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Santa Clara University student body

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Vol. IX.

OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 2.

THE OWL

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT;

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.



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1874

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THE OWL

Vol. IX.

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THE UNITY OF MATTER ;—PROUT'S HYPOTHESIS.

(LANGSTON C. WINSTON, Mental Philosophy.)

FOR many years philosophers were inclined to believe in the unity of matter. The various bodies which affect our senses were regarded as being only its different manifestations, whose diversity depended on a greater or less degree of condensation.

Mr. Graham, who had speculated much on the constitution of matter, admitted that chemical atoms were made of numberless smaller particles, which he called *Ultimates*. These Ultimates possessed vibratory movements, the length of whose wave in one body varied from its length in another. The difference of these vibrations would determine the degree of condensation, and consequently the properties of the elements; so that in order to transform one element into another, it would suffice to change the vibration of the Ultimates. Hence the lifedream of the alchemist, as to the transmutation of base metals into gold and silver, might indeed have become a reality.

The idea of the unity of matter was readily accepted by scientists as a plausible hypothesis; and we cannot deny (1) that it would have accounted well for the fact that gravity attracts all bodies equally, and (2) would have thrown light on the obscure question of the formation of the planetary system.

About the beginning of this century, Prout endeavored to give the theory a scientific basis; holding that the atomic weights of all the elements are exact multiples of that of hydrogen, and consequently that all known elements are only so many polymeric bodies of hydrogen.

The solution of the question was very difficult; at least in regard to the high atomic weights. The adopted unit being very small, it was very difficult to determine accurately whether the differences met with in this determination, were owing to the falsity of the theory, or to certain inaccuracies of manipulation. Take lead, for instance, the atomic weight

of which is said to be 207. Now we may question whether its atomic weight is *really* 207, or 206.75, the 0.25 being due to errors in the analysis.

As the methods of analysis became more perfect, the causes of uncertainty diminished; and it soon became apparent that the theory of Prout was inexact. But chemists who had been led astray by the fascinating idea of the unity of matter, could not be induced to give it up entirely, preferring to adopt the alternative of trying to modify it.

Dumas, in a pamphlet published in the year 1859, admitted that the atomic weight of all the elements were exact multiples of that of hydrogen by 1:050, or 1:0.25. From that time the question seemed resolved in favor of Prout, whose theory is independent of the size of the unit. But in 1860, Professor Stas published his *Researches on Nitrogen, Chlorine, Sulphur, Potassium, Lead and Silver*. These researches were carried on with a precision which has never been equalled by any scientist before or since. They led him to the conclusion that "no common divisor exists between the weights of the elements that unite to form definite combinations; consequently that the theory of Prout is mere illusion."

Marignac endeavors to refute Stas, not by calling in question the accuracy of any of his analytical researches, but by saying that the nitrate of silver used by Stas *might* not contain the elements in the rigorous proportions of the atomic weights, and that if so the most exact methods of analysis and synthesis would always give wrong results.

Marignac hereby threw a doubt upon the whole of chemistry; for chemistry is based upon the law of definite proportions. Nor was his doubt without foundation. The fixity of composition of stable combinations was sufficiently well proven; but it was not equally well proven that the ratios in weight which the elements keep in one combination remained the same in other combinations made by the same elements. Stas acknowledged that this law was not based on rigorous experiments; and consequently the doubt of Marignac was quite reasonable.

The continued discussion of the hypothesis of Prout, now caused the question of the invariability of the ratios in which the elements combine to be raised. If they combine in an invariable ratio, the hypothesis of Prout is false; for it does not agree with the results obtained from precise experiments. Stas resolved these questions, in 1863, in two pamphlets. In one he proves the constancy of composition of the stable compounds, whilst in the other he shews the invariability of the ratios in weight of the elements that form chemical combination.

In a third pamphlet Professor Stas controls again the atomic weights of Nitrogen, Potassium, Sodium, Silver, etc., basing his argument on the transformation of chlorides into nitrates. Awarding to the law of the chemical proportions, its due requirements, the difference existing between the weight of a molecule of chloride, and one of nitrate, must be constant, provided the atomic weights of each element be determined with accuracy. Now it results from experiments, that by

adopting the numbers calculated according to Prout's hypothesis, for the atomic weights of potassium, sodium, lithium, lead, silver, etc., this difference is *not constant*; whereas it is so if the calculation be made with the atomic weights drawn directly from experiments.

Professor Stas, after immense labor, and very accurate experiments, arrives at the conclusion that hydrogen being equal to 1, oxygen is equal to 15.960; silver = 107.660; nitrogen = 14.004; bromine = 79.750; chlorine = 35.368; iodine = 126.533; lithium = 7.004; potassium = 39.040; an

so lium = 22.980.

Professor Stas, by the most untiring labor, has given a solid experimental basis to the chemical laws, which until lately were admitted rather through intuition than direct proof. He overthrews entirely the hypothesis of Prout. Those scientists who wish to believe in the unity of matter, naturally dislike this result: but facts are facts; and one cannot answer them by reasoning, but must bow down to them. "In science," says St. Claire Deville, "if you pretend to transform theories into religion, I become an atheist."

"MAUVAISE HONTE."

(BY J. P. ROWE.)

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us,
It wad frae many a blunder free us
And foolish notion.
What airs in dress and gait wad lea' us!—"

IN this analytical age, when man's heart and brain are being ruthlessly taken to pieces like so much clockwork, and examined as though they were nothing more than ingenious pieces of mechanism, wherein might be found the hidden springs of human action, I suppose we shall sooner or later learn to what particular group of nerves we are indebted for that uncomfortable sensation called so happily by the French "Mau-

vaise Honte," and so inelegantly translated by us into "false shame;"—for the word *awkwardness* does not really mean the same thing.

Is it not odd by the way that a people like the English, always afflicted with a chronic uneasiness when called upon suddenly to display themselves in public, should be obliged to borrow from their elegant and self-possessed neighbors, the only term which adequately describes their calamity? I

wish from my heart they could tell us whence comes the absurdity they so neatly characterize, and why it is that a poor fellow who would coolly and deliberately face a lion or a bear, feels a hot flush stealing over his face and a cold shudder running down his spinal marrow, and a sudden weakness pervading his knees, and an insane desire possessing him to wrench off his waistcoat buttons, and to tear asunder his unoffending pocket-handkerchief, directly he stands in front of an audience composed of creatures no more terrible in kind than himself!

We smile sarcastically whenever we witness an exhibition of this kind; yet we have a lurking consciousness all the time, that we should act just as unaccountably ourselves, if placed in similar circumstances. But it is only when a man is actually weighed in the balance, that his full ability for making himself utterly contemptible, is brought vividly before him.

There's my college chum, Jones; as good and kind hearted a fellow as ever lived, and who certainly has no conceit about himself; yet who never suspected how much he would be found wanting when he entered the scales. He is a country youth, to fortune and to fame unknown; but bent upon distinguishing himself, which he succeeded in doing, much sooner than with his own very moderate idea of his talents he had calculated upon—and in a very unexpected way too—and on his very first appearance in public.

Listen! He is about to speak. Jones and I have sometimes laughed ourselves nearly into fits at the various

mishaps of would be orators; but now I am laughing alone; for I am looking at Jones as he comes upon the stage for the first time, to speak a piece at our college Commencement. He has been elaborately trained for the occasion, but all to no purpose; for just look at poor Jones now! Alas, alas! What blind infatuation has caused him to habit himself in that very long-tailed coat? And, having been so foolish as to put it on, why on earth cannot he let it alone? See! All the time he is talking, he is busily engaged in rolling up its flaps; and he never rests till he has them tightly coiled about his hips. Then he suddenly becomes aware that by thus doing away with his coat-tails, and standing with arms akimbo, in a jacket, he has somehow aggravated that ill-tempered looking poodle which has just escaped from his mistress's lap, and seated himself in front of the stage. Hark! He certainly hears the animal growling! At this terrible idea a cold perspiration breaks out on his forehead, he drops the thread of his discourse and his coat-tails simultaneously, and the dog growls again: so that he feels he cannot please him any way.

And now he has a miserable presentiment that the animal will gradually become more and more enraged, and that presently there will be some dreadful catastrophe which he will be powerless to prevent. The sword of Damocles is, so to speak, suspended above his head; but *he is host* at this "feast of reason;" so he must continue with his "flow of soul;" and he stammers on with his speech, which is on the Indian question and

contains a sovereign cure for the bad habits of the red savages, until he begins to describe their manners and customs.

This is the climax. He likens them erecting their habitations to foxes burrowing in the ground. All this time he has been industriously folding up and unfolding his coat, but now in the enthusiasm of the moment, forgetting the dog, and wishing to illustrate the fox's actions, he suddenly lets go his coat and begins pawing the air; whereupon the dog jumps up and seizes him by the leg, the audience break into loud and prolonged laughter, and poor Jones, turning his back upon them all, flies

across the stage and disappears from view, dragging along with him the unwilling dog, whose feet are planted in an attitude of resistance on the boards, while his teeth still remain firmly embedded in the left leg of Jones' trousers.

If the world is never tired of lauding Galvani and Volta for discovering the reason of the twitchings in a dead frog's hind limbs, what praise will it not bestow upon the happy discoverer of the secret cause of that malicious impulse which compels poor human beings thus to distort themselves, directly they lose their presence of mind!

IS REBELLION LAWFUL?

(S. W. WHITE, A.B.)

EVERYONE recollects having been told, in the days of his childhood, that it was his duty to practise obedience; and some, perhaps, may remember also how emphatically disagreeable to their senses were some of the arguments used to convince them of the truth of the precept.

Many a child, indeed, has been led to believe that it is the young and weak alone who are compelled to submit to authority, and has longed

for the day when he would no longer obey but be obeyed. Such delusions, however, must always have been brief; for, no sooner does the human mind become capable of comparing ideas and reasoning upon them, than it perceives, not only that obedience is the law of the universe, but that if such were not the case, the whole creation would be reduced to chaos.

The preservation of order, then, is the great end of government; and for the attainment of this end laws or

rules of conduct are prescribed by the proper authority.

But the mere enacting of laws is not sufficient; obedience must be paid to them before the desired result—order—can be reached. There may be in a government both wisdom and goodness; but unless there is also power, obedience cannot be enforced; nor, consequently, can order be preserved.

But if it be true that the preservation of order is the great end of government, it must be no less true that submission to the established law is the duty of all good men; *unless, indeed, that law demands something obviously wrong.*

The laws of nature, being the production of Him who is infinitely perfect, cannot of course contain any imperfections. Hence they can never command us to do wrong, and therefore should always be obeyed.

But this cannot be said of human laws; for proceeding as they do from an imperfect source, it is not impossible that their commands should be erroneous, nay, actually pernicious. Therefore we are forced to conclude that there may be occasions when the mandates of those above us would not merit our obedience.

Every child well knows that it is his duty to honor and obey his parents; and if he should ever be unfortunate enough to feel conscientiously bound to refuse compliance with their wishes, his reasons for so doing should be strong indeed—should be such as absolutely convince his mind. And similar to this is the relationship existing between the citizen, or subject, as the case may

be, and the State.

In every government there must be (1) legislative, (2) judicial and (3) executive departments—in other words a power to *make* laws, a power to *construe* them, and a power to *enforce* them. Sometimes (as is the case in absolute monarchies) all these powers are united; and sometimes (as in republics) they are distinct; but, however this may be, it still remains true that there are in every government the three powers above enumerated. Now it is to one or more of these departments that all disputed questions regarding the rights of those within the jurisdiction of such government, should be submitted for determination; and, except in those instances to which we shall hereafter allude, the conclusion arrived at by such department or departments, ought to be considered as final—as placing the mooted point beyond the reach of controversy.

The man who acts in opposition to such a decision places himself in a position analogous to that of a child who disobeys his parents. The fact of his having violated a command given by competent authority, having been proven, all presumptions are against him; and the onus of giving a satisfactory explanation of his conduct lies with him. Hence we assert that when a man decides to disobey the mandates of his government, he should have the very strongest reasons for so doing.

Not very long ago it was argued by many, who ought to have known better, that the commands of the ruling power should always be obeyed. But the theory of

governmental infallibility is no longer advocated; and since its overthrow there have been fewer revolts against lawful authority than at any antecedent period—a fact sufficient in itself to demonstrate the utter fallacy of the whole doctrine. The idea that the citizen owes everything to the government and the government nothing to the citizen, is an exploded piece of sophistry. To place the citizen under any obligation to the ruling power, the latter must protect him in his rights. Where there is no protection there can be no valid claim to obedience; and *a fortiori*, when oppression takes the place of protection, obedience cannot, with any shadow of reason, be demanded.

And, going further, we assert that where a government declines to make use of its rightful powers for the benefit of the people; or, arrogating to itself powers which do not belong to it, uses such powers to their detriment; it forfeits its claim to the obedience of those who are injured by such inaction, or by such unwarrantable assumption of power.

But, *granting* that a government has erred, it by no means follows that forcible resistance is the proper remedy. To justify actual resistance, the injury consequent upon the wrong or wrongs committed, must be great, extended and apparent. All the proper tribunals must have been appealed to. And further, those who resolve upon resistance should be satisfied not merely that the course they are about to pursue will afford them the desired relief, but that milder measures would fail to cure the evil.

Individual hardships can never

justify rebellion. Therefore admitting that a man has some real cause of grievance, with regard either to his person or to his property, and that he appeals to the tribunals having cognizance of such cases, and that a decision is rendered which is adverse to his interest, it would certainly be the height of folly to say that he has a right to refuse compliance with that decision; because if he applied the test above indicated, he would at once perceive that the wrong was not of sufficient magnitude to justify such a mode of procedure, and that resistance, especially if successful, would tend to establish the erroneous notion that everyone has a right to interpret the laws of the country as he may see fit, and in such a manner as to suit his own case—a plan which has been actually adopted by nearly all non-Catholics with reference to the interpretation of the *Divine* law, but which for some reason best known to themselves, they respectfully decline to introduce into *secular* affairs.

That occasions do arise, however, whereon resistance to those above us becomes a duty cannot be questioned.

If all governments were conducted in the proper manner, if judicial tribunals were never controlled by wicked men, if rulers were never actuated by ambitious or sordid motives, in fine, if it were impossible for governments to do wrong, then indeed we should be bound to yield becoming submission to all their mandates. But governments have erred, and will err again: rulers and judges have united in depriving innocent men of their property and even of their lives; and the historical annals of the most

enlightened nations afford numerous examples of atrocious persecutions, both religious and political; of prostituted abilities; of knowledge used for the propagation of error; and of honorable positions debased by dishonorable practices. Of the truth of these statements there can be no doubt. The judiciary of Great Britain, for instance, has long been her proudest boast; and yet there was a time when things were different; for the celebrated Francis Bacon, when he was held to answer before the assembled Peers upon the charge of having, when Lord Chancellor, accepted bribes, answered, "I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence." It would be true, moreover, to state that the history of most nations affords a far greater number of instances of unlawful exercise of power on the part of the government than does that of England.

It is evident, therefore, from practice as well as from theory, that there have been and may be cases when resistance to authority is not only our right, but our *duty*.

We have said that the means employed in such cases, to obtain relief, should not be more severe than necessary. History furnishes many instances of terrible misgovernment, and of fearful revolutions caused by it; and it seems indeed to be generally the case that when subjects having good cause for so doing, become exasperated enough to rebel against the ruling power, they are seldom able to stop at the right point. They draw no dividing line beyond which they are not to tread.

That Charles I. of England violated the British Constitution and arrogated to himself powers to which he had no valid claim, has never, we think, been successfully—seldom seriously—denied. Yet the justice of his execution is, to say the least, very questionable. That Poland is an oppressed nation, and would be justified in rebelling if she had a reasonable chance of success, is commonly conceded. Yet we are very much afraid that if the tables were turned the Pole would prove a severer master than the Cassack. For notwithstanding that the saying "Revenge is sweet" is unchristian and pernicious, nations have generally, in practice, accepted it as correct. We say *generally*, for there have been some glorious exceptions. Hence it is that if, after having carefully considered the question, in all its bearings—after having portrayed to himself the enormity of the offence committed by those who, without just cause, revolt against lawful authority—the oppressed concludes that it is his duty and his right to disobey the oppressors, he should not forget that the moment he oversteps the bounds of moderation he will be as guilty as those against whom he is struggling.

But if those who transform what might have been a benefit into a political evil, or who even lessen the good results flowing from a well meant effort, are to be condemned, what shall we say of those who set out with the avowed intention of overturning society and government, and establishing *communism* (which is really but another name for anarchy) upon its ruins? True, what shall we say of

these? We confess our inability to deal with such criminals adequately; for we feel that language is incompetent to the task of portraying their unrivalled infamy.

These revolutionists call themselves "patriots:" enough, in itself, to establish their villainy; for he who is a true patriot never boasts of his virtues. They hate the rich; for they have no property themselves. They detest the virtuous: for they live but to practise vice. Upon well conducted governments they declare open war; for the well conducted government is just, and the communists' whole system is founded upon *injustice*.

To these—the knaves and fools of society—we should leave communism and its attendant horrors, and quietly obey the laws of our country until they become so burdensome that their injustice is self-evident. And, even then, we should have recourse, in the first instance, to the remedies provided by law, and *always use the mildest means for obtaining redress*.

As long as men live in a country governed by good laws they should obey those laws in every particular. We do not believe in taking the law into our own hands.

We have heard people say that "when a crime has been committed, and the perpetrator of it is well known, there can be nothing wrong in applying punishment in a summary manner." This is altogether a communistic argument. That it is fallacious might readily be shown; but we think it unnecessary to dwell at length upon the subject. If the laws of the land declare that a person accused of crime shall not be punish-

ed until he has been legally tried and convicted, he is entitled to be so tried; and no man should pass judgment upon him until he has been so convicted. He who takes the law into his own hands instead of leaving the administration of it to the proper tribunals, not only sets at defiance a positive enactment, but violates the fundamental doctrines of social science. If he be an alien, he disregards that principle of international jurisprudence which makes every man amenable to the rules of conduct prescribed by the government within the jurisdiction of which he resides; and if he be a citizen, sworn to abide by the laws of his country, he adds perjury to his already great crime.

We hold, then, that obedience to lawful authority is the duty of every man. We have endeavored to show that such obedience is consistent with reason, and that the knave and fool alone are its foes. He who disregards properly established authority, and takes upon himself the administration of justice, should remember, before he steps too far, that he is following in the track of those abandoned wretches who are remembered only on account of the enormity of their offences, and whose names have become the synonyms of all that is wicked and detestable; that unless he stop or be stopped in his career of destruction, anarchy will be the necessary result of his efforts. And better were it for the nation that is torn asunder by the conflicting horrors of anarchy, that it had yielded abject submission to the mandates of the worst of tyrants.

A BERLIN GENIUS.

(JAMES H. CAMPBELL, A.M.)

IN a small room of a dingy building in an obscure quarter of the royal city of Berlin, sat Hans Wildenstein, reading and re-reading some article in the newspaper which he held in his hand; with an intensity of interest seldom awakened by newspaper productions.

Thin and haggard as he was, and with abundant streaks of gray in his scant hair, an injudicious observer would have been loth to believe that less than fifty winters had spent their fury on the earth since he came into it; but our personal inquiries revealed the fact that it was not age, but long-continued and desperate struggles with poverty—struggles in which he was ever being worsted—which had attenuated his form and whitened his locks. His eyes still retained something of their brightness and intellectual fire, but they had a sunken and unnatural appearance, not infrequently the case with those into whose homes grim-visaged want has found an entrance. Yet he was young. Scarcely had he entered upon his thirtieth year. Suffering had made him seem prematurely old, and had given an habitually sad expression to his face.

At the moment of which we write, however, his sharp features had put on an aspect almost of cheerfulness, and his eye flashed out what seemed a faint hope of something better than had recently fallen to his lot. There

was evidently the thought in his mind of a possibility which the future might evolve into realization.

His garb comported well in appearance with the emaciated form which it scantily covered. It was of a material befitting a man of taste and affluence, but had long since been worn threadbare, and in several places there were evidently traces of rents which had been neatly repaired by the necessitous owner; but not even *his* ingenuity could so disguise its look of shabby gentility, as to prevent its betraying his utter destitution.

The room in which poor Hans sat was as desolate and gloomy as the heart of its occupant. A single small window admitted all the light that ever came into the chamber. Furniture there was none, except a chair which at times did service as a washstand, a plain table, and a tottering bedstead. No carpet covered the floor; no pictures adorned the walls; but piled up in one corner were sundry well executed oil paintings and sketches—his own handiwork—hopelessly waiting to be framed. Scattered about here and there, were rough models of various kinds of mechanical apparatus; and on the table lay many well thumbed volumes of science, history and general literature; while lying neglected on the floor beneath the table, were piles of manuscripts, the children of his

brain, and letters in bundles, among which were to be found many from some of the most illustrious savants of Europe.

Here Hans had been eking out a miserable existence for years by giving lessons in modern languages and in other branches of a polite and liberal education. Through some fatality attending him nearly all of his pupils had gradually fallen away from him, and for some time previous it had been a mystery to the few who knew him, how he kept himself in existence. Too proud to beg, he was gradually but surely *starving to death*. Nothing but the power of an indomitable will had preserved the vital spark so long within him.

But on this morning as he reads again and again the short notice upon which his fascinated eye rests, he almost forgets his abject misery—so pleasing is the day dream to which he abandons himself.

What is the purport of the words which produce in him such exhilaration of feeling? An announcement that, four months from the date mentioned therein, an award will be made in the Grand Hall of the Gewandhaus for prize essays, as follows:

For the best essay on a metaphysical subject, two hundred thalers;

For the best essay on astronomy, two hundred thalers;

For the best essay on the history of the middle ages, two hundred thalers;

For the best poem, five hundred thalers;

For the best romance, five hundred thalers.

Following the above were the con-

ditions to be complied with by the competitors.

Here, then, was a possibility opened to him; of replenishing his empty purse.

Here was at least a chance of success to stimulate him, and he bravely determined to enter the lists.

In ceaseless and unremitting toil the months passed away; and the day on which the awards were to be given approached.

The thin form of Hans became still thinner, the pale cheek paler, the weary step still more laggard; but he unswervingly worked on.

He denied himself even necessary food that he might save from the miserable pittance that came to him the wherewithal to purchase the materials for his literary labors. Late into the night did he pursue his task, and the merry lark, exemplar of early-rising, was not stirring in the gray dawn before he had resumed it.

At length the great day arrives, and the splendid hall of the Gewandhaus is filled at an early hour with an eager and attentive multitude. Our friend Hans is there among them; but the pallid face and lustreless eyes betray no sign of anticipated success. His work is in the hands of the Judges. He is conscious of having done the utmost that was possible for him. He has striven faithfully; and, to himself, pitilessly; but the never relaxing tension of body and brain has been too great; and now that he seats himself in the Gewandhaus; he is scarcely capable of noting the result of his efforts. He only knows dimly that the grave judges, in their imposing robes, have

taken their seats.

Then the venerable Presiding Officer prepares to name the titles and authors of the successful productions, which lie on a table before him; and the numerous competitors await in breathless expectancy the words which his lips are about to articulate. Save only *one* who neither by gesture nor expression evinces the slightest eagerness or anxiety.

Then the President speaks.

The prize in metaphysics is given for an essay entitled "Antinomien der Reinen Vernunft," to HANS WILDENSTEIN.

Hans hearing his name thus loudly called, torpidly realizes his position, and slowly struggles to his feet. The old hall rings with the cheers and shouts of the audience; but his face does not lose its melancholy expression, nor does even the shadow of a smile come to his lip or eye. Obtaining his dearly bought prize, he gazes silently upon it for a moment, then turns and falls listlessly into the first seat that is offered to him.

Next the President reads the title of the successful astronomical essay; and again the name of Hans Wildenstein resounds throughout the vast room.

Then comes the title of the historical essay, and following it that of the Prize Poem, which, it is stated, would have scarcely done discredit to the fame of Father Shakespeare himself; and again and again the same strange name is spoken, and again and again the Gewandhaus trembles with the plaudits of the excited crowd; and each time more languidly and slowly

than before, Hans presents himself before the Judge, and receives, with strange apathy, his award.

Then comes the fifth and last of the awards. Will this also be decreed to him? He rouses himself to a misty perception that all but one are in his grasp, and that that one is now about to be adjudged; and as much as is possible for a spirit so utterly worn out, he longs that his almost superhuman efforts may be rewarded by the possession of this prize also.

Now for the first time he exhibits something like animation, and (seemingly) fixes the attention of eye, ear and soul upon the President. It is the Prize Romance which is being announced. He hears the title—"The Village School-master,"—and waits to hear no more. He knows that it is his own.

All that he sought is gained. He springs to his feet with an appearance of vigor which he had not before displayed; but ere he has made two strides forward, his false strength forsakes him, and he falls fainting to the floor. Sympathetic hands hasten to his aid, and hurry him into an adjoining room. Skilful physicians are at hand; and under their care poor Hans soon recovers from his swoon; but all that human science can do to reanimate his inert and prostrate frame is futile. Despite the efforts of all medical experience and skill to save his life, in a few hours the great genius—the intellectual victor—is *dead!* Dead by no sudden stroke of fate, but by that slow terrible process of dissolution, the pangs of which they only can realize whose hearts gaunt dragon Starvation has visited.

NOTABLE EARTHQUAKES.

WILLIAM S. HEREFORD, (late Mental Philosophy.)

AN earthquake, as its name implies, consists of an agitation of the earth. But it is accompanied by various other phenomena, more or less singular and distinctive in their effects, though by no means uniform in character; as can be found by reference to many detailed accounts of earthquakes, both ancient and modern.

The surface of the earth is everywhere liable to be shaken, at times, by an interior movement which is transmitted to more distant regions, somewhat like the movement of a wave; and taking into account the vast extent of that surface, we may regard it as probable that not a day passes without a sensible disturbance of this kind happening somewhere, and hardly a month without one or more such disturbances of sufficient magnitude to be worthy of note.

Various theories have been advanced as to the origin of earthquakes; the oldest being that of Anaxagoras, (435 B.C.), that they are produced by subterraneous clouds bursting out into lightning, which shake the vaults that confine them. This theory evidently implies the notion that there is a connexion between earthquakes and volcanoes. And it is indeed a

somewhat remarkable fact, that almost all of the great eruptions have been preceded by violent convulsions of the earth, which have increased upon the bursting forth of the volcanic fires.

The most modern and most intelligent theory is that advanced by Priestly, and Humboldt—that steam, generated by subterranean heat, contributes to produce them.

Though history has indeed supplied us with a large catalogue of well authenticated earthquakes, it is surprising that so little was done by the ancients either in investigating their causes, or noting their wonderful effects. We find the narratives of the ancient historians confined almost exclusively to statements of the number killed, the number of cities laid in ruins, the value of the property destroyed, and possibly, certain wonderful atmospheric appearances which may have dazzled or terrified the observers. It is but occasionally, and when the circumstance is of too much geographical interest to be passed over in silence, that they mention such things as the appearance of a new lake, the engulfing of a city, or the rising of a new island.

But these remarks may perhaps

lead our readers to imagine that we ourselves intend to treat this subject from a scientific point of view. We therefore hasten to undeceive them, and to resume our description.

There is no danger so mysterious, so appalling, against which precaution is so useless, as the danger which accompanies an earthquake. Its oppressiveness unmans the stoutest heart; for an earthquake of any severity is surely the very acme of devastation and calamity. It is usually preceded by a general stillness in the air, and an unnatural agitation of the waters of the ocean and of lakes. The shock comes on with a deep rumbling noise, like that made by the mutterings of an approaching thunderstorm, or the faint voice of large-mouthed cannon dealing destruction in some far distant battlefield. It sometimes moves the ground upwards perpendicularly, and sometimes rolls it from side to side. No man can provide against it. The shock must have its way.

The first earthquake particularly worthy of notice seems to have been that which destroyed *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii* in the year 63 A.D., about sixteen years before the inhumation of these two cities by the famous eruption of *Mount Vesuvius*.

In the beginning of the third century, the ancient city of *Antioch* was overwhelmed by a dreadful earthquake, presently to be noticed.

On the 26th of January, A.D. 447, subterranean thunders were heard from the Black to the Red Sea, and the earth was convulsed for six months without intermission; and in *Phrygia* many cities and large towns

were swallowed up.

During the fourth and fifth centuries some of the most civilized countries in the world were well nigh desolated by these awful visitations. *Thrace*, *Syria*, and *Asia Minor*, suffered most severely; if we are to credit the authority of the contemporary historians.

If I mistake not, it was during a visit of the Emperor *Trajan*, who was himself hurt therein, that the first earthquake of any note visited the city of *Antioch*; but that of which I am about to speak, occurred some years afterwards, about 205 A.D., the most disastrous one of which any authentic records have been kept.

About 250,000 people are said to have perished at this time; for, to add to the swarming multitudes of the city, a great many strangers, owing to the festival of the *Ascension* being held at that time, had been lured unconsciously to their doom; and thus the lesser crowd which would under ordinary circumstances have perished was vastly swelled by this great number of new arrivals.

Such were the circumstances of the renowned earthquake which finally overwhelmed the "Queen of the East," that noble city, once the residence of so many powerful kings, and left as its representative at the present time an insignificant village, with nothing of its former glory unless it be the partial remains of a very few of its most prominent buildings, which even in their ruins still give indications of their ancient grandeur, and inspire the thoughtful traveller with interest and veneration.

An able historian in writing con-

cerning this event, takes occasion to remark that "history will distinguish the periods in which these calamitous events have been rare or frequent, and will observe that this fever of the earth raged with uncommon violence during the reign of Justinian. Each year is marked by the repetition of earthquakes of such duration that Constantinople has been shaken above forty days, and of such extent that the shock has been communicated to the whole extent of the globe, or at least of the Roman Empire."

In 1346, Asia Minor and Egypt were violently shaken; and in the following year shocks were experienced throughout Cyprus, Greece and Italy.

In 1692, the island of Jamaica was visited by a terrible earthquake; large masses of earth were detached from the Blue Mountains; and vast quantities of timber, hurled from their flanks, covered the adjacent sea like floating islands. The city of Port Royal, with a large quantity of adjacent land, sank almost instantaneously out of sight, and the sea rolled in, driving the vessels in the harbor over the tops of the houses.

In the following year Sicily became the scene of disaster; and Catania, and one hundred and forty other towns and villages, with about one hundred thousand of their inhabitants, perished.

Never, since the records of history began, have there been earthquakes equal in intensity to those which dealt such signal destruction, in different parts of the world, in the eighteenth century.

In 1746, lower Peru was almost

wholly laid waste; and but four years afterwards the ancient town of Concepcion, in Chili, was totally destroyed.

Passing over a brief space of five years, we come to the time when the city of Lisbon was almost wholly destroyed by one of the most frightful earthquakes that ever occurred in Europe. It lasted but six minutes; yet even that short period was sufficient to send over 60,000 persons to their doom. The approaching destruction was heralded by the sound of loud thunder underground; and then, instantly afterwards, the greatest part of the city was swallowed up.

As the phenomena which accompanied this most terrible convulsion were of such striking nature, it will not be amiss to enumerate a few of the most prominent of them.

The sea, which was terribly agitated, first receded and laid the ground bare, and presently rolled in again in a large wave fifty or sixty feet above the ordinary level.

Many of the largest mountains of Portugal were shaken to their very foundations, and some were even split and rent from their summit downwards in a most wonderful manner.

Some historians even affirm that volumes of smoke and fire issued from their death-like jaws, as they separated and fell, dealing destruction on either side upon everything in the valleys below.

The most remarkable, and perhaps the most melancholy circumstance, however, which happened at this time, was the sinking of the new quay, called Cays de Prada, upon which an enormous concourse of peo-

ple had taken refuge from the falling walls of their ruined homes. The quay was a massive marble structure, and yet it was so engulfed that not one of the many corpses ever floated to the surface of the water which closed over them. Many vessels which were anchored near it, and were full of people were swallowed up at the same time, as in some awful whirlpool, nor were any fragments of these wrecks ever known to emerge from the terrible abyss into which they had been hurried. After the waters had ceased to fret and soundings were taken, the sea was found to be one hundred fathoms deeper upon this spot than it had been before.

This famous earthquake excited the more attention from the almost incredibly great extent of country over which shocks were experienced at or about the same time. Their greatest violence was felt in Portugal, Spain, and northern Africa; but their effects were perceived throughout almost the whole of Europe, and even, it is said, as far off as the West Indies and Lake Ontario.

Various other earthquakes more or less destructive occurred in different parts of the world during the next twenty years.

In 1759, Syria was again thus visited; and the result was repeated shocks for three months, during which time Accon, Saphat, Balbeck, Damascus, Sidon, Tripoli, and many other places were leveled to the ground; while in each of these places many thousands of the inhabitants perished.

In 1766, the island of Trinidad was convulsed; and in 1772, the lofty volcano of Papandayang, disappeared.

In the year 1783, the northeastern portion of Sicily and a part of Calabria, were visited by violent and oft-repeated shocks, which not only overthrew the town of Messina, and killed many thousands of its inhabitants, but also destroyed many persons in Calabria.

Calabria, which lies at the southern extremity of Italy, has been repeatedly devastated by earthquakes, ever since its ancient settlement by Greek colonists; and, together with the adjacent island of Sicily, has perhaps experienced some of the most terrible shocks on record.

For a continuous period of about four years this country was constantly so disturbed; and during one of these four years, no less than nine hundred and forty nine shocks were experienced, of which five hundred and one were considered as shocks belonging to the first degree of force! Mr. Lyell remarks that these convulsions were not specially remarkable for their duration, violence or extent, but great importance is given to them on account of the minuteness of the observations which were taken by men competent to collect and describe with accuracy the physical facts which throw light on geological questions.

In the same year (1783) the islands of Japan, Java again in 1786, Sicily again in 1790, Quebec in the following year, and Peru in 1797, were violently agitated by convulsions of this kind.

Many earthquakes equally destructive have occurred since the commencement of the present century; the principal of which are the follow-

ing:—(we shall name them in the order in which they happened).

The first is that of the Mississippi valley, in 1811, during which large lakes disappeared and new ones were formed.

The next in order is the one which destroyed Caraccas and buried upwards of 12,000 of its inhabitants under its ruins, in the year 1812.

In 1815, the town of Tombara, in the island of Sumbawa was destroyed, and in the year 1819, the principal town of Cutch. in the Delta of the Indus, was laid in ruins.

Three years after this, Chili was visited by a most destructive earthquake; and it is said that the coast, for the distance of at least one hundred miles was raised from two to four feet above the former level; while from Valparaiso, inland, for about a mile, it was raised from six to seven feet.

In 1835, Chili was again shaken; and the result was the ruin of the town Concepcion, which had once before been demolished by a similar calamity.

In 1837 the countries along the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean, especially Syria, experienced violent shocks, which caused great damage to many of the towns.

A few years after this an earthquake occurred at Rhodes, where a city and most of its inhabitants perished.

In 1868, an earthquake visited the Sandwich Islands, where it is said to have continued at intervals for the space of about fifteen days, during which period one thousand shocks, or thereabouts, were experienced.

In the same year, 60,000 people lost their lives from a like cause in South America; and many large and flourishing cities were destroyed, along the coast.

The above are the most noted earthquakes recorded in the world's annals; and of such only has it been our intention to speak; for otherwise we should indeed have an endless task before us. Scarcely a month elapses that is not signalized by some convulsion, more or less disastrous in its effects; and those countries which—like our own California—have as yet experienced only slight, and comparatively harmless, shocks, may indeed be considered as most fortunate.

Inasmuch as we know that God, in His infinite wisdom and goodness, does nothing without some good end in view, we may rely upon it that earthquakes are, in some way or other, beneficial; and if the subject were treated scientifically, this would be easily proved to be the case.

One incidental benefit is patent to everybody; and though it may be regarded as of minor importance, it certainly deserves mention.

In every instance, or nearly so, where the eyewitnesses of these events have been actuated by the spirit of scientific inquiry, much important information has been gained from the many facts which have come to light in regard to the earth's structure; and thus geological science has been rendered from time to time more complete. It is indeed greatly to be regretted that the ancients were so deficient in this spirit. No researches were made by them with the view of ascertaining either the depression or elevation

of the ground affected, or the relative positions of the sea and land ; which points are, at the present day, considered as the most important effects of earthquakes, and therefore the

most worthy of observation.

Our readers will excuse us, however, if we relegate this subject to a more distant occasion, and, possibly, to a worthier pen.

SELF-MADE MEN.

(L. PARTRIDGE, 1st Rhetoric.)

FOREMOST in the emblazoned list of earth's heroes stand the names of those who, *solely by their own exertions*, have caused their memory to be revered by their own and by future ages,—the *self-made men*.

To be born great is easier by far than to die great ; and the latter is held in greater esteem in the eyes of the world.

By being the mere "accident of an accident" a child is born a king. Every facility for acquiring a substantial education is afforded him. He profits largely by his "chances." Soon after having arrived at his maturity, the death of the reigning monarch causes him to take charge of the reins of government. He proves himself a wise and just potentate.

On the other hand a man is born in obscurity ; but by great sacrifices manages to acquire learning and reputation, and by the aid of these powerful auxiliaries, the government of a people. His acts also show him to be a great and good ruler.

I ask any candid person whether

far more honor does not belong to the man who, born in obscurity, has raised himself by his own exertions to the dignity of sovereign, than to him who, born a king, has merely exercised the functions of his particular calling.

History affords many striking examples of "small beginnings and great ends."

Mahomet rose from obscurity, to the summit of power over many Eastern nations. He is still held as the only (true) prophet of God, by two hundred millions of souls, who are implicit believers in his doctrine.

Galileo, by his ardent love for study and research, has for ever rendered himself famous in the scientific world.

Columbus, by indefatigable efforts, elevated himself from the position of a poor sailor, to that of the greatest maritime discoverer the world ever produced.

Martin Luther, a shoemaker's son, has rendered his name notorious as the greatest heresiarch of modern times, partly by his misplaced erudi-

tion, partly by the novelty and enormity of his doctrines, and partly, no doubt, by that extraordinary force of character through which he was enabled to lead so many poor souls astray.

Voltaire has left behind him a name that will be handed down to posterity, if not for the good, at least for the evil his writings have caused the human race.

Oliver Cromwell's name is, conspicuously, that of a "self-made man," and it will never be forgotten by his countrymen or by the world. His character was a strange compound of good and evil, and has secured him at once the admiration and the hatred of posterity.

Henry Clay and Patrick Henry, are two names of which the true American will always speak with admiration.

"The immortal Washington" will only cease to be immortal when the American people shall no longer form a nation; and with the help of God, may *that* not occur till the last trumpet send its shrill notes across the world!

A simple lieutenant of the French army, climbed successfully the slippery ladder of fame, and raised the hitherto unknown name of Napoleon to the topmost pinnacle of military glory.

A large proportion of the influential men of the present day, are es-

entially *self-made men*.

Disraeli, formerly a mere attorney's clerk, but now one of England's brightest stars in her constellation of famous names, owes his greatness entirely to his genius and self-exertion.

Our own President has made the name of Grant known to the world at large by the length of the time he has occupied the presidential chair, if by nothing else.

With the particular class of "self-made men," who have acquired that appellation through the aid of the millions of dollars with which they have filled their coffers, it is not the purpose of the present writer to deal. They are so numerous that pages upon pages would be required to make them known. A single instance of this kind may however be mentioned, and every Californian will think it apposite. I refer to Mr. James Lick, who has lately made over his immense wealth to a board of trustees, that it may be expended in divers ways for the good of our State and people. Did these donations arise from a pure spirit of charity, or are they merely the offspring of a desire on the part of the giver to have "his trumpet blown?" Only the Judge of judges can answer that question. Meanwhile let us be charitable ourselves, and consider the good of the act only, without attributing bad motives.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

WHY WEEP?

(By Owlets of the Fifth English.)

WE often weep when we should laugh, and rejoice when we should mourn; because we do not see things as they are. Could we gaze into the mysterious future, how changed would be our thoughts, how different our actions!

Jesus beheld the future of his ungrateful people, and the sight not only brought tears to His eyes, but caused the very blood to burst through His veins and fall in great drops upon the ground.

Has the case changed since? Are there no Judases now? 'Tis well we do not know the fate of cities, of men and women that dance and sing over a fearful, an eternal abyss! We do not reflect and hence we do not weep.

But yet we do sometimes weep. We weep when the relentless hand of death snatches away a friend, a sister, a mother. We then weep and cry aloud; and those tears give consolation to our wounded hearts. It is a good and holy thing to weep for our departed friends. Jesus Himself wept over the grave of Lazarus, and thus He has consecrated the tears of the widow and the orphan.

But why weep for the young dead? Their future is not hidden from us. Faith's glorious light reveals to us a consoling truth: and her voice asks, from the highest heavens, "Why weep for the young who die? Why weep for those whom God calls to Himself in the bright morning of life, ere they have lost the precious glory of baptismal innocence?"

"Yes, sweet young mother, why weep for thy beautiful babe?"

"He is gone. He is dead."

"Mother, he has gone, it is true—gone to the bosom of God; but he is not dead. Ah no! He lives the true, the everlasting life. God loves his beautiful soul more than thou didst love his pretty face; and now that happy soul looks down from heaven and says, 'Sweet Mama, weep not for me, unless thy tears be tears of joy.'

"Be strong of heart, oh mother! Rest on thy great faith. Thy child can plead with Jesus; and the Heart of Jesus cannot refuse his request."

Hearken to *a fact* which an Owlet tell us, on the authority of a venerable member of the Faculty.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

(By T. RYLAND, Fifth English.)

A VERY pious carpenter lived at ———, a small country village. He was such an excellent workman especially in fancy articles, that he received many orders from the Capital. He was married and had a family.

His friends and neighbors frequently advised him to move to the Capital, telling him that so skillful a workman as he would soon amass a large fortune; but he would not follow their advice. He said that he was afraid that his children would find evil companions in the city, and would soon become bad, like them, "And," said he, "I would rather lose all I have, than expose one of them to such a danger; for I value their souls more than I do all the gold in the world."

One evening, a priest, (the same by whom this fact is related) passed by the house of this noble Christian, and saw him carrying his young child in his arms, and playing with it as fond fathers are wont to do. After saluting him the priest walked on.

Next day the same priest saw this good man enter the college in which he (the priest) resided as a teacher. The poor man acted so strangely that

the priest at first thought him crazy; for he did nothing but weep and laugh. But he soon announced the cause of his strange conduct. He told the priest that after the latter had left him on the previous evening, a crowd of boys had come along, whose language was so foul that it shocked the good carpenter; and pressing his child to his breast, he raised his eyes heavenward, and exclaimed, "Oh God, rather than let my child become as one of those boys, take him to Thyself, now!" Scarcely had the prayer been uttered before it was answered; for the poor babe gave a cry, threw up its arms and died. "Now you see why I laugh and weep," he said, "for I am sure that, had he lived, he would have lost his soul; but God heard my prayer, and now my babe is in heaven."

Thus did this good carpenter esteem a soul more than gold; but there are not many such now-a-days. I think he had good cause to be joyful; for it is our sweet Saviour Himself who asks what will it profit us to gain the whole world if we lose our own soul.

EARLY DEATH.

(W. G. PROCTOR, 5th English,—promoted to 4th.)

Here is another charming fact which bids us dry our tears and trust in the Providence of a good God.

THERE lived in ——— a nobleman who was blessed with three sons. This nobleman was one of those ster-

ling souls of the olden times, who gave to God the things of God, and to Cæsar the things of Cæsar. He was especially devoted to the Great Patriarch, St. Joseph, the foster-father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Hence he celebrated the feast of this Saint with much fervor and devotion, thinking himself unable to honor too highly him whom God had honored so much.

On one of these feasts, one of his sons died. This caused the nobleman much sorrow; for he loved his children very tenderly. The following year on the same day, a second son died. This second calamity so afflicted the good man, that he wished not to celebrate the feast of St. Joseph any more, lest, perhaps, his other son might die on that day; and accordingly, a few days before the 19th of March—the feast of St. Joseph—he set out on a journey.

He was proceeding on his way, sad and thoughtful, when all at once he raised his eyes and saw the dead bodies of two young men hanging from the limb of a tree; and at the same time an angel appeared to him and

said, “Dost thou see those two young men? Know, then, that thy two sons, had they lived, would have ended as they. But because thou hast honored St. Joseph, he obtained from God that they should die in their infancy; in order to spare the dishonor to thy house, and to save their souls. Go, then, and celebrate the Saint’s feast; and fear nothing for thy remaining son. He will be made a Bishop, and will pass a long and good life.”

The astonished nobleman obeyed, and all came to pass as the angel had foretold.

This little fact, illustrating the care of the angels for man, recalls to our mind the following beautiful lines in Spenser’s “Fairy Queen.” We send them the more willingly, as October is the month dedicated by the Church to the special honor of the Angels:—

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
 In heavenly spirits to the creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is; else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts. But O! th’ exceeding grace
 Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!
 How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want?
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant?
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward:
 O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Editor's Table.

The Fracas at Bowdoin.

THE question of discipline recently raised at Bowdoin is one which has naturally drawn forth much comment from the journalistic organs of many other colleges. It was sure to interest and it did interest all. And the more so from the circumstance that Bowdoin is not the only college in which disputes have been occurring between the students and the Faculty. To such as may not be aware of the facts, we may say briefly that military drill was compulsory at Bowdoin, and that the students, determined not to be compelled, set themselves in flat opposition to the authorities. It appeared the most natural and proper thing in the world (to them) that they should govern their governors. The Faculty were however too much behind the age to take this view of the matter; and promptly suspended nearly everybody. Suspended; not expelled. But even *this* much self-assertion on the part of the old fogies, caused the outpouring of phials of wrath upon their devoted heads; and the poor injured boys who were not allowed to govern their own college—(such a *simple* thing to ask, you know!)—met with widely-extended sympathy thereanent. Well: the obdurate authorities have been partially softened, at last. The students are allowed to go back—and lucky fellows they ought to think themselves for the permission—on condition of signing anew the matriculation pledge of obedience to the laws and regulations of the college. Those who refuse are expelled; and *justly* expelled, say we, if a college is to be under any rule or order at all. We await with some interest the arrival of the *Bowdoin Orient*, which will, we trust, have sufficient good sense to express approval of the leniency shown by the Faculty.

The worst of the matter is that these acts of insubordination and self-will are indicative of what is, it may be feared, a general feeling with "young America." They are straws only, it is true; but they show the way of the wind: and if "the wind" really does set that way, throughout the country, government of any kind will eventually become impracticable. It is a matter for thankfulness that Catholics, at any rate, are taught due submission to lawful authority; a subject, by the bye, which is discussed at length, in what seems to us a very calm and sensible manner, on another page of our present number.

The Book-hawking Nuisance.

MONTH after month have we noticed in the pages of our various college contemporaries most touching complaints as to the annoyance caused by the descent upon peaceful and unoffending students, of that bird of ill-omen, the *Voracious Book-hawk*. There seems to be no escaping him. A shot-gun might pepper him a little, it is true; but we doubt if it would kill him: and so rapid and well calculated are his movements that he has opened your door and entrenched himself in your apartment before you can bring your rifle (if you have one) to bear upon him. With a revolver of the latest pattern something might be done, it is true. But *his* pants, as well as yours, contain the regulation revolver-pocket which marks the pants of a free country; and the consciousness of that fact induces you to hesitate a little. Besides—(happy thought!)—is he not your guest? An unwelcome one, it is true; but still a guest.

Hè has made your lounge his citadel, and, like the Athenians at Marathon, thrown up outworks of trees (*books* we should say) on either flank, which would tend greatly to embarrass an enemy. You can neither attack him nor out-manoeuve him. You must submit; as, from the first, he knew you would.

Well: what must be, must be. An expression of dogged endurance (which your enemies might call a scowl) comes over your face; and he pulls out—at least he did so in the case of which we are thinking, and in which we were ourselves the victim—a brilliantly colored “chart,” very neatly fixed up with patent rollers, and purporting to contain a systematic and impartial statement of the leading events of history, with their dates, from the earliest times down to this nineteenth century. We were obliged to glance at it; there was no escaping; but we remembered the fate of Prometheus, which bore some analogy to what impended over us, and we resolutely refused to be caught. It was over at last; and we were saved from the talons of the *Accipiter Vorax*; who suddenly rose and took flight.

Now for the sequel. The opportunity occurred to us soon after of finding out at leisure what were really the contents of this *chart*—“Lyman’s Historical Chart,” it is called: we specify the name that it may act as a warning to all Catholics *not* to buy the thing. It is replete with the most foolish falsehoods—actual historical falsehoods as to matters of fact—about the Catholic Church.

We cannot soil our pages with many of them. But here are two.

“A.D. 500. Extreme Unction introduced, and the Invocation of the Virgin and Saints.”

“A.D. 1200. Clement III. assumes the power of granting Indulgences (for money) to commit sin.”

Now these are assertions which we need not waste our time in disproving; for the readers of THE OWL, whether Catholic or Protestant, are too intelligent to make that necessary. To educated men such statements are their own refutation. The shortest and aptest word by which to characterize them

would be—if we might be allowed to spell it with three letters instead of two—the first syllable of Mr. Lyman's own name. And yet this is the kind of man who sets himself up to be an instructor of youth in the *facts* (save the mark!) of history.

This sort of thing is by no means uncommon in the popular literature of the day; as any Catholic who has been pestered by Yankee book-hawkers will be ready to avouch; and it constitutes for us an additional nuisance—an Ossa upon a Pelion—beyond that which such men inflict on the rest of the world.

The Cameron House.

WE are sure that all of our students who have been accustomed to patronize this comfortable hotel will join with us in regretting that serious ill-health has necessitated the retirement from business of our old friend, "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," J. H. Cameron. "Fair" he certainly was, in all his dealings, so far as our experience enables us to speak; nor have we ever known a kinder or more attentive host. May the fine sea air of Santa Cruz do much towards setting him on his legs again! If the good wishes of his friends in Santa Clara can restore him, he will soon be well.

Our readers will see from the notice in our *Advertising Supplement* that Mr. Martin Corcoran, late of San José, has succeeded to the proprietorship of the Cameron House. From all we hear of this gentleman, we judge that he will fully sustain the reputation of the hotel. He seems to be taking hold of the business in earnest.

The "Literary Union" of Santa Clara.

THE OWL naturally, as the Bird of Minerva, interests himself in everything of a literary nature; but inasmuch as our two College Literary Societies meet on the same evening as the "Literary Union" of the towns-people, he has never but once had an opportunity of attending a debate of the last named society. Before doing so, he assured himself, like a good Catholic as he is, that the society was strictly "undenominational," and that religious subjects were excluded from its debates. But judge of his surprise, boys, when he found himself, all of a sudden, "sitting under" the ministry of a Calvinistic preacher! His first impulse was to jump up and "git," his second to sit still and laugh at himself for the absurdity of his position; for he was in the middle of a long bench, which, for anything he knew, might be the bench of the "converted," and was hemmed in on both sides by ladies—doubtless formidable blue-stockings—whom he dared not disturb. He survived the evening, however; and though he was not much impressed by the talent of the debaters, he was pleased to notice the courteous and good natured spirit which

pervaded the meeting, and the quiet, orderly way in which the proceedings were conducted. Certainly there must be some good, though it may not be unmixed good, in the existence of such a society in our town.

“Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros,”

if it does nothing else. But there are other evident advantages, besides.

We may be allowed however to remark, with all respect, that it seems a superfluity, not to say an inconsistency, for a society which has no religion to have a Presbyterian “Chaplain.” The fact is sufficient, *of itself*, to exclude Catholics from membership, and might be a cause of complaint, one would think, even to some Protestants.

We wish our neighbors of the “Literary Union” many pleasant evenings.

Signs of the Times.

OUR respected Protestant contemporary the *Tyro*—not the fair and feminine *Tyro* of Poughkeepsie, but the religious journal bearing that name which hails from Ontario, Canada—favored us once with a passing remark upon the singularity of the opinion held by THE OWL that the return of England to Catholicity would be a good thing. The *Tyro* could not understand how such a catastrophe could be anything but lamentable, and seemed scarcely able to realize the fact that persons of education and intelligence were looking forward to it as a great good.

Recent news from the Old Country recalls these circumstances to our mind. It is still as great a puzzle to the ordinary Protestant mind in England as to the *Tyro* in Canada, that there should be people—and those the very leaders of the land, both intellectually and morally—who, before the eyes of the whole world, walk right out of Protestant light and purity into Popish darkness and corruption, and openly proclaim their desire that all England—that England of which they are so proud and to which they are so devoted—may do the same.

Well; don't be afraid, good *Tyro*! We are not going to inflict a dose of explanation upon you which might be distasteful. We wouldn't quarrel with you on any account, for we feel a sincere respect for the evident earnestness of your convictions; and besides controversy is not in our line. All we have in view is (as the heading of these remarks intimates) to call attention to the “signs of the times” in England, where the public mind is continually startled by such events as the two of which we are about to speak, and which are far too significant to stand alone.

Firstly, the Marquis of Ripon, well known both in England and America as one of the most prominent statesmen of the day, a man of intellect, of education, of refinement, and of rank all but the highest in the land, an ex-Cabinet Minister, and *Grand Master of the Masonic Order of Great Britain*, has just made his humble submission to the Catholic Church, and believes at this mo-

ment exactly the same things as any poor Irishman who may have just landed at New York from an emigrant ship.

And secondly, as if to show that the Ages of Faith may be revived even in the very midst of the so-called "enlightenment" of the nineteenth century—as if to make it clearer than ever that none but supernatural motives are causing this great movement of the English nation towards the Church—we see, almost simultaneously with Lord Ripon's conversion, the Premier Duke and Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, in whose veins flows "the blood of a King the Howards," a young man of but twenty-seven years, before whom lay in alluring prospect all the honors and all the pleasures of life—we see this young Duke casting all aside as dross, and entering the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, in order to become a hardworking humble priest.

These things, kind reader, are not matters of controversy; they are matters of fact: and it is as such only that we mention them. But surely they carry with them food for serious reflection: and—to return to the point whence we started—they may serve to show our good friends of the *Tiro* that there are others besides the Editors of *THE OWL*, who are looking forward with eager hope, *and not without grounds*, to the return of a large portion of the English nation to the Ancient Faith.

Notes on Exchanges.

It is not often that we feel called upon to make any remarks, under this head, upon "outside" exchanges, so to speak; that is upon such as do not hail from any University or College. But we shall indulge ourselves in a few words of comment on our contemporary and near neighbor the *Santa Clara Echo*, the recent numbers of which we have perused with much satisfaction. It seems to us a matter of considerable importance to residents in Santa Clara that their local paper should be reputably, and creditably conducted; and we are glad to see that the *Echo's* editorials are such as to claim the concurrence of all who are interested in promoting morality and good citizenship. We do not touch upon the political question. It is not the business of a College Magazine to take sides with any one political party rather than another. But it *is* our business, as it is that of all Christians, and more especially of all Catholic Christians, to say and do what in us lies to forward the cause of morality and order in this most immoral and disorderly age. *THE OWL* can seldom do this otherwise than indirectly or casually; But the local newspaper of any town or district has of course more direct and more frequent opportunities of exercising its influence for good. And we congratulate our friend the *Echo* on its realization and practice of this duty.

It would be paying but a poor compliment to the good people of Santa Clara, were we to assume that their paper would prosper the less for being respectable. We hope on the contrary that it will prosper all the *more* on that account; particularly since its respectability is not weighed down by any con-

comitant dulness. We know more of what is going on around us since we have read the *Echo* than we ever did before; and we like the pleasant, chatty style of its news' columns.

By the bye, the *Echo* gave us an approving notice in a late number. Let no one say that accounts for our present praise of it; for if he should, he will be — well; *speaking incorrectly!* We had resolved before we ever saw that notice to say, in this issue of THE OWL, just what we have been saying; and if our contemporary *has* made a civil remark about us since, we are not going to let that trifle balk us. *Au contraire*, it affords fresh evidence of the *Echo's* discernment, and therefore fresh justification of our words.

A LIVE "RAIN-GOD."—We observe in the columns of the *San Jose Mercury*, another of our "outside" exchanges, a characteristic letter from our worthy friend, Mr. S. A. Bishop, of street-car renown, in which after speaking of his difficulties about the watering of the car-track, he runs off into the following remarks; which are the more startling on account of the writer's character for scrupulous veracity. We are sure it will interest some of our Eastern exchanges. But no quibbling, gentlemen! It comes straight from California, and you must swallow it whole. On that condition, here it is for you!

"I wish I had the Indian here, if living, that I once had on the Tejon Reservation when I was in charge of that institution under Government, over twenty years ago. Said Indian was known as the Rain-God. I could then get up a shower whenever desired, so there would be no need of bringing into requisition hydrants or water-carts to do the sprinkling necessary to keep down the dust. This Indian or rain-god, in his general appearance, had the most depraved and idiotic look ever expressed in the countenance of any man I ever saw; and I must say that he was one of the most revolting specimens of humanity ever beheld by man. Yet the wonderful miracles he performed, and his novel manner of getting up a shower when he desired, would excite the curiosity of all those who ever witnessed it, and astonish them with the successful result. He wore round his neck a little wallet of something like pulverized brimstone, which he called thunder-dust. When rain was wanted he would take a pinch of the thunder-dust and snuff it—then, rising upon his tip-toes, would sneeze; at the same time out from each eye would flash a streak of the most vivid chain lightning that ever dazzled the eyes of human beings, and accompanied with peals of terrific thunder, that would strike everyone with awe and breathless silence for miles around. The clouds at the time would begin to gather, and soon the rain would descend, and continue to do so as long as he would keep the elements influenced by his magic spell.

"I will now state to those who may be inclined to doubt the truthfulness of the above statement that I may have slightly overdrawn the lightning, and made the thunder a little too loud, but the main facts are true in every particular, as I can bring as truthful men as any in this State to prove what I have written. I know of what I have written, and will further state that had I not been a good swimmer I would have been drowned on one occasion by the bursting of one of his impromptu water-spouts. I wish to goodness I had that fellow here now; neither Santa Clara nor San Jose, in the future would be enveloped in dust, nor the people have cause to grumble therefrom, nor

pay a cent for water. The description and what he could do was given of this Indian years ago by Solomon W. Jewett, of Kern County, to the "Country Gentleman," and afterwards published in half the newspapers of the Eastern States.

BISHOP."

THE *Lehigh Journal* (Bethlehem, Pa.), is the first of our exchanges to greet us this month; and we are glad to congratulate it on its improved appearance. There was something juvenile and tentative about its former shape and style; but now it looks quite grown-up and business-like, and is evidently about to take a good position among college papers. We have always liked its spirit; and we wish it the success which we prophesy.

THE *Index Nazarensis* is both a lively and an able journal; and since its principles are thoroughly Catholic, THE OWL is in general accord with it. But somehow or other it excites the scornful ire of our Protestant contemporaries pretty often. Whose fault is this, good *Index*? We are afraid more harm than good comes of it.

THE *Iowa Classic* quotes with approval an editorial of the *College Courant* in which all seems to be said that can be said for "small colleges." We cannot say that we think a multiplicity of small colleges intrinsically desirable, but anything is better than that the spirit of centralization should be applied to our educational institutions; and it may be that the small colleges are an outcome of the present social condition of the United States, and cannot be done away with by anything short of that centralizing process to which we so much object.

"Why object to it?" some one may ask. "Because," we answer, "the centralizing power must necessarily be the State; and the State being creedless and godless, so also will be its educational off-spring."

THE *Bates Student* appreciates the efforts made by our predecessors during the past year to improve the literary character of THE OWL; for which friendly recognition we thank the *Student* on their behalf. "Devoted" as we always are (see our cover) "to mental improvement," we of the present Editorial Board, will steadily labor to continue the advance already made.

"BA, BA, BA!"—The *Trinity Tablet* for August—an excellent number, be it observed, of a first rate college journal—contains, *inter alia*, an interesting article on the Regatta, from a Trinitarian point of view, in which we find the following singular passage:—

"During the last half mile some strange freak took possession of the Bow oar, and his voice was heard above the splashing of the water, uttering sounds which very much resembled 'Ba, Ba, Ba!' Evidently *his* wind was still good, or how could he pull a stern race, and on the home stretch, like a loco-

motive entering a station, blow off what must have been superfluous? Had he attended strictly to his business, and performed his duty with tact, judgment and precision, Trinity would not to-day be in a doubtful position, nor would this charge of mismanagement be standing against his name before the public, and especially before his fellow students and the friends of his college."

We should not like to be in the shoes of the gentleman alluded to. His position in Trinity to-day must be anything but agreeable; and he must find it cold comfort to be told, on every side, that it was "all his own fault." It is decidedly a case of "Ba, ba, *Black Sheep!*" We recommend that injudicious Bow to make a graceful one, and—vanish!

A LITANY OF PETROLEUM.—The *Journal d'Anvers* gives the following extract from a revolutionary print in the same town:—"Brilliant liquor, elixir of love, champagne of the oppressed, nectar of the *canaille*, appease our thirst; oil of rocks, purify us; flambeau of the future, enlighten us; flag of the Commune, conduct us; precursor of the Revolution, unite us; arm of the disarmed, fortify us; column of enfranchisement, sustain us; plank of the salvation of the abandoned, aid us; emperors, kings and princes; functionaries and landlords; ministers and generals; capitalists and usurers; stifle them, petroleum! All palaces and castles; all convents, churches and barracks; all popes, cardinals, and bishops; all Jesuits and priests; all monks and *religieuses*, burn them, petroleum! From slavery and despotism, from armies and from the law of blood, deliver us, petroleum! Signal light of the Commune, have pity on us! God of Revolution hear us!" Some of the passages that follow are still more profane and scandalous. We have given enough for a warning.

Idle Notes.

"TEMPUS is fugiting," as we heard one of our "would be" Latin scholars remark the other day; and we can no longer doubt that we are advancing, and that rapidly, in our scholastic studies. Everything is now in the best possible running order; and though most of the faces which daily surround us, have a happy frolicsome air, yet there is also the mark of determination to do well, in the eyes of all.

Perhaps the most convincing proof of this last fact, is that which was offered last "First Wednesday," when the President of the College, in the course of his remarks, told the students, that the credits in the various departments

had been higher for the month of August than ever before, in proportion to the numbers.

Boys, we can assure you that the wise old "Owl" joins in your feelings,—(isn't that a *proof* of his wisdom?)—and wishes you all possible success, both in work and play throughout the year.

"GRAND Circus! Hippodrome! Menagerie! Dramatic Company!" etc., etc., was surely a most dazzling announcement for the boys of this institution, and one sure to take their minds off all study for the time being. After mature deliberation, it was agreed that a delegation of students should be sent to the President with the view of obtaining his sanction to their attending said show. "Not," said they, "that we care to see it; only that our going will save the Prefect of Hall much annoyance and trouble; because some of the boys will be sure to 'cut up' when they hear the circus band." This was certainly considerate. Permission being kindly granted to attend on the evening of the 23d of August, of course there followed the usual excitement attaching to such evenings. But if we take the criticism of the most impartial judges, viz., the boys themselves, we shall have to conclude that the evening was not so enjoyable as had been expected. The only good, so far as we can see, which has resulted from the entertainment, is that it has induced the more agile of the students to exercise much more in the gymnasium. This, however, we consider a most *useful* result, and can compliment many of our young acrobats upon the success of their endeavors. We expect a fine display next March, (the gymnasts know when) of talent in that line. Save us a seat on the window, where we can have a good chance to take it all in, will you?

"OWL MEETING!" "*Owl Meeting!*" was the cry upon Sunday morning, the 13th of September. Yes; the day had at last come around, when the editors for the year '74-5 were to be elected. After the usual preliminaries Messrs. N. F. Brisac, L. C. Winston, T. F. Durbin, and W. T. Gray were elected to fill the offices of editors.

But our editorial staff has received an addition, the news of which will be especially interesting to our old students and ex-editors. There is at last a fifth editor! Do not smile; boys, and think of the old standing joke, for what we say is now a stern reality. The reason for this change will be immediately manifest to all, when we state that the newly elected officer is a *treasurer*. The truth is that it has been found practically impossible for one of the students to fill this office as it should be filled, and attend to his class duties at the same time. Considering this fact as proved, the Board resolved that application should be made to one of our old treasurers, with the view of prevailing upon him, if possible, to accept this office again. A special meeting of the "Owl Association," was the result, at which Mr. A. F. Sauffrignon, S.B., was unanimously elected a member of the Board of Editors, and by the Board of

Editors immediately made Treasurer. Our thanks are sincerely due, and heartily given to this gentleman for having consented to fill this onerous and responsible office; the more heartily inasmuch as he is known to be already sufficiently occupied in other college duties.

May his financial success be even greater this year than it was before!—in which case we shall surely see the star of **THE OWL** in the ascendant.

But to render this possible, his efforts must be seconded by our patrons and subscribers. A few of our advertisers, and very many of our subscribers are more or less indebted to **THE OWL**. We would ask therefore, that in order to lessen the burden which our already overloaded Treasurer has to sustain, they should all promptly and willingly "pay up." Oblige us, gentlemen, in this respect, and we will do our best to repay you in the continual improvement of our magazine.

"Out of the field there, old Owl!" was the salutation which greeted us the other morning, while peaceably walking through the play-ground. The cause? A "ball" game. Ye "ball-tossers," make allowances; and remember that though our vision is keen enough after dark—which is our time for writing—we cannot see quite so well in daylight as some of you youngsters. But we will "take" it. We are perfectly willing, boys, to bear rebukes for our natural defect, in such a cause. Keep up base-ball, by all means; and every time an "Owl" gets in the way, holloa at him as much as you please. He will only take it kindly, and get out of the reach of the ball. Every day we see our play-ground alive with balls and bats, and blue caps. Good playing can be seen, at any "Recreation," upon our large grounds; and it is the intention of the Clubs to have some first-class games, this fall. Every Recreation, now, the first thing we hear is, the commanding voice of some "Captain" calling to quarters; and the rest are not far behind him. There has been only one "match game," of which we have been able to obtain the score. This game we watched with a great deal of interest; for there was a good deal of uncertainty about it. In the first part things looked very black for the club which finally won. The game was really 16 to 15. But as the losing club did not play the last innings, their opponents claim one more for each man. Score is as follows:—

2d-9—ORIGINALS.

1st-9—AMATEURS.

	O.	R.		O.	R.
C. E. Stanton	1	3	J. Kearney	2	3
R. Enright	1	5	J. Bernal	3	1
J. Ryland	4	2	A. Arriola	4	1
G. Gray	3	3	H. Bowie	3	2
C. McClatchy	2	3	R. Kenna	2	2
F. Thompson	4	2	R. Remus	3	2
J. Enright	2	3	H. Spencer	1	4
J. Driscoll	4	2	H. Dinklage	4	0
J. Kelly	3	2	W. Furman	5	0

Won by the Second Nine of the "Originals" by one run

PRESTON SMITH, *Umpire*.

J. D. HARVEY, *Secr.*

Old graduates, future graduates, and all—ATTENTION! Listen to a sedate bird for a few minutes.

Is there a college in the United States, in Europe, or in the world, that has not an Alumni Association? Hardly one; and yet we, who belong to one of the oldest and most prosperous colleges in this section, cannot boast such an institution. It is a shame, gentlemen; and one ought to be organized at the end of this year, if not at once. There is no bond of union that is more dear to men in after life, than that which connects them with their old college friends and renews their old college associations.* What man does not speak with pride and pleasure of his college days? Who does not look forward with eager anticipation to the day upon which he is to see many of his old friends, once more collected around the same board, walking the same walks, and talking of the merry times gone by? Many of our old graduates would only be too happy to have some time fixed at which they could see again the "old familiar faces," We believe they would flock to their "Alma Mater," by scores, and make our exhibition days so pleasurable that they would never be forgotten. Stir up, old friends, and let us see this done. We think we may say that you will have the full consent and approbation of the President and Faculty of the College.

ATTENTION, SOCIETIES AND CLUBS! Hereafter, all communications as to meetings, ball games, elections of officers, scores and the like, may be handed to any of the Student Editors, indiscriminately. And do not be backward, boys, in doing this. THE OWL being a home magazine, the first place therein is due, and is given with pleasure to our College proceedings. Besides, for the sake of the old students who are now far away, if for no other reason, you ought to tell what you are doing. It is one of their greatest pleasures to hear what is going on among you. So send in your notices of any kind, and we will always find room for them. Do not be afraid of troubling us. We shall attend to you with pleasure.

HURRAH, FIDDLERS! Violins will squeak now with a will. We see that they are putting up some new music rooms near the photographic gallery. It is something which was much needed, and will be very thankfully received by the players.

THE "Owlets" B.B.C., have elected the following officers:—President, Mr. A. Raggio, S.J.; Vice President, A. Ebner; Secretary, J. R. Murphy; Treasurer, A. Leddy; Censor, A. Tostado; Capt. 1st Nine, H. Thompson; Capt. 2d Nine, M. Dean.

* This is the speech of a confirmed *Cælebs*; but we have written the words, so let them stand. Young ladies, forgive us.—[ED.]

Personal Items.

SAN JOSÉ seems to possess peculiar attractions for the lovers of Blackstone.

J. T. Malone, A.M., of '72, is studying law in San José, and is already a Notary Public of that city.

James H. Campbell, A.M., of '72, is pursuing a like course in the same place. In July last, Mr. Campbell was admitted to the Bar, at Sacramento.

C. F. Wilcox, A.M., '71, is likewise a Notary Public of San José.

Franklin McCusker, S.B., of '73, who has been studying at San José, is striving hard to reach the Bench, and has already procured his Notary Certificate.

Geo. O. Sedgley, S.B., is engaged in business in the Metropolis. He shows himself at our sanctum not unfrequently, and his genial "phiz" is always welcome.

Wm. B. Murphy, A.B., of '69, may be found almost any fine day in our neighboring burgh.

L. G. Sage, S.B., '67, an active Philalethic in the days of old, is now proprietor of the Saratoga hotel, and Mineral Springs.

A. Sweeb of '68 is in San José.

A. O. Argüello, S.B., of '73, finds, doubtless, many charms in the study of the law, but we fear begins to realize, with a certain sense of discomfort, the truth of the common saying that the law is a jealous and exacting mistress.

A. L. Veuve, S.B., and W. P. Veuve, A.B., are in San José, and accidentally "drop in" on us occasionally. L. M. Pinard, S.B., of '74, is following a mercantile pursuit in the same place.

A. F. Sauffrignon, S.B., of '72, still abides with us and "teaches the young idea how to shoot;" and heartily glad are both professors and students to keep him. We find much of the schoolboy in him yet; although we look up to him with reverence.

W. S. Hereford, S.B., of '74, has gone to St. Louis to assume the regency of his father's estates. He has some intention of reading medicine, and thereby adding the title M.D. to his name.

H. B. Peyton, S.B., of '74, lingers in close proximity to the well known powder mills of Santa Cruz County. This gentleman has ever advanced the interests of THE OWL as a contributor, a subscriber, and an editor; and in the two former capacities will still, we hope, continue to do so. "Little Hermann," think of us: we want a harrowing ghost story, that will make our readers' hair stand on end. Couldn't you make your ghost "materialize," for instance like *Kate King*, and then blow him up with some of your own gunpowder?

James Coddington of '75, is engaged in the "First National Gold Bank," of San Francisco. As Jim ranks A. 1 as a chirographer and book-keeper, the First National is fortunate in having secured his services.

Benj. P. G. Smith of '75, is at home in San Francisco, and may be said to be following the occupation of a surveyor.

J. C. Moss of '78, is at Moss Landing, Monterey Bay, shipping grain for the farmers around that seaport. We miss Moss more in a fight than at any other time, though we have not much occasion now for such entertainments.

Señor Don Ygual whom every student as well as Professor of '74, will long remember as a true gentleman, and also on account of his extraordinary diligence in striving to master the English language, dropped into our sanctum the other day, and left upon our table a box of genuine savory Havanas. Señor Ygual has just returned from Cuba whither affairs of business called him last June, and we understand that he has made arrangements in Cuba for direct importation by his house of the simon pure Havana and other choice Cuban brands of tobacco.

Last May he bought into the firm of Cobo, Ygual & Co. in San Francisco. The establishment has been greatly improved, and now two hundred workmen are constantly employed by the firm.

Señor Ygual is a young man of much energy and we are sure that he will make his house one of the first in the Metropolis. We wish him all success; for he well deserves it.

List of College Exchanges,

RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

- Bates Student*, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
Iowa Classic, Iowa Wesleyan Univ. Mount Pleasant, Iowa.
Index Niagarensis, Seminary of our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Co., N.Y.
Berkeleyan, Univ. of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Scholastic, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.
Hesperian Student, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
University Press, Univ. of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Lehigh Journal, Lehigh Univ. Bethlehem, Penn.
College News Letter, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.
University Missourian, State Univ., Columbia, Mo.
Alumni Journal, Illinois Wesleyan Univ., Bloomington, Ill.
Triad, Upper Iowa Univ., Fayette, Iowa.
Heald's College Journal, Heald's Business College, San Francisco, Cal.
Lafayette Monthly, Lafayette College, Easton, Penn.
College Olio, Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio.

Clippings from Contemporaries.

ALL THE CANDOR OF YOUTH.—*Aunt Bella*, (who has just read out aloud "The Burial of Sir John Moore.")—"Now, dear, which of the verses do you like best."—*Jack*, (with alacrity,)—"O! I know.—'Few and short were the prayers we said.'"—*Ten and Plough*.

THE post office department will soon issue a new style of postal card which it is expected will be of better material to write upon than the old ones. A new postage stamp is also to be issued to postmasters under the rates which go into effect the first of January next.—*Univ. Press*.

ANOTHER affecting extract from a Philadelphia obituary poem has appeared. It reads:—

"Put away those little breeches,
Do not try to mend the hole,
Little Jhonny will not want them,
He has climbed the golden pole."

—*Bales Student*.

A knowledge of scientific principles put in its place the key-stone in the last arch of the great St. Louis bridge. The "stone" was made of iron, and although every other iron stone had exactly fitted its place, this was found to be about one inch too large each way. It had expanded with the June sunshine on it. To reduce it by clipping would have taken all summer; for it is a heavy casting, weighing a good many tons. It occurred to somebody to shrink it. So it was put on ice; about thirty tons being necessary. After having been

in pack for twenty-four hours, it was found to have contracted sufficiently. It was taken out, hoisted, and dropped into its place, which it fitted to a hair's breadth.—*N. Y. School Journal*.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
In fear of flagellation;
Over the side he dared not go,
So *underwent* cremation.

—*Anon.*

A Florida paper says that "watermelons as large as nail-kegs go begging in Tempa market at fifteen cents apiece." Oh, watermeloncholy fact!—*Index Nagarensis*.

It is a wonderful change from godless San Francisco to god-fearing Galway. In your great city the horrid expressions, "God Almighty," "Jesus Christ," etc., are rattled after each other by brainless vulgarity, which is a thing without a soul. In San Francisco, going fast in a buggy, or swearing fast in a bar-room, appeared to be, in my time, the only duty of man. "How are things now?" Is decency or common sense doing anything for "the boys?" Will civilization destroy vulgarity?

"God save you," is a sweet expression. I never heard any one use it in California. Here in Galway, and in all parts of Ireland, it is the common salutation. The reply is very musical: "God save you kindly." There is no place like home, where no one supposes it an error to say, "God bless the work!" Poor, dear,

warm-hearted Paddy, it was a pity to kill the gentle spirit in you. In a strange land you imitate the swaggering, ignorant, cowardly bullies, and swear. Ah! then, why do you forget the gentle habits of home? Why do you forget the good old words? Remember your mother. Make music for the white savage and stick to the good old sayings, "God save you," and "God save you kindly." From San Francisco to Galway! It is like ascending from the lower to the upper regions. Thank God I am—at home. —*Irish Correspondent of the "Guardian."*

"A few minutes later and the Captain's gig had been brought out.

"Boddillot explained the nautical terms for this gig. They were two shillings for the first hour, eighteen pence for the second. Naturally the Old Man began with the second.

"The captain's gig being hired was immediately lowered. This did not alter the price. It was a bargain. An agreement. There are certain provisions in every agreement. These were placed in the gig. They were, a dozen of champagne, *tres sec*, a Strasbourg pie, a Welch rabbit, a raspberry and currant tart, three tins of Australian meat, a refrigerator, a cut off the joint and a sausage machine.

"I'll now the Old Man has been the distinguished passenger: now, out of the light he could no longer be distinguished. In the darkness a beggar is as good as a king.

"The start was quickly made. The boat got well away from the vessel. The old man in the stern, the sailor who had volunteered in the bow. There was no luggage in the bow;

it was merely a bow without a trunk. In the stern the old man lay asleep on the chest.

"The troops on board were the mounted marines. They were divided into officers and sub-marines.

"They nailed the white feather to the mast.

"Then a din like the peeling of three hundred oranges burst over the depths of the sea.

"Only those who have peeled three hundred oranges can know what this means.

"The sailor spoke:

"Do you know where we are?"

"The Old Man replied:

"I can tell exactly by my magnificent compass."

"He opened his desk and produced some notes.

"He said:

"This is the upper sea. A little lower down is a flat, we can land there."

"Day appeared. Without Martin.

"The two sat in the boat, a white, and apparently, a black man. The latter could have explained this had he been willing. He could have said 'It is necessary I should be kept dark.'

"He did not say it, however. The silence remained unbroken. A silence once broken can never be mended.

"The sailor broke it.

"He looked fixedly at the man in the stern, and said:

"I am the brother of him you ordered to be pitched over."—(From "One and Three." A burlesque of Victor Hugo's novel of "Ninety Three.")—*London "Punch."*

TABLE OF HONOR

Credits for the month of August as read on Wednesday, Sept. 2. 1874.

LOGIC AND METAPHYSIC.

N. F. Brisac 85, C. Ebner 78, C. McClatchy 82, T. Morrison 70.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

W. Cardwell 70, C. Ebner 82, W. Gray 75, C. McClatchy 82, T. Morrison 75, R. Soto 73, T. Tully 80, J. Walsh 80.

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

W. Gray 70.

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

J. Walsh 89.

MATHEMATICS

1st Class—N. F. Brisac 90, J. T. Walsh 90, L. Winston 90.

2d Class—V. Clement 80, J. Hermann 70, R. Soto 90, B. Yorba 70.

3d Class—J. Aguirre 72, C. Barker 72, H. Bowie 74, J. Callaghan 75, W. Davis 74, R. Enright 70, F. Harrison 70, J. Hudner 75, J. Kearney 75, J. Machado 72, P. Mallon 73, A. McCone 73, L. Palmer 80, L. Partridge 75, N. Robles 70, Jas. F. Smith 75, W. Smith 70, R. Spence 70, H. Spencer 75, C. Quilty 72.

GREEK.

1st Class—W. T. Gray 70.

2d Class—T. Morrison 70, J. T. Walsh 70, L. C. Winston 70.

3d Class—R. Soto 82.

4th Class—R. Brenham 80, W. Davis 85, J. Hermann 95, C. Quilty 80, J. Smith 80.

5th Class—T. Dowell 100, L. Ghirardelli 76, W. Schofield 90.

LATIN.

1st Class—W. Gray 70, T. Morrison 70, L. Winston 70.

2d Class—G. Gray 70, R. Soto 70, J. T. Walsh 80.

3d Class—J. Hermann 77, H. Martin 73, J. Smith 76, B. Yorba 80.

4th Class—J. Aguirre 75, R. Brenham 85, W. Davis 90, C. Quilty 98.

5th Class—J. Bonnett 79, F. Cavagnaro 70, T. Dowell 100, R. Enright 80, H. Freudenthal 80, W. Furman 70, L. Ghirardelli 80, J. J. Montgomery 80, C. Moore 79, D. Quilty 70, E. Welti 100.

RHETORIC.

1st Class—B. Brisac 76, J. Callaghan 70, J. Hermann 73, H. Martin 74, J. Walsh 76, B. Yorba 75.

2d Class—J. Aguirre 71, V. M. Clement 85, J. Franklin 85, J. Ryland 89, J. Smith 89, W. Smith 70, H. Spencer 72.

GRAMMAR.

- 1st Class—J. Chretien 72, T. Dowell 78, A. McCone 78, J. J. Montgomery 75, W. Schofield 70, E. Stanton 75, X. Yorba 74, C. Quilty 70.
- 2d Class—A. Arriola 70, R. Delavega 75, J. Cavagnaro 70, J. L. Foster 90, L. Ghirardelli 75, G. Holden 80, J. McKinnon 80, G. Meehan 70, J. Meyer 75, C. Moore 80, J. Murphy 75, P. Murphy 75, J. Olcese 70, C. Ortiz 70, J. Perrier 75, G. Proctor 70, G. W. Siefert 70, F. Thomson 75, Ch. Volio 80.
- 3d Class—1st Division—F. Cavagnaro 70, E. Holden 90, H. Gilmore 80, H. Farmer 94, C. Quilty 70.
- 2d Division—V. Bruschi 72, J. Fenton 71, O. Fosgate 70, F. Gambert 72, L. Gallagher 70, H. Green 75, R. Pico 76.

FRENCH.

- 1st Class—O. Orefia 70, R. Soto 75.
- 2d Class—R. Brenham 70, R. Argüello 70, Jno. Callaghan 70, R. De la Vega 80, T. Dowell 95, G. Gray 75, W. Gray 90, F. Lacoste 75, E. Lamolle 70, A. Sanchez 75, W. Scofield 78.
- 3d Class—A. Bowie 99, F. Harrison 80, L. Harrison 72, A. Loweree 100, C. Ortiz 100, N. Robles 70.

SPANISH.

- 1st Class—C. Mc Clatchy 70.
- 3d Class—N. Brisac 95, G. Holden 80, W. Sears 80, J. F. Smith 95, A. Pacheco 95.

ITALIAN.

- F. Cavagnaro 75, J. Cavagnaro 90, J. Olcese 90.

GERMAN.

- B. Brisac 80, V. Clement 90, C. Ebner 100, F. Ebner 95, G. Ebner 90, L. Guirardelli 85, A. Höfling 70, J. Meyer 75, A. Müller 90, J. Perrier 85, X. Yorba 95.

ARITHMETIC.

- 1st Class—R. Argüello 70, J. Cavagnaro 78, M. Donahue 74, T. Dowell 90, J. Franklin 95, H. Freudenthal 97, W. Furman 80, W. Harrison 83, H. Hughes 80, A. Loweree 75, J. J. Montgomery 84, O. Orefia 84, W. Schofield 93, W. Sears 95, R. Sheridan 80, C. E. Stanton 85, X. Yorba 82, C. Welti 75.
- 2d Class—A. Arriola 90, J. Auzeais 75, R. Brenham 90, J. Chretien 75, R. Delavega 75, H. Dinklage 90, F. Ebner 75, J. L. Foster 95, L. Ghirardelli 70, F. Galindo 70, G. Holden 95, R. Lawrie 75, G. Meehan 70, C. Miles 70, J. Meyer 75, P. Murphy 93, A. Müller 70, J. Olcese 93, J. Perrier 70, G. Proctor 70, A. Sanchez 85, F. Ryland 75, C. Volio 80, J. Day 70, J. Donahue 70, J. M. Murphy 90.
- 3d Class—C. Argüello 70, J. F. Basset 70, W. Bellew 70, V. Bruschi 70, G. Ebner 70, D. Gagnon 70, H. Gilmore 70, F. Hereford 70, W. Irwin 70, E. Lamolle 70, A. Spence 70, José Tinoco 70, V. Vidaurreta 70.

BOOK-KEEPING.

- 1st Class—A. Aguirre 80, V. Clement 80, C. McClatchy 80, J. F. Smith 80.
- 2d Class—B. Brisac 70, J. Cavagnaro 75, J. Chretien 70, T. Dowell 78, F. Ebner 70, J. Franklin 79, H. Freudenthal 95, W. Harrison 70, J. Hudner 95, F. Lacoste 70, A. Loweree 76, C. Miles 70, J. J. Montgomery 78, J. Olcese 75, L. Palmer 95, L. Partidge 70, W. Sears 80, R. Sheridan 80, T. Tully 93, C. Barker 80, J. Bernal 74, H. Hughes 76, C. Quilty 90, R. Spence 72.

3d Class—H. Dinklage 70, J. L. Foster 80, L. J. Harrison 70, G. Holden 70, C. Moore 70, J. Moore 75, P. Murphy 70, W. Proctor 70, W. B. Schofield 75, M. Donahue 80.

READING AND SPELLING.

1st Class—F. Ebner 77, F. Farmer 70, McKinnon 80, G. Meehan 74, A. Müller 84, W. Smith 80, X. Yorba 70.

2d Class—G. Barron 73, Jno Branch 89, V. Bruschi 89, F. Burling 75, R. De'la Vega 89, H. Dinklage 72, L. Gallagher 78, H. Gilmor 70, F. Hereford 96, J. Hopkins 80, W. Hopkins 76, C. Moore 70, J. Moore 70, J. Murphy 70, J. Olcese 78, W. G. Proctor 92, C. Volio 76, H. Wilcox 70, J. Bennett 72, J. Boyter 70, J. Donahue 81, H. Farmer 79.

3d Class—H. Abila 90, W. Byron 70, C. Earright 70, J. Ford 85, F. Gambert 75, W. Gilbert 95, F. Hall 70, E. Holden 80, H. Jeantrout 90, A. Lago 70, A. Leddy 75, T. McShane 80, A. McCusker 75, R. Fico 75, F. Ryland 70, V. Sanchez 75, W. Scott 70, H. Thompson 70, E. Welti 85, M. Ylisarituri 75.

ELOCUTION

1st Class—J. Callaghan 74, L. Palmer 80.

PENMANSHIP.

1st Class—J. Bernal 70, V. Clement 74, T. Dowell 70, S. Franklin 75, J. Hermann 70, J. Yorba 70.

2d Class—R. Brenham 70, J. F. Basset 75, F. Cavagnaro 70, J. B. Chretien A. Christin 71, J. Cavagnaro 72, H. Dinklage 70, H. Freudenthal 74, H. Gilmor 70, H. M. Hughes 75, R. Holden 74, L. Harrison 70, T. Huhges 70, A. McCone 74, J. M. Murphy 74, J. Olcese 72, W. Sears 74, C. E. Stanton 71, G. Shafer 70, J. Wolter 71, H. Wilcox 73, M. Y isalitrri 71.

3d Class—A. Bowie 75, J. Boyter 70, P. Cannon 70, T. Donahue 72, H. Farmer 74, G. B. Gray 71, J. Hopkins 70, E. Holden 70, P. Murphy 75, A. McCusker 72, J. McKinnon 70, Jno Scully 80, A. Sanchez 70.

DRAWING.

A. Arriola 90, J. Auzerais 75, A. Bowie 75, H. Bowie 85, F. Burling 75, M. Donahue 75, P. Mallon 85, A. McCone J. Meyer 70, O. Oreña 70, W. Schofield 75, G. Seifert 75, V. Vidaurreta 80.

PIANO.

H. Bowie 80, C. Ebner 80, W. Gray 80, V. Vidaurreta 75.

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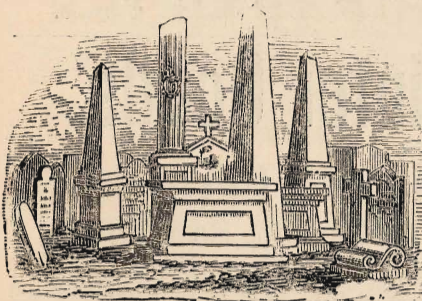
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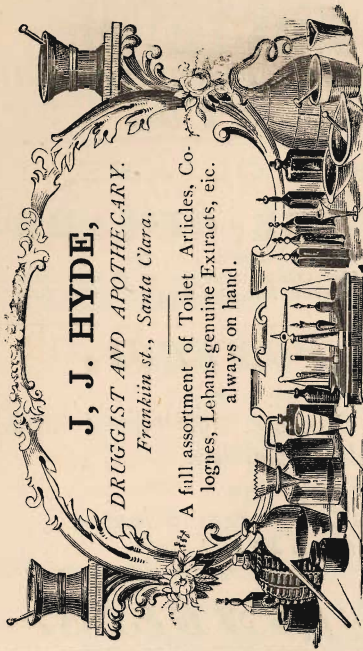
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

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