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MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

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REV. WILLIAM BYRNE,
Crusader office, Boston, Mass.
THE REWARD OF HEROES.

[An Oration delivered in the Exhibition Hall of Santa Clara College, on the 22nd of February, 1873, the anniversary of the birth of George Washington.]

(R. F. DEL VALLE, Mental Philosophy.)

Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It has been often said—and I think with some degree of truth—that "the world ignores its greatest men."

Long and glorious indeed is the catalogue of earth's heroes; but of comparatively few can it be said that their countrymen have duly recognized their heroism, or duly rewarded their self-sacrifice. Rather has self-seeking than self-sacrifice won the prizes of the world. Destroyers of men rather than their benefactors, are the people whom mankind likes to honor.

An Alexander or a Napoleon may overrun half the civilized world with fire and sword, for no conceivable object other than the gratification of his personal lust for power; and he will be a "hero," not merely whilst he can wield that power, but for all future generations; whilst others, far nobler and far truer in their heroism, remain, and ever will remain "unhonored and unsung."

And yet there are exceptions to this sad rule; exceptions too which, if not relatively, are at least positively numerous.

I shall not pretend, on an occasion like this, to go through history systematically, in search of heroes and their varying rewards. The task would indeed be endless. But I trust, ladies and gentlemen, that I may not be taxing your kind attention too heavily if, before alluding to the great hero of this day, —(the best example at once of true heroism and of its true reward)—
I recur to a few instances from bygone times of others, more or less like him, who have been more or less differently rewarded. So only shall we be able to appreciate as we ought both the greatness of Washington and the gratitude of America.

I have alluded already to military conquerors; and I care not to speak of them any more. But what shall I say of the upholders and defenders of those sacred rights so dear to the hearts of free men? Shall immortality be their reward? Shall their deeds be enshrined on the altar of freedom and their names be surrounded by the imperishable halo of a country's affection? Over their sacred dust wave the variegated glories of the standards which they so manfully guarded, despite the constant antagonism of despots and of traitors; but shall their graves be moistened by the tears of the peoples for whom they have fought? Shall they be loved as they have loved their country? Too often, alas, they shall not. Too often are they confronted, even while still living, by the ingratitude of those whom they have saved.

In the classic days of Grecian freedom, this vice of ingratitude is especially noticeable; although we may find, at the same time, some noble instances of the contrary virtue.

Three great names appear suddenly to my mind, bound perhaps by the tie of mutual relation; heroes, whose names are almost representative of Grecian freedom, and whose actions have become familiar, nay, even proverbial to us all. Yes; if we wish to paint an ideal hero, we give him the unflinching courage of Miltiades, the exquisite prudence of Themistocles, and the disinterested equity of Aristides. Their labors and perils are still fresh upon the roll of Fame; and history's undying finger still points to the wisdom of the hero of Salamis, and the combined power of those two minds, linked both by friendship and by patriotism, that achieved safety and liberty for their country in the memorable battle of Marathon. But how ungrateful was that country! It was thought insufficient to have despoiled them of the recompense they had so justly merited: even the very sight of them was odious to their fellow-citizens, who regarded it perhaps as an obstacle to the accomplishment of their own selfish plans; and hence banishment was the fruit of the heroes' toil, and their reward for the benefits they had rendered to the State.

But we are called upon to pause, and read the inscription,—

"Stranger, the tidings to the Spartans tell,
That here, obeying their commands, we fell."

Here the great though conquered Leonidas awaits the reward that he has bought by the price of his own blood. Yes! Thermopylae
The Reward of Heroes.

has been for ages the most sublime example of patriotism; and immortal glory still surrounds it.

A marble lion, to mark the resting place of Leonidas, has been his reward; signifying that the renown of his bravery shall descend un tarnished to posterity.

And what shall we say of Pelopidas and Epaminondas;—heroes whose names are bound together by the ties of mutual affection and mutual assistance, and who with united power saved their native land. Lencatra, and many other bloody and victorious fights, won for the Theban generals the admiration of the world. Were these great men led in triumph, amid the applause of their countrymen, and with crowns of laurels to Thebes? No! Far from it! They were treated like two traitors that had worked the ruin of their country instead of its salvation, and were exposed in a court of justice to the ridicule of all, for the transgression of certain unnecessary and unwise rules, which very transgression itself caused their victory.

Timoleon and Philopemen, however, could not complain of their country's ingratitude.

The former, by superhuman exertions, liberated Sicily from Punic tyranny and established there a free government. In his honor the daughter of his labors, Syracuse, instituted annual celebrations in which he was proclaimed as "the man who destroyed tyrants, subdued barbarians, repeopled great cities which lay desolate, and restored to the Sicilians their laws and privileges."

The latter received in an equal degree the admiration of his native country, and indeed earned for himself the glorious title of "the last of the Greeks." These two last examples are exceptions to the sad rule of ingratitude which seems to have generally prevailed in the Grecian States.

If, however, we turn to the Roman Republic, we find in the stern integrity and fixedness of character which marked that great people, a better prospect of justice to their heroes; and that prospect is realized when we come to investigate facts.

Junius Brutus, the first Roman Consul, who avenged the rape of Lucretia, and sacrificed parental affection to the liberty of his country, in passing sentence of death on his two sons whom he had found to be traitors, is a hero of great renown, and one to whom Rome showed proportionate gratitude; for after he had died defending her cause, the mantle of mourning was spread over the whole people; and the Roman ladies especially, in memory of the Avenger of Chastity, clothed themselves in mourning for the space of one year.

And shall we not praise the modesty and magnanimity of Cincinnatus, who freed Rome from
oppression, and who merited the sympathy expressed for him?

Again, what must we say of Camillus, who never fought without victory,—whose exertions freed Rome from all her impending perils,—who gained eternal honor, —and was styled “father of his country and second founder of Rome”? Regulus and Scipio Africanus, are not the least in the catalogue of Roman heroes; nor was their reward the least: for they received all the honor and gratitude their country could render them.

The Carthaginian general on the other hand, the great opponent of Rome, and whose pre-eminent patriotism was ill-repaid by an ungrateful nation, shall never be exceeded in the record of time, as warrior, as patriot, or as politician. And yet, after undergoing all the petty vexations of factional opposition, unreasoning envy, and base treachery, he died at length by his own hand, an exile in a distant land, with all his designs thwarted and all his hopes frustrated!

But we are called upon to notice, in their turn, the various mediæval and modern nations, whose civilization at least, if not whose blood, is derived from the Conquerors of the World? Have they inherited Roman justice in this respect? Their record is, I fear, somewhat doubtful. Let us, however, give them the benefit of the doubt, by taking those instances chiefly—our time being so limited—in which more or less justice has been done.

The first name which suggests itself for my consideration is one with which the epithet of “Great” is associated. Yes; Alfred the Great, must undoubtedly be recognized as pre-eminent among patriots. He who rescued his country from its impending subjugation by the heathen, who made learning spring from ignorance, and through whose efforts and example superstition vanished and the Christian spirit replaced it,—he who found England the abject victim of ignorance and of war, and left it the happy home of learning and of peace:—such a hero, and such a patriot, is almost beyond my feeble praise. I will merely, therefore, reëcho the words of one better qualified than myself to do him justice, and who speaks as follows:

“O Alfred, the wonder and prodigy of all ages! If we reflect on his piety we shall be inclined to believe that he always lived in retirement and solitude; if we recollect his warlike exploits, we shall judge that he never departed from the camps; if we call to mind his learning and writings, we shall imagine that he spent his whole life in a literary institution; if we direct our attention to his wise administration and wholesome laws, it will seem that these have been his only study and employment.” And this magnanimous king has not only
left an impress upon the English nation which marks it even yet, but has established himself so firmly in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, that they remember him to this day with loving veneration.

St. Louis of France, again, holds no secondary rank in the list of heroes; for in him were united the greatest moral courage, whether in politics or in war, and the most unexampled virtue. He labored incessantly for the good of his country, and by adopting in its government the simple principles of the Gospel, inspired his subjects with the most perfect confidence in his justice and patriotism. He combined indeed, in his character, all the noblest qualities that can glorify a monarch or adorn a saint.

And are we to remain silent about the deeds of those "great champions of Scottish liberty," whose heroic actions procured the independence of their country? No. Wallace and Bruce are names familiar with all the admirers of true renown. Did they not set themselves as rocks against the overwhelming tide of English invasion under the first Edward, and thus by their self-devotion secure the future happiness of a whole nation?

William Tell, too, the Saviour of Switzerland, needs to be mentioned. His mere name is enough. But heroism has been deeply rooted even in the female heart; and how much grander does it seem when shining forth in the midst of woman's weakness! Joan of Arc, the heroine, who delivered Orleans from the hands of the English usurpers, gained a renown which in man would be honorable, but in woman is wonderful! And yet, for her more than natural achievements, she was repaid with distrust and contempt, even by those whom she had saved.

Last, but not least, let me mention the great defender of Polish liberties, Kosciusko, who undertook the deliverance of Poland from the annihilating sword of an inveterate enemy, and who valiantly withstood all the hosts of the despot—he who considered all things else that mankind desires as mere nothings, when contrasted with liberty; and whose bare name often forced the enemy to lay down their arms. He failed, however; for merit does not in every case command success; and "freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

But Poland was not ungrateful; for his cherished country raised a monument in his honor, the foundations of which were moistened by the very blood of those Polish soldiers whom he had led to death in the defence of liberty.

And now to come to our own young Republic, and to the present day; nay, even to the present audience.

The very fact of our attendance here to-night, is in itself an answer
to the question, "how does America treat her heroes?" For, why
are we here, if not to demonstrate,
so far as in us lies, the veneration
with which we—not alone, but in
common with all our countrymen—regard the memory of America's
great hero, the father of his coun-
try, GEORGE WASHINGTON?

There is no need, for the purpose
of my present argument, to speak
particularly of all the other heroes
who have sprung from this prolific
soil. We are concerned to-night
especially with one; and that one,
not merely the greatest, but in
some sense the representative of
them all. For it is as undeniable as
it is notorious that in her patriotic
veneration for Washington, America
represents, in principle, her
conduct to all her heroes. There
is no country on earth which shows
less ingratitude to its benefactors,
or renders nobler homage to their
virtue, than this in which we have
the happiness to live. To this one
American example, then, great and
noble as it is, let us confine oursel-
ves.

Your hearts are full, already, of
the high thoughts which the very
name of Washington calls up. I
need therefore say but little more.

Complain not, O great hero,* of
American ingratitude! Accuse not
the soil that gave you birth, of in-

* Here the speaker turned round to
apostrophize a bust of Washington,
which occupied a pedestal of honor in
the centre of the stage.]
little to his honor, for already his name is the talisman of America!

Certain it is that to all the defenders of our rights we, the citizens of this Republic, must remain indebted, as long as the sun of time shall shine in the heavens; but to him above all, and to him as the type of all; for of all our American heroes, he is incomparably the first. It has indeed been appropriately said, and may well on this occasion be repeated—for it is a sort of epitome at once of his heroism and of its reward—that he is "the first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen!"

---

DREAM FANCIES.

(YUSEF.)

I saw thee when the loveliest rose
Would pale beside thy blush;
The lily envied thee thy brow;
The nightingale for thee would hush;
And from thine eyes the warm soft lovelight shone;
And all of truth and love and virtue were thine own.

I saw thee when thy cheek had paled
Beneath the grief of years;
Thy loving voice was low yet sweet,
Thine eye was dimmed by oft shed tears;
And those around thee wore a look of gloom,
To see thee slowly, surely gliding to the tomb.

Again I saw thy fairy form—
Thy soul had flown to God.
I prayed to see no more of earth—
To rest with thee beneath the sod.
For thy true heart was all on earth I claimed—
For thee alone, in me, the fire of love had flamed.

And now at night, borne on the breeze,
I hear thy mournful knell.
Its dying tremor on the air
Doth moan farewell, farewell, farewell!
And still my heart—sad, desolate, and lone—
Doth ever echo to that knell its spirit moan.
A TYphoon OFF THE COAST OF JAPAN.

(WM. B. WILSON.)

ON a cold November morning, some three years ago, I was roused from my slumbers by the loud chorus of a song, in which at least a dozen voices joined; whilst as many pairs of feet kept time to the tune. For a few moments I felt bewildered; but the repetition of the chorus, the continued heavy tread of feet, the loud words of command, the gentle ripple of water close to my ear, the clink, clink of the chain as it fell into the locker, and the narrow bunk in which I found myself coffined, as it were, soon brought me to a realization of my whereabouts. I was on board ship.

After a residence of over two years in Japan, I had resolved to "try my luck" in America; and with this object in view, had secured a passage on board the British barque Miako, bound for San Francisco.

The Captain—a jolly Scotchman—recommended me to take possession of my cabin on Sunday evening, as he intended to weigh anchor at dawn on Monday.

Arriving on board in due time, and finding that the Captain was not likely to make his appearance before midnight, I sought the solitude of my cabin; and after making a hasty survey of my new quarters, and disposing of my "traps", I "turned in". Seven bells in the third watch (3.30 A.M.) had struck before I fell asleep.

It was not long before I was roused, as already described; and hastily leaving my bunk I proceeded on deck, where I found the crew busy heaving anchor and setting sail.

Just as I emerged from the companion, the morning gun, fired from the English flag-ship, the Ocean, heralded the beginning of another day; and as the loud report rolled on, over the broad expanse of the bay, it was answered by the trumpet-calls of the other vessels of the fleet, as well as by the English and French troops on shore.

Standing on the poop, I contemplated the scene before me.

There was the beautiful silvery bay, bearing upon its glassy bosom about eighty vessels of various nationalities. Here and there, amid this great fleet, the eye would rest on the stately form of some man-o'-
war of one of the "Treaty Powers", guarding, sentinel-like, the lives and property of Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Americans. Beyond, bordering on the bay, lay the three towns of Kanagawa, Yokohama, and Omurah. Far in the distance, with its majestic snow-clad peak towering aloft into the clouds, was the great Fusihama mountain. To the left of Yokohama, and close to the canal, were the French barracks, almost hidden amidst a beautiful grove of stately trees on the hill-side; whilst immediately above, stood the English barracks,—on a bluff about four hundred feet above the level of the sea. Stretching out into the bay, from the foot of this bluff, were the immense coal-sheds and wharves of the P.M.S.S. Company.

From the canal above referred to, and which surrounds Yokohama, countless boats were issuing, bound in a thousand different directions. The shrill whistle of the steamer starting for Yedo, and the "hoota-heeta" of the cendoos, keeping time to the stroke of their sculls as they plied their way either seaward or to the different vessels on which they were employed, showed that another day's toil had fairly begun.

By this time, the anchor being weighed, the Miako began to move steadily and majestically from her berth; and, the breeze increasing as the daylight advanced, the sails soon filled and we got under steer-

age way.

As we glided through the fleet, sundry vessels of our own nation saluted us by dipping their ensigns and giving three hearty cheers, which compliments were answered by us in like manner.

We had not proceeded far down the channel before the breeze freshened; and, all sails being set, we soon sped through the water at the rate of ten knots an hour.

Thus we continued until noon, by which time the breeze had considerably increased, and our smart little craft was "lying over to it" pretty freely, I thought. Towards four P. M., however, we shortened sail; and in this way we ran until sunset. By nine o'clock the wind had increased to a moderate gale, though nothing to excite apprehension. So, after listening to a few well-spun "yarns," I retired to my cabin, in the hope that the morning would bring fine weather.

Alas! How much I was disappointed, the sequel will prove.

Sleep? It was impossible! The gale was perceptibly increasing every minute; the lurching of the ship was more violent; the seas struck her with greater force; the watch on deck were rushing "fore and aft," and the Captain was roaring out his orders at the top of his voice.

Affairs continued pretty much in the same state the whole night through; and I hailed the first glimmer of daylight, as it stole
through the small port-hole in my cabin, with a "Thank God".

I soon found my way on deck. But, ye gods! what a scene presented itself to my view!

I scarcely recognized the ship as the same on which I had embarked so short a time before, and which but yesterday looked so grand and noble. The boats were no longer hanging at the davits—they were inboard and securely lashed. The various little nick-nacks that I had observed about the deck were no longer to be seen—they had been sent below. The topgallant-masts were struck, and the mainsails and topsails securely and snugly furled, with the exception of a close-reefed foretopsail and a storm-sail-jib; and the great strain upon these, awakened fears for their safety. As far as the eye could reach, it rested on moving mountains of foam.

We were in a typhoon, the Captain informed me, and there was every indication that the worst had yet to come. He wouldn't mind the gale if he had plenty of sea-room; but unfortunately he hadn't. For, about thirty miles to leeward, there was a group of islands. Standing as we were, "close-hauled," we were drifting down upon them at the rate of three or four knots an hour. And to run before the gale, in such a sea, was too great a risk, unless forced upon him as a last extremity.

Notwithstanding that both wind and sea increased every moment, I preferred remaining on deck watching the huge mountains of angry water as they rushed furiously towards us, seeming to threaten our instant destruction, and yet destined to be mounted so easily and gracefully by our little barque.

"Land in sight!" roared the look-out man.

"Where-a-way?" shouted the Captain.

"On the lee bow; about six miles off!"

In a few seconds the Captain was up in the mizzen cross-trees with his telescope pointed in the direction reported. He soon returned to the deck; and I then accompanied him to the cabin, where he pointed out the island just sighted, as indicated upon the chart; together with the remainder of the group.

The important moment had arrived in which he had to decide. The heavy sea was bearing us rapidly towards the shore. Our only hope was to run before the wind; and the Captain proceeded on deck to carry out this plan.

It was a dangerous undertaking, and all on board realized the fact.

The gale was blowing fiercely, so fiercely, that one dared not, at the risk of being blown from the deck, relax his hold for an instant.

The sea was running mountains high. Now our little craft would be raised aloft on the summit of
one of these raging mountains of water, and in that elevated position would be borne along with fearful velocity, several hundred yards; and then, as if tired of its toy, that huge wave would travel on, leaving us in the trough behind, to be the sport of the sea that followed it, which would serve us in precisely the same manner. Every instant brought us nearer and nearer to danger. The sharp, keen howl of the wind; the thunder-like roar of the vessel’s rapid movement through the water; the deep, low, ominous sound of the sea breaking on the shore, resembling the report of heavy artillery, chilled the very blood in my veins. The Captain stood upon the forecastle, signaling to the men at the wheel what course to steer. The remainder of the officers and crew were stationed on different parts of the deck, axes in hand, ready to clear away the wreck, in the event of the masts going by the board,—a danger that seemed almost certain to befall us, from the short, chopping sea in which we now were. Not a word was uttered. Every man uncovered his head; and the low, quick muttering of prayers, showed how thoroughly we all felt that our only hope was in Him who rules the wind and waves.

No sooner had we passed one island than another would loom up through the mist. And thus we continued until near midnight; when the Captain ordered the ship to be brought up again into the wind, as we were well clear of the shore.

This order filled us all with renewed hope; and with one accord we knelt down and offered a sincere—though short and silent—prayer to our Deliverer.

It was a sight that will never be erased from my memory. The hoary-bearded seaman who boasted of having battled with the tempests for thirty years; the cabin-boy and the apprentice, who had just left father and mother, brothers and sisters for the first time, and who scarcely as yet knew how to obey; the Captain and other officers who were wont to command;—all knelt down, side by side, regardless of the spray that drenched us; and I sincerely trust that it will never be my lot to experience another night at sea.

Yes! The thought of the danger through which we then passed, causes me to shudder, even as I write; and I sincerely trust that it will never be my lot to experience such another night at sea.

To my great joy, the gale decreased rapidly during the next day; and by evening we were enabled to resume our course for San Francisco, where we arrived safely, and without further incident.

A Typhoon off the Coast of Japan.
THE PASSAGE OF THE DELAWARE.

[A Poem delivered in the Exhibition Hall of Santa Clara College, on the 22nd of February, 1873, the anniversary of the birth of George Washington:]

(ALCIDE L. VEUVE, 1st Rhetoric.)

TWILIGHT, murky garments weaving,
Robes the earth in solemn brown:
Heavenly stars, the darkness cleaving,
Smile o'er mountain, mead and town.

On each roof, and wall, and railing
Rests the pure and glad sonle snow;
But the sound of human wailing,
Seems to augur war and woe.

Hail, sweet moon, that grandly risest,
Flooding all our land with light!
Hail, fair land, that dearly prizest
Freedom from tyrannic might!

Happy ye who fairy features
Trace in burning coals' bright glow;
But God help ye wretched creatures
Toiling through the drifted snow!

What are those dark masses, seeming
Like the shadows of the night?
Was not that a bayonet, gleaming
In the moonbeams' silver light?

File by file, a steady column
Marches past, with muffled tread;
And with faces haughty and solemn,
Warriors seem they of the dead.

By that stern yet noble manner
Which denotes heroic minds,—
By the folds of Freedom's banner,
Streaming to the evening winds,—
The Passage of the Delaware.

By that sign their clothing renders
Of a life of want and woe,—
We may know our brave defenders,
Marching to surprise the foe.

Though themselves protection needing
From the cold and biting air;
Though their feet be cut and bleeding
Crimsoning the snow so fair;

That their purpose is unshaken
Can be seen in every eye:
Each the firm resolve hath taken:—
He will conquer or will die.

At their head, with nobler bearing,
Walks the leader of the band,
Haughty England's vengeance daring,
For the freedom of our land.

Murky clouds again are forming
Underneath the starlit sky
And the wind, around them storming,
Whirls the blinding snow on high.

Weary path their feet are treading:
Dark the icy Delaware;
For no more the moon is shedding
Friendly beams to guide them there.

Shall they dare that dangerous crossing,
Swollen by the wintry rain?
Death, upon the waters tossing,
Waits to make their efforts vain.

On the bank the hero pauses:
Stays he for that surging tide?
Can it be that danger causes
Washington to turn aside?

No! Our chief we should be wrongdoing
Thought we he'd desert our cause.
No! Though round him risks are thronging,
'Tis not fear that makes him pause.

He but prays that God may give them
Strength to bear their country's woe,—
That His mercy may not leave them,
When the morrow brings the foe.
Then each barge, its load receiving
Waits the signal to depart,—
Fiery brand, the darkness cleaving;—
Glare the signal! Off they start!

And the fire-brand, brightly gleaming
Through the dark tempestuous night,
Shows them Freedom's banner streaming,
Emblem of our nation's right.

First beneath that glorious banner—
Always first at duty's call—
Stands our chief, in gallant manner,
Giving heart and hope to all.

Stands; and views the arrowy rushing
Of the roaring Delaware;
Sees the ice-blocks crashing,—crashing—
By the torch's fitful glare.

Who would pause when freedom urges
This wild chance our land to save?
None! though 'neath those foaming surges
All should find a watery grave.

Who could pause beneath his leading,—
Washington,—the nation's hope?
None! Each crew, the risk unheeding;
With these waves would gladly cope.

Suddenly the storm increases;
Wilder roars the winter blast;
And the water seethes and hisses,
As it rushes madly past.

Ha! the lightning's angry flashes
Now illumé the Northern skies!
And the living thunder crashes—
Rolls afar—then, mumbling, dies.

And the waves are fiercely driving
On their crests the ice-blocks large;
And each one in turn is striving
To o'erwhelm the laboring barge.

Now the snow-flakes, thickly falling,
Send before the angry blast;
And the sight is heart-appalling
Of the torrent whirling past.
Weary hours are spent in crossing;
But they reach the friendly shore:
And they leave the wild waves tossing
With an angry sullen roar:

And they hear the call to muster,
And each hero takes his stand;
And as 'neath the flag they cluster,
"Forward!" comes the stern command.

And the sun reveals his coming
In the first grey streaks of day,
Just as they, to measured drumming,
Once again pursue their way.

And when over Trenton's slumber
Burst the bright effulgent sun,
With his tints of gold and umber,
Sudden spoke the deep-mouthed gun.

And the Englishman awaking,
Met a foe on every hand;
And one charge our fathers making,
Gained the freedom of the land.

Yes! Amid the cannons' thunder,
On that bright immortal morn,
They have rent the chains asunder
Of their children yet unborn.

Round the memory of the Master,
Twine your wreaths of deathless fame;
Raise his bust in alabaster;
Chant your panegyric to his name!

And—when dangers round us gather—
Should your sinking hearts despair,
Call to mind our nation's Father,
And the icy Delaware.
THE RISE OF THE TURKS.

(WM. S. HEREFORD, 1st Rhetoric.)

THE first traces of this nation, which has since figured so conspicuously in the annals of the world, are to be found on the northern slope of the Altai range, and along the valleys of the Tungus Mountains, between the Irtish and Yenisei Rivers, on the confines of Siberia and China. From this region a portion of them migrated into the country now known as Independent Turkistan; while another party established themselves in the vicinity of Koko-tor, and around the waters of the Hoang-Ho.

Here, for years, they played the part of humble shepherds, following the courses of the rivers, the valleys of which afforded ample pasturage for their flocks and herds, and relying upon these and the resources of the chase for their subsistence.

A small number of their tribes preferred a permanent settlement, and engaged in agricultural pursuits; but the greater part were for ages nomads. Eventually, however, having been taught by experience that this mode of living was not very conducive to their worldly advantage, they threw off the unbecoming habiliments of the peaceful shepherd in order to replace them with the warlike harness of the bold and intrepid freebooter. And their frequent incursions for plunder into the Chinese territory, and the terror they inflicted upon the industrious but timid people of that empire, clearly prove that this change in the Turk's mode of living was both suitable and agreeable to him.

This branch of the Turkish family, occupying the northwestern part of China, received from the Chinese the name of "vile slaves"; but, whether the epithet was appropriate or not, it is evident from history that those "vile slaves" proved, for a long while, altogether too powerful for the peace of those who so stigmatized them.

About the middle of the eighth century, however, the eastern territories of the Turks became subject to China, and the western to Persia, which had been conquered by the Saracens.

It was about this period also that the Turks embraced Mahomet-
anism; a religion that was perfectly suited to their ideas of right and wrong, and through the influence of which they were changed from a tribe of miserable military "slaves", into an army of undaunted warriors, for whom the invasion of the whole world seemed only too little.

While they served in the capacity of military slaves to their conquerors, they successively supplied the Saracens with generals, the Caliphs with ministers, and finally the nation with sovereign rulers, as will be shown.

About this time, the vast monarchy which had been founded by the Arabs, was going to decay, through the continued indolence of its rulers; which had resulted, not unnaturally, in the rebellion of sundry governors of provinces, who had proclaimed their independence. In this manner both Africa and Persia were gradually withdrawn from the rule of the Abbasides; and towards the latter part of the tenth century, the dynasty lost also the provinces of Palestine and Egypt, where the real or pretended descendants of Fatima, a daughter of Mahomet, established their domination.

It was against these and other invaders that the Caliphs of Bagdad, called to their assistance the Turkish tribes who lived in the neighborhood of the Caspian sea: warlike nomads who had won renown from their exploits under their leader the famous Seljuk, from whom they took their name: —"the Seljooks."

But while the Caliphs were applauding themselves for the cunning measure they had adopted for regaining their authority through the valor and success of their new allies, they were totally unconscious of the fact that they would soon meet their own fate from the very source whence they were then deriving such able assistance. The warlike Seljukian Turks who had fought with such undaunted courage and success under the orders and against the enemies of the Caliphs, suddenly determined to make a few conquests on their own account, and soon subdued the whole of Western Asia, where they founded that powerful empire with which the Crusaders afterwards fought so many long and bloody battles for the possession of Palestine.

This empire was divided into three parts; and during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Mongols sprang into existence, and in connection with other hordes, destroyed the power of the Seljooks in Asia Minor; but notwithstanding this check, fresh hordes of Turks, restless and uncivilized tribes, who hardly knew any other method of obtaining the necessaries of life than that of war and plunder, and who resembled demons rushing forward to claim their victims, rather than men—
continually poured forth from Tartary and deluged the fairest provinces of Asia.

One of these savage chieftains, Othman, from whom the Turks derive the name of Ottomans, with his hordes of some hundred Tartar families from the Caucasus, pitched his camp in the plains of Bithynia, under the protection of the Seljook Sultan of Iconium, and being soon reinforced by robbers, runaway slaves and prisoners, he plundered the surrounding country, and even succeeded in wresting several provinces of Asia Minor from the Eastern Empire of the Romans. After the death of his protector he proclaimed himself Sultan; and thus, unobstructed by the weak and divided Byzantines, he founded upon the ruins of the Saracen, the Seljook and Mogul powers—about the year 1300—the empire of the Ottoman Turks in Asia—a power whose restless subjects were soon destined to pitch their tents even in the sacred country of Homer of Solon, and of Pericles.

Othman reigned supreme for the space of about twenty-seven years, and after him, through the great courage and policy of some of his immediate successors, who were animated not only by fanaticism but also by a passion for military glory, the Ottoman Empire, which had such a bloody cradle, grew both in strength and size until it became one of the first military powers in Europe.

The first of this list of conquerors was Orcan, who fixed his residence in Broussa, the capital of Bithynia; and while the feeble and degenerate Greeks were still weakening themselves by civil dissensions, the Turks, on the contrary, by successive combinations of their forces, daily increased the extent of their dominions. They soon captured the cities of Prusia, Nicomedia, and Nice; and then, crossing over into Europe, began a series of conquests, destined in the end to make all that quarter of the world quake for its safety.

About this time Orcan died, and was succeeded by Amurat, who strengthened the power of his empire still more, by organizing a valiant infantry known in history by the name of “the Janizaries.” This body of troops, which resembled in almost every respect that of the Praetorians at Rome under the Emperors, was formed chiefly of Christian slaves, brought up from their boyhood in the Mahometan faith and in the practice of arms; and these, combined as they were with a regular troop of cavalry called “Spadis,” which had been formed under Orcan but improved by his successor, seemed as invincible as the Lacedaemonian phalanx of old. It was chiefly indeed by means of these powerful and well disciplined troops that Amurat gained his numerous and famous victories over the Hungarians, Ser-
vians, and other nations of eastern Europe, who had united their forces to oppose his progress.

After his death he was succeeded by Bajazet I., known in history under the surname of “Ilderim”—lightning—an epithet gained on account of the rapidity of his conquests, and the uncommon quickness with which he passed from Europe to Asia, and from Asia to Europe. He, like his predecessors, had discovered the weakness of the Eastern Empire and the divisions of the Western; and as Asia no longer feared a crusade, he invaded Thessaly, and advanced towards Constantinople; which, however, for certain reasons of policy and prudence he did not yet attack; though he made its suburbs the limit of the Greek Empire. The unfortunate Emperor wrote many letters to the Christian rulers of Europe for assistance, and finally succeeded in obtaining what he so much desired; though, alas! to no purpose; because such discord and jealousy reigned in the ranks of his allies that when Bajazet met the Christians under Sigismund, king of Bohemia and Hungary, at Nicopolis in Bulgaria, he defeated them, slaying ten thousand of their troops.

All trembled at the approach of the victorious Sultan; and the Greek capital would probably have proved an easy prey to him, had not the advancing arms of Tamerlane—a conqueror equal to himself—called him back to Asia, where, in the battle of Ancyra, more than a million warriors contested the empire of the world, and where Bajazet was conquered and made prisoner.

The defeat of Bajazet had, it is true, saved Constantinople from that intrepid warrior; but still it was not saved from the Turks as a nation; because they soon reappeared in the field of battle, as fierce, as undaunted and as powerful as ever.

After the death of Mahomet I., who had succeeded Bajazet, and who died in 1421, his son, the wise and valiant Amurath II., succeeded him on the throne, and renewed hostilities against the Greeks, Hungarians, and other Christian nations; and notwithstanding the occasional losses and defeats he met with, he at last gained a decided advantage over his enemies in the famous battle of Varna, 1444. The cause of Christendom suffered more from this battle than ever before; because it not only opened a wide field to the enterprising Turks but reduced very materially the resources of Constantinople.

When the terrible Mahomet II., the son and successor of Amurath II., appeared, it was but to complete the work of conquest by the capture of Constantinople. The study of ancient history, combined with his religious fanaticism and natural ferocity, had inspired him with the ambition of equalling
Alexander the Great. No sooner, therefore, had he grasped the sceptre laid down by his father than he determined to take possession of this last remnant of the Greek empire.

The siege of Constantinople commenced in 1453; and that city was soon surrounded by a fleet of three hundred and twenty vessels, and a land force of three hundred thousand men, not less ferocious nor less determined than their leader.

After a few weeks of siege, during which time there was much bloodshed on both sides, the final assault was fixed for the 29th of May; and at dusk on the eve of that day, the Turkish soldiers were commanded to assemble, each with a torch at the extremity of his lance or scimitar. Mahomet appeared before them, and gave a promise, that if successful in their undertaking of the morrow, he would allow them the privilege of plundering the city for three days;—to render which promise more sacred, he swore "by the eternity of God, by the four thousand prophets, by the soul of his father Amurath, his own children, and his sword;" upon which all exclaimed: "God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

The last day of the Greek empire had now arrived; for the Turks, animated by their usual wild fanaticism, and roused to frenzy by the exhortations of their chief and the hope of victory and plunder, fought throughout the battle with a sort of desperation peculiarly their own, and, notwithstanding that the city was most ably defended, at last succeeded in gaining their point.

After a few days, the Turkish sultan took solemn possession of Constantinople, which thenceforward remained the capital of the Turkish dominions. From this date we may consider the Ottoman Empire as firmly established.
IN ancient times, gunpowder was made by hand; nor was it until the lapse of many centuries that its manufacture attained the degree of perfection which now characterizes it. Were we to compare the rude ungranulated gunpowder used by the Chinese, Hindoos and Arabs, with the magnificent explosive compound which at the present day bears that name among us, we should find very little similarity between the two; except, indeed, in the one essential point, that they both consist of the same substances.

As it will no doubt interest the Californian reader more, to learn how gunpowder is made in his own State, than how it is made elsewhere; and as, moreover, the variations in its manufacture are not great, I shall direct my remarks more particularly (though not exclusively) to the processes adopted here.

A preliminary remark is necessary, concerning a change which modern science has suggested with respect to the ingredients of this explosive. It has been discovered that nitrate of soda—a substance very closely resembling saltpetre in its properties—may be successfully substituted for the latter, in the coarser kinds of powder. Now there is but one objection to this salt: namely, that it is a very greedy absorber of moisture, and consequently can be made use of only in dry climates. California possesses such a climate, and this fact, together with the comparative cheapness of the substance, has caused it to be largely used in our powder works.

The manufacture of gunpowder, then, is neither more nor less, than the mechanical mixture of the three substances: saltpetre (or nitrate of soda), sulphur and charcoal. This mixture must be perfect, however, and to attain this end, the ingredients must be subjected to a variety of treatment, which I shall presently endeavor to explain.

The first great requisite in the manufacture of good powder, is that the materials employed be perfectly pure. There should be no chlorides or foreign matter of any kind in the saltpetre or nitrate of soda; no sulphurous acid in the sulphur—hence refined rolled sul-
phur is generally used; and lastly, the charcoal must be made with the greatest care and attention.

Let us first consider this last point.

The wood employed should possess these two qualities: it should yield the least possible quantity of ash, and it should be of such a nature as to make soft charcoal. The willow, alder and madronia are the best woods we have for the purpose in this country. In France and Germany the wild plum tree is much employed; and in England the willow, poplar, horse-chestnut and alder are the woods most frequently used in powder works.

The process of burning is conducted as follows. The wood, having been cut and split into suitable lengths, is packed closely in large cylindrical iron retorts, which are then hermetically closed, except at their further ends, where vents are placed. The retorts are set in masonry; and as soon as all is ready, a fire is built under them. The heat speedily acts on the wood; and fumes containing, at first, water, with acetic and carbonic acids, and later, creosote, and the various other products of distilled wood, pass off through the vents, and thence escape into the air by means of chimneys. After a time nothing but pure carbon remains; and when the workmen perceive, by the color of the smoke, that this stage is reached, they extinguish the fires and take the charcoal from the retorts. The charcoal thus produced constitutes between thirty-five and forty per cent. of the whole amount of wood, is entirely free from impurities, and is very beautiful; since it is burnt uniformly throughout, and retains the exact shape of the wood. There is a certain kind of charcoal, much used in some powder-works, called carbon roux. It is very soft, reddish brown in color, and is obtained by keeping the temperature, during burning, as low as possible.

Let us now take a glance at the saltpetre and nitrate of soda, both of which (but more particularly the latter) are totally unfit, in the state in which they come from market, to enter into the composition of gunpowder. Refining is absolutely necessary. And consequently every gunpowder factory is fitted with an establishment for this purpose. The crude salt is poured into large copper-lined tanks, and jets of steam are directed upon it. These speedily reduce the whole mass to a boiling solution; and the grosser impurities, such as sticks, straw, sand, etc., coming to the surface, are removed by skimming; after which the solution is drawn off into large shallow troughs and allowed to cool. When this has been done, all the saltpetre (or nitrate of soda) is found crystallized, the impurities remaining in the solution. The salt is now well washed and drained, after which it is dried on iron
plates over a slow fire, and ground
to a fine powder between mill-
stones. With regard to the sul-
phur, it usually needs no refining;
being obtained in a sufficiently
pure state to be used without any
such process.

Thus far I have only spoken of
the preparation of the ingredients
of powder; I now come to its
manufacture proper, the operations
of which include: (1) the pulver-
izing of the materials; (2) their in-
timate mixture, and the moistening
of such mixture; (3) the caking or
pressing; (4) the granulation; (5)
the drying; (6) the polishing or
glazing. In order to pulverize the
materials (or rather—to speak more
correctly—the charcoal and sul-
phur, since the saltpetre is powder-
ed by means of mill-stones) they
are placed in separate cylinders,
together with a number of cast
iron or copper balls, varying from
the size of canister to that of grape
shot; the cylinders are set in mo-
tion by steam or water power; the
balls within them mix with the
material, crushing and grinding it;
and after a few hours' revolution
it is completely powdered.

Stamping mills are sometimes
used instead of these revolving
cylinders. "Frequently," says Mr.
Wagner, an eminent German scien-
tist, "from ten to twelve stamps,
made of hard wood, are placed in
a row, each stamp being fitted
with a bronze shoe, and the entire
weight being about 1 cwt. The
stamps are moved by machinery,
and make from forty to sixty beats
a minute. The substances to be
pulverized are placed in mortarshaped cavities in a solid block of
oak wood, each cavity containing
from sixteen to twenty pounds.
This contrivance, however, is
adopted only in small powder-
works."

In the mills of Switzerland, the
pulverizing is effected by means of
hammers.

When the ingredients in their
pulverized condition are brought
to the mixer, they are carefully
weighed in proportions suitable to
the quality of powder to be made.

Sporting powder is generally,
mixed, very nearly according to
these numbers: 74.84 of saltpetre,
to 11.84 of sulphur and 13.32 of
charcoal.

Ordinary powder, such as that
used for blasting, varies from these
proportions in respect to its amount
of charcoal, which is increased,
while that of the other two sub-
stances is diminished. The mix-
ing is effected in a manner very
similar to that used in the pulver-
izing room, except that wooden
balls are used instead of iron or
brass ones.

Great care must be taken when
the materials are brought to this
department, that they be perfectly
free from foreign matter; for a
little scrap of metal or a few grains
of sand, mixed with them, when
combined, might be the cause of
an explosion that might injure or kill men and ruin property. Were the powder to catch fire after leaving this mill it would burn rapidly, but in consequence of the imperfect mixture of its ingredients, would not explode. In the "wheel mills" as they are called, however, it becomes real though unfinished powder; and it is here, owing to the nature of the machinery, that the great majority of explosions takes place, notwithstanding the care that is taken to avoid them. This will be plain from what I am about to say.

These mills consist essentially of a cast iron bed, over which revolves a pair of wheels of the same metal, weighing about seven tons and a half each. Enough powder from the mixer is placed upon this bed to cover it completely, though not thickly; and the wheels are made to travel over it, for a length of time proportioned to the quantity of powder to be made. Blasting powder usually requires about two hours. The powder is kept always under the wheels by means of a system of plows which move with them; and it must also be kept moist, for otherwise the weight of the wheels would cause it to slide from before them, and they would strike the bed, thus almost certainly causing an explosion. The water used to moisten sporting powder must be distilled, in order to exclude the salts which undistilled water usually contains. The amount used must be regulated by the temperature of the air; for it is clear that water will evaporate more quickly on a warm day than on a cold one. If too much water, however, is used, the powder will cake and stick to the wheels, and thus be spoiled.

Thus we see that the two extremes must be avoided, and that the powder under the wheels must neither be too wet nor too dry; the workmen's attention must be constantly concentrated upon it. But still, notwithstanding this, accidents as I have said before, frequently happen in this department.

When the powder is taken from the bed, it is thoroughly mixed and ready for pressing. This operation is a most important one, for it is obvious, that the greater the pressure the greater will be the active material present in a given bulk, and hence the larger the volume of gas given off by the burning powder. If powder were sent to market without having been subjected to pressure, it would act as a detonating explosive, the decomposition being instantaneous throughout the whole mass. Hydraulic presses are used in this department, the powder being subjected to them between sheets of canvas and copper. The cakes are about the hardness of clay slate, and are half an inch thick, and a foot and a foot and a half—or more—square.
"In French and German powder-works," says Mr. Wagner, "the compression is effected in a rolling-mill: the rollers having a diameter of 0.6 of a metre. The lower roller is made of wood, the upper of bronze; between the two an endless piece of stout linen is arranged, and upon this, moist powder is placed."

Want of space compels us to leave this point—although much remains yet to be said upon it—and follow the cakes to the corning or granulating mill. This granulation may be conducted in three ways: (1) by means of rollers; (2) by means of sieves, and (3) according to Champy's method. The first way is that most generally employed, and indeed is the one used here in California. The machine consists of three pairs of brass rollers, about 0.65 of a metre in diameter, and provided with projections two millimetres high; those on the upper rollers being larger than those on the lower ones. The cake is supplied to the upper rollers by hand, and, passing through them, is granulated and showered upon two sets of sieves, to which a to-and-fro motion is imparted. The properly granulated powder passes through the meshes of these sieves at once; and that which remains is again submitted to the rollers.

The granulation by means of sieves, is carried on in the following manner. The sieves consist of a circular wooden frame, across which a piece of parchment is stretched, which is perforated with holes: and they are provided with a so called "rammer,"—a lens-shaped disc of hard wood. The powder when placed in the sieves for granulation, is in broken pieces; but the motion of the machine causes it to fall into grains through the holes in the parchment, the rammer working on it above.

Champy's method, by which a very round-grained powder is obtained, is that which I am now about to describe. Through the hollow axis of a wooden drum is carried a copper tube, perforated with very small holes, from which water, in the form of fine spray spouts upon the broken up powder-cake placed in the drum, to which a rotatory motion of moderate rapidity is imparted. Each drop of water forms the nucleus of a grain of powder; and every such grain is constantly increasing in size, through being turned around in the mass of damp cake. The rotation of the drum is discontinued as soon as the grain has attained a sufficient size.

Let us now pay a short visit to the drying department, to which the roughly formed granules of powder are brought as soon as formed. Here we find a large room, heated either by steam, or by a dome of sheet iron placed in the middle of the floor, under which a charcoal fire is kept burning. The powder, spread on trays,
is placed around the walls of this room, the doors are closed, and it is left to itself until the last vestige of moisture has disappeared, when it is carried to the glaze, there to undergo the last operation to which it has to submit before being packed.

The operation of drying requires great care; and the value of the powder very much depends on how this process is conducted. I will mention only two of the evils which result from too quick drying. The first is that, by the too rapid evaporation of the water, cracks are often made in the grain, which impair its density, increase its size, and render it very hygroscopic; the second, that rapid drying causes a large amount of dust; a thing which is always to be avoided.

The end aimed at in glazing, is to impart symmetry and polish to the grain. This is effected by means of revolving cylinders, very similar to those used in the "mixer", except that they are lined with blankets. The powder is placed within them, and caused to revolve for some hours, during which the friction of the grains against one another, and against the blankets, gives them a polish. Sometimes a little black-lead is added to blasting powder, to make this polish more brilliant.

After glazing, the powder is sorted by means of a system of sieves, and sent to the pack house. The blasting, cannon, fuse, and other ordinary varieties of powder, are packed in air-tight kegs, tarred within and varnished without, which contain twenty-five pounds each. Sporting-powder is packed either in kegs or in canisters of various sizes.

We have now followed gunpowder through the various stages of its manufacture; not as perfectly, indeed, as I could have wished, but still, I hope with sufficient accuracy, to give a general idea of the process adopted. By way of conclusion, it may not be inappropriate for me to make a few general remarks on the construction of the mills.

The framework of the building is usually made of massive and heavy timbers; while the walls, on the contrary, consist only of clapboards, loosely fastened to them. This method of building is adopted in order that the least possible resistance may be offered to explosions. Were the walls and roof securely nailed in their places, the volume of gas generated by the burning powder, would be confined, and consequently, when it overcame the resistance, it would throw fragments to a very great distance, and create a tremendous concussion, destroying everything around. As it is, however, the least puff blows all these loose boards aside, and leaves the frame standing.

The mills are built as far apart
as space will permit; and trees are cultivated between them. This is to prevent a general explosion when one mill happens to blow up. The trees serve the purpose of breaking the concussion on such occasions.

Tramways, provided with rails for the powder-cars, connect one portion of the works with another, and afford an easy means of carrying the material from place to place; besides enabling the workmen to avoid walking on the ground, which might probably be the means of causing an explosion, on account of the grit and dust on their shoes. Lastly, all the machinery is (it possible) run by water-power. The use of steam implies also the use of fire; and this is but a treacherous companion for gunpowder. If it must be used, however, the boiler houses are placed at a great distance from the works, and the tops of the chimneys are provided with caps of fine wire-gauze, to prevent the escape of flying sparks or ashes.

In gunpowder factories, too many precautions cannot be taken. It is dreadful to think of the injury to life, limb and property, which such slight causes as a flake of hot ashes as light as snow, or a pebble no bigger than a pin's head, will produce.

Space and time forbid me from proceeding further with this subject, upon which, as the reader will perceive, so much can be said. I may be allowed, however, in conclusion, to express a hope that I have so far interested my readers as to induce those of them who may have the opportunity, to visit some powder factory, and inspect, themselves, the processes which I have endeavoured to explain.

(To be continued in our next.)
CONVENTIONS.—Conventions are very good things in their way, no doubt. There are, at the present day, conventions of labor, of the press, of capital; and there are conventions of "school-ma'am's" and of a great many other kinds of people, who find pleasure or profit in meeting one another in their official capacity. Now we do not object in the least to allowing these people to meet, and make speeches, and all that sort of thing, because we suppose they like it; and innocent amusements are always to be countenanced. But, lo and behold! some transcendent genius, who undoubtedly has editor-on-the-brain, has proposed a convention of College Editors. We imagine we see the editors of the Virginia University Magazine, who seem to be, if we may judge them by their own statements, constitutionally timid, to an excess, trembling at every rustle of calico, for fear of meeting some fair Vassarite. We imagine—but no! the scene that arises in our mind is too harassing; we cannot describe it. Need we say that we were surprised to meet such a proposition—to see that there was even one student in the United States that wanted more of editorship than one year in College? If he, upon a calm consideration, does not change his opinion on the matter, let him start a paper as soon as he gets out, and "edit" to his heart's content; but let him not rashly try to seduce the fraternity of college editors, who certainly have a surfeit of the "high honors of office" during their regular terms, to waste a week, or perhaps even two weeks, of their valuable vacation in anything whatever that will remind them of College. Does he imagine that mankind was created for the purpose of hearing and making speeches and editing college papers? Does he think that even editors would not go crazy at all the unbearable college speeches and poems and jokes that would be there perpetrated? And last, though perhaps not least, let him think of the vast number of cigarettes, sodas, etc., which might be bought with the five or six hundred dollars of traveling expenses required by each delegate.

Those of the old students who are not subscribers, and who see the present number are reminded of their duty to subscribe for their College Magazine.
We publish with the present number, a list of personal items, concerning the former students of the College. We are sure that it will meet with the approbation of the old "college boys"; for they will certainly be glad to hear occasionally of those whom they see no more. Of course we cannot be expected to know where everybody is; and we shall therefore sincerely thank everyone who will write and tell us where he is himself, or where his friends are. By this means the Owl will contain a sort of monthly letter to all the old boys, which we hope will pleasantly remind them of College days.

Reader, rejoice with us; for no more will your eyes be offended by the sight of unevenly printed pages. But you cannot appreciate our feelings on the subject. We—that is our hearts—are too full for utterance. We can only muse in silence upon the "devil" as he sits, complacently turning a crank, for he is now "the man at the wheel." But hold! We forgot, in our excitement, to tell you the cause of our rejoicing. The College Printing Office has a new press. It arrived on the 24th of March. The devil—that is a certain unmentionable individual) stood on his head for joy, which operation necessitated him to consign the "pi" caused by it, to a certain unmentionable place; the foreman, the pressman, and all the compositors congratulated each other, and the pet owl that resides within our sanctum (which, by the way, is within a few feet of the press) is said to have winked a joyful wink.

[We will state, however, in justice to ourselves, that we do not place much reliance on this last assertion; because, on minute investigation, we have found that the bird is a stuffed one, and that the eyes are glass.] The machine was finally put up in its place, and set to work on the first forms of the present number of the Owl, which were then ready for press. It was almost impossible for us to write in the room in which we now sit, whilst the old press was working. But now we scribble away with all our might, whilst the "Globe" is noiselessly working off the sheets of the Owl at the rate of a thousand an hour.

New Exchanges.—The Vassar Miscellany published by the students of Vassar College, (female) is a most welcome visitor. We will say, for the benefit of our California readers who may not have seen it, that it is replete with good sense and sparkling with wit, and that its pages make a good showing for the institution in which it is published.

Neokleen Review, is the title of a four-page monthly, Vol. I. No. 1 of which has reached us. It comes from the University of California, and is published by the Ne-
The University Echo has enlarged itself to the size of eight pages. We congratulate it.

Below we give a list of our exchanges at the present time:

COLLEGE.
Vassar Miscellany. Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Packer Quarterly. Brooklyn.
Cap and Gown. Columbia College.
Hamilton Lit’y Monthly. Clinton.
Acorn. Newburgh Institute.
Index Niagaresis. Suspension Bridge.
Lafayette Monthly. Easton, Penn.
Herald. Lewisburgh.
Academy. Erie.
McKendree Repository. Lebanon, Ill.
Tripod. Evanston.
Blackburn Gazette. Carlinville.
College Courier. Monmouth.
Volante. Chicago.
Georgia Collegian. Athens, Ga.
Mills Quarterly. Brooklyn, Cal.
University Echo. Oakland.
Neoleean Review.
Wabash Magazine. Crawfordsville, Ind.
Notre Dame Scholastic. Notre Dame.
Brunonian. Providence, R.I.
Harvard Advocate.
College Argus. Middletown, Conn.
Trinity Tablet. Harvard.

Yale Courant. New Haven.
Yale Record.
Cornell Collegian. Mt. Vernon, Iowa.
University Reporter. Iowa City.
Simpsonian. Indiana.
Algona Collegian. Algona.
Express. Olivet.
Virginia University Magazine. University, Va.
College Days. Ripon, Wis.
Central Collegian. Fayette.
Hesperian Student. Lincoln, Nebraska.
College Journal. Georgetown, D.C.

FOREIGN.
Tyro. Canadian Literary Institute.
Tripod. Canadian Literary Institute.

Following are the outside periodicals with which we exchange:
California Farmer. Nationalist.
San Jose. Catholic Sentinel. Portland, Oregon.
New York School Journal.
American Newspaper Reporter.
New York Tablet.
Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Md.
Young Crusader. Boston.
U. S. Catholic Register. Baltimore, Md.
The birthday of our President, Rev. Fr. Varsi, which fell on
the 11th of March last, was probably one of the grandest gala days
Santa Clara College has ever seen. From early in the morning until
late at night, pleasure reigned supreme over all. Even the most
discontented forgot their miseries for the time, and allowed their
faces to brighten with merriment. The morning crept brightly over
our hill-tops, and the sun had climbed but a very short distance
on his path, when the boys were up, dressed, and ready for the
sports of the day. Gaily the young athletes fastened the light
shoes to their feet, and examined with knowing looks their bats and
balls; frantic were the efforts of Mr. Rough-beard to shave in ten
minutes; noble was the fortitude of the curly-headed youngsters,
who endeavored to unravel the knots which night had tied in their
hyperian locks. To be brief, everyone was eagerly expectant of the
things to come.

At half past eight, the band gave a serenade before Fr. Varsi’s
window; and when he came down to thank them, he was presented
by Mr. H. Peyton, in the name of all the students, with two beauti-
fully illustrated folio volumes of the greatest of Italian poets, Dante.
Tenderly did Fr. Varsi thank the boys for this proof of affection; and
as he spoke, there was not a student amongst all those who clus-
tered around, who did not wish him, heartily, many and many as
happy returns of the day.

About nine o’clock the athletic games commenced; and as the
standing jump was the first mentioned on the programme, the
ground was cleared for this exercise. All-important looked the
judges as they stood, tape-line and pencil in hand, within the double
line formed by the boys; and full of majesty was the “Superintendent
of the Day,” as he issued his orders. The first name on the list of con-
testants is called out. Up he comes with a ghastly smile, holding
the weights, and telling the by-
standers, that “he does not care
whether he wins or not.” He
jumps;—good! few will pass
him. But hold! we cannot give
all our space to this, interesting
as it might be; so let us content
ourselves, before we pass to some-
thing else, with giving the names
of the winners. Mr. J. Chavez
took the first prize among the
large boys, clearing a distance of
11 feet 3 inches. Mr. D. Furlong
carried off the second prize, jump-
ing 10 feet 11½ inches. Among
the little fellows, Mr. V. McClatchy
was the most successful. He gained
the first prize by jumping 8 feet
8 inches. Mr. Pierotich followed
him with 8 feet 5½ inches

The running jump came next;
and in this the students of the First
Division distinguished themselves.
Mr. Coddington, the winner of the
first prize, left 15 feet 8 inches be-
tween the starting point and his
heel marks; and Mr. A. Veuve took the second prize with 14 feet 9 inches. Mr. P. Soto gained the prize among the younger students; and after him came Mr. Stonesifer.

After the running jump, the hop, skip and jump was in order. Great agility was shown in this also; Mr. M. Walsh, among the elder students, took the first prize, clearing 39 feet 8 inches; and Mr. J. Eldridge followed him, with 38 feet 10 inches. The successful contestants of the Second Division were Messrs. Hanley and C. Sheridan.

The high jump, which was the last thing on this portion of the programme, passed off, leaving Mr. Furlong, among the large boys, and Mr. Sheridan of the Second Division, winners of the respective prizes.

The ground was now cleared for the foot races. The contestants for the race of 75 yards, took their places, and stood eagerly expecting the start. Soon it came; and down through the double line of boys like antelopes, they flew, cheered on by the applause of their excited comrades. Mr. A. Arguello, the best of the Senior Division, made the distance in 8 seconds; and among the little fellows, Mr. P. Soto took the prize.

Immediately after this came the mile race against time. It was now about eleven o'clock, and the sun was shining quite warmly; but still this did not prevent many from entering the course. On they plodded, round after round, stragglers dropping off at every turning point, till at last only one gentleman, out of the large number who had started, remained running. By the decision of the judges, he was allowed to discontinue the race; and the prize was awarded to him.

This gentleman was Mr. A. Veuve. Master E. Auzerais gained this prize among the little fellows.

The sports of the morning were now finished; and straight to the washroom ran the contestants, longing for cold water and hairbrushes. Soon these desires were satisfied; and then each young gladiator threw himself on the grass, in the shade of the trees, and allowed his thoughts to wander, to a more alluring if not more romantic spot—the dinner table.

The dinner was worthy of the day; and the boys were worthy of the dinner: so there was perfect harmony everywhere. As soon as the good things which loaded the tables had received something like justice, the first regular toast, "The Day we Celebrate," was proposed by Mr. J. Carrigan. Mr. A. Veuve, being called upon to respond, arose next, and made a neat little speech. Mr. Friedlander then proposed "the Health of the Rev. Fr. Varsi," which was drunk with a hearty good will by all. Fr. Varsi made a few appropriate remarks in reply; after which Mr. A. Arguello proposed the health of "Our Invited Guests," and called upon the Hon. C. T. Ryland, of San José, to respond. Mr. Ryland spoke at some length upon the prosperous condition of the College, and called our thoughts back to the early days when good Father Nobili laid its foundations, and planted the seed from which has sprung so noble an institution. He was frequently interrupted by the applause of the company; and his remarks were, in truth, most interesting. When he had concluded, Mr. V. McClatchy proposed the fourth regular toast, "Santa Clara College," Mr. Del Valle, made some well chosen re-
marks in reply, Mr. Brisez then rose, and proposed the last regular toast, "the Owl." Mr. Poujade answered to this; and when he had finished, Mr. Peyton rose, and gave the health of the Rev. Fr. Young. No toast was received with more general enthusiasm than this was. Loudly clinked the glasses down the lines of tables; hearty were the tones in which the name of our absent Professor was pronounced; and as each student drank, his thoughts wandered far away across the continent to the college at which he who is so much endeared to us all, is now residing. A motion was now made that all those in "Letter A" should be excused. It is unnecessary to add that this was carried unanimously.

After dinner, an hour was spent in rest, and then the sports re-commenced.

The throwing and catching were taken up first; but as these exercises were comparatively uninteresting, we shall not go into details about them.

The sack-race, however, which came immediately afterwards, was highly amusing. Imagine, if you can, thirty or forty young gentlemen, plunged up to their necks in long gunny-sacks, and in that guise running a race! As soon as the word was given to start, they set off with a gait very much resembling that of a hobbled horse. Before three steps had been taken, most of them lay, like so many knights in armor, flat on their backs, and totally unable to rise again. A few, however, kept their feet; and, among them, Mr. S. Fellon was the first to reach the goal.

The three-legged race was very similar to the last, and, like it, caused many to seek the lap of mother earth. We noticed two gentlemen who started to run this race on musical principles, keeping time, with their feet to the tune. They received the most inglorious fall of all. Messrs. Robles and Machado were the winners.

The wheel-barrow race came next. For this the contestants were blindfolded, and then started with their faces towards the goal. The circles and triangles made by most of them were wonderful to behold. The victor was Master E. Aznerais.

At this juncture, Professor E. C. E. Vile, made his way into the play-ground, holding a large tissue-paper balloon. This he inflated with the fumes of spirits of wine; and it rose gradually high in the air, and floated off in the direction of New Almaden. We have not ascertained where it landed.

As soon as the balloon disappeared in the distance, our attention was called to lowlier things by letting loose of a greased pig. The animal was given 100 yards start; and then, with a roar, both divisions rushed pell-mell after him. But, alas; the pig showed no "game!" He would not run; and consequently, in less time than it takes to tell it, he was buried under a pile of boys twenty deep.

No sooner had the last grunt of poor piggie died away than the yard was cleared for foot-ball; fifteen of the First Division playing against the whole of the little fellows. The big boys fought nobly, and for a long time kept the game in suspense; but they struggled against fearful odds. The little fellows surrounded them clustering like ants on every side, and bringing up fresh men at every moment, till
at length they succeeded in forcing the ball to their goal.

A large pole which had been erected in the middle of the yard, was now greased, various tempting prizes were placed on the top, and the lists were thrown open to those who wished to climb. After many fruitless efforts, one little boy succeeded in gaining the top, and then many followed him; for he had rubbed off the grease, and without it the task was comparatively easy.

Before this amusement, which stood last on the programme, came to an end, it began to grow quite dark; and every one was busy preparing for the evening entertainment, which was looked forward to with much pleasure.

At half past seven we were all in the Theatre, listening to the overture to “The Poet and Peasant,” which was played by our new orchestra. We cannot sufficiently compliment the gentlemen who compose this band, on the beauty with which they rendered this selection. We hope to hear them perform many times in the future.

Master L. Shinn—when the music had ceased—delivered a pretty little “dedicatory ;” after which he descended from the stage, and presented Fr. Varsi with a beautiful bouquet.

This was followed by an oration entitled, “The Day we Celebrate,” by Mr. J. F. Dunne. This gentleman was unpretending, and at the same time fluent in his delivery. He did very well.

A selection from “II Trovatore,” by the brass band, followed.

Mr. P. Ylisaliturri, our Professor of the Flute, now sang a pretty little song, accompanying himself on the guitar. In response to a loud “encore” he sang again, and gave much pleasure to everyone.

A dialogue entitled “Arithmetic versus the Classics” was next delivered, by Masters Willie Davis and J. Auzerais. Both of these young gentlemen did very well.

Some selections from Norma were then rendered in beautiful style by Mr. J. L. Carrigan, on the violin. This gentleman promises to become a master, at no very distant day.

“Sweet Spirit hear my Prayer,” by the brass band, came next, and was received with much applause. This was followed by “William Tell,” a fantasia on the harp and flute, which was rendered by Professors Ylisaliturri and E. Ybarra. We never had the pleasure of hearing the last named gentleman perform before. He played very well on the harp. And as for Professor Ylisaliturri, he lost none of his previously acquired laurels by this part of the performance.

The First Part of the entertainment was concluded by a desperately blood-thirsty soliloquy, delivered by Mr. Mallon, and entitled, “Not Mad but Cunning.” This gentleman succeeded in making us laugh, at any rate.

The Second Part, after some preliminary music by the band, was opened by Mr. J. McCarthy, with a (so called) poem, entitled, “Stranded.” And truly the gentleman was stranded. In the first place, the piece was of little or no literary merit; and secondly, the gentleman could neither speak nor read it with the slightest shadow of decency. We forbear to enter into details respecting it.

When this was ended, Mr. Mallon sang, in character, the famous “Seven out!” The gentleman
really did this well; and we advise him to cultivate his voice.

The duet which followed on the clarionet and cornet, by Messrs R. Smith and C. Georget, was excellent, notwithstanding that the former gentleman did not know his part as well as he should have known it.

Mr. A. O. Arguello next gave us a poem entitled "Letter A," which was both well written and well delivered.

Professors Gramm and Ylisaliiturri followed, with a beautiful serenade on the violin and flute, which, we need hardly add, was highly appreciated.

The entertainment concluded with the speech of "A Wise Man from the East," who was impersonated by Master Jas. Smith. The young gentleman entered the stage in Indian costume, and riding upon the back of a quite respectably extemporized camel—whose four legs (like the asphalt that paves our streets) were bitumen. It may interest those of our readers who care for natural history, to know that this well-trained animal, which knelt readily at the word of command when his rider wished to dismount or re-mount, was a genuine two-humped camel, of the Bactrian breed, and not a dromedary. The speech of the "Wise Man" was well written, and was delivered by the young speaker in a manner that pleased everyone.

There were, besides the things we have mentioned, in this entertainment, several speeches in different languages—including the Kanaka dialect of Tahiti—which not being able to understand, we cannot criticise.

Thus concluded the celebration of Fr. Varsi’s birthday,—without a single drawback to mar its pleasure. We hope that the students of future years may always celebrate it as well as did the boys of 1873.

Before we conclude, we beg our outside readers to excuse us for entering into so many details on a subject, which may not, perhaps, be very interesting to them. It is at the wish of the students here that we have done so; in order that they may have a permanent record of a day which they all desire to remember.

We have received the following communication for insertion:

Santa Clara College,
March 30th, 1873.

EDITORS "OWL."—Dear Sirs:—I have been instructed to inform you that at a regular meeting of the Philalethic Literary Society, held February 26th, 1873, the following named gentlemen were elected, to fill the several offices of the Society for the remainder of the Session: Joseph Poujade, Vice President; A. L. Veuve, Recording Secretary; D. Furlong, Corresponding Secretary; S. Fellom, Treasurer; R. I. Bowie, Librarian; C. Friedlander, Censor.

I have also been requested to communicate, that the Society will hold its next Grand Annual Meeting upon the evening of the 7th of May next. The orator and poet of the evening, elected at the last Grand Annual Meeting, are, respectively, the Hon. J. W. Dwinelle, and the Hon. Wm. H. Rhodes. The speakers elected from the active members of the Society are Messrs. J. Poujade, Alcide L. Veuve, and David Furlong.

I remain, etc.,

ALCIDÉ L. VEÜVE,
Rec. Sec., P. L. S.

On Monday evening, March 10, the Junior Dramatic Society gave its first Entertainment, "Atonement," (a drama in three acts, translated from the French) was first presented, after which followed a farce in one act, entitled "The
Eve of the Exhibition." The drama was very well put upon the stage; and, we must acknowledge, surpassed our most sanguine expectations.

Master Jas. Walsh as "Bayard," (a knight from Palestine), did excellently, and was, without doubt, the hero of the evening.

Mr. V. McClatchy as "Count Alfredo," did very well; although the part was a little too heavy for him.

"Robert of Lorraine" was taken by Master Downey Harvey. It struck us as somewhat surprising to see such a little gentleman, so self-possessed and at home on the stage, as Master Downey showed himself to be. His prospects in this line are brilliant.

The character of "Hermann" was taken very pleasingly by Master James Smith; as was also that of "Chosroe" by Master Alex McConé.

Mr. W. Furman took "Baldwin," a brother knight of Bayard's. The gentleman has a good voice, but his speaking was rather monotonous and tiresome. His acting was fair, however, and with application he will succeed.

The minor parts, of the "Innkeeper," "Guard" and "Ghost," were taken respectively by Messrs. L. Palmer, A. Bell, and J. Auzerais.

Altogether this drama was a perfect success. It was well chosen, well cast, and well put upon the stage; and it is with pleasure that we congratulate our friends upon it.

The farce was also very interesting. "Jeremiah Sneak" was well taken by Master J. Walsh. Master Willie Davis took "Thomas," (a thin boy)—and a domineering one at that—in a very effective manner, "George," (a small boy) and "Joshua" (a fat boy) were taken by Masters Harvey and McCone. Mr. A. Bell did very well in the character of "John" (a rogue); and "Peter" (a scamp), could not have met with a better impersonator than Master V. S. McClatchy. "William," "Henry," "James" and "Charles," were well represented by Messrs. Palmer, Smith, Auzerais and Furman, respectively.

After the farce, a song, composed for the occasion by Master V. S. McClatchy, and set to Music by Professor E. C. E. Vile, was sung very prettily by Masters V. Vidaurreta and A. Bowie, assisted by a chorus.

Everyone left the Theatre highly pleased at the performance; and we hope soon to witness just such another entertainment by the Junior Society. The music throughout the evening was furnished by the Brass Band.

St. Patrick's Day was a holiday with us here. The Irishmen, and many others among us, who share in their veneration of St. Patrick, and their love of Ireland, sported the shamrock in their hatbands; and everything went as merrily as could be desired.

On St. Joseph's day, the 19th of March, which was also the birthday of our Vice President, Rev. Fr. Caredda, we had no school. In the morning, the members of the band, together with the students of brass instruments, assembled together and presented Fr. Caredda with a handsome album. In the afternoon, the band assembled before the statue of St. Joseph, in the vineyard, and played several
tunes, which sounded beautifully to us as we sat scribbling away in our sanctum.

The Spiritual Retreat of the Students of this College, began on the evening of the 12th of March last, and continued till the Sunday morning following. The Rev. Fr. Barchi of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, gave it; and, so far as we can judge on such matters, his efforts met with perfect success.

Easter Holidays are coming.—Students expectant.

Prof. Yisaliturri, assisted by Mr. Raggio, S.J., has organized a singing class. May it prosper.

O L I O.

A NEW "NURSERY RHYME."

[The following will afford so much innocent delight in certain quarters—(Oh no, we never mention them)—that we cannot refrain from inserting it; merely promising that it is a clipping from the English comic paper, "Judy."]

Granny, be polite:
Granny mustn't fight:
Granny must be quiet when the thieves are in sight.
Big Bear will beat her;
Eagles will eat her;
If Granny doesn't hold her tongue, however folks treat her.

What shell-bearing creature resembles a circus horse? The taught-hoss.

When is a dog like a fixed doctrine? When it is a dog-ma.

We chanced, a few days ago, to be in a group that were talking of the different towns and villages of California, everyone speaking in favor of the place in which he resided. One mentioned San Diego as having a splendid climate. "What!" said a second, "That is where the souls of the wicked go, after death! Besides, San Diego is 'out of the world.'" "Yes," said a third, "he went to Heaven long ago."

Where might you expect to find a cow's pedigree? In a cattle-log.

When is a ship like a railroad-track? When the car-go's on it.

FIRST LOVE.

There she sat so near me, yet remoter
Than a star—a blue-eyed bashful imp,
On her lap she held a happy bloater,
Twixt her lips a yet more happy shrimp.

O my own, my beautiful, my blue-eyed!
To be young once more and bite my thumb
At the world and all its cares with you, I'd
Give no inconceivable sum.

Hand in hand we tramped the golden sea-weed,
Soon as o'er the gray cliff peeped the dawn;
Side by side, when came the hour for tea, we'd
Crush the mottled shrimp and hairy prawn.

Has she wedded some gigantic shrimp,
That sweet mite with whom I loved to play?
Is she girt with babes that whine and whimper,
That bright being who was always gay?

Yes; she has at least a dozen wee things!
Yes; I see her darning corduroys,
Scouring floors, and setting out the tea-things
For a howling herd of hungry boys

In a home that reeks with tar and sperm-oil!
But at intervals, she thinks, I know,
Of the days which we, afar from turmoil,
Spent together, forty years ago.

Books which contain lame verses,
Should be always bound in limp cloth.

I know not why Columbus' deeds
Should cause so much commotion:
A notion crossed him, one fine day,
And then he crossed an ocean.

What is the difference between a woman of eighty and one of sixteen? One is hairless and cappy, and the other is careless and happy. [The above is at least as old as the former of these ladies; but trusting that it may share in some of the attractions of the latter, we let it pass.]
PERSONAL ITEMS

We earnestly solicit all who have been connected with the College, either as Professors or as Students, to communicate with this department. The figures after the name signify the year of graduation or expected graduation:

Wilson, '72, is in business in Vacaville.
Kennedy, '74, is rusticating in Napa.
Jas. Campbell, '72, is studying law, Nevada City.
E. White, '71, is at his home, Santa Maria Farm, near Watsonville.
S. White, '71, law, Santa Cruz.
J. C. Johnson, '72, is on the corps of the Alta.
A. W. Kelly, '72, law, San Francisco.
J. S. and A. E. Raleigh, '73 and '74, respectively, are in Portland, Oregon.
J. Wiley, '67, is clerk in one of the Courts of the same city.

STUDENTS' BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

The following is a list of reliable persons who patronize us. Let every student make it a point to patronize them:

Banks—McLaughlin & Ryland, San Jose; Hibernia Saving and Loan Society, San Francisco.
Bakers—Chas. Bossert, Santa Clara.
Butchers—Leddy & Brothers, San Jose.
Booksellers and Stationers—A. Waldteufel, San Jose; Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco.
Boot and Shoe Merchants—Pulverman, San Jose; Kast, San Francisco.
Candy Manufacturers—Maurice O'Brien, San Jose.
Cigar Stores—J. F. Tobin, Santa Clara.
Clothiers and Merchant Tailors—J. H. Dinegan, Santa Clara.

Druggists—Rhodes & Lewis, San Jose.
Dry Goods Merchants—E. Mahoney, San Jose; Spring & Co., San Jose.
Grocers—E. Lamory, Santa Clara; John M. Swinford, Santa Clara; Louis Pinard & Co., San Jose; Devine & Abel, San Jose.
Hotels—Cameron House, Santa Clara.
Livery Stables—J. Cameron, Santa Clara.
Photographers—E. Schroder, San Jose.
Plumber—James Hagan, San Jose.
Restaurants—J. Piscioli & Co., Santa Clara; "Buckeye," San Jose; George Demetre, San Jose.
Watchmaker—Louis Chopard, San Jose.
**1873.**

**Table of Honor.**

Credits for the month of February as read on Wednesday, March 5th, 1872.

### CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.


2d Class—M. Donahue 80, Jas. Enright 100, W. Furman 95, D. Furlong 100, J. Machado 100, C. McClatchy 95, J. Nichol 100, A. Pierotich 70, J. Sanchez 70, G. Siefert 80, E. Sheridan 90, J. Smith 98, P. Soto 90, R. Wallace 100, J. Walsh 100, B. Yorba 100.

3d Class—J. Barrenechea 70, J. Eldredge 70, T. Hanley 70, F. LaCoste 70, S. Sheridan 70, E. McLaughlin 70, J. SanRoman 70.

### ETHICS—M. Walsh 90.

### MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.


### NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—J. Carrigan 80, F. McCusker 80, A. Veuve 87.

### ANALYTICAL CHEM'.—A. Veuve 78, R. Del Valle 75, H. Peyton 73, F. McCusker 73.

### ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.—A. Arguello 70, B. Smith 70, N. Briesac 70.

### MATHEMATICS.

2d Class—F. McCusker 100 C. Ebner 100, V. McClatchy 100, R. Del Valle 95, G. Bull 97, W. Cardwell 100, J. Poujabe 98.

3d Class—A. Bell 85, S. Fellom 75, R. Smith 70, C. Friedlander 97, W. Hereford 76, C. McClatchy 70, T. Morrison 80, H. Peyton 92, B. Smith 100. G. Winston 95.

### LATIN.

1st Class—M. Walsh 80, C. Friedlander 70.

3d Class—W. Cardwell 85, C. Ebner 70, T. Morrison 85, J. Poujade 80, L. Winston 74.

4th Class—W. Hereford 78, V. McClatchy 99, A. Veuve 90.

5th Class—W. Davis 74, J. Dunne 70, S. Fellom 86, D. Furlong 70, C. Stonesifer 70, J. Walsh 74, B. Yorba 80, R. Brenham 70, R. Arguello 86, M. Donahue 70.

### GREEK.

1st Class—M. Walsh 80.

3d Class—C. Friedlander 80, J. Poujade 80.

4th Class—W. Hereford 75, T. Morrison 70, A. Veuve 80, L. Winston 80.

5th Class—W. Cardwell 70, W. Davis 80, S. Fellom 84, C. Stonesifer 70, J. Walsh 77, B. Yorba 78.

### RHETORIC.

1st Class—V. McClatchy 96, A. Veuve 100.

2d Class—W. Cardwell 72, C. Friedlander 74, D. Furlong 85, T. Morrison 84, B. Smith 90, L. Winston 82.

### GRAMMAR.

1st Class—L. Palmer 73, B. Yorba 76, J. Walsh 74, J. Machado 75, H. Bowie 70.

2d Class—J. Aguirre 85, R. Arguello 70, J. Bernal 70, J. Barrenechea 70, R. Brenham 79, W. Davis 95, M. Donahue 70, J. Enright 80, R. enright 81, W. Furman 70, C. Georget 70, D. Kidd 72, A. McConye 74, R. Wallace 70, G. Norris 90, A. Pierotich 70, C. Welti 74.


### FRENCH.

1st Class—C. Friedlander 75, C. Georget 80, H. Martin 70, T. Morrison 70.

2d Class—G. Norris 80, O. Orefia 74, D. Orefia 72, J. Perrier 70.

3d Class—L. Orefia 76, J. Bernal 80, F. Chavez 85, R. Spence 72, J. Machado 70.

### SPANISH.

1st Class—J. Aguirre 78, L. Camarillo 72, W. Randall 70, N. Robles 75, P. Soto 80.

3d Class—C. Stonesifer 100, C. McClatchy 100, J. McCarthy 70, A. Pacheco 100.

### GERMAN.

J. Auzerais 100, J. Barrenechea 100, V. McClatchy 100.

### ARITHMETIC.

1st Class—J. Bernal 84, J. Barrenechea 90, A. Bell 88, J. Chaves 85, T. Durbin 88, D.
Table of Honor

April


3d Class—E. Auzerais 80, R. Brenham 70, F. Chavez 90, C. Georget 70, F. La Coste 70, J. Perrier 70, S. Sheridan 90, L. Shinn 90, E. Chavez 80, G. Trenouglit 72.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1st Class—V. McClatchy 100, S. Fellom 80, P. Soto 70.

2d Class—A. Bell 95, H. Bowie 96, T. Durbin 90, C. Ebner 100, C. Gambill 70, H. Martin 70, A. McConie 74, T. Morrison 100, J. Nichol 85, A. Pierotich 85, G. Roundey 95, C. Stonesifer 70, J. Walsh 85, L. Winston 90, B. Yorba 92.


READING AND SPELLING.


3d Class—E. Auzerais 70, A. Bowie 70 F. Burling 70, J. De la Cruz 70, R. De la Vega 94, H. Downey 70, W. Hopkins 75, G. Markham 83, J. McGill 70, C. Moore 80, S. Sheridan 90, J. Donahue 90, C. Floed 76, L. Orella 74, P. Malone 70, J. Nichol 70, A. Bell 70.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1st Class—V. McClatchy 75, A. Venue 83.

2d Class—W. Cardwell 70, S. Fellom 70, C. Friedlander 71, D. Furlong 77, T. Morrison 72, L. Winston 70.


5th Class—F. Chavez 70, G. Hopkins 90, E. Sheridan 70.

PENMANSHIP.


3d Class—J. De la Cruz 70, F. Chavez 70, J. Eldridge 73, J. Enright 70, F. La Coste 85, E. McLaughlin 75, G. Markham 76, W. Meehan 70, J. Perrier 79, J. Pulifer 70, L. Puzzo 70, G. Seifert 80, J. Smith 72, S. Stevenson 71, L. Shinn 70, A. Spence 73.

DRAWING.

H. Bowie 100, F. Burling 100, G. Seifert 80, V. McClatchy 100, C. McClatchy 100, E. McLaughlin 100, A. Pierotich 100, R. Remus 100 J. San Roman 100 P. Soto 100, V. Vidaurreta 100, P. Mallon 100, D. Harvey 80, R. Bronham 70, H. Martin 70, A. Arriola 100.


VIOLIN.—J. Carrigan 90, W. Davis 70, R. Enright 85, P. Mallon 70, T. Morrison 90.

[Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.]

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