborately carved in the shape of a shield. There, on a staff, were ribbons, which served at once to indicate the vessel and to show the direction of the wind: There also was her tutela or patron, to which sacrifice and prayer were daily offered, and which afforded a sanctuary to those who fled to it.
Her sides were called cheeks, and that part of the prow which cut the water was known as the goose, from the figure of that bird placed there to denote that the ship would never sink.

Vessels were, then as now, of two kinds,—those intended for war, and those built for the purpose of conveying merchandise.

Among the Egyptians, the latter had rounded bottoms in order to give them greater capacity of stowage; and all other nations constructed them in the same way, with the same object. These mercantile vessels were very bulky, their length being about four times their width.

The war vessels of the Greeks were at first mere row boats, in which warriors rushed upon their foe, confiding in their superior valor to defeat him. But these afterwards gave place to galleys, which were at once extremely narrow and of great length, and were thus well adapted for the accommodation of rowers. Each galley was armed with a beak, which consisted of a bar of iron, or a piece of wood covered with brass, projecting at the prow, the object of which was to pierce the hostile vessel. Pieces of wood placed on each side of the prow to ward off the enemy’s beak, were called ears.

Among the Romans, galleys were designated by their banks of oars. Thus vessels of one tier were known as monoremes,—those of two as biremes,—those of three as triremes,—those of four as quadriremes,—and those of five as quinqueremes. Many writers speak of ships with as many as forty banks of oars; and although we can hardly deny an assertion made by so many authorities, yet it certainly seems impossible that forty tiers could be so arranged as to work in any way. Callixenus mentions a vessel, forty-eight cubits, or seventy-two feet high, built by Ptolemy Philopator, which had forty banks, one above the other; and he affirms that the oars of the highest bank were only fifty-seven feet long. Either the oars would be too short, if the tier were at the deck, or else, if it were near enough the water for the blades to be of use, there would be less than one foot to each tier. It is a problem which many have endeavored to solve; but none have ever succeeded in finding place for more than three banks.

There were many ships built in ancient times, by rich and influential men, which it is true, were of an enormous size; but they were unwieldy structures, intended more for display and ornament than for stability and use. The most renowned was that built by Archimedes, at the order of Hiero, which, we are told, consumed wood sufficient for constructing fifty galleys. Everyone has read or heard of its magnificent interior, of its banqueting rooms, galleries, baths, stables, mills and fish ponds; of its
floors inlaid with scenes from Homer's Iliad, and of its temple of Venus; for they have become widely celebrated.

We have accounts of a Roman ship, of which, although we do not know its dimensions, we may form an estimate from the fact that it carried, to Rome, the largest of the obelisks of Heliopolis, weighing fifteen hundred tons, besides eleven hundred tons of pulse. And this ship, at least, notwithstanding her enormous dimensions, proved herself to be both stable and useful.

For many centuries, little or no improvement was made in navigation. When the Anglo-Saxons visited England in 449, A.D., they made the voyage from the mainland of Europe in vessels in wicker-work covered with hides! At this time, indeed, instead of improving, the art seems to have been on the decline.

Later, the triremes of the Romans gave place to the long galley of the Mediterranean which was adopted by most of the European nations. Alfred the Great used these galleys in his wars with the Danes; and in 897, A.D., the English navy was without an equal.

It seems unaccountable that a nation holding the sovereignty of the seas as many centuries as England has held it, should not have originated some of the great improvements which have been made in ships. But it is a fact that England has, until lately, done nothing in this line, worthy of mention; having always contented herself with foreign models. A strong instance of this is afforded in the great naval contest between France and England, which marked the reign of George III. During the whole of this period it was acknowledged that the best and swiftest vessels of the Royal Navy were those which had been captured from the French. The captured ships were even used as models in the English dockyards; and from this circumstance it is that the present great improvement in English ship-building is supposed to have originated.

Returning, however, from this brief digression, we must recall our readers to the fourteenth century, until which date there are few improvements to chronicle, except such as resulted from the invention of the mariners' compass.

In that century, the Normans built the best ships, and are moreover especially noted for having introduced the rudder instead of the steering-oar.

In Southern Europe the Genoese are credited with having built the first vessels which were propelled by sails alone.

Vessels of this description were first used in England in 1344; and during the reign of Edward III, at the siege of Calais, cannon were first employed as a means of naval offence.

The vessels of this period were
remarkable for their high sides and their bulky models; they had no bowsprits, and seldom more than one mast; and their sails were fastened to yards, which were let down to the deck when not needed.

During the fifteenth century, the Netherlands, Venice, Spain and Portugal, attained considerable eminence in navigation; and we have the discovery of America as the special result of Spanish enterprise, coupled, as it happily was, with the genius of one Italian.

Of late, many improvements have been introduced; and now, since steam has been used as a motive power, we may venture to say that the art of navigation is fast approaching perfection. The junk shape, which England persisted in retaining until the last century, was at length done away with, as detrimental to the symmetry and strength of the ship. Another great improvement in the form of the vessel followed this. Formerly, all English shipbuilders believed that, owing to the great resistance which the water offered, it was impossible for a ship of any size to sail more than nine knots an hour; for, they argued, as the canvas which they spread to the wind, increased, so also did the resistance of the water. But American builders proved the fallacy of this opinion, by placing the greatest thickness of a vessel a little before its centre, and improving the bow so as to make it cut the water more easily. As a consequence of this, the water thro' which the widest part of the ship had once passed, instead of retarding rather aided her progress; and a speed of fifteen knots was thus easily attained. The “Baltimore Clippers,” built on this plan, were superior in beauty and strength to all the vessels of that period.

The former simplicity in rig has also long since vanished; and now it is quite an accomplishment for a “land lubber” to “know the ropes.”

Thus, from age to age, have the sister arts of ship-building and navigation improved, so that what was considered, three centuries ago, a most rare and wonderful feat, the crossing of the ocean, is now an every day affair; and instead of being the long and perilous labor of weeks or even months, is accomplished with the greatest ease and security in eight days.

But one more branch of this important and interesting subject demands our notice. I refer to the iron-clad war-steamers, which modern ingenuity has so constructed as to be impregnable to all but the heaviest ordnance. During our fathers’ days, while cannon were limited to 60-pounders as a maximum, wooden ships were adequate to every purpose; but when heavy pieces were introduced, throwing two-hundred, three-hundred and even, latterly, six-hundred-pound shot, they were found unfit for war. The ingenuity of man, called into
action by this want of stronger ships, produced our present iron-clads.

The idea of iron-clads presented itself first to the mind of Robert Livingstone Stevens, in 1811. He began experiments in 1842; and soon after, his plans were submitted to Congress and accepted, though it was not until 1856 that they were practically carried out.

The first armor-plated vessels actually built were the floating batteries used by the French in the Crimean war (1854). These were not only built of iron, but covered with heavy iron plates.

The English, in 1856, built eight floating batteries, strong, but slow and unmanageable.

And not only were such warships built of iron, but in some cases a strong wooden one, covered with thick iron slabs was found to answer the purpose as well, and (some thought) even better. Thus, in 1860, the French converted the timber-built Gloire into a corvette of forty guns, covering it with plates four inches thick.

But let us leave the European Continent for a time, and notice the improvements which, at about the same period, were introduced on the other side of the ocean.

In 1854, John Ericsson, of New York, prepared a model of a turret-ship or Monitor, for which the following advantages were claimed by the inventor: first, that the works were below the water-line, and that, besides the turret, there was but a foot or so, and that covered with solid iron plates, at which an enemy might aim; secondly, that the turret revolved, so that in whatever position the ship might be,—even if aground,—she could sweep the horizon with her guns; thirdly, that the plan of mounting the battery in the centre of the ship, directly over the keel, allowed the use, at sea, of the heaviest guns.

When our late civil war broke out, Congress appropriated $1,500,000 to fitting and arming some iron-clads. One of these was built after Ericsson’s model; and though but “a cheese-box on a raft,” she proved herself a tough customer; for she sank the heavy rebel ram, Merrimac in Hampton Roads. The dimensions of this “cheese-box” were: length, 173 ft.; beam, 41 ft.; depth, 12 ft. It was covered with plates five inches thick, above the water-line, and from four to three inches below it. The turret was twenty feet in diameter, and rose nine feet above the deck. It was protected by eight inches of solid iron. Encouraged by the success with which this venture had met, Congress ordered the building of nine more, of the same model, but stronger and faster.

The Dunderberg, built in New York, and afterwards sold to the Russian Government, combined the advantages of a turret and of a broad side vessel. As far as armor and armament go, a more formid-
able ship had never been built.

Iron-clads were now used at sea; and two double-turretted ocean-cruisers, which afterwards became very celebrated, the Monadnock and Miantonomoh, were fitted out by the American Government. They were two hundred and fifty-seven feet long, and carried four 15-in. guns, capable of throwing a broadside of 1,300 lbs. of solid shot.

Still more formidable was the Kalamazoo, built soon after. Its length was three hundred and forty-two feet—its breadth, fifty-six feet eight inches, and its depth twenty feet six inches. It was covered with fourteen-inch plates, and its turrets were fifteen inches thick.

Three great qualities in which iron ships excel—(I am not now referring to iron-clad ships)—are lightness, strength and capacity; and they are also considered superior to wooden ones for these reasons: firstly—they are, as we shall presently see, far simpler in construction; secondly—they cannot rot, and are impregnable to the ship worm; thirdly—they can be built in distinct and water-tight compartments, which lessens the danger of foundering. There can be no doubt that Robert L. Stevens had some idea of these qualities when he first projected his model.

When an iron ship is to be built, the architect sends his drawing to the iron-rolling mills, where each plate is rolled of the exact curve and dimensions required, and holes are punched in it to receive the rivets. The keel consists of several bars of iron, upon which the ribs (also iron) are placed, at the distance of a foot or eighteen inches from each other. The sides are then riveted to the ribs, and the frame is complete. Can anything be more simple than this? And yet ships so built possess the requisite degree of strength even for men-of-war. Upon this framework may be fixed heavy masses of hard teak, upon the teak huge plates of steel. And the “iron-clad” is then complete. Or, if the purpose of the vessel be peaceful, all this may be dispensed with; and the framework alone will then constitute the ship.

Two things may be remarked of ships in general, viz: that a marked preference for those built of iron has, of late, revealed itself; and that steam will soon supercede all other means of marine locomotion—except, perhaps, as regards pleasure yachts. Iron vessels are preferred for the reasons already stated.

Steamers will be solely used because sailing vessels cannot be relied on for reaching their destination at a certain time— they are not sure—while a steamer, on the other hand, can keep up the same rate of speed throughout the trip, with no risk of being becalmed, and so may generally be depended on. In days like these, when the
pace at which life goes is being continually hastened—when money is the paramount good, and when “time is money”—this rapidity and punctuality of movement are becoming daily (I had almost said hourly) of more importance. And the tendency of the age therefore—regret it, as perhaps we may, or approve it, as perchance we may—not—is clearly in the direction at which I have hinted. In every department of life the same thing is observable; but in none perhaps is the change more striking or more rapid than among those that go to the sea in ships.

I said just now that I had but one more branch of the ship-building art of which to speak—that of the iron built and iron-clad ships. With this, therefore, my readers will naturally expect that I should bring my paper to a close. But even while I write, another and surely a most welcome change is in progress. It is not even, at this early stage of the invention, quite certain that success will crown it; but since the good wishes of all land-lubbers (of whom the present writer is one) will assuredly be in its favor, and since also there is every reason to believe that those wishes will be realized, I will proceed to gladden the hearts of landsmen, and—shall I say?—land-ladies, by describing it.

An Englishman—Mr. Bessemer—whose name is well known on both sides of the Atlantic, intends to save us all, in future, from the horrors of sea-sickness. He will begin, as is no more than prudent, with the shortest and at the same time most frequented sea-route in the world,—that between France and England. And not being himself a naval man, he has engaged the services of Mr. E. J. Reid, formerly naval architect to the English Admiralty, to assist him in the development of his design.

Mr. Reid is, indeed, now settling the plans of a couple of vessels with saloons 90 feet long, by 30 broad, and 20 feet high, which are to be kept steady by hydraulic apparatus, even while the rest of the vessel of which they are to form part, is tossing in a storm.

Above the saloon will be a promenade deck, 70 feet in length, which will, of course, have equal stability.

“In the roughest weather,” says Mr. Bessemer, “this saloon and the deck above it will not be subjected to a greater amount of motion than is felt in an ordinary railway carriage.”

“Surely,” cries an ecstatic contemporary, “Mr. Bessemer’s name will be blessed forever, if he succeeds! Ought there not indeed be a sort of secular canonization invented for such benefactors of their race as these? Of course, to make the thing complete, the steady part of the vessel will be in full sight of
the unsteady, where the passengers unable to pay for exemption from sea-sickness will be visible, and so give the richer ones even a costlier luxury than that attributed by the great Latin poet to the safe observer of shipwreck. Our age is not cruel enough to enjoy seeing terrible sufferings from a safe position; but we think the sight of the worst of discomforts from a position of perfect immunity, would not be disagreeable to it."

From the primitive log-raft to Mr. Bessemer is a long journey; and if the gentle reader has accompanied me so far without finding me tedious, he is entitled not only to my best thanks for such courtesy, but to my best wishes also. What wish, then can be better, or, under the circumstances, more appropriate, than that of a long life and a steady one, whether on land or sea?

SLEEP.

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

Oh gentle sleep, thou gift of heavenly birth
Thou treasure bringing sweet forgetfulness!
Howe'er our lot be cast upon this earth,
Thy presence is a pledge of happiness.
Forgot in sleep are all our many woes;
And dreams of happy days steal o'er repose.

By these the exile, far from loving friends,
Revisits once again his childhood's home:
His weary pilgrimage in joy he ends;
No longer doomed in foreign lands to roam:
And Peace and Plenty shed their cheering rays
O'er him who trod misfortunes cruel ways.
The soldier, canopied by starry sky,
   Forgets, in sleep, the cruelties of war:
No more the dying moan, the sufferer's cry
   He hears. Oh, no! his thoughts have wandered far.
Within his cottage home again he stands,
   And clasps on every side the outstretched hands.

Deep down in damp and sordid dungeon cell,
   Where light of day ne'er cheers the dismal gloom,
Yon prisoned wretch hears not the tolling bell
   That summons him to meet a felon's doom.
He sleeps!—He dreams!—He's dropped his gallig
   And walks, a man, free from the curse of Cain.

O bounteous sleep, thou art the poor man's wealth;
   Want's burning pangs thy friendly touch can still;
To pallid cheek thou bringest the flush of health;
   The warmth of Summer to the Winter chill.
The savage hut thou visitest with peace,
   And from all earthly care thou grant'st release.

Throw then, O sleep, o'er human faults and woes,
   The starry mantle of the gentle night.
So lose we earth, in heaven-like repose,
   And revel amid dreams of pure delight;
   "How sweet to live," we hear the poet cry,
   Thus without life, and without death to die!"

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**A DEED OF SATAN.**

(H. B. PEYTON, Mental Philosophy.)

**I MUST** soon die: day by day
   my frame becomes more wasted, the hollow cheek more sunken, the eyes more dull and glassy. The cold hand of the destroying angel is already pressing upon my heart; and I feel it chilling the warm blood, and snapping, one by one, the cords of life.

   I fear not to die: I welcome the coming of that moment which will lift this dreadful weight from my
soul, and still the gnawing of that canker in my brain, which has eaten away every feeling that could lend sweetness to this life, and every hope of salvation in the shadowy world to come.

Before these lips shall be dumb forever, I will tell my dreadful secret. I hope not for pity from those who hear it; hate and abhorrence are all I deserve. People will shudder at the mention of my name; but I shall be deep down in the still grave far from all reproach.

Seven years have passed since then,—dreadful years of agony and torture,—and yet I remember it as clearly as if it were taking place at this very moment. Remember it? the word is a mockery: I see a dread form always before me; in the broad glare of noonday, and in the silent watches of the night; never absent for a moment; pressing me on towards the church-yard, and whispering in my ears, “Tell! Tell!! Tell!!!” I strive to fly from it, but in vain. In the crowd and in the solitude, in the city and in the country, wherever I go it is there. Even now I feel its cold cheek close to mine, and see its great eyes,—oh, those dreadful eyes!—gazing upon me. In life I cannot escape it.

No man ever loved, as I loved my cousin Julia. I adored her! She was my only God, my only hope. Tall and graceful as a sylph, pure and spotless as a lily, she seemed rather an angel of heaven than a mortal maiden; and I never approached her, without feeling in my soul, that same awe and reverence, that I should have experienced had I met some beautiful and noble spirit of the other world. She had ever looked upon me, with the same sweet kindness that she would have shown to a brother; but never could I read in her deep, dark eyes, that wild and passionate love that sparkled in my own.

One day I went with my mother to Julia’s house. It was far from where we lived, in a deep, dark valley of the lonely mountains. I had never been there before; and when we arrived, late in the evening, the solemn stillness and the sad weird aspect of the gloomy old house and its surroundings, infused into my soul a nameless dread, a shadowy presentiment of something dreadful, which I strove in vain to repress. A long avenue of stately elms led towards the house; and as the wind blew through their waving branches, they seemed to moan in anguish, as does the dying when the murderer’s knife is plunged into his heart.

More beautiful than ever was Julia, that fearful night,—more divine than ever the magic light that beamed from her eyes, as she came forward to meet us. O, God! how wildly did I love her! We walked together beneath the moaning elms: I took her hand and told her all. Not a flush mantled her
marble cheek as I poured forth that wild, passionate story; but, when I had finished, she laid her hand, lighter than a snow-flake, upon my shoulder, and looked me in the face, with eyes full of pity. "My cousin," she said, "forget this love. God alone is my bride: I can give my heart to none but Him."

I cannot tell the change that came over my soul at that moment. I know not what fiend entered into my heart. But this I do know: my garb of innocence became black as ink. I shudder now, demon as I am, to think of it. In my heart I said, "If she will not be mine, she must die! she shall never be another's; not even God's." But I bit my lip, and hid the dreadful purpose in my breast, that she might suspect nothing. Gently I smiled upon her, and told her that I would try to forget that I had ever loved her, more than I would love a sister. Could she have seen my soul she would have fled in terror from me.

Burning with the fever of madness and love, I lay that night upon my couch, listening to the moaning elms. The sound infused fresh fury into my boiling veins. It seemed to mock my unrequited love. The house was still as death: Softly and cautiously as the wild beast draws near to his helpless prey, did I leave my bed, and take the knife. O, how quietly did I do it!—then, slowly; measuring each step; peering round me through the darkness; I came to Julia's bed side. A few straggling moon-beams came through the window, and lit up her beautiful face: she slept as calmly as a child; and the long masses of her silken hair, lay in wild profusion upon the snowy pillow. My madness had left me, my brow was cool; but in my heart it was settled—she must die.

Slowly, so slowly that my hand could hardly have been seen to move, I raised the knife above her breast. Then I smiled with demon-like satisfaction; "for," said I to myself, "how little she suspects that she will never awaken from this sleep—that I who smiled upon her a few hours ago, and called her sister, now stand ready to plunge this knife into her heart!" In the excess of my fiendish joy, I allowed a slight exclamation to escape my lips; so slight, indeed, that I hardly heard it myself; but nevertheless it reached my cousin's ears, and she opened her large eyes and gazed upon me. I moved not a muscle, but stood silent and motionless as a statue, my eyes gazing into hers, my hand still raised above her breast. I heard the quick beating of her heart; I marked the agony painted on her beautiful features; I saw the cold sweat forming on her brow, the signs of mortal fear coming over her face. Not a sound escaped her lips; she was dumb with that terrible dread.

No pity infused itself into my
heart; my love was changed to hate. For many minutes I protracted that more than human torture, and then, as slowly as the sand runs from the hour glass, I lowered the knife towards her breast. Oh, how I gloat ed over her agony!—how I drank in the music of that beating heart! Down! Down!—and now it touched her robe. A smothered groan forced itself from her lips; and then the knife was buried in her heart, and the warm blood flowed over my hand, and dripped down upon the floor. It was done! The beating heart was still; and the song of the elms, was louder and more dreadful than ever.

I listened to the dripping blood; I saw the tremor of death run over her frame; and then I lifted the corpse from the bed, and bore it in my arms, slowly and noiselessly as I had come, down the stairs, and out under the moaning elms.

The night wind waved the silken tresses over my face; and the eyes of the dead girl, larger and more dreadful than ever, seemed to call on heaven for vengeance.

A deep, dark pool lay near the walk. I tied a great stone about her neck, and placed her in the water. A few bubbles, a tinge of blood, and the dark pool hid the body of my cousin, and calmly reflected the sad moon beams. The hollow cry of a lonely night bird was her only requiem. I washed the stains from my hands and returned to my bed; but, oh my soul, what can efface the stain you bear? Nothing! Not even the fires of hell!

The morning came, and I had slept. Yes! strange as it may seem, with all the weight of that worse than hellish crime upon me, I had slept. But no word can ever tell the horrors of that awakening. I felt all the tortures of the damned; but still I regretted not my fearful act, nay I gloated over it, with a kind of savage satisfaction. A few hours later I heard groans of anguish, and heart-rending cries of grief. Then I knew that the deed had been discovered. I rushed towards the direction of those cries, and found the family standing around the gore-clotted bed of my cousin. I mingled my screams with theirs; I tore my hair, and called, "Julia, Julia! Where are you?" O how cleverly did I do it!—I rushed from the house, and down the avenue of elms. I searched in every corner, and cried to heaven for vengeance. And,—O God,—it has come!

That day, two men led me with them down through the long avenue of moaning elms. They told me I was mad. I laughed in their faces! I strove to break loose from them but they held me tight. Then I began to weep convulsively; and they looked at each other, and said, "Poor young man, her death has driven him mad!" O how I laughed at their words!—
For many weeks, they told me, I had been at the point of death, O God! Why could I not have died? Since then, seven long years have passed, and her form is always before me; her great eyes always staring, staring oh! so wildly into mine. This is indeed the beginning of hell. The vengeance of heaven is upon me!

for from them I knew plainly that no one ever suspected me of the crime. We passed by the dark pool; “Look, gentlemen,” I said, “see how deep, and black, and cold it is! One might sleep there very comfortably.” They answered not; and I laughed again, to think that her body was sleeping there, within a few feet of us, and that they know nothing about it.

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ECHOES FROM AN OWLTS’-NEST.

(BY THE FIFTH ENGLISH CLASS.)

W e thank you, O amiable owl, for allowing our feeble voices to mingle in your monthly melody. May our “Echoes” be ever found sweet enough for your ear! Encouraged by your benignity, we shall try to improve; and we hope to send you many more “Echoes” next year.

Xmas is coming fast upon us; and there is a great flutter in our nest. We shall fly away from it for a short time; but shall come back soon, stronger and better;—stronger in body and better in spirit; so we hope at least.

O sapient Owl, every little fledgling here wishes you, and everyone connected with you, from the printer’s d—— to your accomplished and gentlemanly President, a very very happy Xmas; and may you live to see as many “New Years” as there are New Years yet to come. The days and nights pass slowly, as we dream of Xmas gifts and of Xmas dinners; but yet we would not have
you imagine that these are the only thoughts which Xmas brings to our young minds. No! We do not forget the First Xmas, eighteen hundred years ago, the Holy child, the crib, the straw, and the cold bleak winds. We do not forget the sweet face of that Immaculate Virgin Mother who bent so fondly and adoringly over that Divine Infant. These thoughts make our little hearts happy. Some of your readers, no doubt, wish to be very happy on Xmas Day. If so, let them follow the advice of a wee little owlet who has told us something that will make our Xmas dinner delicious, cast a glow of gladness over all our acts that day, and fill our hearts brim-full of joy. Before we sit down to eat our Xmas dinner, let each of us visit some poor suffering neighbor; let the sunshine of our charity penetrate some hovel that day, carrying its beams of happiness to sad weary hearts; and ere we bid them good bye, let us see that their table is not bare, nor their purses empty. Try it, friends, and we give you the word of true owlets that you will never regret having followed our counsel. Ah, this owlet is right! At Xmas, we should all be brothers; and who would let a brother suffer cold or hunger at such a time?

Pardon us, dear Owl; we do not mean to catechize; much less to preach to you; but Xmas is so dear to us that we quite forget ourselves, when speaking or writing about it.

Allow us to introduce to you the same owlet who sang for you last month. He will tell you something more of his loved home, far and beautiful Tahiti, which rests on the gentle bosom of the Pacific.

**SUMMER BREEZES FROM TAHITI.**

[Part II.]

(C. GEORGET, 8th English.)

Kind reader of the Owl, I promised, in my last, to relate to you some of the strange superstitions and legends of the natives of my dear Tahiti; and now I hasten to fulfil the promise.

Like all barbarous peoples, endowed with vivid imaginations, the ancient Tahitians delighted in wild, wonderful and superstitious narratives. They had a legend for each lake and wood, for each mountain and river, for each hillock and vale.

I told you in my last that a chieftain had cursed the Island of Moorea, and had bidden it depart from the sight of good Tahiti. This
command was to be executed, as usual, by the spirits of the island; that is according to the Tahitians, by the souls of the dead; for amid all their idolatry and cannibalism, these people had a rude idea of the immortality of the soul.

The spirits then, according to the Tahitian legend, set to work one night to carry off this island; and as they were unable to accomplish the feat all at once, they determined to take it away by degrees. Hence they made a large bed, supported by four legs like a lion’s paws. Upon this they placed a mountain about 360 feet high, and about three miles in circumference, which they first detached from the main range. Then at the command of the mysterious contractors, the mountain began its march for the sea in which it was destined to be buried. The distance to the shore was four miles; and the mountain, under its spiritual guides, had just reached the shore, preparatory to the fatal plunge, when the cocks crew. This warned the spirits of the coming of the day; and like all thieves they fled at the approach of the light, leaving the stolen mountain resting on its immense lion-shaped paws. And there it stands, to the present day, on the shore,—a lone mountain, separated from the chief range by a low valley four miles wide, which is frequently inundated. On the seaside are to be seen two immense rocks, shaped like a lion’s paws, and these connected with the strangeness of its lone position and its mysterious summit untrodden by human feet, were sufficient data for the Tahitian historian to rest upon in forming the above legend.

The mountain is certainly a very singular one; and, from the legend, it is called “O fai téré” that is, “Marching Mountain.” Around it, on the land side, are extensive swamps, usually covered with flocks of wild ducks; and here also are found the largest electric eels of the island. The side facing the sea, rises perpendicularly in a grand bluff about one hundred feet, and then slopes inward, forming a small round plateau on which are seen thousands of goats, grazing and caracoling, as the sun sets in the calm blue Pacific; but these nimble climbers can go no higher.

The summit, on which the Tahitians say immense wild bananas (the native Fêî) grow, has never yet been reached by man; save, perhaps, by an adventurous Englishman, who endeavored to reach it by means of a ladder, ropes, etc.; but he was never heard of again; though some of the natives say that his body was afterwards seen in a hollow, crushed between two rocks which had probably fallen on him as he strove to clamber up the rocky cliffs.

Now, if you have a few minutes to spare I shall tell you of a curious phenomenon which occurred
in Tahiti.
Some years ago, an enterprising Californian bought a large plantation in Tahiti, settled down upon it, and began to raise sugar-cane and make sugar.

As sugar-cane exhausts the fertility of the ground on which it grows, the planter was obliged, after a few years, to cultivate and manure the land. This was no easy task; for the Tahitian farmer uses no plough, and hence is obliged to employ workmen, to dig up his ground with spade and pickaxe.

In the midst of our Californian’s plantation stood an old temple, on whose bloody altars thousands of human victims who had been captured in war, or who had disobeyed their chieftains had been sacrificed to the false gods of cannibal Tahiti.

But in course of time the English missionaries came, and after them the French; and this worship was overthrown; the sweet law of Christ and the divine sacrifice of the mass supplanted the vile superstitions and bloody orgies of the natives; and the missionary who came to save both soul and body took the place of the murderous agent of the devil. Civilization soon began to smile upon this beautiful island; and the native now points with a shudder of horror at the ruined temples of his forefathers.

One of these temples stood, as I have said, upon the land of the Californian; who, not wishing to allow his ground to remain encumbered with such unhallowed, and at the same time unsightly ruins, determined to tear them down, and to till the ground saturated with the blood of so many men.

So he set his workmen at work to overturn this “Morai,” as the natives call it. It was razed to its foundations; and the workmen were beginning to excavate these, when one of them struck one of the large foundation-stones with great force, and immediately a ball of fire about the size of a large wine-barrel, issued from it. This was accompanied by a great noise, which grew louder and louder, filling the valley with its fearful sound and freezing the blood in the veins of the spectators, who became unable to move or to speak. All who saw the ball of fire agree as to its size and form.—“A varua ino, A varua ino!” (i.e., Evil spirits! Evil spirits!) cried the natives, recovering from their amazement.

The fact was related in most of the French papers and is worthy of all credit.

I myself visited the place, and saw the spot from whence the ball of fire issued; but no one can remain long on this ground,—in three minutes he would be almost suffocated by an abominable odor, whose origin I know not. And, moreover, not a blade of grass, nor any kind of vegetation can grow or
take root there. Whether the cause of this is purely natural, or whether it enters the domain of the supernatural, I am neither prepared to say nor competent to judge: though certainly there seems to be a curse upon the land, which, in spite of cultivation, remains bleak and sterile in the midst of fertility.

Some of the natives who delight in the marvelous, and who still retain many of their old fancies, say that this ball of fire was nothing less than the souls of slaughtered human victims escaping from the old ruined "Morai."

A VISIT TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

HAVING returned home after a year's study at school, I set my wits at work to find out in what way I could most pleasantly spend my vacation. I had not, as yet, arrived at any definite conclusion regarding the matter, when one day I was invited by a friend, about my own age, to accompany him on a visit to the far-famed Yosemite Valley. My heart leaped with joy. At last I had reached the summit of my wishes. I had discovered, or rather my friend had discovered for me, "the promised land." Of course I thanked him for his kind offer, which I promptly decided to accept.

Before commencing my narrative, I may be allowed to remark, by way of apology, that although the subject is one upon which much has been written, still it has mostly been taken in hand by celebrated writers or tourists; nor do I recollect having ever seen a boy's description of the Valley. Therefore it is that I take the liberty of giving my views and impressions of Yosemite.
But to commence:

We left San Francisco (my friend and myself) on the Oakland boat, about four o'clock, P.M., and having arrived at the wharf or landing place on the opposite side of the Bay, we disembarked and took the cars for Lathrop. Having arrived at this place about eight o'clock, P.M., we ate our dinner,—(a process which we regarded as highly important)—and changed cars for Merced. We rested here for the night, in the fine hotel which has been built at that place by the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

The next morning we took the stage for White and Hatch's, and passed through many mining towns, which had been famous in the days of '49, but were now entirely deserted.

Having stopped at White and Hatch's for the night, we again took the stage and arrived at Clark's, about ten o'clock, A.M., thoroughly disgusted with our long drive of the day before. Here we stopped during the day.

About one o'clock in the afternoon we visited the “Mariposa” Grove of Big Trees, a short description of which may not be amiss. Procuring a guide and horses, we set out to visit the grove. As there is no wagon-road leading to the place, we were obliged to go along a narrow trail.

In about an hour-and-a-half we arrived at the grounds: and the first tree that met our astonished gaze was the “Fallen Monarch.” Well indeed does it deserve the name. Lying prostrate on the ground, it measured between three and four hundred feet in length. Much of it is sunk into the ground, but still we, who were on horseback, could only just look over the trunk. We then passed on, and came to a tree which was still erect, but the trunk of which was hollowed out. We rode through this without being obliged to bend our heads in the least, and then came to another, lying on the ground, which had been scooped out inside, and was called “Pluto’s Chimney.”

Many other monsters of the forest, hundreds of years old, but too numerous to mention, we also visited.

At last, after having seen all the principal trees of the Grove, and having had a fine view from the top of a high eminence, we returned to the hotel, well satisfied with our day’s pleasure.

Towards dusk, we were walking round, when one of the guides named Henry, who was most obliging, and who remained with us all the time, came up and asked us if we would not like to see some Indians, who were encamped near the place.

As we had never been able to get a good view of one of America’s redmen, we concluded to go and pay them a visit; and I must say that my visions of the “noble
warriors of the west," so often described in Cooper's novels, rapidly vanished before the sight which met my eyes.

Encamped in a few miserable huts made of the bark of trees, and black and discolored with the fires which were constantly burning within them, lay a few "Diggers" and their squaws. They were the most squalid and abject set of beings who had ever met my gaze. One look was enough to extinguish all our curiosity; and turning quickly from the sight, we retraced our steps to the hotel, where we were soon after snugly ensconced in bed.

The next morning we rose early; and having partaken of a slight collation, sufficient to sustain us until we reached the Half-way-Station, we got our horses and baggage ready, and with the guide at our head, leading the pack-mule, we set forth on our journey.

The distance from Clark's to the Valley, according to the guides, is about twenty-four miles; but I conjectured it to be thirty, at the least.

Finally, after a good deal of trouble with the mule, who was constantly deviating from the path of rectitude, we reached the "Half-way House."

Just before reaching this place, we came upon several large patches of snow lying on the ground. It was the first time that I had ever been close enough to snow to touch it; and I was exceedingly gratified at being able to do so.

But I fear that I have already bored my readers with too many particulars. We will therefore suppose that we have passed over the trail in a dense fog, and at last, are approaching the far-famed "Inspiration Point." At a short distance from the latter place, I perceived through the trees, far in the distance, a sheet of water pouring down the side of a mountain, or in other words, a water-fall. Instinctively, I felt that we were near the "Point;" and my opinion was soon verified.

What a sight burst upon our view! Suddenly the sun broke through the clouds, and there at our feet, three thousand feet below, lay, in all its majestic solemnity, the world-renowned "Yosemite Valley!" What emotions filled my breast! With what silent awe and wonder did I not look on this greatest work of Nature! It seemed, indeed, as if she had expended all her energy in the production of this sublime sight. Well indeed might I exclaim, in the words of the poet, "See Yosemite the last of earth!"

A few hundred yards to our right was the "Cataract Fall," roaring like an angry lion; whilst on the opposite side was the fall which I had first seen: the "Ribbon Fall." Further up the Valley could be seen (though rather indistinctly) the North and South
Domes; whilst still farther off appeared several snow-capped mountains. On the opposite side of the Valley, was "El Capitan," a mountain of solid rock, which rose to a height of three thousand feet above the level of the valley. One can hardly form an idea of the immensity of this great wall. Imagine yourself standing under the wall of a house, three thousand feet high, and you will then have formed some idea of the greatness of "El Capitan."

The surrounding peaks and crags have their sides covered with immense pines, two hundred feet in height, growing, apparently out of the solid rock. But to El Capitan not the smallest tendril can cling; so hard and smooth is the rock of which it is composed.

Having feasted our eyes on this sublime sight, until the rapidly descending sun warned us that night was coming on, we mounted our horses and commenced our own (much slower) descent of the famous "trail" leading into the valley. In some places it was very precipitous; and the shelving rocks which were constantly springing up in the path, warned us to beware lest our horses should fall and injure both themselves and us. Finally, after some trouble, we reached the bottom of the valley, where the path became much broader and more easy.

Before going to the hotel, we visited the "Bridal Veil," considered by many as the finest and most beautiful fall in the Valley. I had heard and read many descriptions of this Fall; but when I saw it actually before me, in its grandeur, the reality far surpassed my expectations. The sun, which had not yet quite set behind the mountains, cast its dying rays upon the immense volume of water, which poured over a precipice seven hundred and fifty feet in height.

The spray, which mounted to a great height, from the water that was ceaselessly dashing on the rocks below, was pierced through and through by the rays of the sun, and this produced a beautifully variegated rainbow. Having lingered there for some time, in silent admiration we left this sublime spot with regret, and after a short ride of an hour, arrived at the hotel, thoroughly worn out with our day's journey,—for we had been twelve hours in the saddle.

Having made our toilets, our "inner man" now began to trouble us. Our fears, however, for that obscure individual, were speedily set at rest; for "that tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell," began to ring, and in a few minutes we were seated at the table, putting very satisfactory supplies of fuel into our "human stoves." This important duty concluded, we retired to our rooms, and were soon in the arms of Morpheus.

The next morning, having duly
rested, and having enjoyed a most refreshing sleep, we arose, I confess, at a rather late hour. I may here remark that the hotel at which we were staying (Leidig’s) was almost opposite the Yosemite Fall, so that from our window we had a splendid view. During the night the rain poured down in torrents, and up in the mountains it snowed heavily; so that on looking out of the window I saw that the trees on the sides of the mountains were all covered with snow, which presented to our unaccustomed eyes at once a novel and a beautiful sight.

The day following our arrival in the Valley, we did but little; being tired with our journey of the previous day. During the morning we strayed around the hotel; and in the afternoon we went down to the “Cosmopolitan Saloon.” This is one of the prominent features of the place, and a description of it may therefore not be amiss. It is situated opposite Hutchinson’s Hotel, and is owned and conducted by a very enterprising young man of the singular yet euphonious name of Smith. It contains the choicest of wines, liquors and cigars, and moreover, two billiard tables, which are generously patronised by almost every visitor to the Valley, ladies included. The next day, having sufficiently rested from our previous fatigues, we concluded to visit some of the wonders of the Valley.

Most of the tourists who go thither, ride around, see one or two of the sights, and then return home again. They go just for the mere purpose of saying that they “have been to Yosemite.” But we were determined to “abide our time,” by which I mean that we had made up our minds to stay long enough to examine thoroughly every point of interest. We had gone thither, not merely for the sake of being able to say we had been there, but in order to get some new ideas from the ever varied book of Nature.

Accordingly, our guide having prepared our horses, we set out on a visit to the “Vernal” and “Nevada” Falls, which latter are considered as the finest in the Valley. The trail leading to these falls is very bad. In many places, indeed, there were deep holes, filled with water, which jeopardized the limbs of the animals we rode. The scenery through which we passed was rugged and grand in the extreme, and nought was heard save the rushing of “the swift Merced.” It is a noticeable fact that are but few birds or other animals in the Valley, which may be accounted for, I suppose, by the severity of the winters.

After a little while we arrived at the Vernal Fall; and dismounting from our horses we walked a short distance in order to obtain a better view of it. The Fall is sixty feet broad, and three hundred and
fifty in height. It is formed by the Merced River which rushes over the precipice with astonishing impetuosity, as if resolved to sweep everything before it.

Of course,—boys as we were,—we were desirous to hand down our fame to future generations; so we cut our names on a tree which was standing close by.

Having viewed this fall for some time we left it and set out to visit the Nevada Fall which, if one could follow the course of the river, would be only a quarter of a mile distant; but which by the circuitous trail we were obliged to take, is two miles and a half above the Vernal Fall.

By the time we arrived at “Snow’s”, a sort of station where tourists take their meals, it was about twelve o’clock. Here, having clothed ourselves in rubber coats, in order not to be wetted by the spray, we came to the Nevada Fall. This Fall has, by far, the greatest volume of water of any fall in the Valley. It is about thirty feet wide at the top, and falls to a depth of seven hundred and fifty feet. About a hundred feet from the top, this immense volume of water strikes a projecting ridge of rock, and thence scatters its spray around in the most generous profusion. It was truly a sublime sight. There is a rather steep trail leading to the top of the falls, so that one may look over them. We had started on the way; but the weather being very warm and our powers of endurance not great, we prudently returned to Snow’s, the place from which we had started. Having dined, we re-mounted our horses, and after quite a long ride, found ourselves once more at the hotel.

The following day we visited “Mirror Lake,” one of the great attractions of the Valley. The proper time for visiting this lake is about sunrise or sunset when (as the name of the lake implies) a most vivid reflection is there given of the surrounding rocks, trees and mountains. Through some delay on the part of the guide, we were unable to reach the lake before ten o’clock, A.M., when there was but a very poor reflection.

The water is as pure as crystal, and abounds in trout, which, however, can only be caught by the Indians and a very few white men, the fish being very shy. In order to console ourselves, however, we provided ourselves with fishing tackle, got into the boat, and determined to try our luck. We fished for a long time, but were not even fortunate enough to get a single bite; when, just as we were returning, we found an old Indian sitting on the bank, fishing. We induced the noble savage,—at least the guide, as our interpreter, induced him—to sell us some fish, which he did; and when we returned we were complimented on our good luck.
"Yosemite Fall" is another of the attractions. This fall is the highest in the world, being two thousand three hundred feet in height. It is divided into three parts, the first being one thousand two hundred feet, the second, six hundred and fifty, and the third about four hundred and sixty feet in height. This fall, in the month of June, becomes greatly enlarged by the melting of the snow, but later in summer it dwindles to a mere rivulet.

Another of the wonders of this locality is "Glacier Point." The trail leading to this Point is by far the best in the valley, being entirely free from obstruction. The view obtained is equal, if not superior to that from Inspiration Point; almost every Fall and in fact, everything else of interest, being visible from "Glacier." The other chief points of attraction are the "North and South Domes," (the latter almost as perfect as the Cupola at Washington), Sentinel Dome, Sentinel Rock, Royal Arch-es, Cathedral Spires—which latter are thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea—the "Three Brothers," the "Three Graces," the "Leap of Liberty," "Cloud's Rest," "Mt. Starr King," and "Mt. Watkins." These are the great "lions" of the valley, and as such, are most generally visited by tourists.

There was one little excursion, which we undertook by ourselves, without the aid of a guide. This was to the "Sentinel Fall," a small fall just at the back of the Hotel. As there was no trail leading to it, we had to crawl up the bed of an old torrent, over huge boulders and through dense underwood, every now and then stumbling against the rocks and "barking" our shins. Once, as we were about to go through some thick brush, we heard a peculiar noise; and we were at once seized with apprehension lest it should proceed from a bear. We therefore lay still for a time; but nothing approaching we at last arose and scrambled on. I entreat the reader, for our sakes, to concede that it really was a bear. Finally, after a great deal of trouble, we reached the Fall; but we were perfectly exhausted, and quite faint from thirst. As soon as we saw the water, we made a rush for it; and I must say, that it affords a most delicious draught.

As we had now "seen the sights," we began to think about returning home. Accordingly, having procured our tickets, by the way of Chinese Camp and Knight's Ferry, we started homeward, on a Sunday morning, just one week after we had entered the valley. On Monday we arrived in San Francisco, somewhat worn out, but still enjoying the satisfaction of having not only visited but thoroughly appreciated this most sublime work of nature.
THE "MILLS QUARTERLY."*

(Professor H. Dance)

We are in constant receipt of a large number of exchanges, mainly from the various collegiate and other educational institutions of the Union, most of which we are content to dismiss in a few words.

The newest magazine, however, the name of which heads this article, seems to call for a more lengthened notice than we usually give to such productions. And that for more reasons than one.

Firstly, it is the outcome of one of the principal Seminaries for Young Ladies—just as the Owl is the outcome of one of the leading Colleges—on the Pacific Slope; secondly, it and the Owl are the only magazines of their kind on this coast, so that it is specially incumbent upon us to offer it a cordial welcome; thirdly, it is of very high intrinsic merit, not intellectually only but morally; and fourthly, its neat, elegant, and lady-like appearance is such as to commend it, even at first sight, to any one not previously prejudiced against it.

It is indeed with especial pleasure that we welcome a magazine like the Quarterly, not emanating from a Convent or from any Catholic institution, and yet full of so much that is "lovely and of good report." No one will for a moment suspect the Owl of undervaluing either the paramount importance of Catholic education to Catholics, or its utility and advantage even to non-Catholics—where they are willing, as they often are, to accept it. But how numerous, in a country like this are and must be the cases in which they will not accept it! There are now, and there will be in the future large numbers of non-Catholics not of anti-Catholic institutions—many of them conducting the education of both sexes under the same roof—the influence of which for evil will, it may be feared, prove far greater than their influence for good. We will not be so invidious as to specify the particular sects from which the worst style of education may be expected; but this we will say, that the so-called

*Mills Quarterly. Published by the Pupils of Mills Seminary, Seminary Park, Alameda County, Cal
"Episcopalian" denomination—(not a very distinctive name; because every Catholic must, from the necessity of the case, be an "Episcopalian" too)—is not among the number of those from which principles of disorder are likely to emanate. So much indeed of Catholic tradition and Catholic feeling is retained—however illogically—in this Protestant community, that we cannot but find ourselves in sympathy with many of its principles and much of its practice. And more particularly where female education is concerned, we expect, and not in vain, to find common sense predominant among our good "Episcopal" friends. The "Mills Seminary" seems to us a favorable instance of this. Mr. Mills is, we understand, an Episcopal clergyman himself; and we have therefore, to that extent, a guarantee for the sobriety of his principles; and he appears to have been, all along, most ably seconded by his excellent and respected lady.

To those, therefore, who realize as we do, the immense, the incalculable value of sound female education, and the impossibility of its being furnished to everybody by the Catholic Church, such an institution as the "Mills Seminary" cannot but appear a great gain. And that it is so, the elegant little magazine of which it is our pleasant duty to speak, affords no small evidence.

Whilst the literary style and character of this magazine are such as to do credit to any institution, it has also—and this is, we confess, its principal charm to us—that indefinable combination of modesty, good sense, and refinement, which as the distinctive characteristic of all that emanates from true ladies.

Its table of contents is both varied and interesting. The first article on Dom nichino's "Saint Agnes," (the painter's name being doubtless by a typographical error, mis-spelt) cannot but commend itself to every Catholic; and the next article, "Whither Drifting," must equally commend itself to every true and patriotic American, whilst at the same time it is entirely free from that vulgar fault called "spread-eagle-ism," into which a less refined writer on such a subject would probably have fallen.

"Fidelis Merces Certa" would seem to be the motto of the institution from which the Quarterly issues; and if so, we may congratulate Mr. Mills on the judiciousness of his choice. The faithful rather than the faithful are the people who prosper now-a-days; but "fidelis merces certa," after all. The verses (by Mrs. James Neall) which have this motto for their subject, are elegant and agreeable and breathe an excellent spirit throughout; but we are free to confess that we have striven in vain to discover the metrical principles if any, of their arrange-
ment. They ought naturally to fall, and, with a few slight alterations here and there would fall into the form of regular blank verse. This, however, their fair authoress has not suffered them to do. The following extract may at once shew what we mean by these remarks, and illustrate the sound moral character of the instruction given at "Mills Seminary":

Oh, girls! live out your motto—Fidelis Merces Corae.
Be faithful to your trusts, nor vacillate, nor swerve
From any steadfast aim which lifts you to the heights of womanhood,
And thrones you queens thereon. To day ye are but children,
Flower-crowned upon the threshold of life's rosy morn,
And heeding not the voices which ere long will lure you forth
To test the world. Art woos you
Science swings her silver keys within your reach,
Sweet Music from her altitude holds out beseeching hands,
And they, the crowned ones of Sculpture and of Song,
Do bare their broad white foreheads to your gaze,
And lure you on to follow; or, if perchance
You draw within your sphere some kindred spirit mating with your own,
Let no swift whirl of passion bear you on to uncongenial bonds;
Remember Love beside stern Duty stands,
Its first demand is—Faithful unto death.

Amongst other good things with which this magazine favours us, is a very pretty little song—
(we cannot call it anything else; for it positively asks for music)—
called "My Fading Bouquet."

There are also a short paper, full of good feeling, good taste, and natural affection, entitled "My Grandmother," some very pretty and very correct verses called "The Golden Wedding," and two prose articles of merit on "The Stellar Universe," and "The Wreck," respectively.

Next follows something in the comic style, by way, no doubt, of relief after the more serious articles;

"In the feminine world"
says the fair writer, (who certainly ought to know,)

"we continually find
Something new engrossing the mind.
Either skating, swimming, or making
gardens—
But the latest thing is the Dolly Vardens."

And the "Dolly Vardens" receive accordingly no less than thirteen stanzas to their honor—or dishonour. The young poetess is evidently a merry, pleasant girl, full of fun, and bubbling over with high spirits; and it cannot be her fault, but must be our own, if we have not been able to get up much of a laugh at the "Dolly Varden."

"
verses. She will excuse us we trust, however, on the score of this sombre collegiate atmosphere in which we live, and the well known gravity of character—not to say bashfulness—of every one educating or educated within these walls.

Next come four articles entitled respectively "The Boston Calamity," "Visit to the University," "Our Wheat Crop," and "Horses," no one of which is unworthy of praise. And these are followed by two characteristic compositions from the little girls of the "Preparatory Department," the former called "Flowers," and the latter "A Disobedient Girl." We think the idea of such contributions an excellent one, and have long been anxious to draw out the little boys of this College in a similar way—a design in which we have, of late, begun to succeed.

The "Visit to the University"—i.e., the incipient "University of California" at Oakland—is pleasantly described; but we have read the article with a predominant sense of thankfulness that we do not belong to an institution, the members of which disgrace themselves by such silly practices as that described in the following extract:—

"We were unprepared," says the authoress from whom we quote, "for a display in the fine arts that greeted us as we entered the lecture room. The black boards which Dr. Carr uses so finely in illustrating his subjects, were besmeared with white paint from end to end, and the former lessons used by the Doctor there, entirely defaced. In answer to our look of enquiry, the Doctor said, 'Young ladies, we have here a specimen of the industry and good taste of some of our young gentlemen; and we shall be obliged to dispense with the boards to-day.'"

Comment would be superfluous. This only we may venture to say: that should any of the ladies of Mills Seminary honor this College at any time with a visit of inspection,—(to which the completeness of our laboratory, and the extent and value of our stock of scientific instruments may perhaps be an inducement)—they will certainly not hear a similar remark from any member of our Faculty.

We ought to conclude. But the magazine of which we have been speaking is written by ladies, and therefore of course it has a postscript, and equally of course that postscript is important. We refer to the "Editorial" on page 31, which is everything that an introductory editorial ought to be. It is marked indeed, preeminently, by the three qualities with which we have already credited the magazine as a whole, viz: modesty, good sense, and refinement. And though the Quarterly does not actually need the somewhat timid and apologetic advocacy with which its fair editresses send it forth to the world, the tone they have adopted is none the less creditable to them, and none the less conducive to that "favor and good will" for which they ask, and with which, we venture to prophecy, they will be greeted on all sides.

We shall rank the Mills Quarterly among the most welcome of our exchanges.
THE second game between the "Ætna" and "Energetic" Base-ball Clubs, for the championship of the College, was played on Sunday Dec. 15th. Both clubs struggled manfully for victory, and the game was one of the most closely contested, that we have seen for some time. Till the very last batsman had struck out in the last inning, none but the scorers knew with whom victory would abide. But then it became apparent that the balance inclined in favor of the "Ætnas." We must compliment both sides for their fine playing; the Ætnas for having defended so well the championship which their former efforts had won; the Energetics for having made so brave an effort to call the medal their own. The latter, especially, are to be praised; for although but newly organized, and consequently less accustomed to the field than their more venerable antagonists, they displayed a perfect knowledge of the game, and notwithstanding their defeat, covered themselves with glory. We give, below, the score, for which we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. W. Moson:

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<tr>
<th></th>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
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W. Moson, Scorer.

A. Arguello, Umpire.

Once more the examination list has been posted up on the door of the refectory. Dreadful little piece of paper! How coldly it spoke of days of toil and suspense, of triumph and of mortification! How heart sickening to the backward student it appears; how grateful to him who feels strong in his knowledge! Many were the anxious eyes that were cast over its contents; many were the faces that grew long as they read; many were the wishes that some lucky stroke of fate, might sweep forever from the face of the earth, all such tortures as examinations and their usual appendages. But yet, notwithstanding the uncertainty of these days of toil, every heart was light and every voice was cheerful; for time flies quickly, and the holidays were nearing fast.
One word more about our glorious hunters! Inspired, no doubt, by what we said of them in our last issue, they determined a few days ago, once more to take their guns, and to bend stern fate to grant them favor. Many were the promises of scores of juicy ducks, which they made us before they set out; many were the doubts expressed, as to their ability to carry home all the game they would kill. They went—and they have returned! One poor little duck's leg, appeared in the centre of a beef stew on our table. What did it mean? We asked a hunter, and he with a long face replied: "We promised you a duck, and we have fulfilled our promise!" Unlucky hunters! Read the following verses which we dedicate to you! May they cheer your heavy hearts, and restore the brightness to your sorrowing eyes:

HARK FROM ALVISO!

—— It is the noon of day!
Beside a muddy slough in kingly state,
Sit the stern Nimrods for the duck in wait.
No useless converse breaks the silence great,—
(Save now and then a bray!)
Whilst thus they sit and gaze upon the sky,
Their ears are tickled by a sudden cry,
Which sure, they think, is from a duck on high,
Imperiling its life!
"A duck! a duck!" and fast as lightning flash,
Down falls the fated soul with deafening crash,—
Down on its mother earth,—to rise no more!
As fast as eagles swoop they on their prey;—
And lo!—against their well felt wish they see—
"A crow—as black as any crow can be!"

A few nights ago a slight fire broke out in the Infirmary, where it would have gained considerable headway, had it not been discovered. Luckily however the smoke alarmed one of our professors, who was engaged in his room near by, and it was extinguished before it had done much damage. The President of the College was on the spot in an instant, and saw carefully to the quenching of the last spark.
ICE has been very common here throughout the month of December.

One of our innocent boys walked into a barber shop in San Jose a few days ago, in order to have the first faint down, the bloom on the peach, shaven from his tender cheek. After shaving him, the barber took up a little instrument used for sprinkling the face with scented water, and prepared to use it on our hero. He however, evidently did not relish the operation he was about to undergo, for no sooner was the sprinkler placed near his face, than he sprang from the chair in the greatest terror, seized his coat, rushed out of the shop, and returned to the College, with a long story of his miraculous escape from being shot.

We are glad to be able to record another game of base-ball. The second Nines of the “Energetic” and “Ætna” clubs took the field against each other on Thursday Dec. 19th. Mr. Moson has kindly furnished us with the score.

**Ætna.**

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| Total | 27 | 5 |

**ENERGETICS.**

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| Total | 16 | 27 |

**SCORER:**

C. McClatchy, Scorer. W. Moson, Umpire.

We were favored by a visit of the Professors of St. Ignatius College, the other day. We sincerely regret that the weather was so unfavorable as to mar the pleasure which a trip into the country affords under more favorable circumstances.
EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Christmas holidays have come at last. On Monday, the 28th of December, the vacation began, and it will last until the 6th of January, 1873. All but a few of the students (twenty or thirty perhaps) have left the College, and the yard has a deserted look; for even those who have remained seem to have a dread of venturing away out into the middle of the grounds. In fact, however, there has been too much rain lately, for one to undertake such a thing needlessly.

"College Journal."—It is always with pleasure that we welcome to our list a College exchange. It has been said—or, if it has not been said, it should have been said—that college journalism is bringing the students of our American Colleges into a communion of thought, gradually adhering the student community into one grand body, and making it one of the elements of our country.

But if we find pleasure in receiving every college exchange, what a great pleasure do we experience in welcoming to the great field of college literature, a journal that comes from an institution which, though thousands of miles away, is bound to us by the ties of blood-relationship; and between which and Santa Clara College, there has always existed a warm feeling of sympathy that bridges over the distance between us, making us near neighbors in heart.

Georgetown College,—the mention of that name always excites a feeling of reverence in us; though perhaps a slight tinge of jealousy may now and then arise, from the fact that whilst Georgetown could attract students from the Pacific Coast, our own Santa Clara could not draw new recruits from the Atlantic sea-board. But surely if any such feeling did arise, it was soon forgotten; whilst the reverential awe with which we regarded the older institution, has never for a moment been lessened within us. It was no surprise to us to hear that Georgetown College was about to publish a periodical. It
had, in fact, long been a source of wonder to us that this College, so excellent in every department, had not long ere this established that now almost necessary appendage to a college.

Welcome then,—thrice welcome to our table—is the College Journal.

It is an eight page paper, and well filled with interesting matter. We notice, among the names of the Editorial Committee, that of H. C. Bowie, formerly a student of this College.

The University of Chicago has the honor of imparting "the Western idea" to four intelligent and observant natives of the great empires of the East.—Volante.

Mills Seminary has started a Quarterly. There being an article on it in the present number, we will not here give it an extended notice.

Died—The Cub, an amateur monthly of San Francisco, has made its last issue. It was established we believe about two years ago, and it had improved a great deal during the time of its existence.

Fare thee well, oh Cub! We shed a tear over thy grave. Hadst thou lived longer, thou mightest have made a very agreeable sort of bear; but alas thou art stifled in thy youth by the fatal hug of death, and no more shall we hear thy juvenile growls. May thy ashes rest in peace!

This number of the Owl ends our Sixth Volume, and we take this occasion to thank our patrons for the support they have given us since our magazine was established.

Although it is rather late, yet we venture to offer to all our readers the compliments of Christmas time. We hope that you have all spent the merriest of merry Christmases, and that you may live happy (and take the Owl) through many years.

The Oxford Undergraduates' Journal is got up on a grand scale. It stands beside any of our American College papers like the Times compared with our city daily sheets.—Ex.

One of the most touching instances of gratitude is alleged to have occurred at Lock Haven the other day. A little boy, the child of a wealthy mother, tumbled into the river. He was rescued by a workingman and restored to his parents. The woman gave the man a three-cent postage stamp, and said she would be glad to have him come to her house and sit out in the entry and hear her play the piano. He went away with tears in his eyes. He said he wasn't used to such overwhelming kindness.—Scholastic.
THE fact that our daily papers are so full, just now, of disasters happening to ships, reminds us that we should like to ask our nautical friends who live in naughti Cal., a few questions:

Why are ships not made of stern er stuff, so that they need not bow before the tempest, but may master it? So good at sparing, why do they not run in the wind's eye? What is the carpenter doing while the officer planks the deck? What is there in those little ropes, that when you stand on one there is a ratlin under your feet? Does the spanker boom differ much from an ordinary cannon? Do ships generally take in a reef as the Sacramento did, through her bottom? If the ship does not sail for a week, does it make her stay longer? Does a hand-spike differ much from a finger-nail?

One of our friends has given us a valuable piece of scientific information. We will not give the report as he gave it to us, on account of the frequency of technical terms, which might confuse. But the substance of his remarks amounts to this: that after many

and divers experiments and careful study, he has clearly demonstrated that the course of a tipsy man makes an angle with that of a sober man, and that angle is a right-angle (rightangle).

What piece of crockery would cut down a tree? A saw, sir.

Spirit of the press.—Printer's devil.

The reason why none of our students study Hebrew. They have no tendency to become hebrayists.

What geometrical figure is a lost parrot? A polygon.

The Boston fire did not surprise some people. They expected it. This world is going so fast that the hub must become heated. The age is fast, the boys are fast, the timepieces are fast, certain days are fast, the pump-handles are fast (this cold weather), and the taste of some people is fast-idius.

Prof. of Philosophy.—Mr. Fitzgibbon, will you please name one
of those philosophers called Rationalists?

Fitzgibbons (sleepily)—Can’t, sir.
Prof.—Correct: Kant was one.
Your father will be glad to hear of your proficiency.

Our portly friend, remarkable for his interest in the carnivorous cetacean mammals, especially the *baldenidac* and *physoderidae*, spoke of a man who had “a small bag with a large ham in it, in his pocket.” “Was it a mistake?” as our papers would head the notice of the fact.

What Assyrian general was remarkable for his insanity?—Holofernes.

Our editor in chief (says the *Yale Courant*) has just stumbled over a form and knocked about 8,000 type into inextricable pi. The devil, upon whom devolves the labor of sorting it, has started down street after a big knife. The editor will be scarce about the office for the next few days.

RATHER ROUGH LATIN—A farmer’s son had, for a long time, been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy. The farmer, not being satisfied with the course of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and, placing him beside a cart, one day thus addressed him:

“Now, Joseph, here is a fork, and this is a heap of manure, and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?”

“Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus,” said Joseph.

“Weel, now” said the old man, “if you do not take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I will break your lazy backibus”

Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

A printer recently made “Be Ye Therefore Steadfast,” the text of a minister’s sermon, “Be Ye There for Breakfast.”

It is related of our porter, Mr. G—— (who by the way is remarkable for “putting the cart before the horse,”) while describing a treacherous attempt on the part of a lunatic to murder one of the keepers of an asylum in the District of Columbia, by tying a bottle of water in a handkerchief, which he intended to use, slung shot fashion, on the keeper, while he would be engaged in lighting the fire, thus described the tragic event:

“There was an asylum lighting the District of Columbia in a fire, and just as he was doing so, the keeper tied a lunatic up in a bottle of water and was going to knock the brains out of the asylum, but the latter fortunately saw the shadow of the handkerchief as it was descending upon his doomed head, and was thus enabled to evade the blow.”
**Table of Honor**

*Credits for the month of November as read on Wednesday, Dec. 4th, 1872.*

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<tr>
<th>CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE</th>
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<tr>
<td>3d Class</td>
<td>N. Camarillo 90, F. La Coste 70, S. Fellem 70, J. Norris 72, G. Norris 90, R. Soto 96, J. Machado 71, J. Bernal 89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GERMAN</td>
<td>J. Aguirre 70, J. Barrenechea 100, V. McClatchy 100, J. Sax, 100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>A. Bel 70, J. Barrenechea 75, J. Callaghan 80, W. Davis 70, T. Durbin 88, D Furlong 82, A. Mccone 72, L. Palmer 92, N. Robles 70, G. Roundey 90, A. School 100, Jas. Walsh 75, R. Wallace 70, B. Yorba 96, J. Garesche 70, J. Machado 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d Class</td>
<td>E. Anzerais 87, C. Georget 70, J. Hayes 70, J. Norris 75, J. Perrier 70, T. Phippen 70, S. Sheridan 87, G. Trenought 80, C. Welti 90, L. Shinn 70, W. Furman 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPANISH</td>
<td>J. Aguirre 70, J. Barrenechea 100, V. McClatchy 100, J. Sax, 100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>P. Soto 71, J. Aguirre 70, L. Camarillo 70, J. Callaghan 70, W. Randall 70, N. Robles 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d Class</td>
<td>W. Furman 70, C. McClatchy 100, A. Pacheco 100, C. Stonesifer 100, J. Ward 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARITHMETIC.</td>
<td>A. Bell 70, J. Barrenechea 75, J. Callaghan 80, W. Davis 70, T. Durbin 88, D Furlong 82, A. Mccone 72, L. Palmer 92, N. Robles 70, G. Roundey 90, A. School 100, Jas. Walsh 75, R. Wallace 70, B. Yorba 96, J. Garesche 70, J. Machado 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d Class</td>
<td>E. Anzerais 87, C. Georget 70, J. Hayes 70, J. Norris 75, J. Perrier 70, T. Phippen 70, S. Sheridan 87, G. Trenought 80, C. Welti 90, L. Shinn 70, W. Furman 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOOK-KEEPING.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>V. McClatchy 100, N. Camarillo 95, S. Fellom 90, P. Soto 93</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Table of Honor.


READING AND SPELLING.
3d Class—E. Auzerais 70, J. De la Cruz 70, R. De la Vega 87, James Donahue 90, T. Donahue 80, T. Leahy 80, G. Markham 90, C. Moore 83, Frank Sanchez 80, G. Shafer 80, Frank Shafer 84, R. Sheridan 93, Geo. Trenought 75, F. Burling 70, H. Farmer 93, A. Young 70.

ELOCUTION
1st Class—V. McColly 75, A. Veuve 70.
2d Class—D. Furlong 78, T. Morrison 70.
3d Class—A. Bell 70, J. A. Day 90, W. Moson 75, L. Palmer 70, R. Wallace 70, J. Walsh 90.
4th Class—A. McConi 70, John McCarthy 70, Jas. Fallon 70, Jose Machado 70, B. Yorba 70.
5th Class—J. Aguirre 80, C. Gambill 80, E. Sheridan 70.

PENMANSHIP.
3d Class—J. Auzerais 80, R. Brenham 77, M. Chevalier 73, W. Davis 76, C. Floed 80, W. Firma 73, T. Hanley 90, P. Hill 75, H. Martin 70, E. McLaughlin 72, J. Perrier 71, L. Phippen 78, A. Schoell 70, J. Sax 75, G. Seifert 76, A. Spence 70, J. R. Sullivan 74, G. Trenought 80, C. Welti 70, G. Hopkins 70.

PIANO.
1st Class—R. Rowie 90, C. Ebner 80, N. Camarillo 80, A. Arguello 75, Alph. Den 75, H. Bowie 75.
2nd Class—A. McConi 70, L. Frank 80.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS.
Jas. Kennedy 75, N. Brisae 70, S. Fellom 70.

[Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.]

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**Candy Manufacturers**—Maurice O’Brien, San Jose.
**Carriage Painters**—Kimball & Linville, San Jose.
**Carriage Manufacturers**—Thomas & McQuaid, San Jose.
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