


4-1875

The Owl, vol. 9, no. 8

Santa Clara University student body

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarcommons.scu.edu/owl>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Santa Clara University student body, "The Owl, vol. 9, no. 8" (1875). *The Owl*. Book 52.
<http://scholarcommons.scu.edu/owl/52>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the SCU Publications at Scholar Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Owl by an authorized administrator of Scholar Commons. For more information, please contact rscroggin@scu.edu.

Vol. IX.

APRIL, 1875.

No. 8.

THE OWL

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT;

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.



SANTA CLARA, CAL:
PUBLISHED BY THE OWL ASSOCIATION, AND PRINTED
AT THE COLLEGE PRESS.

1875

CONTENTS.

	Page
SPIRITISM AND "THE SPIRITS,"—Chap. I.....	281
THE NEW YEAR.....	288
JUMPING THE FENCE.....	290
THE TRUE CAUSE OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY.....	292
A VISION OF THE FUTURE.....	294
JACK'S CHARADES.....	297
THE OWLETS' CORNER—	
"ECHOES.".....	298
SELECTED MATTER—	
<i>Thoughts on the Strength of Romanism</i>	301
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT—	
<i>Editor's Table</i>	304
<i>Idle Notes</i>	310
<i>List of College Exchanges</i>	313
<i>Noted and Quoted</i>	315
<i>Table of Honor</i>	318

INDEX TO ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

<i>Banks</i> —Commercial & Savings.....	5	<i>Educational</i> —Santa Clara College.....	cover
Hibernia Saving and Loan Society.....	8	St. Mary's Academy.....	6
<i>Barbers</i> —J. Stewart.....	6	Max Ronder.....	6
Philipp Schmittspan.....	4	<i>Grocers</i> —B. Lamory.....	3
<i>Baths</i> —Werner & Gutzeit.....	4	J. M. Swinford.....	7
<i>Booksellers and Stationers</i> —A Waldtenfel.....	cover	A. Habich.....	2
Payot Upham & Co.....	6	Devine & Lorrigan.....	1
<i>Boat and Shoemakers</i> —Pulverman.....	1	Anzerals & Pomeroy.....	4
Kustl.....	6	<i>Hotels</i> —Cameron House.....	4
B. Hicks.....	6	<i>House Decorator</i> —Geo. B. McKee.....	4
<i>Butchers</i> —Leddly Brothers.....	7	<i>Levery Sables</i> —M. Corcoran.....	5
S. Martinelli & Co.....	7	Barry & Breman.....	7
<i>Candy Manufacturer</i> —M. O'Brien.....	2	City Stables, San Jose.....	7
<i>Cigar Factory</i> —Cobo, Ygnal & Co.....	3	<i>Painters</i> —Linville & Woods.....	4
J. C. Koppel.....	7	<i>Photography</i> —Wright's Gallery.....	3
<i>Darlist</i> —N. Klein.....	6	<i>Restaurants</i> —J. Pisciolli & Co.....	7
<i>Druggist</i> —Rhodes & Lewis.....	6	<i>Sculptor</i> —J. Power.....	6
James J. Hyde.....	7	<i>Tailors</i> —John M. Cady.....	5
<i>Dry Goods</i> —L. Lion.....	2	O'Banion & Kent.....	8
"City of San Jose".....	4	D. Quilty.....	8
D. Bergin.....	1	<i>Undertakers</i> —Langford & Easterday.....	6

EDITORS ELECTED FOR THE YEAR 1874-75:

N. F. BRISAC, T. F. MORRISON, W. T. GRAY, A. SAUFFRIGNON, S.B.



Direct communications to THE OWL, Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.

THE OWL

Vol. IX.

APRIL, 1875.

No. 8.

SPIRITISM AND "THE SPIRITS."

CHAPTER I.

In which is considered the question whether or not the Spiritistic Phenomena can be Attributed to the Souls of the Dead.

(Communicated.)

WE know perfectly well that some of our readers will make wry faces at seeing "the spirits" brought upon the scene, and that others will pucker their lips after the fashion of men who whistle incredulously. We do not refer to those who, like the rank materialists they are, do not believe in the existence of spirits, rejecting as fabulous all that is not sheer and palpable matter: nor do we speak of those who, though they admit that spirits exist, still deny flatly that they can exert any sort of influence, or possess any power of intervention in our world. But we have in mind that large number of persons who, though they admit what no good Christian can deny, viz., the existence of spirits, and their intervention both secretly and openly, both ordinarily and extraordinarily in the affairs of human life, yet seem to dis-

own this belief in practice. They regard it as womanish credulity or childish superstition, to admit the intervention of spirits *in this, or in that particular case*; whilst, nevertheless, they do not deny it *in general*. And, to own the truth, the infidel press has raised so loud and continuous an outcry, and has sneered so persistently and contemptuously at the credulity of the Middle Ages, which saw spirits and witches everywhere, that it is no wonder many weak minds should shrink from admitting, in any definite case, the actual intervention of a spirit. But this excess of incredulity is no less unreasonable than the contrary excess may perhaps have been in other times; and if excessive credulity in such matters leads to superstition, excessive incredulity may lead and does lead to the iniquity of naturalism. The wise man and the

prudent Christian should avoid both extremes, and keep to the middle way wherein reside truth and virtue.

Now as regards the question before us what does prudence suggest? Why surely *this*:—that we should not accept preternatural causes in explanation of any wonderful operations, except when natural causes fail. And this rule of course demands reciprocally, that when natural causes are found insufficient, preternatural ones should be admitted.

Now this happens in the present case. In fact, among the so called mesmeric or spiritistic phenomena there are many which bear on the face of them a preternatural character. Such are all those in which the unknown agent that moves the bodies shows an intelligence and will of his own, superior or contrary to, or distinct from the human intelligence and will of the "mediums" and assistants. In such cases we must needs admit that such unknown agent is a spirit; and more—a spirit external to the order of those causes which we call natural (*i.e.* which do not go beyond the compass of the forces of matter and of man); consequently, a spirit *not human*.

Thus much being premised, let us proceed to examine to what kind of spirits the so called mesmeric or spiritistic phenomena are due.

Only three hypotheses can be made; which correspond to the three kinds of spirits existing outside of the corporeal world. These are (I) the souls of the dead, (II) the angels and (III) the devils. There can be no discussion concerning the most perfect Spirit of all, viz., Almighty God; for

no philosophical research aims in the first instance at the ultimate cause of an effect, but at its immediate cause.

I. It is a little more than a century since the hypothesis of the agency of the souls of the dead was put forth. It precedes in time the hypothesis of the magnetic fluid, which perhaps would not have replaced its predecessor, had it not been a kind of necessity for all new theorists to follow the fashion which, at the end of the past century, almost forbade the mention of a spiritual soul which could outlive the body.

Swedenborg—an industrious investigator of natural phenomena who, about the middle of the eighteenth century, went from Sweden, his native country, to England, in order to teach natural science and spiritistic mysticism—was the originator of this hypothesis. He did not admit that there existed outside of the corporeal world any other created spirits than the souls of the dead, and called those that reached their salvation *good spirits*, and those who, refusing to serve God in this world, were lost after death, *bad spirits*. He enjoyed visions, experienced raptures, received frequent visits from the spirits, and could summon them at his pleasure.

This hypothesis would have fallen into oblivion, but for the help it received from certain facts which occurred at Hydesville in the United States. These facts are now notorious: the renown of the *speaking tables* filled the world. Now, who moved and gave life to these tables? It was common, both in Europe and America, to answer, "The souls of the dead." These souls, having been

evoked (so it was said) by the "mediums," were brought into communication with those desirous of talking with them. They were and are yet questioned on various points both of doctrine and of fact.

Let us now examine and test this theory which attributes the spiritistic phenomena to the souls of the dead.

We do not need to use a long chain of reasoning in order to dispose of this hypothesis. If the souls of the dead are the cause of the spiritistic phenomena, they must hold intercourse with living men and with this material world, and must have dominion over the forces of nature. But neither of these two things is proper to them. Therefore the souls of the dead cannot be the cause of these phenomena.

The only proposition requiring proof is the minor, which consists of two parts.

The first part is, *that the souls of the dead do not hold intercourse with the material world.* Now we assert such intercourse to be quite impossible, whether on their part or on our part. It is impossible on our part, because man in his natural condition, *i.e.* without the direct intervention of God, cannot, from his very constitution, have any communication with the souls of the dead. Man communicates with the exterior world through his senses. This is the great psychological law which governs all the operations of the human soul as long as she is united to the body in unity of substance. Everything, therefore, which is not accessible, either immediately or mediately, to the senses of man, is at once subtracted from the

domain of the human soul. But the world of pure spirits is not accessible to our corporeal senses. Therefore the world of pure spirits, of whatever kind those spirits may be, is not in communication with us, nor can it be placed in such communication by any exertion of the human will.

This intercourse is also impossible on the part of souls released from their bodies. We quote the doctrine of St. Thomas. "According to natural knowledge, of which we speak here, the souls of the dead know nothing of what happens in the world. And the reason thereof is, that the soul, when separated from the body, perceives only those special objects to which it is in some manner determined, either by the traces left in it by the cognitions of its anterior life, or by affection of the will, or by divine order. The souls of the dead, then, according both to the divine ordination and to their own manner of existing, are separated from intercourse with the living, and are united to the conversation of those spiritual substances that exist apart from the body: consequently they ignore all that is done by us." (Sum. Theol. p. 1. 9. 89. a. 8.) These words are so clear and authoritative as to need no comment. In fact, if the souls of the dead enter upon the manner of existing, and consequently of acting, proper to separated spirits, it is evident that they cannot acquire cognitions entirely new, except by means of some special power infused into them by God. Prescinding then the idea of a special divine operation, and considering their natural modes of acting only, we say they cannot

anyhow receive any knowledge of the things of this world; and still less can they receive any such knowledge through the means of beings living in that very corporeal world from which they (the souls of the dead) have been cut off.

The second part of our minor proposition is *that the souls of the dead cannot dominate the material forces of nature*. Such dominion is, in fact, entirely beyond the sphere of their activity. By their separation from the body, they did not change their nature, but only their mode of existing and acting. The body supplied them when on earth, with the means by which alone they could come in contact with the corporeal world, and could act on it. After having lost the body, far from acquiring a greater dominion over matter than before, they found themselves destitute of the only means they had ever had of placing themselves in contact therewith. It is plain, therefore, that the souls of the dead cannot, of themselves, either use or be affected by the material forces of nature, which forces they cannot reach. In regard to such capacity, the human soul, on its separation from the body, loses all and acquires nothing.

The soul, then, after its separation from the body, is incapable either of holding intercourse with us who remain on earth, or of acting on the material forces of nature. And yet if we are to regard the human soul as the cause that produces the spiritistic phenomena, it becomes a *sine quâ non* that it should possess these two capacities.

But the adherents of this hypothesis gainsay our conclusion by opposing thereto (1) an argument of fact, and (2) an argument of reason.

(1) The argument of fact is derived from those numerous visions and prodigies which have been and are attributed to the saints, and to the souls in Purgatory; from the testimony, in short, which all history affords, to the incessant intercourse of the dead with the living, and to the power exercised by the former over the whole of nature.

"True enough all this," we reply, "but you must know that we have been speaking all along, of what is proper to those souls naturally, and not of what may be granted them in a miraculous way by the Almighty; even though such miracles may have happened thousands of times." We demand no more than our opponents must inevitably concede, viz., that departed souls do not possess, by nature, either the power of holding intercourse with man, or the use of natural forces.

(2) The argument of reason is that, notwithstanding all that we have said, it remains unquestionable, that those two privileges may be communicated to the souls of the dead by a gratuitous gift of God. "Now," continue our opponents, "is it not probable that such divine gifts, though granted rarely in the past, should be granted to-day more abundantly, in order to reclaim the world to faith in the supernatural, and thereby lead it to receive the word of truth and of life announced in the Gospel?"

We answer that this argument does not suffice to prove the *probability*,

but only the *possibility* of that for which they contend, and even this not in the concrete but in the abstract. In the concrete, what they say is not possible, and consequently their reasoning is not only improbable but absurd.

Let us prove it.

What is it that they oppose to our argument? A supposed prodigy. They pretend that God having suspended the course of the ordinary laws assigned by His Providence to human souls, intervenes with His omnipotence, using these souls as instruments of wonders.

We are obliged, then, to apply to the spiritistic operations the very same criteria which faith teaches us to apply to miracles. Let us make this application, and we shall soon see whether the two sets of facts possess enough in common to warrant the claim of the spiritistic phenomena to be reckoned among the prodigies wrought by the almighty hand of God.

Now why does the Lord suspend by miracles the course of the ordinary laws of nature? In order to obtain the general end of creation; that is to say, His own glorification. Every miracle is wrought with the end of making us know and love God, and is directed either to the confirmation of a truth revealed by Him, or to the inculcation of a virtue which He wishes us to practise and hold in esteem. It is like a seal extraordinarily impressed by God on His word, in order that it may be heard by man with the homage both of the intellect and of the will. If then a given phenomenon, wonderful though it be, does not lead mani-

festly to this end—and, much more, if it removes us further from, or hinders our attainment of this end—it cannot anyhow be regarded as a miracle; for the simple reason that *it would be unworthy of God* that He should work it. But such is incontrovertibly the case with the spiritistic prodigies, of which many serve no other end than to promote vain curiosity; many, though possibly subsidiary, are certainly not indispensable to medicine; many afford a vent to the animal passions of man; and many others are vehicles for propagating moral corruption and the most abominable errors regarding God and society. Even if sometimes these prodigies benefit truth, or do some other good, the fact is immaterial to our present argument; because it is enough that they should fail once in this regard, in order to forfeit all claim to be the results of direct inspiration by God.

When does God intervene with his miracles? To this question there is only one answer, *viz., when He pleases*. There is no time, no place, no circumstance which can bind the will of God. He has promised, it is true, to work miracles in response to a strong and lively faith, but such a faith is not of our own growth; it is His gratuitous gift: nor does it depend on the will of man to have it or not to have it. Nothing stranger can be imagined than a system of prodigies reduced to art and dependent on conditions within the power of every man's will. But this is precisely the case with the spiritistic phenomena. They are brought about at set hours. They are turned into a kind of show, to

gratify people's morbid curiosity. We are invited to assist in displaying them, and are taught how to produce them. If sometimes they fail, it is an exception; and if this shows that their cause is not merely physical, yet it certainly does not show that it is miraculous.

What instruments are employed by the Almighty in working His miracles? Ordinarily speaking, he makes use of the souls most dear to Him; and consequently, in the Catholic Church, no other argument goes so far to prove the sanctity of the departed as the prodigies wrought by God at their intercession. God grants these extraordinary favors to those who are pure and humble of heart. It is not impossible, nay it is quite certain that even those who are not in the grace of God, may be made the instruments of prodigies; but in this case the miracle is wrought for the sanctification of others. The ordinary law is that God makes use of the holiest souls through whom to dispense favors of this kind: the other case is not the rule but only the exception.

Now, kind reader, is it so with the spiritistic phenomena? We are perfectly willing to admit that honest people, acting in good faith, can sometimes produce them; but this is certainly the exception, not the rule. The reverse is almost universally the case. Men notoriously worldly in thoughts, in affections, and in deeds are, ordinarily speaking, the very men from whose ranks spring those who take to the profession of "mediums," in order to evoke the spirits. We say no more about them, be-

cause nothing more is needed to make our argument intelligible, and because, moreover, we do not want to go beyond what necessity requires of us in speaking of the large number of persons who are devoted to the "spiritistic" profession.

What are the means through which man obtains from God this extraordinary favor, viz., the power of working prodigies? Faith and prayer together with the virtues which accompany these two acts, viz., humility of mind, purity of heart, mortification of the flesh, self denial, etc., etc. Are these the means through which the "mediums" obtain power to work the spiritistic phenomena? The smile with which our question is received dispenses us from the necessity of saying more. Besides, there are spiritistic manuals, published for the express purpose of instructing people in the art of spiritism; and yet such books never mention such means. We often find mention, indeed of *faith*; "a strong faith," "a constant faith," and so on. But of *what* faith do they speak? Of the faith by which men believe and trust in God, the only giver of all good things? Certainly not. They speak of the "faith" by which (as they assert) those who would become "mediums" must believe themselves capable of producing the spiritistic phenomena. But this is pride, not faith; and foolish pride too, because it urges men to believe firmly that they *have*, what everyone knows or ought to know with certainty that he *has not*.

But let us come to our conclusion. If, far from having found in the spiritistic phenomena the characteristics

which distinguish miracles, we have instead thereof found in those phenomena opposite characteristics, which exclude them entirely from such a category, we must needs draw the inference that the finger of God is not impressed upon them. And if they cannot be called miracles—if they have nothing to do with the visions and ecstasies, and sudden cures, in a word, with the *true* miracles wrought by the Almighty at the intercession of the souls of departed saints—then can they in nowise be attributed to any departed souls at all.

If the writer of the article called "Modern Spiritualism," which appeared in the *Cornell Review* of Dec. 1874, had paid attention to the criteria above mentioned, he would never have fallen into the gross mistake of confounding the wonders wrought by modern spiritists with the miracles wrought by the saints of the primitive Church. It is a sad spectacle, especially at a time like the present, when all the forces of materialistic infidelity are arrayed against the fundamental truths of the Gospel, to see Christians coalescing gradually with the modern upholders of an opposite form of error—to see them uot

merely adopting their views, but even twisting Holy Scripture so as to make it accord with such theories. (*Sividebas furem, currebas cum eo. Ps. xlix :8.*)

But the Christian Church is taunted by the same writer with its slowness in adopting new theories and adapting itself to new evolutions of thought.

Now this charge amounts to nothing, unless it means that the Christian Church persistently rejects ascertained facts and established laws of the human mind; and if such be its meaning, we give it a simple but flat denial. If, however, the new theory be simply on its trial, and especially if it seem to conflict with the established maxims of reason and experience, surely in such case, we may afford to wait a little before giving it our adhesion. The frequent adoption of a different course involves that anarchy of thought and perpetuity of mental revolution which have ever marked, and will ever continue to mark the various sects claiming the name of Christian, but from which God's Providence has not failed to preserve His Church—"the pillar and ground of truth."

(To be continued.)

THE NEW YEAR*

(Written by W. T. GRAY and spoken by J. E. HOLDEN at the first Public Entertainment of the year 1875.)

THE Old Year's dead!—Tread lightly o'er his grave!
Welcome the Young Year, lusty, bright, and brave!

'Twas but last month, we placed old '74,
Among the things that were, but are no more.
Full many a lesson has that old friend set;
Much taught us to remember, much forget.
Ah, how can *we*, frail mortals that we are,
Pass by the warnings which our Father's care
In mercy gives us lest, in thoughtless mood,
Grasping at earth, we lose our heavenly good?
"Those whom he chasteneth he loveth yet,"
Are solemn words, which we too oft forget;
Nor mourn the evils which ourselves have wrought;
Nor con the lessons which the past has taught;
Nor seek in future to direct our way
Nearer to Him and nearer, day by day.

But since the months their rapid course have run
Till one more year of mercy has begun,
We fain would ask, what *are* we puny men,
Whose life scarce reaches three score years and ten?—
What, but mere worms, the measure of whose years
A *speck* beside eternity appears?

Nay some are *truly worms*—if right their thought,
Who claim a soul of earthly matter wrought;
Whose mind of light is void, whose life of day;
Who kindred claim with lower brutes than they.

* [A poem with the above title may at first sight appear somewhat out of date in our April number; but the first Entertainment of the year did not take place until the month of February, when our March number was already in print, and we have consequently had no earlier opportunity of publishing it. EDs. OWL.]

Far be from *us* the eye that will not see
 The blessed hope of immortality !
 As each old year draws sadly to a close,
 Passing like some poor soul to its repose,
 Wholesome the thought that every day gone by
 Has brought us nearer thee, Eternity !

So on the morning of each fair New Year,
 When young and old in joy's bright garb appear;
 When earth re-echoes many a lusty shout,
 When from gay hearts the merry laugh rings out,
 When loaded tables groan, in glad distress,
 And each to each drinks health and happiness,—
 Right wholesome, *then*, the thought that scenes like this
 Forecast (how faintly!) Heaven's eternal bliss;
 Shadow (how dimly!) that which he shall win
 "Who overcometh" in the strife with sin.

But there are *earthly* memories, which the winds
 Of yeary trial drive not from our minds.
 The golden milestones on life's rugged way;
 The sunny gleams that light our darksome day;
 Whose very shortness makes them brighter seem,
 As through the storm the lightning flashes gleam.
 For this all thanks to Him whose heavenly rays
 Gild the dark clouds that dim our human gaze.

Take, friends, glad greetings for the glad New Year
 From us who first in "Seventy *Five*" appear.
 Full oft, ere now, resounding through this Hall,
 Your kind applause has cheered both great and small;
 May then *our* efforts yield amusement still,
Deserving what they win—your kind good-will!
 Then, as Old Time speeds onward, year by year,
 And in our places other forms appear,
 Your friendly welcome like ourselves to claim—
 Kinder you *cannot be*—be *just the same!*

And when time's changes shall have scattered quite
 Our youthful group, so happy here to-night;—
 When Death impatient grows to claim his prize,
 And when on high the chastened spirit flies;—
 May *you*—may *we*—in radiant white appear,
 To celebrate a glorious New Year !

JUMPING THE FENCE.

(By an Ex-Student.)

ONE cold November evening in 18—, I determined to go down to the town and buy some tobacco; so I watched the Prefects narrowly, and just after supper, the coast being clear, I slipped around the Chapel, and passed cautiously through the old graveyard. Then, in the shadow of the pepper trees, I mounted the fence, and “in the twinkling of a bed-post,” as they say in the old country, was in the street.

As my feet touched the ground outside, I caught sight of a tiny form kneeling before the Mission Cross; and somehow, instead of proceeding on my way, I stood gazing at it for some moments, until an irresistible desire to see who it was arose in my heart, and banished from my mind every thought of the object with which I had set out.

Yielding to a curiosity which I could not suppress—for I seemed to be impelled by some unseen power—I approached the kneeling figure. Nearer and nearer I crept; but my presence was as yet unperceived. I had almost reached its side, when the low accents of a rich, sweet voice, evidently that of a young girl, caught my ear, and thrilled like an electric shock through my soul.

I stopped short; my heart beat with a strange emotion; and as I listened to that voice, I felt the hot tears rolling down my cheeks.

“O Jesus, help! O Mary, will you not pray for us? Must we say that we have sought your aid in vain? Sweetest mother have pity on us, and beg your Divine Son Jesus to send us help.”

I could not catch the rest; for the *Angelus* bell began to ring, and I involuntarily knelt down and prayed as I am seldom wont to pray. When the ringing had ceased, the young girl arose, and pulling an old shawl closely about her, raised her eyes which were full of big, glistening tears, and said, “Sweet Mother, I am sure thou hast heard my prayer.”

“Yes, poor little one! She has heard your prayer. Here is money for you; for I think you must be in want.” As I said these words I offered her a purse.

At the sound of my voice she sprang aside like a startled deer, and then turned to go away, blushing deeply all the while.

“Stop, stop!” I cried, stepping gently towards her.

“I don’t know you, sir. I did not think any one was around. O sir, please to go away!”

“Do not fear: take this purse; for your mother may need food for her little ones.”

These words seemed to reassure her. She stretched forth a pale, delicate hand, took the purse, and then knelt down, and in the same

sweet voice said, "Sweetest Jesus, dear Mother Mary, I thank you! I thank you!"

Then rising, she turned to me and said: "Pardon, sir; but your sudden appearance frightened me so much that I forgot why I had come before the Cross—oh, sir, I thank you!"

Raising her eyes once more, she continued, "My Jesus, how good, how amiable Thou art, to answer my prayer so soon!" Tears of gratitude stopped further words.

When she could speak, she again repeated her thanksgiving, and then said, "Sir, I must run to Mama. I must gladden her with the good news."

"May I go with you?" I asked.

"Ah, good sir, our home is too mean for you to enter."

"Lead the way," I replied.

She obeyed at once and started off at so rapid a pace that I found myself obliged to run to keep up with her. She soon reached an old adobé house on the outskirts of the town, pushed open a miserable excuse for a door, and entered; but as I crossed the threshold, I started back at the scene of misery, suffering and want which met my gaze.

A pale woman sat in a corner, unable to move; though she made a vain endeavor to welcome me. She was too weak even to speak, but when her child whispered that I brought relief, she raised her hands and eyes to heaven to ask God's blessing upon me.

In another corner lay a dying boy. The fire had died out in the broken stove, the last piece of bread was

gone, the last match had been struck when her mother bade her child go before the Mission Cross, and pray to our Holy Mother.

I could not remain in this room of sorrow. "I will send you help," I said; and then came out. I did send help, and soon both mother and child recovered.

By the time I had sent the physician and a charitable lady-friend to see and to assist these poor folks, an hour and a half had elapsed: I therefore hastened back to the College; and, as good luck would have it, I got safely over the fence just as "first study" was over.

I of course expected, next day, to receive a severe punishment for my unlawful expedition, but it seemed that no one, not even my school-mates, had taken notice of my absence.

Since that night I have ceased to smoke, in order that I may have, every year, a small sum to spare for the poor; and the relief of such unhappy families as this of which I have spoken, affords me a far greater pleasure than would the finest cigars.

The remembrance of the grateful words of that little praying child, fills my heart, even now, with a wonderful consolation, so that although I cannot justify my breach of college discipline, for which, no doubt I deserved punishment, I certainly do feel quite unable to regret it.

The moral of the tale is perhaps not quite so clear to the naked eye as might be wished, and I will therefore state it:—"Never Jump the Fence!"

THE TRUE CAUSE OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

(JAS. FRANKLIN, 2d Rhetoric.)

IT is the duty of every true citizen to promote, by all the means in his power, the prosperity of the country to which he belongs. His greatest pride should be to see it rise higher and higher in happiness, in splendor, and in the esteem of other nations.

Various theories have been formed by which to account for the remarkable progress and consequent renown which have marked certain nations; theories, however, which for the most part are not borne out by history.

Some ascribe the prosperity of States to their superior talent for waging war against their neighbors, and so enlarging the limits of their own territory. If there ever was a nation that could boast with undeniable truth of a vast empire thus acquired, it was certainly Rome, the mistress of the ancient world; and yet Rome fell to rise no more!

Wealth is sometimes put forward as the firmest foundation of a prosperous State. Venice and Genoa, the most aristocratic republics that ever existed, revelled in opulence; but they too have disappeared.

It is urged by others that national greatness depends upon that astute

policy which a government sometimes practises in its intercourse with other nations. This, it is true, may keep up the credit of the country for a while, but most certainly will not form a solid basis on which to rest its permanent stability; and the nation that is unsupported by other props must sooner or later crumble to ruin.

Similar will be the fate of those States which base their prosperity upon their commercial importance. Commerce is doubtless very beneficial; but it cannot of itself either constitute, or even maintain the social or political welfare of a nation. No country of ancient times was more famous for commercial enterprise than Phoenicia; and Phoenicia has long since ceased to exist.

But may it not safely be asserted that *morality* is the cause of national prosperity? As honesty is the foundation of all individual greatness, so is it also, I venture to say, the foundation of *national* greatness.

It follows indeed, of necessity, that this must be so; because society is made up of individuals.

And now let us see whether history confirms this.

Cast but a glance upon that beautiful city, the home alike of the philosopher and the poet, and view the causes that led to the downfall of Athens. While Pericles and men like him ruled over her; while she trod the path marked out by the wise laws of Solon; the arts and sciences flourished under her protecting shade, and the rays of her civilization lit up the mental darkness of surrounding nations. But time rolled on and with it passed away all her good qualities.

No longer was heard the voice of an Aristides calling her soldiers to victory, and teaching her citizens justice. No longer was virtue held in esteem. Vice, abandoning the dark corners wherein she had formerly lurked, walked the streets at noon day and driving virtue from her temples, took her place among the divinities of the land. And where is Athens now?

There is Sparta too. Who has not admired the valor of her sons and the patriotism of her daughters? While they were virtuous, they were faithful to their country, and success everywhere attended their efforts. But *her* glory, like that of Athens, has

"Gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were;
A school-boys tale; the wonder of an hour."

As one of our own statesmen has said, "by the past we must judge of the future." Now the past shows plainly that the prosperity of a nation does not depend upon her astute policy, or her conquering arms, or her opulence, or her extended com-

merce, but that it *does* depend upon the morality of her citizens.

And if this be true with regard to kingdoms and empires, how much more true is it with regard to a democratic republic like our own. In democracies it lies with the people to decide what kind of men shall preside over them. If the people are honest they will use the ballot honestly; but if they are dishonest they will abuse their elective power, and dishonest, unprincipled men will be chosen by them to make their laws. But bad men will make bad laws, and bad laws will not long be obeyed.

All or nearly all that binds together the people of our republic is a paper called "The Constitution." If the people are not moral and virtuous, that paper bond will one day prove too frail to hold them.

From what has been said then, it is clear that in order to make sure of keeping our republic in a prosperous condition, we must all be honest. Nay, so great is our responsibility in this respect, that every one of us may be considered as bearing the fate of the nation on his shoulders.

We know that the traditions of our country are glorious. The sincere patriotism, the incorruptible integrity of our forefathers, are justly the subjects of our unbounded admiration. But can we flatter ourselves that the politicians of our day are as disinterested as Washington, as far seeing as Hamilton, as incorruptible as Jefferson? Alas! The reverse of this is so evidently the truth, that I will not pursue the unpleasant theme any further, but rather end with the hope that we may soon return to the prac-

tice of the high and noble principles which they inculcated, that so the future of our republic may be as grand as her past, that her course may always be "onward and upward;"

and that no historian of times to come may ever mourn over her decay, or use the history of her ruin wherewith to "point the moral of his tale."

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

(BERNARDO YORBA, 1st Rhetoric.)

SOME years ago, while travelling in the south of this State, I met with many adventures, one of which haunts me still.

Riding one day through a solitary part of the country, I found a hoary and venerable-looking man, of foreign aspect, sitting

"By the way-side, on a mossy stone."

After saluting him, I asked him if I was on the right road to Anaheim.

He replied that he did not know, being a stranger in those parts, and having but just arrived there.

Feeling somewhat weary, and being attracted by the stranger's appearance, I dismounted and sat down beside him; and ere long our conversation became both friendly and animated.

Then I inquired his name, and to what place he was bound.

Still sitting in a thoughtful posture upon the stone, and resting his chin on his right hand, he replied in a solemn voice:—"I am an astrono-

mer. My name is Odraurel. I have come all the way from the East to this lovely Californian paradise, to pass my old age amid its delicious orchards and groves.

"Being a man of much study and no little experience of the world, I have succeeded, after many difficulties, in possessing myself of a *talisman* by means of which I can ascertain the destiny of any nation.

"I have accordingly discovered what the "Golden California" will be, in days to come. Know you that California will one day be the queen not of the West only, as she is now, but of the whole Union? Mark what I am going to say. Two months ago, while on my way to this place, I happened to be crossing the Sierra Nevada. Impelled by curiosity, I scaled one of the towering peaks with which this range abounds, and whilst resting on the icy tower, I took out a telescope with which I had provided myself, in order to distinguish

what to my naked eye seemed but a vast stretch of woodland, and turned it towards the verdant country beneath me. What do you think I saw?"

"What else," I answered, "but the vast wooded country of which you speak?"

"Oh no!" he said; "nothing like it; but the most beautiful image you have ever seen or ever will see: a queen attired in a golden robe, with a crown of diamonds on her head, whose sparkling rays old Phœbus himself might have coveted. Her golden hair floating over her shoulders on the aerial liquid, formed a beautiful and ample cloak; her figure was youthful and erect; in her right hand she held a golden sceptre studded with emeralds; from her left hung a balance; by her side was an unstrung bow; whilst from her shoulders gracefully depended a brilliant quiver, well stocked with golden arrows. Around her neck was a chain of exquisite workmanship, to which many precious stones were affixed; but my interest was chiefly attracted by five sparkling brilliants, one of which was surrounded by the other four, which served as foils to its unsurpassed lustre."

My curiosity being greatly excited, I interrupted him at this point, to enquire *who* the queen *was* whom he had seen through this talismanic telescope of his; for I had never heard of any queen living in these latitudes.

He replied,—“The Queen of whom I speak is no other than California, as she shall be in the future.

“The five brilliants are the five cities which will raise her to such a

station. The middle brilliant represents the City of San Francisco, which is even now shining in bright promise, between the crested billows of the Pacific Ocean and the smooth waters of her own bay. This great city will be the glory, not of the Pacific Slope only, for that she is now, but of the whole Union. She will raise the United States to so lofty a position in the world, that the nations beyond the Atlantic will seem comparatively nothing.

“And what is more, she will help her sister cities on the Western coast to become almost her equals—those cities which were represented by the four minor brilliants around the beautiful queen’s neck, surrounding the one representing San Francisco—viz: Los Angeles, San José, Sacramento and Santa Clara.

“For Los Angeles shall stand highest, after San Francisco. Surrounded by her orange groves and vineyard gardens, she will be the emporium of the West. She will afford the most delicate wines for the cup of Bacchus, and the sweetest fruits for the basket of Pomona. She will be the store-house of all the Western States. Her swift locomotives shall bear her products far and wide.

“Next comes San José, the ‘Paradise of the West’. Hers shall it be to furnish the noblest palaces, and the sweetest gardens for the retirement of the weary merchant.

“Sacramento, will stand immediately after San José; for although now she is the capital of California, San Francisco will then have deprived her of that honor.

“And last, but not least, will fol-

low Santa Clara. This city will be chiefly famous for her great college, whither will flock the most brilliant young men from all parts of the Union, to obtain the knowledge which lies in store for them within its classic walls."

Here the stranger paused, to take breath; and seeing that he appeared somewhat fatigued with talking so much, I drew forth a pocket flask of choice Cognac, which I always carried with me in such expeditions, and begged him to refresh himself therefrom. Of this, however, he would not hear. "No, my young friend!" said he—with more solemnity (as it seemed to me) than the occasion demanded—"never shall a drop of that fiery liquor touch the lips of the sage, Odraurel! But see yon silver thread of water that trickles from that rock on the left! If you would really do me a kindness, go fetch me a draught of it in that cup which hangs from your belt; and the best thanks of a weary old man shall be yours."

I laid down my flask of brandy upon the stone which formed our seat, and promptly started—as any of my young readers would have done—in the direction of the stream to which the sage had pointed. To reach it was the work of a few minutes only, and to return with the brimming cup took me but little longer.

And yet, when I reached our resting place, the astronomer was nowhere to be seen!

I walked around with my cup, careful all the while not to spill its contents, and repeated aloud—and louder—and louder yet—"Odraurel!

Odraurel!"

In vain! He neither answered nor appeared; and I began to fear some accident had happened; when chancing to turn my eyes to the spot where I had left my horse, safely tethered, I was startled to find that he too had disappeared.

I now felt certain that there had been foul play of some sort; and recollecting the frequent and brutal robberies for which that part of the State had become notorious, a dreadful fear came upon me as to the fate of my poor old friend—for as such I could not but regard him.

The thought so overpowered me for the moment, that I sank upon the stone whereon we had been sitting, and instinctively stretched out my hand towards the spot where I had deposited my flask; for I felt that I needed some restorative, to enable me to renew my search.

Strange! The flask also was gone!

I began now to think myself in some such land of eastern enchantment as that whence the astrologer himself had come; when all at once the mystery solved itself. There was my faithful horse, cantering up the low slope at the foot of the opposite hill, with a man on his back who was certainly either the sage Odraurel or his twin brother; and the latter supposition was, to say the least, improbable. Yes! Odraurel it must be—Odraurel it *was*—with *my horse* between his legs, and (notwithstanding all his "temperance" talk) *my flask* of choice Cognac in his pocket!

I had always been taught to believe that *young women* were the only deceivers worth mentioning; and for

that very reason I had always made it a point to keep out of their way: but here was an *old man*—and a *sage* too, at that—who was as little to be relied on as any of them.

Never, alas! have I set eyes on that sage since. Despite all the exertions I could make, that astrologer escaped me. I never saw my good horse any more. I never drank out of that flask again.

And yet I cannot altogether shake off my belief in that telescopic “vision of the future.” I have been struck, indeed, with constantly increasing astonishment, to see the prophecies

of the oriental astronomer verifying themselves every year.

Even now, we may see San Francisco fast approaching her assigned station, and Los Angeles, San José and Sacramento advancing more and more rapidly every year.

Santa Clara, too, is growing more famous every day, on account of her great College; which, ere ten summers shall have glided away, will contain within its walls—I am saying this on the authority of the seer who borrowed my horse—no less than ten* thousand pupils.

* We rather think this word “ten” must have been a *lapsus lingue* on the part of the veracious sage alluded to, and that he must have meant to say “three.” The author, however, will not allow this. [EDS OWL.]

JACK'S CHARADES.

No. 5.

My first, when 'tis good, makes you open both eyes;
 My second, when bad, makes a lawyer tell lies;
 My whole in each mansion must surely exist;
 Or else (like our fogs) 'twill be very much *mist*.

Answer:—Staircase.

The Owlets' Corner.

ECHOES.

(BY OWLETS OF THE 4TH ENGLISH.)

GREETINGS to Father Owl! We have heard of late, dear Father, your complaints concerning the negligence of some who have grown up under your fostering care, but who now seem inclined to let you shift for yourself, and procure what food you are able, on which to support yourself, while laboring for them and us.

Perhaps these young people are acting from the most charitable motives, and think you ought to fast, since this is the time of Lent. But we are not aware that you ever did any harm, and fasting and penance are enjoined on those only who need to expiate past faults.

Nay, even though you had sins to expiate, it would be no more than reasonable that you should be allowed one full meal a month; and this

is all your Owlship asks for.

Would that we could lay before you the most delicate dainties—the choicest viands and the richest food—that you might never grow faint or weary, but always live to encourage us, your offspring, and assist us to climb the steep ladder of knowledge!

Although we cannot give you all that we desire, you will not refuse, we hope, to accept the little that we do give, which though not very palatable, comes from hearts desirous of offering more. We have solicited two of our number to cater for you, who being naturally grave and thoughtful birds, cannot but give rather serious articles for your mental repast.

The first is that of *Owlet A. Muller*, and is entitled

VULGARISMS.

VULGARITY is a vice—permit me to call it such—confined to no particular place, nor to any set class of persons, but prevalent everywhere, and pervading in a greater or less degree, all classes of society. Event

our colleges, which are the chosen seats of learning, and in which, consequently, nothing but what is proper should be found, do not seem to be altogether free from its pestilential influence.

It travels from place to place, with such amazing velocity, that wherever you go you will always find it has been ahead of you, and that its roots are so deeply sunk in the soil that it is almost impossible to eradicate them. You are unable to trace its origin or tell whence it came; all that you can affirm is that it is where you are; that it *was* not, and now *is*.

I shall not stop to enumerate all the vulgar expressions which are heard continually from the mouths of boys: it would not only be a task above my strength, but it would not be at all pleasant, either to the reader or to myself, that I should attempt it. However, I may be pardoned for mentioning a few of them, by way of illustration.

When a boy wishes to confirm an assertion made by a school-mate, or strengthen what he himself has said, he does so by a "you bet:" if teased by another, he tells him to "dry up;" "let up," etc.

Surely such phrases as these are not becoming a college student. What sort of opinion will our friends have of us, if on our return home, they hear such "slang" expressions issue from our mouths? Now if we use them in college, we cannot help doing the same at home; for a habit once acquired, is not so easily laid aside; nor have we such perfect con-

trol over ourselves at all times as to use only those words which we may choose, and no others. It is true that this use of slang words has in a great measure died out amongst us—at any rate with those whom I know—and I hope the day is not far distant when it will have entirely disappeared. Every boy in the college should have enough self respect and regard for his fellow-students not to use such expressions; and when he perceives himself about to utter one, he should check himself as promptly as he does when a curse or a lie comes to his lips. Not that the same evil effects follow from one as from the other, nor that we should be actuated by the same motives in avoiding both; but because the one as well as the other leaves a mark on the character of a person which it is difficult to efface. At least this is what I have learned in my catechism.

I am forgetting myself, however, and going a little further than becomes an *owllet*, whose duty it is to learn and not to teach. Still, though I am young, my eyes are as large and piercing as those of my seniors; and consequently as fit to see defects: though I am not able to correct them.

The second article is from *Owllet* M. E. Power, on

GOOD COMPANY.

ONE of the most difficult things in a boy's or a young man's life is, perhaps, to choose proper places to frequent and proper persons with whom to associate.

When we begin our career in life,

our conscience is lively and keen, and never fails to tell us when we are doing wrong. Now if we attend duly to this inward monitor, and select the proper kind of company, the natural morality which all have will

be strengthened in us; but on the other hand, if we suffer ourselves to frequent bad company, which is often more pleasing to the sensual part of man, we become more or less depraved, and lose that tenderness of conscience which at first so minutely distinguished the wrong from the right. The moral sense begins to deteriorate; the once keen conscience becomes blunted and dulled; and at length we can do almost anything without remorse; we become so inured to vice as to commit sin without scruple; even the most degrading actions appear lawful; or if not, the law which forbids them appears inapplicable to us. That such should be the case is but natural; for since we hear nothing but what is bad, it cannot be expected that we should do what is good.

What I mean by "good" company is not (as some might suppose) the company of the gay and fashionable, but that of those among whom nothing immoral is heard. The former may constitute good company for those who wish for nothing better than to enjoy themselves for the moment; but if it be not at the same time composed of those who reverence truth and who would blush at doing what is unlawful, then such society should be avoided. The two advantages may occasionally be united. If so, well. But men of the latter class are often less polished in their manners than the worldly and unprinci-

pled; and then it is that our good sense is put to the test; for among them we are able to grow up virtuous young men, and become, in after life, fit members for any society; and consequently it is their company rather than that of the most *fashionable* that a sensible boy should choose.

Unless, however, we act from something higher than purely natural motives, I do not see how we can avoid bad company; that is to say, company in which we are able to give full vent to our passions and natural inclinations.

This consideration helps to explain the fall of so many young men who, in their early youth, seemed bright and promising, and who indeed were looked upon by their parents, as angels in innocence. Desirous to enjoy themselves at any cost, they fell in with evil companions, who enticed them on from one crime to another, till at last they become even worse than their tempters.

True, it is often hard to say "No!" to a companion whom we love, and who yet entices us on to commit some action which is wrong; but the peace of mind which we afterwards feel, fully compensates us for the pain of rejecting such solicitations. Above all should be the thought that we are pleasing Him who loves only what is good; and this alone should give us sufficient strength of will to reject everything which might be displeasing to Him.*

* We must say that we think these two good Owlets preternaturally solemn. We trust however that their conduct in the playground and elsewhere is consistent with the sound principles which they here express, and of which they make such strict application. If so, far be it from us to find fault with them. We cannot help fancying that we have heard even worse expressions than "dry up" used within these classic walls; but we suppose we are mistaken.—[EDS. OWL.]

Selected Matter.

THOUGHTS ON THE STRENGTH OF ROMANISM.

(From The Bates Student, February, 1875.)

WE do not purpose to write on the number of Romanists in the United States, nor to conjecture as to the probability that America will become a Papal country.

We would seek to get a glimpse of the causes which are leading men of superior talent into the Roman communion. Ever since the beginning of the Tractarian movement at Oxford, there has been a looking Rome-ward, and Protestantism, especially in England, has lost many persons of more than ordinary ability. To account for these "perversions" as they are called, it will not answer to say a sickly sentimentality led them to the Romish church. Such answers will not explain why such men as Faber, John H. Newman, Archbishop Manning, Orestes A. Brownson, and Isaac T. Hecker, embraced a creed which they knew would make them unpopular with the ruling classes.

¶ We must, rather, seek for the reason in the doctrines of Rome, and especially those which differ from Protestant views.

The Romish view of the relation of the supernatural to the church is, on the face, more consistent than the view of Protestantism. Protestantism holds and teaches that with the death of the apostles, or, at the farthest, two or three hundred years thereafter, the Church ceased to have the gift of working miracles. The Protestant believes that all along the history of the Jewish Church, the Almighty enabled his servants to work miracles, for the purpose of confounding wicked kings and nations, and strengthening the faith of the wavering; and he further believes that the Apostles, with others, were empowered to work signs and wonders. So far, so good. In all this the Romanist agrees with him. But here the Protestant stops, and says the days of miraculous agency are past. Not so, says the Romanist; God is still present in his Church, and his power is seen in the miracles wrought by the hands of his saints. The Protestant teaches that the days of the miraculous manifestations of the Lord are passed, that

the heavens no longer open to shew unto mortal eyes the blessed Redeemer; perhaps, however, some believe that the dying believer often beholds the Master awaiting him. Rome teaches that the Lord who appeared to Paul may appear again to others of his saints; yea, she teaches that He does thus appear. Rome has no difficulty in answering the question, When did miracles cease? She says, Never. To a mind recoiling from the influences of materialism and rationalism such views are grateful, they appear more consistent than the views of Protestantism. To a distressed mind these Romish views are pleasing, since they represent God's interest in the world to be the same it was in the days of the apostles. To a Romanist, the healing of the sick in answer to special prayer is perfectly compatible with his creed, but to a Protestant who clings to his views, the recent occurrence in New Hampshire is inexplicable, and finds no place in his theory.

The Romish idea of worship is very attractive, more so than that of Protestantism. Protestantism appeals more to the intellect, Romanism more to the senses. The elaborate ritual of Rome, combined with the ornaments in its churches, is awe inspiring. Rome takes advantage of the æsthetic in the human mind, and uses it for the worship of the Most High. She accepts man as he is, and seeks to impress him with such means as will draw out the religious faculties. Protestantism rejects all such means, stigmatizing them as carnal. She does not call in the aid of man's innate love for the beautiful.

Just as the pianist knows what keys will bring forth the desired sounds, so does Rome understand the human heart and its wishes, and uses it to further the worship of the Almighty,

The Romish claim to antiquity is pleasing to many. Especially in a new country, like America, having no ancient history, men feel the need of the old. There is in man a reverence for the old, for that which has come down to us through the centuries. The American, as he reads the ancient history of Germany and England, feels the want of his own land, which is but a babe compared with these older nations. This love for the old we see in the devotion of men to the classics; Rome and Greece are charming to many simply because they are old. Well, in our country, Rome takes advantage of this feeling in man, and sets forth her antiquity. She declares that she was in an age when the weak were prostrate at the feet of the strong, "and," she asks, "who was there but the Church to plead with the strong for the weak?" She points to the dark ages, when in monasteries alone was knowledge preserved. She calls attention to the service she rendered Art and Science when *she alone* was the fosterer of education.

Then Rome's claim of unity. This claim, so obnoxious to the Protestant, still has force with the inquiring mind. The natural feeling of the mind, when it sees the chaos of sects in Protestantism, is that this can not be the plan of the Redeemer. Say what we will, we must confess that this ever increasing number of sects is far from the ideal of the Master's

Church. Even the answer that these sects agree in the essentials will not satisfy, since each prescribes to the inquirer different ways to attain the truth. Over against these scattered forces, Rome presents the appearance of a compact body, holding and teaching the same doctrines for centuries.

Then again take Rome's doctrine of the relation of the Church to the believer. Rome makes much of sacraments, Protestantism little. Rome makes much of the Church, Protestantism little. Even to Goethe, this relation of Rome to the individual appeared fascinating. By baptism she introduces the child into the kingdom of God; thereafter the child is looked upon as a child of God; it has been born of the water and the Spirit. Protestants who believe in infant baptism are illogical—to them the baptism of the child amounts to but little. It does not alter the child's relation to the Church or the world. In their view it remains a child of wrath until it voluntarily enters into covenant with God. Rome does not address men thus; she seeks to have her children lead lives of purity by appealing to their sonship and to their baptismal vows. To the educated mind this is far more acceptable than the efforts of Protestants, in their periodic revivals to win men to holiness. Then the confessional, so much berated, is really enticing to many. Man is a social being. He is communicative. Men love to tell others the feelings of their souls, to share with others their sorrows and joys. The Psalmist felt that when he kept silence he was in pain, when

he confessed he was relieved. It is within the experience of all, that the mere confession to a friend, of our sin, has given relief. We have felt like getting rid of a burden. It will be answered that confession to God will give this relief. True, in most cases. But are there not individuals who need beside this the heart of some earthly friend, to whom they can unbosom their feelings? Are there not persons who need the mediation of man to make real to them the love of God? Paul felt this, as we see from 2 Cor. ii. 6-9. Ever since the beginning of the Oxford Tractarian movement, a large portion of the clergy of the Anglican and American Episcopal communions have favored the confessional, making it optional, not compulsory, for man to confess his sins to the pastor of his Church. The ritualistic portion of these two communions is earnest, and is making progress. This movement shows that some men feel the need of such an institution. It may be said that we can confess to one another. True; but have we not all felt that our confidence has been misused, and that we hesitate to communicate even to the nearest friends, from fear of their misunderstanding us? The Romish Church requires of her clergy an oath that they will never betray the confidence of a penitent soul.

And finally, Purgatory, which Protestants ridicule so much, has a fair side to it. Protestants, in contest with Universalism, say that the mere fact of death cannot alter the moral condition of any man. Romanism also says this, and contends that the weak, faulty Christian, is not by

death made into a pure, angelic being. It teaches that heaven is for pure souls; therefore, the imperfect Christians must, through discipline in Purgatory (or as the etymology of the word gives us—the place of cleansing) be fitted to dwell with the immaculate God, and His saints. Purgatory is to be the means of cleansing men from their selfishness and making them like unto God.

We might go on and write of other features of Rome, which present themselves in a favorable light to the inquirer. We do not believe in Rome's claims, and yet we feel with Bossuet, "Every error is a truth abused," and we would seek by a

knowledge of the error, and a knowledge of the corresponding truth, to meet the demands of the spiritual nature of man. To vie with Romanism we must understand her claims and doctrines. If we delude ourselves with the thought that Rome can appeal to none but the ignorant, and rest content with doing nothing, we shall at length find that Rome has gained the day. Let us not indulge in mere invectives against Romanism—but let us give them the truth,—for, to use the words of F. W. Robertson, "No mere negations, nothing but the full liberation of *truth, which lies at the root of error, can eradicate error.*"

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Editor's Table.

College Journalism

is a subject which is exercising the student mind just now both sharply and continuously. "No topic," says the *University Press*, "has elicited more thought and discussion of late, than college journalism, its true position and relation. While some are desirous of making pure literary merit the standard, others, the majority we think, make its sphere primarily that of a strict and impartial representative of the college and the exponent of the institution generally;" and it goes on to state the opinion of the *Tripod* as being against the literary and in favor of the "representative" theory, to which latter the *Press* itself appears to incline. But the *College News Letter* on the other hand has the following:—

"The great trouble with all our college journals is that they do not devote enough space and energy to good literary productions. Our college journals should be the medium through which the best literary ability of the colleges should be made known. In many of the exchanges which come to us, college news and items hold a very prominent place, while literary productions seem almost to be excluded. We want to see notes and comments on the events of college life, but these, we think, should be made subordinate to the work of building up and fostering a good college literature."

And we cannot but think that this is the truer view of the two. We readily see how a *students'* paper is to be a "strict and impartial representative of the College, and an exponent of the institution generally." At best it can do no more than represent the students; and the practice of setting before the general public the views of the students of a college, as distinct from and possibly in opposition to those of the Faculty, is (to say the least) of very doubtful benefit. In more than one college which we could name but will not—because such by-gones had better be by-gones—unseemly differences between Faculty and Students have been most unnecessarily paraded before the world, instead of being settled, as they should have been, within the walls of the respective institutions concerned. If this is not "washing dirty linen in public," we know not what is. And yet it seems to be the natural result of the system which the *Press* advocates. It was with no such design that THE OWL was established; and this is happily evident from our very title-page, whereon may plainly be seen the words "Devoted to Mental Improvement." Such was and such is our object; and it leads us, of course, to aim rather at literary merit than at helping the Faculty to govern us. "Mental Improvement" is our business: the government of the college theirs. And we believe in the "mind your own business" principle, right through.

The OWL'S Principles.

THE remarks just made—though in no degree controversial—recall to our minds the following critique, which we clip from the *College Spectator*, (Union College, N.Y.):—

There is only one fault to find with THE OWL and that is; Romanism or Papism sticks out at every part like the quills of a porcupine. It would be a good organ of the old gentleman imprisoned (?) in the Eternal City. But for a college journal its religious politics are too manifest. College publications were never meant to be the organs of any religious body. Let's have a change.

By its side let us place the following, from the *University Review*, (Wooster, Ohio.)

We are glad to see THE OWL again. * * * * We cannot help admiring the zeal and spirit of THE OWL in defending the peculiar tenets of the Catholic Church.

It will be seen from the above that two distinct and opposite opinions exist among our contemporaries on the point in question; which indeed is no more than might have been expected. For us, however, the question has been settled long since, quite independently of any opinion except that held within our college walls. Our College is, thank God, a Catholic College; and its educational mission is Catholic. Of course, then, THE OWL, as its journal, must be Catholic too. This is no more than is claimed, *mutatis mutandis*,—and justly claimed, too—by the journals of almost all the denominational colleges in the country. In fact the *Spectator* must go deeper into the question it has raised, before it can arrive at any tangible result. The real difficulty is not that this, that, or the other college journal is Methodist, or Presbyterian, or Catholic, but that "denominational" colleges exist at all. So long as they do exist, they must act out their principles; and the principles of their journals must of course be those of the respective colleges whence they emanate. Ours then, are and must be Catholic; and the *Spectator* pays us, albeit unconsciously, the highest possible compliment when it hints at our having so conducted this journal, as to merit the approbation of the Holy Father. True, the *Spectator* may not be the best of judges on such a point; but we sincerely hope it is right. And yet, for all this, we fully acknowledge that a college journal ought not to be a "religious journal," in the ordinary meaning of the phrase. Students are unfit controversialists, anyhow. Very few of them have studied theology at all; and those who have, are of course mere tyros at it. The less of it the better, so far as college journals are concerned. But this does not mean that students have no religious principles, or that they can put such principles in their pockets when they sit down to write, as they so often have to do, "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis." The fact is, as we have had occasion to say once before that our religion and our philosophy combine to mould our views of human life and duty, and that when we express those views, we *must* recur mentally, and may often have to recur verbally, to the principles on which they are based. So much is required even for the expression, *ex mero motu*, of our own views. But if our college contemporaries misunderstand or assail, or otherwise comment upon our religion, as is not infrequently the case, are we to be tongue-tied? Of course not. It has been and will be our aim to say whatever we may have to say, with the courtesy and consideration due from and to gentlemen. But we are and wil

be free. Nay, were we not so, we might as well abdicate our place in college journalism at once. We are not "religious," in the journalistic sense of that word; but we are Catholic, or we are nothing.

Bishops and "Bishops."

ONCE in a while we find upon "Our Table" a copy of a smart little Anglican paper called the *Church Times*, wherein we noticed, the other day, the following stanzas, entitled

OUR BISHOPS.

Who, like the fishermen of old,
Care not for house, nor lands, nor gold,
But boldly brave the damp and cold?

Our Bishops

And who count everything a loss,
Except their Lord and Master's Cross,
And reckon riches but as dross?

Our Bishops.

Who take no thought for drink nor meat,
But *Misereres* oft repeat;
Treading life's path with pilgrim's feet?

Our Bishops.

Every Catholic who reads the above will give it the most matter of fact application in the world. There is nothing original or brilliant about it, but it certainly does describe with the most literal, if prosaic exactness, what "Our Bishops" in Germany and elsewhere are now suffering and doing. And were it written as a tribute to their Christian heroism, there would be nothing to remark about it except that it was well intentioned but commonplace. That is not the idea, however. It is intended by our sarcastic Anglican contemporary as an enumeration of just the very things that Anglican bishops never think or do; and it is supposed by the author that the attribution of these ideas and actions to the bishops of his own communion, will carry such absurdity on the face of it as to provoke an ironical laugh. "The idea," continues the *Church Times*, "of a bishop coming to the front to bear the brunt in the warfare against vulgar prejudice or popular odium, is a notion which now-a-days is confined to the Bishops of the Romish Church." Comment on the above is unnecessary.

Our Table Guests.

"Upon every side," says our contemporary the *Brunonian*, "they lie in accumulated masses. THE OWL hoots from the window-seat, the *Vassar* "Mis. smiles bewitchingly from the lounge. The *Niagara Index* glares at us "in ameliorated type, and the three-legged oracle from North Western University waltzes wildly over the carpet."

THE OWL's exchanges are a little more orderly than this; and though the *Brunonian* itself, with its "flesh-colored tights," might perhaps be excusable if it *did* "waltz," we do not remember that it has ever—in our sanctum at least—shewn any disposition to saltatory activity. We like it, however, for other reasons; and, if it were not unbecoming to the gravity of an Owl to waltz, we might even be persuaded to accept it for a partner—tights and all.

AND now before we forget it, let us make two apologies.

A welcome English guest, *The Blue*, of Christ's Hospital, London—a school that would in this country be called a college—should have received special notice before now. This magazine is very neatly printed, and contains many well written articles; but its Editorial Department is limited to what it calls "School Notes," which correspond pretty nearly to our "Idle Notes." We do not get its opinions on any of the events of the day or on any of its contemporaries. Will it look Blue at us, if we respectfully suggest its giving an order to some literary cabinet-maker for an "Editor's Table."

OUR second apology is due to *Sunshine*, a graceful little magazine for children, which is edited and published by two young ladies of Santa Clara, and of which we received a specimen number some time back. Somehow or other, our welcome of it has hitherto been crowded out; but we have now to say, that judging from the number we have received, we think "Sunshine" deserves its name. We hope its fair editors will forgive us, and cast another gleam this way; for notwithstanding the supposed antipathy of owls to sunshine, we feel as if *their Sunshine* "agreed perfectly with our bilious system."

Out of "*Sunshine*"
See the sun shine
On our children's eyes:
May there soon shine
Silver moonshine
For its writers wise!

THE *Alabama Univ. Monthly* for February, contains several articles—four at least, to wit, "The Study of English," "A Short Plea for the Classics," "Shams, Social and Moral," and "The Emancipation of Woman"—with which we can cordially agree. But what could possess the editors to admit into their columns so silly a thing as that *soi-disant* comic poem on St. Louis of France—the most glorious royal saint that ever lived? Little enough is there in St. Louis's wise and heroic life, to afford a basis for satire or comicality, and our Alabama poet is evidently hard up for a joke about him.

"Who taught him to fast and say Masses and kneel?—
Who but his mother, fair Blanche of Castile?"

The only thing *we* see to laugh at in this couplet, is the idea of a layman like St. Louis "saying Masses." And the same absurdity is repeated further on:

"Reciting four Masses per day, when at home;
For his chaplains—the asses!—forbade him to roam."

Let the writer find out what a Mass is before he tries to give birth to another joke on that subject.

"To ogles, and simpers, and smiles and all that
He was blind as a badger,—the pestilent flat!—
For his mother had said she'd as soon see him dead
As to have a loose thought ever enter his head."

That was *not* what she said; because Queen Blanche had sense enough to understand what her would-be satirist fails apparently to realize,—that the entrance of "a loose thought" into a young man's head involves no sin what-

ever, except on the part of Satan who puts it there. She certainly did say that she "would sooner see the young Louis dead at her feet than guilty of a mortal sin." But in this there would have been nothing to laugh at; though much, on the contrary to admire. We are thankful to know that many a good Catholic mother now-a-days would say the same. The poet continues :

"Ha, ha ! What a mother, with younkers to deal,
The Regent, Queen-mother, chaste Blanche of Castile !
Louis IX.
Louis IX.

Model young fellow was Louis IX !"

Which is very true indeed, but—as far as we can see—in no respect funny. Indeed it would be hard to find in all history a less "funny" subject on which to rhyme, than the ruler of a great nation who should combine in himself as did St. Louis, the usually dissevered excellences of religious devotion, and political and military talent. There is no common-sense in the choice of such a theme by such a writer.

In the February number of the *Bates Student* (Lewiston Me.) is a somewhat remarkable article—if we take into account the source whence it emanates—entitled "Thoughts on the Strength of Romanism." It will be found on another page of our present issue, under the head of "Selected Matter."

Though it contains nothing which will be in any respect new to our Catholic readers, the "thoughts" which it sets forth may be, to many non-Catholics, both new and striking. And the fact that it is characterized throughout by a truthfulness and candor most unusual among those external to the Church, will give it particular interest in the eyes of our much-maligned co-religionists.

We are not going to trouble our readers with the details of that which they can all peruse for themselves *in extenso*; but one "thought" which does not occur to the author, and which with the higher class of minds has more weight, perhaps than any of those which he enumerates, may fitly be mentioned. It is this. That, to the logical mind there is absolutely no resting point between the divine certainty of faith, *to which the Catholic Church alone pretends*, and blank infidelity. Nothing between the two will or can "hold water." A religion which does not pretend to be infallibly right, stands self-condemned, as a "blind leader of the blind." *Verbum sat.*

"UNDER ordinary circumstances," say the editresses of the Poughkeepsie *Tyro*, "we are six saucy, sensible girls, whose only ambition is to learn our Geometry, get out the *Tyro*, and crimp our hair. When roused, we become six furios; but this is an autropic state" [What *can* they mean?] "caused by rise of temperature. . . . reduction of the same reduces us to our usual condition."

According to this, they may not raise the indignation of the "six saucy sensibies" would be to treat them with coolness. But how can so gallant a bird as THE OWL bring itself to do *that*? No, young ladies; we must take our chance as to your autropicality—whatever that mysterious condition may be—for we certainly cannot think of *freezing* you into civility by the assumption of an indifference which our native American gallantry renders impossible. We think your journal very entertaining; though perhaps (it is your own word remember or we should not dare to use it) just a little "saucy."

Idle Notes.

The President's Birthday,—March 9, '75.

" 'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four and twenty happy boys,
Came bounding out of school."

This would be a very pretty opening, were it not for a few mistakes, against which the author, Thomas Hood, had no opportunity of guarding. 'Twas in the prime of Spring, a morning calm and cool, and nigh two hundred happy boys came bounding out of the dormitory. We might have put this also in verse; but "dormitory" won't fit in. Well, no matter! It was a fine morning, and every one was happy.

After the usual religious exercises, which always open this day, everything was ready, except that Father Varsi had not as yet been seen, save at Mass. Accordingly, the Grand-Marshal, and his two *aides* went in quest of him, and soon induced him to come and join the boys. To say that the boys "cheered," when he first came among them, is not doing their lungs justice; they were *frantic* at once more seeing their beloved President well and happy on the anniversary of his birthday.

Father Varsi having taken the seat of honor prepared for him, Mr. N. F. Brisac presented him, in the name of all the Students of the College, with two beautiful volumes, one entitled "La vie des Saints," and the other "Raphael's Madonnas."

When the applause had subsided the reverend recipient of the gifts arose, and in one of his characteristic and feeling speeches, thanked the boys for their kindness, and assured them that he would ever preserve the volumes as a pleasant memento of "the boys of '75." (Applause.) He told them that it made him happy to see such good feeling existing between the boys and himself, and said that he would do all in his power to make their days in college as pleasant as possible; and that when he was obliged to punish, it was for our good that he did so, not from vengeance or any feeling of that kind—(Some little fellow here said, he "couldn't see it.")—Father Varsi then thanked the boys again, wished them a happy and pleasant day, and concluded amid a fearful yell of applause.

The games for the forenoon then began, with a foot-race of 75 yards. Several false starts were made, but at last all the contestants got off, and Mr. J. Kearney came in first, followed closely by Mr. N. Robles.

To avoid confusion, we will mention all the senior games first, although they did not occur in that order.

A half-mile foot race was then run, and was one of the best races we have ever seen. It was very hotly contested indeed; but "wind tells," and in this case Mr. W. Claire came in first, followed closely, however, by Mr. J. Tinoco; in fact the difference between them scarcely amounted to four feet.

The standing jump was very good indeed. Mr. John Foster showed a slippery pair of heels, and cleared his 11 feet 10 like a man. Mr. P. Columbet made 11 ft. 4, winning the second prize very neatly.

Running jump. The first prize was won by Mr. J. Wolter, who cleaned 17 feet 10 inches. This was followed by Mr. W. T. Gray with a jump of 17 feet 5 inches.

Mr. J. Machado came out first on the "hop, step and jump," making 39 feet 6 inches, and being seconded by Mr. R. Soto with 30 feet 5 inches.

A foot race of a quarter of a mile was the first thing on the programme for the Juniors. This we must say was also a very pretty race; for the winner, Master Willie Davis, was much behind on the start, but came up nobly at the close. Now really this is too bad! We beg the gentleman's pardon; we did not intend to mention him in *THE OWL*, since it is against his desire that we should do so; but the thing is written, and we hate to scratch up our copy for the printer. Master S. Sheridan came in second.

Next came a foot race, twice across the yard, for the little fellows, for which and for whom there were five prizes. The following is the order in which the winners came in: J. Leddy, 1st, I. Vidaureta, 2d, D. Spence, 3d, R. Dean, 4th, W. Sparks, 5th.

This was followed by the standing jump, which was won by—well we won't mention his name, since he also is of a retiring disposition, and does not like it. It was, however, one of the authors of the farce. The second prize was won by H. Spence.

The running jump, which was well contested, was won by W. Hopkins, first prize; W. Wingard, second prize.

In the "hop-step-and-jump," Master S. Sheridan came out ahead, clearing 35 feet 3 inches; Master A. Pacheco being second, with 31 feet 11 inches.

The jingling, which was open to both divisions, was the last thing on the programme for the forenoon. This game, we are sorry to say, was almost a failure. After a few moments of running, the first catch was made by C. Ebner, and the second by J. W. Scoggins, alias "Buckeye."

Long before the games were ended, the band struck up in the playground, and did much by its delightful music, to stimulate the competitors to enter into the various games with a will.

At eleven o'clock the playground began to be thronged with invited guests; and at about half-past twelve, there was a sound very much like a dinner bell. Whatever it was, it was taken to be such by all, for a few minutes after it, the Refectory was filled to repletion, with both students and guests.

When the tables had begun to feel the "Ravages of Time," Mr. H. Hughes arose, and in a few well chosen words, proposed the health of "our beloved President, whose birthday we were celebrating." That the toast was drank with demonstrations of love and esteem on the part of all present we need not say. Father Varsi then arose, and made a few brief remarks, thanking all present for their kindness and hoping that on future anniversaries of his birthday, he might always find as many good and true friends willing and ready to participate in its celebration.

Mr. James Walsh then arose and proposed "the College and its Faculty." Responded to by Mr. N. F. Brisac. Short, but we presume sweet.

Mr. T. F. Morrison then proposed "Our Invited Guests." J. T. Doyle,

Esq., responded, and, as is usual with this gentleman, kept the refectory in a roar during the whole of his humorous and pleasing speech.

After the adjournment came the riddle of the day:—"Decapitation; open to ex-students." What it was, no one save the Grand Marshal and one or two more knew. It appeared to be simply this:—a large jar was suspended from a rope, and the competitors, having been blind-folded, stood off a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet from it, each with a large club in his hand. The aim was to reach and break the jar blind-folded. Many tried it without result, until at last Chretien of '72 struck the mysterious vessel a good blow, breaking however, *not* the jar but his club. At last Professor Lawrie went directly to it, struck it the first time, missed the second, and the third time dashed it to atoms; when lo! an old rooster fell out, and started off between the boys' legs. He was soon captured and presented to the Professor.

After this came the continuation of the regular sports.

The horizontal greased pole was first in order, and little Charley Moore was the first to reach the end, though not the first to try.

In the sack-race for the seniors Mr. P. Colombet came out winner.

As to that for the juniors—well, it is somewhat inconsistent that these *retiring* gentlemen should everlastingly be pushing themselves before us. But one of them won it.

Next came the upright greased pole, but unfortunately it was so *well* greased that none could succeed in reaching the top. It was therefore decided to draw by lot for it. "M. Donahue" was the first name drawn.

In the "cock-race," Mr. W. T. Gray came in first, with his stick between his legs, on the side of the seniors; and M. Donahue on that of the juniors.

This concluded the day-sports; and after supper all proceeded to the Theatre, where the first thing which struck one's ears was the beautiful overture from "Titus."

The "Dedicatory," by Jno Yoell was nicely spoken. At the end of it that young gentleman descended from the stage and presented Father Varsi with a beautiful bouquet.

A pretty little waltz on the guitar, by R. Soto, followed; and then Jno. Ryland delivered an original essay entitled, "The Day we Celebrate." This gentleman's oratorical powers far surpassed our most sanguine expectations, and we hope at no distant day to hear of him as "a great spouter."

Mr. R. Remus next favored us with a solo on the cornet, which was well played. The accompaniment seemed to us almost too grand for the piece; but this we could readily excuse when we saw that the performer was Professor Suffrignon.

A French speech by Mr. B. Brisac was rather hesitatingly delivered. The language we suppose was fine; but as we neither carry our dictionary about with us, nor are sufficiently familiar with French to be independent of its aid, we cannot say more.

Next came a song by Masters W. and M. Shawhan; and we are happy to say that these deserving little fellows received three hearty "encores."

Next there was a Latin reading by Mr. R. Soto, which was followed by "Reminiscences of Donizetti," by the College Brass Band.

Mr. J. Machado came next, in Spanish, and was followed by Mr. G. B. Gray, in Greek.

"The Reservation Indian," a comic poem by P. C. Smith (read by H. M. Hughes; author bashful) was good in its way.

Another pretty song by the two Shawhans, followed by an Italian speech.

Master R. Lawrie next favored us with a violin solo, a sonata by Weber.

A German recitation by C. Ebner, and one more piece by the College Band, ended the first part of the entertainment.

The curtain again rose and "The Stupid Servant," an Ethiopian sketch in one scene, was acted by Hughes, Foster and N. Brisac. It was a laughable farce, in which Mr. Foster, as "Mrs. Butterfly," and Harry Hughes as "Jno Breakall" did very well.

"Feats of strength, by the African Hercules" was a failure.

Next came what was expected by all to be a repetition of the "Rustic Dance," from "The Wandering Boys." But instead thereof some twenty large boys, all blacked, and dressed most uncouthly, made their appearance, and danced to the music of the String Band. All were "sold;" and we felt especially sorry for the little boys, who had been trained for some time by their old master, N. Robles. This closed the day; and one more enjoyable has not been recorded in the annals of the College for many years.

The officers of the day were:—N. F. Brisac, Grand Marshal; W. T. Gray, and T. F. Morrison, Marshals; R. Enright, and J. Kearney, Gens d' Armes; H. M. Hughes, Secretary.

May there be many returns of the 9th of March; may our beloved President ever be as well and happy as at the present time; may the College prosper under him; and may we ever look back with affection and pleasure to the 9th of March '75!

—o—

List of College Exchanges,

RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

MAGAZINES.

- Lafayette Monthly*, Lafayette College, Easton, Penn.
Alumnae Quarterly, Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
The Blue, Christ's Hospital, London, England.
Alabama University Monthly, Univ. of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Virginia University Magazine, Univ. of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Yale Literary Magazine, Yale College, Newhaven, Conn.
Alumni Journal, Illinois Wesleyan Univ., Bloomington, Ill.
Hamilton Literary Monthly, Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.
Earlhamite, Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana.

JOURNALS.

- Acta Columbiana*, Columbia College, N.Y.
Oxford Undergraduates' Journal, Univ. of Oxford, England.
Scholastic, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.
College Message, St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Missouri.
Bowdoin Orient, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
Iowa Classic, Iowa Wesleyan Univ. Mount Pleasant, Iowa.
Magenta, Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.
College News Letter, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.
Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Madisonensis, Madison Univ., Hamilton, N. Y.

Transcript, Ohio Wesleyan Univ. & Ohio Wesleyan Female Coll., Delaware, O.
Niagara Index, Seminary of our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, Niagara
Co., N.Y.

University Press, Univ. of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Chronicle, Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

University Review, Univ. of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio.

Yale Courant, Yale College, Newhaven, Conn.

College Mercury, Racine College, Racine, Wisconsin.

Philomathean, Univ. of the City of New York, Washington Square, N. Y.

Trinity Tablet, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

College Argus, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

Denison Collegian, Denison Univ., Granville, Ohio.

College Courier, Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill.

Spectator, St. Laurent College, Montreal, Canada.

Chronicle, North Western College, Naperville, Ill.

Ewing Review, Ewing College, Ewing, Ill.

Oberlin College Review, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

Central Collegian, Central College, Fayette, Mo.

Berkeleyan, Univ. of California, Berkeley, Cal.

University Reporter, Iowa State Univ., Iowa City, Iowa.

Salesianum, Seminary of St. Francis of Sales, St. Francis, Milwaukee Co., N.Y.

Archangel, St. Michael's College, Portland, Oregon.

Qui Vive, Shurtleff College, Upper Alton, Ill.

Roanoke Collegian, Roanoke College, Salem Virginia.

Tripod, Northwestern Univ., Columbia Mo.

College Spectator, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

Raven, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Brunonian, Brown Univ., Providence, R. I.

Tyro, Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Delaware College Advance, Delaware College, Newark, Del.

College Sibyl, Elmira Female College, Elmira, N.Y.

Volante, Univ of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

College Journal, Georgetown College, Georgetown, D.C.

Triad, Upper Iowa Univ., Fayette, Iowa.

McKendree Repository, McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

Watertown Collegian, College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown,
Wis.

Collegian, Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa.

Hesperian Student, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.

University Missourian, State Univ., Columbia, Mo.

College Herald, Univ. of Lewisburg, Lewisburg, Pa.

Wittenberger, Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.

Heald's College Journal, Heald's Business College, San Francisco, Cal.

Noted and Quoted.

"A Fresh," (says the *Trinity Tablet*) "translates *Nunquam animus*, Never mind!"

[That reminds us of another *Verdant Green*, who when told to put "Now, then, be off!" into Latin, rendered it, with equal literalness, "Nunc, tunc, abi!"—Eds. OWL.]

Professor.—"Nero used to station men in various parts of the theatre to applaud him. The noise of the clapping of twenty-five hundred pairs of hands was enormous." (Class makes experiments.) *Professor*—(continuing,) "and when anyone clapped at the wrong time he was put out of the theatre!" (Class subsides.)—*Trinity Tablet*.

Soph. (to waiter)—"Waiter, what's this?" *Waiter*.—"It's bean soup, Sir." *Soph.*—"I don't care what it's been; what is it now, you dog?"—*Id.*

A certain eminent lawyer is celebrated at the bar for the following mode of examining a witness: "Now pray listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be attentive; remember, you will answer as you please; and remember, I don't care a rush what you answer," etc. One of the Judges, somewhat tired of the monotony of his exhortations, one day accosted him in the street: "Ha! is it you?—Now pray listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be attentive; remember, you will answer as you please; and remember, I don't care a rush what you answer. *How are you?*"—*College Courier*.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Ceylon newspaper states that large apes are now regularly employed in the Straits settlements to pull cocoanuts. These monkeys are imported from Acheen in batches, like coolies, and are marched round the plantations by their owners, who let them out on hire. A line is first attached to each of these peculiar laborers, and he is then sent up a tree, where he is said to select suitable fruit with great discrimination, and to twist the nut round and round until it falls to the ground. Each successive fall of a nut is hailed by the hairy operator above with a jump and chuckle of satisfaction.—*Lloyd's Weekly*.

The Queen has conferred the vacant riband of the Order of the Thistle upon the Marquis of Bute.—*Id.*

"She is a perfect Amazon," said a pupil in one of our schools of his teacher, yesterday, to a companion. "Yes" said the other who was better versed in geography than history, "I noticed that she had an awful big mouth."—*Call*.

—*Collegian*.

(N. B.—Students are requested not to laugh at this item.) Corella being broke in the City of Mexico, and finding nothing else to do, took the first job offered and became Protestant Minister. He now "jerks hymns, and swears prayers," Spanish style, like a regular ordained Gospel sharp. There is no telling what a man will do when he is busted.—*Berkeleyan*.

HAS GOVERNMENT A RIGHT TO BE MEAN.

This is a question we have often asked ourselves and others wiser than we are, and obtained but one answer.

To-day, we received a letter from Dub'lin, Ireland, and the gentleman who forwarded it supposed that two-pence—about four cents—in stamps, was the right postage. He should have placed upon his letter three-pence, but on account of his ignorance we were *finéd six cents*, and then the Post Office Department, by some rule-of-three figuring, declared that the *one penny* lacking was worth three cents more, and so we had to pay *nine cents* to get that letter. The idea of *fining us* because our Irish customer had made a mistake is decidedly rich.

Our friends will therefore please be careful what kind of postage stamps they place upon their letters, for if a mistake is made, and you place a *one-cent* stamp instead of a *three*, we are fined three cents for your blunder, in addition to having to pay the two cents lacking. It is because the Government takes such mean little advantages, that the people get an idea it is right and proper to make reprisals, and cheat the Government at every convenient opportunity. The few dollars lost or gained are of little consequence, but a spirit of hostility and a desire for revenge is engendered that works mischief, and leads to dishonesty. If a person feels that he has been cheated out of six cents, he will get even with the Government if he can, and think it right.—*Vick's Floral Guide*.

"Miss Y, what do you think of the age of Chaucer?" asked a friend of the young lady. "Why, I don't know; but judging from his appearance, I would take him to be about nineteen, if it is that green looking young student that boards down on this street."—*Transcript*.

THAT INSCRIPTION!

MR. EDITOR:—I have given a long and patient study to your singular inscription "FORAS SESTO RUBON" and am as much in the dark as ever. The authorities you quote are too respectable to be lightly contemned, nevertheless I am of opinion that the interpretations given are rather far-fetched, though sufficiently plausible to attract attention. Perhaps a real explanation of the difficulty may be obtained if we consider "Foras" as a man prominent among his fellow-citizens, and champion of their rights against the oppression of the Roman Satraps or Viceroy's, whose iniquitous government is well known to all students of classical times. "*Foras, be thou to us a Rubicon,*"—*id est*, a boundary, a bulwark, a defence, beyond which the tyrant dare not pass. I flatter myself I have found the solution, although I intend to examine the puzzle more fully when leisure permits. A.

["A." has not found the true solution, and we beg of him not to give himself a headache over the matter. His erudition is laudable, but vain. The "puzzle" arises from our devil misplacing the "spaces." "*Foras Sesto Rubon*" is *reether* cloudy, but "*For Asses to Rub on,*" is eminently satisfactory, as an exhaustive interpretation of both the words and the usage to which the post was put. We erected a philological post, and are much grieved to find that anyone rubbed his brains at it. But such exercise is good for the measles. *Vide* Walker, Hookey, etc. *W-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l!*—*Scholastic*

"ELI PERKINS" ON GRAMMAR.—Once, writes Eli, a school teacher insisted that table was in the subjunctive mood. "But how can a noun be in the subjunctive mood, when nouns don't have moods," I expostulated. Well, table is in the subjunctive mood, Mr. Perkins," said the teacher, "because it is wood or or should be."—*College Argus*.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

It was a very aged man
I met long time ago;
The color of his face was tan,
His beard was white as snow.
A trifle faltering was his walk,
A trifle stammering was his talk;
But ever in the saddest tones
He crooned this simple rhyme:
"The same are women! maids or crones,
In every age and clime;
Men's hearts they use as stepping-stones
To cross the stream of Time."

"Give o'er" I cried "thou aged man!
Repeat those lines no more!
What if they do correctly scan?
Their spirit I deplore.
I've known of women, hundreds, who
Would discount men for being true."
He answered by repeated groans,
Crooning anew the rhyme:
"The same are women! maids or crones,
In every age and clime;
Men's hearts they use as stepping-stones
To cross the stream of Time."

"But are all women thus?" I asked.
"Are none to be exempt?
False were all smiles in which I've basked?
Vain all the dreams I've dreamt?
Can none be trusted? none believed?
Am I," I gasped, "by Maud deceived?"
His look pierced to my very bones;
Again he crooned this rhyme:
"The same are women! maids or crones,
In every age and clime;
Men's hearts they use as stepping-stones
To cross the stream of Time."

I listened more attentively.
(A depot we were in;
Before the entrance gate stood he;
His voice rose o'er the din.)
When next he spoke, I moved more near;
I could at last distinctly hear
What—spoken not in clearest tones—
I had supposed was rhyme;
"This way for Needham, Windsor, Doanes!
In every stage, at Lyme!
Please pass right through! this stops at
Stone's!
Next steamboat train at nine!"

G. C. G.

—*Magenta*.

In early days the self-appointed chroniclers of the exploits of such notorious individuals as Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard created popular sympathy for their heroes by representing them as levying forced contributions on the rich and dividing their spoils with the poor. The biographers who shall write the personal history of the thieves and robbers of this age will have a harder task to perform. They will be compelled to leave the domain of truth entirely, to find material for any such embellishment of character as Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard received at the hands of their biographers. There is no element of chivalry in the speculations of the present day. Our robbers do not prey on the rich and divide with the poor. On the contrary, it is currently reported that they prey on the comparatively poor and divide with the rich. An Assessor who accepts a bribe to reduce a rich man's taxes and adds a few hundreds to the valuation of the poor man's homestead, in order to equalize assessment, cannot boast of much of the ancient highwayman's chivalry. Neither can we speak in glowing terms of the innate nobility of character displayed by a School Director who arranges a system of brokerage by which he can prey safely on the necessities of women. These are varieties of knavery which possess no mitigating elements. It is not within the possibilities of rhetorical description to make them appear otherwise than as thoroughly depraved. The sins which they commit are not the sins of necessity. No vision of starving wife and children has urged them on. The only human passion they can plead in extenuation of their guilt, a lust for gold.—*Call*.

ON READING AN EMINENT FRENCHMAN'S VIEWS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Our English critics their dull wits keep straining;
When "enter Taine!"—and all is entertaining!

—*London "Punch."*

TABLE OF HONOR

Credits for the month of February as read on Wednesday, March. 3. 1875.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

- 1st Class—J. Cailaghan 90, J. Hudner 81, J. Machado 98, L. Palmer 96, R. Soto 100, P. Soto 97, T. Tully 100, J. T. Walsh 100, B. Yorba 96.
- 2d Class—J. Aguirre 71, C. Barker 71, R. Brenham 76, V. M. Clement 83, W. S. Davis 70, J. Franklin 100, L. Harrison 90, H. M. Hughes 85, J. J. Kelly 90, G. Loweree 100, J. Ryland 72, J. Smith 100.
- 3d Class—J. Cavagnaro 85, B. Chretien 70, Th. Dowell 100, F. Ebner 80, F. Harrison 90, J. Kearney 85, A. J. McCone 70, J. Montgomery 100, W. B. Schofield 70, R. Sheridan 100, X. Yorba 100, C. Quilty 100.
- 4th Class—H. Abila 98, J. Basset 80, J. Bernard 77, R. Delavega 100, N. Fogarty 86, D. Harvey 86, J. Hunter 80, F. Lacoste 70, Jas. McKinnon 71, G. Meehan 100, J. Meyer 76, J. Olcese 87, M. Power 94, A. Sanchez 93, G. Seifert 73, V. Vidaurreta 95, C. Volio 100, J. Wolter 95.
- 5th Class—First Division—V. Bruschi 100, F. Burling 70, G. Ebner 100, D. Gagnon, E. Holden 75, E. Lamolle 95, W. Claire 95, H. Jeantrout 100, J. Moore 95, V. Sanchez 100, F. Ryland 100, H. Farmer 95, W. Irwin 70, F. Shafer 75, G. Shafer 95, F. Galindo 85, G. McKenzie 70, E. Myrick 70.
- Second Division—W. Barron 80, J. Cahill 70, W. Charleton 82, P. Concannon 70, J. Dean 74, W. Gilbert 100, J. Gazzolo 72, L. Gallagher 90, A. Leddy 70, T. Lehey 100, M. Machado 70, R. Picó 93, J. Scully 73, H. Thompson 76, G. Volio 100, E. Wingard 78.
- 6th Class—H. Arguello 75, F. Chiles 70, R. Dean 70, P. Dunne 75, C. Enright 70, F. Hall 80, J. Killian 80, J. Ledly 75, S. Murphy 70, C. Murphy 70, T. Nash 70.

LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS.

- N. F. Brisac 75, Ch. Ebner 70, W. T. Gray 70, Ch. McClatchy 83, T. Morrison 72.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

- C. Ebner 85, W. Gray 78, R. Soto 80, J. T. Walsh 83.

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

- J. T. Walsh 100, T. Morrison 100.

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

- W. Gray 90, R. Soto 80, B. Brisac 76, W. Cardwell 85.

MATHEMATICS

- 1st Class—N. Brisac 70, W. Cardwell 80, J. T. Walsh 70.

- 2d Class—V. Clement 74, R. Soto 84, B. Yorba 74.

- 3d Class—A. Bush 80, J. Franklin 80, F. Harrison 85, L. McArthur 90, L. Palmer 80, R. Nash 70, Jas. F. Smith 85, P. Smith 70, P. Soto 80, H. Spencer 85, C. W. Quilty 73, A. Steffan 85.

GREEK.

- 1st Class—W. T. Gray 80, T. Morrison 80.

- 3d Class—R. Soto 100.

- 4th Class—R. Brenham 70, L. McArthur 85

- 5th Class—W. Schofield 100.

LATIN.

- 1st Class—W. Gray 80, T. Morrison 80,

- 2d Class—R. Soto 80.

- 3d Class—Jas. Herrmann 94, L. McArthur 92, J. Smith 75, P. Soto 75, B. Yorba 9

- 4th Class—J. Bernal 70, R. Brenham 76, W. Davis 95, C. Quilty 100, Th. Tully 75, J. Kelly 73.

- 5th Class—A. Bush 75, T. Dowell 95, H. Freudenthal 78, L. Ghirardelli 77, J. M. Murphy 70, C. Ortiz 75, R. Sheridan 81, E. Welti 94.

RHETORIC.

- 1st Class—Jas. Herrman 70, L. Palmer 70, R. Soto 86, P. Soto 73, T. Tully 75, J. Walsh 83, B. Yorba 83.

- 2d Class—V. Clement 70, W. Davis 84, J. Franklin 79, H. Hughes 77, J. Ryland 81, W. Sears 70, C. Smith 84, 79, H. Spencer 70.

GRAMMAR.

- 1st Class—W. Andrews 72, A. Bush 80, T. Dowell 98, F. Ebner 70, J. Foster 98, H. Freudenthal 70, F. Harrison 90, W. Harrison 70, T. E. James 78, J. Kearney, W. Killip 90, L. McArthur 95, A. McCone 70, J. J. Montgomery 96, R. Sheridan

- 97, C. E. Stanton 96, A. Steffan 80, X Yorba 86, R. Nash 75, C. Quilty 97, W. B. Schofield 70.
- 2d Class—H. Abila 80, J. Bernard 70, R. Delavega 78, N. Fogarty 76, L. Ghirardelli 90, G. Meehan 90, J. Olcese 79, M. Power 95, Ch. Volio 91, J. Wolter 71.
- 3d Class—1st Division—C. Arguello 70, V. Bruschi 75, J. Bellew 70, W. Claire 80, G. Ebner 80, F. Galindo 70, H. Gilmore 70, J. Harrington 70, H. Jeantrout 70, R. Lawrie 80, J. Moore 87, J. Murphy 75, F. Ryland 87, V. Sanchez 80, J. Shawhan 80, W. Shawhan 87, W. Tobin 70, J. Tinoco 70, H. Wilcox 90, J. Bonnet 80, H. Christin 75, H. Farmer 80, J. Scully 70.
- 2d Division.—W. Charleton 85, J. Dean 76, C. Durby 78, L. Derby 70, W. Gilbert 72, L. Gallagher 80, T. Lahey 98, M. Machado 75, R. Pico 90, M. Shawhan 85, J. Tuck 93, J. Volio 96, E. Wingard 78.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

- Second Division.—H. Arguello 70, R. Dean 70, P. Dunne 80, C. Enright 70, F. Hall 90, J. Killian 70, J. Leddy 70, C. Myrick 100.

FRENCH.

- 1st Class—B. Brisac 80, B. Chretien 70, O. Oreña 78, R. Soto 90.
- 2d Class—R. Brenham 75, R. De la Vega 100, Th. Dowell 100, G. G. ray 76, Will Gray 98, T. James 78, E. Lamolle 80, A. Sanchez 100, R. Spence 70.
- 3d Class—H. Abilla 100, F. Galindo 75, F. Gambert 70, W. Gilbert 100, F. Harrison 100, L. Harrison 90, Jno. Hopkins 75, H. Jeantrout 100, A. Loweree 100, P. Murphy 78, C. Ortiz 90, P. Soto 98.

SPANISH.

- 1st Class—C. McClatchy 80.
- 2d Class—L. Palmer 70, J. Hudner 70.

GERMAN.

- J. Auzerais 90, B. Brisac 75, C. Ebner 95, F. Ebner 90, G. Ebner 90, H. Freudenthal 85, L. Ghirardelli 90, J. Meyer 70, H. Pfister 75, A. Steffan 95, L. Tourniel 85, P. Tourniel 80.

ITALIAN.

- F. Cavagnaro 75, J. Cavagnaro 80, J. Olcese 83.

ARITHMETIC.

- 1st Class—R. Brenham 70, F. Cavagnaro 75, M. Donahue 70, T. Dowell 100, H. Freudenthal 100, W. Furman 80, J. L. Foster 98, H. Hughes 75, A. Loweree 95, J. J. Montgomery 90, O. Oreña 80, W. Schofield 100, R. Sheridan 90, C. E. Stanton 95, W. Sears 90, A. Steffan 80, Geo. Trenought 80, C. Welti 80, X. Yorba 94.
- 2d Class—J. Bernard 75, R. Brenham 70, B. Chretien 70, F. Ebner 90, L. Ghirardelli 80, G. Holden 70, J. Meyer 70, C. Moore 70, J. Olcese 95, J. Perrier 80, M. Power 80, F. Ryland 78, A. Sanchez 75, C. Winn 70.
- 3d Class—H. Abila 78, G. Ebner 95, L. Gallagher 70, H. Gilmore 70, E. Lamolle 100, M. Machado 80, E. Myrick 70, J. Moore 100, V. Sanchez 78, M. Shawhan 85, F. Thompson 85, V. Vidaurreta 70, J. Volio 100, H. Wilcox 95, Ed Wingard 70, H. Christin 70, H. Farmer 100, T. Leahy 70, D. Quilty 70, J. Quirk 72, F. Shafer 90, G. Shafer 88, C. Derby 70.
- 4th Class—1st Division—W. Gilbert 80, H. Jeantrout 95, J. Fenton 70.
- 4th Class—2d Division—W. Barron, 70, F. Belt 75, Jas Dean 86, R. Dean 80, F. Gallagher 70, F. Hall 85, J. Harrinton 90, E. Myrick 80, W. Sparks 70, A. Volio, 6 J. Volio 70, H. Arguello 90, J. Coughlen 70, E. Dotet 70, J. Ford 80, J. Killian 75, A. Krahenberg 80, A. Lagos 80, F. Gambert 85, C. Murphy 75, W. Weite 70.

BOOK-KEEPING.

- 1st Class—V. Clement 90, F. F. Smith 70, P. Yorba, 75.
- 2d Class—J. Bernal 75, C. Barker 80, B. Brisac 85, F. Cavagnaro 95, J. Chretien 90, T. Dowell 100, F. Ebner 70, J. Franklin 80, H. Freudenthal 100, J. Hudner 80, H. H. Hughes 90, F. Lacoste 70, A. Loweree 100, J. J. Montgomery 100, R. Nash 72, J. Olcese 96, O. Oreña 73, L. Palmer 90, W. Sears 80, R. Sheridan 100, C. E. Stanton 90, T. Tully 100.
- 3d Class—C. Beckhr 70, W. Bellew 70, John Bernard 70, V. Bruschi 76, N. Fogarty 76, J. L. Foster 95, F. Harrison 75, D. Harvey 70, R. Lawrie 70, George Meehan 72, C. Ortiz 75, J. Perrier 76, W. Shawhan 70, P. C. Smith 95, A. Steffan 75, H. W. Thayer 76, Cooper D. Winn 70, J. Wolter 70.

READING AND SPELLING.

- 1st Class—J. Auzerais 71, R. Delavega 78, N. Fogarty 76, J. Foster 80, T. Jones 70, J. Hopkins 70, W. Killip 71, J. McKinnon 82, G. Meehan 73, J. Murphy 70, Al. Muller 83, A. Steffan 73, W. Tobin 70.

- 2d Class—H. Avila 89, C. Becker 80, W. Bellew 75, V. Bruschi 78, J. Cahill 89, J. Cavagnaro 70, W. Charlton 75, G. Ebner 70, F. Hereford 90, W. Hopkins 78, B. McArthur 75, G. McKenzie 75, John Meyer 100, C. Moore 70, A. Pacheco 75, A. Sanchez 80, John Shawhan 70, M. Shawhan 75, W. Shawhan 80, C. Volio 70, H. Wilcox 95, J. Wolter 78, J. Yoell 70, J. Bonnett 70, H. Christin 80, J. Donahue 79, T. Donahue 70, H. Farmer 95, J. Fenton 70, F. Shafer 70, J. Sullivan 80, G. Trenought 70, J. Harrington 80.
- 3d Class—J. Dean 70, J. Ford 75, W. Gilbert 85, H. Jeantrout 100, M. Machado 75, J. T. Murphy 70, R. Pico 85, F. Ryland 73, J. Smith 75, H. Thompson 70, R. Trenought 75, J. Tuck 80, E. Welti 70.
- 4th Class—F. Chiles 75, E. Dean 70, P. Dunne 70, J. Killian 70, H. Krahenberg 90, C. Murphy 95, J. Volio 95.

ELOCUTION

- 1st Class—B. Brisac 70, J. Callaghan 77, J. Machado 71, L. Palmer 72, B. Yorba 70.
- 2d Class—W. Davis 84, J. Franklin 80, H. Hughes 85, J. Smith 86.
- 3d Class—J. Auzeiras 70, W. Andrews 78, A. Bush 70, J. Cavagnaro 75, M. Donahue 80, T. Dowell 90, F. Ebner 72, J. L. Foster 73, F. Harrison 87, T. E. James 80, J. Kerry 79, W. Killio 73, L. McArthur 78, A. McCone 85, J. J. Montgomery 80, W. Schofield 95, R. Sheridan 80, C. Stanton 90, A. Steffan 70, X. Yorba 70, R. Nash 90, C. Quilty 90.
- 4th Class—D. Harvey 80, J. McKinnon 90, G. Mehan 78, J. Olcese 75.
- 5th Class—1st Division—A. Becker 70, G. Ebner 70, H. Gilmore 70, R. Lawrie 70, J. R. Murphy 70, A. Pacheco 70, W. Shawhan 94, H. Wilcox 70, H. Farmer 95, G. Shafer 70, E. Shafer 70.
- 2d Division—J. Cahill 75, C. Derby 70, L. Gallagher 78, T. Leahy 80, R. Fico 94, M. Shawhan 98, J. Yoell 84.

PENMANSHIP.

- 1st Class—J. Auzeiras 73, C. Argüello 78, H. Avila 70, J. Bernal 75, J. Bassett 72, W. Bellew 73, V. M. Clement 85, F. Cavagnaro 70, J. Cavognaro 70, B. F. Chretien 72, T. Dowell 84, S. Franklin 85, J. L. Foster 75, J. Herrmann 70, J. A. McCone 72, A. Sanchez 72, F. Shafer 75, H. Thompson 75, J. A. Wolter 73, H. E. Wilcox 74, J. Yorba 85.
- 2d Class—V. Bruschi 73, P. Colombet 75, W. S. Davis 73, C. Ebner 73, F. Ebner 74, H. Freudenthal 78, N. Fogarty 70, H. Farmer 70, G. B. Gray 72, J. Gazzolo 73, F. Gambert 70, G. Holden 79, F. A. Hereford 76, H. M. Hughes 80, T. Hughes 74, W. Irwin 75, R. Lawrie 75, T. Leahy 70, J. J. Montgomery 74, G. Mehan 73, M. Machado 80, P. Navaez 70, A. Pacheco 75, J. Perrier 73, J. P. Plane 73, D. Quilty 75, F. Ryland 75, H. T. Spencer 74, C. E. Stanton 80, W. Sears 80, R. S. Sheridan 79, A. Spence 71, E. Shawhan 74, A. Steffan 73, F. Thompson 74, T. Tully 73, W. Tobin 72, W. Trenought 70, C. Volio 72, G. Volio 73, J. Volio 77, F. Wingard 75.
- 3d Class—A. Bush 70, A. A. Becker 82, F. Belt 71, F. Burling 72, J. Cahill 75, W. Claire 72, J. Dean 73, M. Dean 70, L. Derby 70, G. Ebner 70, L. Gallagher 81, W. Gilbert 75, F. Galindo 75, J. Harrington 70, H. Jeantrout 74, H. Krahenberg 75, A. Leddy 74, J. Moore 71, J. Murphy 75, P. Murphy 75, G. McKenzie 75, J. T. Murphy 72, F. O'Neil 73, M. Powers 70, R. Pico 74, J. Quirk 73, W. Shawhan 80, M. Shawhan 82, J. Smith 72, L. De Tourniel 73.

DRAWING.

- J. Auzeiras 90, P. Mallon 85, A. McCone 70, J. Meyer 75, C. Ortiz 75, H. Pfister 75, F. Ryland 75, W. Schofield 80, G. Seifert 75, P. Soto 70, H. Thayer 75, P. Tourniel 70, I. Vidaurreta 75, V. Vidaurreta 80, C. Volio 75, J. Volio 75, H. Wilcox 90.

PIANO.

- W. Gray 80, C. Ebner 80, V. Vidaurreta 75, P. de Tourniel 85, H. Gilmore 80, W. Cardwell 70, W. Schofield 70, E. Holden 70, J. McKinnon, 70, W. Gilbert 75, F. Gambert 75, C. Becker 70, F. Harrison 80, L. Harrison 75, R. Sheridan 70, P. C. Smith 70.

VOCAL MUSIC.

- P. Mallon 75, J. Ryland 70, E. Holden 70.

VIOLIN.

- J. Basset 70, W. Davis 70, R. Euright 70, G. Gray 70, -- Gagnon 70, G. Gee 70, J. R. Lawrie 75, P. Mallon 75, Thos. Morrison 75, W. Sears 70, R. Spence 70, E. Wingard 70, J. Yoell 70, J. Hopkins 70.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

- C. Welti 75, R. Remus 85, H. Spencer 75, J. Bernard 70.

- GUITAR—F. Ebner 75, R. Soto 70.

- FLUTE—Chretien 75, Tinoco 70.



SUPPLEMENT,

April, 1875.

PATRONIZE
327 & 329
First Street,
SAN JOSE.

Pulverman's

LEADING SHOE STORE
Own-make Shoes kept
in ordinary repair,
FREE.

Alameda Carriage Factory,

FAULKNER & MORGAN. - - Proprietors

Cor. Santa Clara and St. Mary sts., San Jose.

**Carriage Making, Blacksmithing, Wheel-
wrighting and Painting,**

Done in Latest Styles and with Dispatch.

Twelve months guarantee will be given with all new work.

**BOYS CLOTHING,
BOYS BOOTS,
BOYS HATS,**

In short, everything pertaining to Boys' ware,
Where to buy them at a reasonable price :

D. BERGIN & Co.'s
SANTA CLARA.

J. M. SWINFORD.

FARMERS' STORE

Cor. of Washington & Franklin sts.

SANTA CLARA.

COBO, YGUAL & Co.,
 419 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.
 MANUFACTURERS OF
 FINE HAVANA CIGARS,
 AND THE RENOWNED
COBO y MARTINEZ CIGARS.
Importers of Genuine Vuelta Abajo Havana Tobacco.

AUZERAI & POMEROY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

*Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Agricultural Imple-
 ments, and General Merchandize.*

Nos. 363, 365, 367, 369 & 371.

**MARIPOSA BLOCK, Market Street,
 SAN JOSE.**

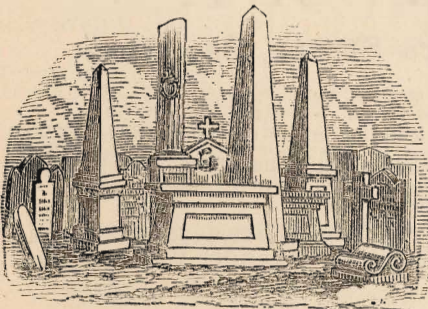
CITY  STABLES.

Auzerais House Coach & Carriages.

D. M. SMITH, Manager.

*Orders left at the Hotel, or at the Stable opposite, will receive
 prompt attention.*

SAN JOSE.



SAN JOSE

Marble Works,

289 Second street, San Jose,

Stone and Wood Carving

E. Power, Sculptor.

Baths! Baths!!

Warm and cold - - - 25cts
 Perfumed from 50cts to \$2.50
*Shaving, Hair Cutting, Sham-
 poing etc., artistically
 executed.*

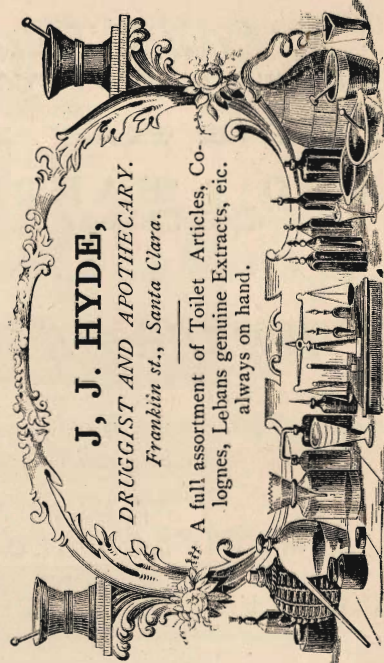
Give us a call.
WERNER & GUTZEIT,
 Main street, Santa Clara.

Linville & Woods,

House and Sign Painters,
 SANTA CLARA.
 Painting, Graining, Gilding,
 Marbling, Varnishing,
 Paper-hanging,
 etc., etc., etc.
 All orders promptly attended to.

Philipp Schnittspan,

Franklin street, Santa Clara, (next to
 Tobin's.)
 Hair Cutting, Shaving. Shampooing,
 and Hair Dying.
Teeth Extracted without pain.



GO TO
WRIGHT'S GALLERY
 284, Santa Clara St.,
SAN JOSE
 For the best Photographs.

Spring Goods.

JOHN M. CADY,

No. 340 Santa Clara Street, San Jose,
 (Corner of Second Street.)

Has just received the most complete and best assorted stock of **Foreign and Domestic Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings**, ever brought to San Jose to delight the eyes of young gentlemen.

This grand Stock consists in part of **French Beavers and Cassimeres, Scotch and English Vestings, French Velvets and Valencia Vestings, etc.**

"City of San Jose,"

255 Santa Clara Street,

Are now offering for sale a large and elegant stock of

SPRING GOODS,

From the best Manufacturers in the East and in Europe.

Commercial  Savings Bank
OF SAN JOSE.

Corner of First and Santa Clara Streets,

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

DRAW EXCHANGE ON
DONOHOE, KELLY, & Co., San Francisco.
EUGENE KELLY, & Co., New York.
CONSOLIDATED BANK (Limited.) London.
BANK OF IRELAND, Dublin.

TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS MADE ON NEW YORK.


Interest all need on Time Deposits.

San Jose Clothing Store,

266 Santa Clara Street, San Jose,

O'BANIAN & KENT,

Merchant Tailors, Clothiers, and dealers in all kinds of Gents' Furnishing Goods.

 *Lightstone Block, nearly opposite the Auzevais House.*

HIBERNIA SAVING AND LOAN SOCIETY.

N. E. Cor. Montgomery & Market Streets, San Francisco.

OFFICERS :

President.—M. D. SWEENEY,

Vice President.—C. D. O'SULLIVAN.

TRUSTEES :

M. D. SWEENEY,
C. D. O'SULLIVAN,
JOHN SULLIVAN,
R. J. TOBIN

M. J. O'CONNOR,
P. McARAN,
GUSTAVE TOUCHARD.
JOS. A. DONAHOE,

PETER DONOHUE.

Treasurer EDWARD MARTIN
Attorney RICHARD TOBIN

Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express office, or any reliable Banking House, but the Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. A paper pass-book will be delivered to the agent by whom the deposit is made.

Deposits Received from \$2.50 upwards

Office hours, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

MAX. BENDER,

Professor of

Drawing, German & Spanish
at Santa Clara College,Is prepared to give **Private Lessons** in
the above to a limited number of Pupils,
either at Santa Clara or San Jose.**JOSEPH STEWART,**

Main st. Santa Clara, near Widney's.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Sham-
pooing and Hair Dying.*Choice Perfumery always on hand.*

Select brands of Cigars, Tobacco, &c.

B. HICKS,**Boot & Shoemaker,***Franklin-st., Santa Clara.*Gents & Boys Boots made to order.**No fit, no Pay!****AUGUST HABICH,**

Santa Clara Store,

(Opposite Santa Clara College)

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Provisions, Cigars, To-
bacco, Liquors, etc.,All kinds of produce taken in
exchange, or purchased at regular
Market Rates.**Devine & Lorrigan.**

DEALER IN

Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Li-
quors, Cigars Tobacco, etc.,

No. 351. First st., San Jose.



J. C. KOPPEL, & Bro.WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Imported and Domestic**HAVANA CIGARS.**Virginia Chewing and Smoking
TOBACCO.**Meerschaum Pipes.****CIGARETTAS, etc. etc. etc.****LOUIS DUNCAN'S**
Variety Store,*Franklin Street, Santa Clara.*A large assortment of Smoking and Chewing
Tobacco, Cigars, Cigaretos, Cigar holders, Pipes,
etc., etc., always on hand.**S. MARTINELLI & Co.,**
BUTCHERS,*Franklin st., Santa Clara.***Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb,**
Veal, etc.Customers supplied at their respec-
tive residences.**DR. N. KLEIN,**Surgeon  Dentist,

Office, Balbach's Building.

No. 284, Santa Clara St., San Jose.

E. LAMORY,**MARIPOSA STORE**

Cor. Franklin and Main sts., Santa Clara

KAST'S Fashionable Shoe Store, 

322 & 324 Bush Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.**Payot, Upham & Co.**Importers, Bookseilers, Stationers
and Publishers,

620 & 622 Washington-street.

*SAN FRANCISCO.***Jos. Pisciola & Co.,****Santa Clara Chop House**

(Odd Fellows' Building,) Franklin street.

All the delicacies of the Season on hand.

Cameron House.

Franklin street, Santa Clara

MARTIN CORCORAN, Proprietor.

Having purchased the above Hotel from the old established and highly respected John H. Cameron, I beg to assure the Public that no effort on my part will be wanting to merit the universal esteem and patronage enjoyed by my predecessor.

Splendidly furnished suits of rooms for families.

A coach will be at the depot on the arrival of all trains, to convey passengers and their baggage to the hotel.

A LIVERY STABLE

where first-class carriages and buggies can be had on reasonable terms.

JOHN F. TOBIN,

DEALER IN

Fruits, Pipes, Nuts, Cigars, Confectionery, Tobacco, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Spectacles, &c.,
N. W. Cor. Washington & Franklin sts.,
SANTA CLARA.

LEDDY BROTHERS,

DEALERS IN



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

Stall No 1, City Market, San Jose

Grey Eagle

Livery  Stables.

FIRE-PROOF BRICK BUILDING

No. 386, First st., - - SAN JOSE,

Barry & Bremen, Proprietors

First-class Horses, Carriages and Buggies on the most reasonable terms. Orders promptly attended to.

RHODES & LEWIS



353 First-st., San Jose.

Physicians' Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours.



Hensley Block, Santa Clara st.,

The best variety of

Metallic Caskets, Black Walnut,
Rosewood and Plain Coffins

Always on hand.

Orders by telegraph promptly filled.

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

Reference given.

L. LION & Co.,

Odd Fellow's Building, Santa Clara.

Have just received, direct from New York, a very large and new stock
of Dry Goods,

Gents, Youths, & Boys Ready-made Clothing

All of the very latest style.

A large Assortment of Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes.

HATS OF ALL KINDS.

The latest styles of

*Gents Neck-Ties, Silk Scarfs, Square Silk Hdkfs.,
Pocket Hdkfs., Shirts, Linen and Paper
Cuffs and Collars, etc., etc.*

We extend a cordial invitation to the Students of
Santa Clara College to make an inspection of
our immense stock of new goods, before
going to San José, or elsewhere.

San Jose Candy Factory.

**MAURICE O'BRIEN,
CANDY MANUFACTURER,**

387 First Street, San Jose.

**GEO. B. MCKEE,
391 FIRST STREET, SAN JOSE.**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Paints, Glass, Brushes, Paper Hangings & Artists' Materials.

Window Shades of every size and description made to order.

Interior Decorations: Brushes of all kinds: Looking-glass
Plates, etc., etc.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

SANTA CLARA, CAL.

Under the Management of the Society of Jesus,

HAS now the largest number of Professors and Tutors connected with any educational institution on the Pacific Coast. It embraces Schools of

THEOLOGY,	PHYSICS,	CLASSICS,
PHILOSOPHY,	MATHEMATICS,	ORATORY,
CHEMISTRY,	MINERALOGY,	LITERATURE.
FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH		
(By Teachers native to the several languages)		

Architectural, Mechanical, Landscape and Figure Drawing,
MUSIC, VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL,

DANCING, DRAMATIC ACTION AND DELIVERY
MILITARY DRILL,

Practical Schools of Telegraphy, Photography, Surveying and Printing; daily Assays of native ores, in a thoroughly fitted laboratory; one of the most complete cabinets of apparatus in the United States; several libraries; a brass band; the fullest collection of printed music possessed by any American College.

Diplomas given in two departments the Classic and Scientific.

No compulsory course. Youths of all denominations admitted.

TERMS:—Board, Lodging, Tuition, Washing and Mending, School Stationery, Medical Attendance Medicines, Baths, Fuel, Lights, \$350.00 per year, payable semi-annually, in advance.

A Preparatory Department receives boys not yet fitted to enter the College course.

For full details, see Catalogue of 1873, which may be had by addressing the President,

REV. A. VARSI, S. J.

An Agent of the College may be found, daily, at St. Ignatius College, 841 Market Street, San Francisco.

“THE OWL,”

A Magazine, Edited by the Students of Santa Clara College, Cal

TERMS:

\$2.50 per annum (payable in advance), 25 cts. per single copy

AN EXCELLENT ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

The circulation of the OWL has already attained a very respectable latitude, and is constantly on the increase.

TERMS FOR EACH INSERTION, MONTHLY:

Facing Cover, & R'ding Matter, p. \$10 00	Inside pages.....	\$7 00
“ “ “ half-page. 6 00	“ “ half-page.....	4 00
“ “ “ quarter-page. 4 00	“ “ quarter-page.....	3 00

AGENTS.

SAN FRANCISCO.—M. Flood, 727 Market-st.; M. E. Loomis, cor. Washington & Sansome sts.; Thos. Boyce, Merchants Exchange,
 SAN JOSE.—A. Waldteufel, Music Hall, First st., San Jose.
 SANTA CLARA.—W. B. Wilson, Santa Clara College.

A. WALDTEUFEL,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Books, Stationery, Sheet Music,

Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, etc.

AGENT FOR

Steinway & Son's Piano Fortes,
Guild & Church's Piano Fortes,
Kap's Grand Pianos,
Hertz Piano Fortes.
Roenisch Uprights,
Burdett Celest Combination Organs,

Pianos and Organs for Sale or to rent

And rent applied to purchasing price.

Catholic Books, and others in all their
different branches.

Liberal Discount made to Colleges, Schools and Libraries.

A. WALDTEUFEL,

Music Hall, First Street, San Jose.