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THE MYSTERY OF MESMERISM EXPLAINED.

(Communicated.)

CHAPTER II.

In which application is made to the case before us of the principal characteristics by which the operation of a physical cause is distinguished from that of a moral cause.

With regard to the first characteristic, there does not seem to be any room for discussion; for on the one hand, as we have seen, and as the mesmerists themselves confess, the act which produces the mesmeric effects is, on the part of the magnetizer, an act of his own will, accompanied possibly, though not necessarily, by exterior ceremonies which of themselves have no physical efficacy towards the end proposed;—and on the other hand, in order to produce an effect physically it does not suffice to will it, but there must be a distinct and efficient physical act. It is evident then that in magnetism the will does not act physically.

But our opponents endeavor to prove that to will is to act physically; or, in other words, that the will has a physical efficacy outside of itself. We must therefore dwell on this part of our subject a little longer, in order to show clearly the essential difference between willing and doing.

To will is one thing; and to do is altogether another. It is one thing, to will to go shooting, and another actually to go. It is one thing to will to throw a stone or to move one's hand, or to speak to a man, and another thing actually to throw the stone, or move the hand, or speak to the man. The truth of this is so clearly taught us by daily experience that it would be mere folly to question it. Fortunate indeed were man, if to will were to do—if to fulfil his desires it were enough to make a simple act of the will! But the fact is that we are unable to move, I will not say exterior bodies, distinct from ourselves, but even the very limbs of our own body, without adding to the act of the will another act, viz: that of locomotion; an act derived from a power of the soul quite different from the
will, though under submission to it. It is true we are wont to say, "I move because I will; I wish to move and I move," and the like. But what is the true meaning of such expressions? That to will is the very same act as to move? That simple volition is enough to produce the desired motion, without our doing anything else? Certainly not! These expressions are true only in one or other of these two senses:—(1) that my will is the cause in consequence of which I myself execute the motion willed, or (2) that I do not need any previous study in order to execute such motion, because nature has provided all the conditions required for the movement of my body, and has so closely united the motive power of the soul with that of the limbs, that the soul always has them ready to act at her beck. To will, then, whilst it is certainly the cause of that subsequent act by which I produce physically the willed movement, cannot be the very act itself.

Moreover, reason confirms what we are taught by experience and by the inner sense; for it shows us that there is an essential difference between the act of willing and the act of doing: and that, with regard both to our own body, and to exterior bodies.

The chief differences between the act of willing and the act of doing are the following.

1. Volition is free, and cannot be hindered by any power. I could will the most wonderful things: that the sun should cease to pour out its light, that the stars should fall, that the fire should freeze, the brutes speak, etc.; and I can will these things not only with the greatest energy of will, but without any kind of hindrance. For in order to will, nothing more is required than to understand the thing willed. When this is understood, what can prevent the will from tending towards it? But when we come to doing, things are altogether different: the impediments which obstruct us at every step, even in the most ordinary affairs of life, teach us this plainly enough.

2. Volition, like intelligence, is boundless, nay almost infinite in its objects; whereas action is contracted within the compass of very narrow limits.

3. For volition it suffices that the object be ideally presented to the will by the intellective faculty; whereas for action it is required not only that the object be actually present, but that force be applied to it, in other words, that true and physical union is required between agent and patient, without which union no action is possible.

4. Volition is immanent; that is to say, it does not pass beyond the person who wills. It changes nothing and no one but the willer, whom it makes willing, instead of unwilling. Action, on the contrary, is transient; because it requires communication between the agent and the patient: because it demands an emanation of force from the former, and a reception of that force by the latter. The very nature and concept of action show that it does not change the mover, but the moved; for the mover does not move himself, but something quite distinct from himself.
5. (a.) An act of volition is of its very nature intellectual, like an act of the understanding. It tends towards the thing willed, in the way in which such thing is understood.

By means of my intellect I can conceive objects in an abstract way, without their concrete determinations. For instance, I can conceive the existence of a palace, without precisely determining its height, its size, etc. I can understand what it is to move or to walk, without defining the kind of movement made, or the direction, velocity, or time of the walk taken. In the same manner, I can will to visit a place, to make a movement, or to take a walk, in general, without determining those concrete conditions apart from which the objects cannot have any physical existence.

If, in order that we may carry out our volitions, we need certain other acts of the will to determine their conditions, and certain acts of other powers to execute them, this does not arise from the nature of the will considered in itself, (as if it could not form an abstract volition,) but only from the nature of things, which cannot exist without their concrete determinations. An abstract volition is perfect as a volition, and can have all the energy, firmness, and ardor of any, the most concrete volition; nay, from the efficacy of the abstract volition proceed those consequent acts which bring it into a concrete state.

(b.) An action, or act of doing, on the contrary, is not per se intellectual. Nay, it is impossible that it should be so; because it is just as much a contradic-
The Mystery of Mesmerism Explained.

such effects; for both these noble powers of the soul, (the understanding and the will) are equally intellectual, ideal, abstract—equally immanent in their acts—equally separated from immediate and physical contact with their objects; which objects as they are present ideally only, so also are and can be conceived ideally only.

The will, then—let the reader mark well this consequence, which is vital to the present argument—neither possesses nor exercises per se, i.e., in virtue of the simple volitive, act proper to it, any physical efficacy whatsoever on objects outside of itself, as for instance exterior bodies, or even the members of a man's own body, their nerves and fluids. It cannot have any such efficacy: nay more; the assertion that it has, is self-destructive. To attribute physical efficacy to the will is to be unmindful of its intimate essence, to contradict its very nature, and to bring it down from the high dignity of queen and mistress of the other faculties to the servile position of their handmaid.

But if it be repugnant to the nature of the will that it should possess physical efficacy, it is equally repugnant to the nature of action to attribute any intellectual or moral efficacy to the physical act of moving or doing something. To say that the efficacy of the locomotive action of the limbs is intellectual, is equivalent to saying that the limbs are moved by the knowledge they have of the volitions of the spirit. It is to attribute to the material limbs of the body the faculty of understanding, and of determining themselves spontaneously to motion. It is plain, therefore, that to do and to will—the two things which mesmerists strive to identify—are not only distinct and different, but even opposite and contrary the one to the other, inasmuch as the one possesses in its very essence characters and properties which are repugnant to the essence of the other.

But here some one may ask—"If on the one hand, the will has not and can not have any physical efficacy, even on the limbs of the person exercising volition, and if, on the other hand, those limbs are incapable of receiving or feeling an efficacy merely moral and intellectual—because they can neither understand nor determine themselves to motion—how does it happen that at every beck of the will, the limbs move? How can they obey, if they neither understand the command, nor receive any physical impulse from the agent that commands them? Does there exist any third agent which, intervening between the will and the corporeal organs, impresses upon them the commands of the will, and converts, so to speak, the physical impulses suited to the material nature of the body's organism, into the purely intellectual acts of the volitive faculty?"

We answer:—"Just so. Between the will and the corporeal organs, (brains, nerves, muscles, fluids, etc.,) something intervenes, which is not a new agent in the sense of being a new substance distinct from the substance of the soul that wills, but a power of that soul, distinct from the will, but which nevertheless accomplishes its commands, and is united with it in the indivisible unity and substantial identity of the same soul."
The spirit of man, therefore, besides the intellective powers, viz: the understanding, the will, and the memory, possesses, as a consequence of its union with the body, other inferior powers; e.g., the sensitive powers, which serve to put it in relation with the sensible exterior world, and which are the sense, the appetite, and the fancy. It possesses moreover the vegetative powers, which serve to feed, increase and conserve the organic life of the body. And lastly, it possesses the locomotive power, by which the soul impresses on the limbs the movements willed, and through the intervention of these limbs moves exterior bodies. This motive power is quite distinct from the will, as indeed are all the other powers. Hence to confound it with the will would be as ridiculous as to identify the will with the memory or with the fancy. But inasmuch as both the will and the motive power reside in the same subject, viz., the soul of man, and inasmuch as I myself am that individual man who wills to move, and since I both know that I will to move, and also have the power of moving, it results that my limbs move with promptness at the simple intimation of the will—that is to say, if there is no organic nor extrinsic impediment. The will commands; and its command is certainly known to me, for I am the person that wills, I have the power of executing that command, I apply that power to my limbs, and thus I do execute it. The limbs obey, not because they understand the command of the will, but because they receive a physical impulse from the motive power which is brought into action by the soul. The motive power acts physically, but the will acts morally; that is to say, only by its command. Hence both in philosophical and in ordinary language, acts of the will are distinguished into elicited and commanded, into volitions and facts. The elicited acts or volitions are proper to the will, are accomplished in it, and remain in it; the commanded acts are acts of other powers subject to the will. The will wills that the intellect should think, that the memory should remember, the fancy imagine, the eye see; and these faculties or organs obey by executing each its own act. As it would be absurd to say that the will thinks, remembers, or sees, with an act of its own, so it is also absurd to say that the will, of itself, and by its own act, moves the limbs every time it wills that they should move, that is to say, every time it wills that the motive power should be applied to them.

It stands proved, therefore.—

(1) That the will has no physical efficacy of its own.

(2) That the will cannot have any such physical efficacy, inasmuch as the possession thereof is repugnant to its intellectual nature. And hence

(3) That whenever the will acts, it acts with moral efficacy only; and this not only when its volitions are executed by the subject willing them, but also when they are executed by extrinsic agents. In the first case the subject that wills, executes its own volitions because it knows them, and has the power of bringing them into effect: in the second case the extrinsic agent must be such as to be capa-
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ble of knowing those volitions (when sufficiently made manifest) and of executing them by its own power. This extrinsic agent may therefore be another man, a demon, or an angel, but can never be a fluid, a body, or matter of any kind whatsoever; since matter is destitute of the power of knowing and of spontaneous motion.

The favorite argument of the mesmerists is thus cut off, from its very roots. They adduce the influence of the will upon the fluids and upon the organic portions of the human body, as an unanswerable illustration of the manner in which even the magnetic fluid is affected by it.

"What difficulty can you have," they say, "in admitting that the will moves the magnetic fluid immediately, when you see that it moves at pleasure the nervous or vital fluid, and puts into action the muscles of every part of the body?"

Now whatever may be said of the nervous fluid, and of the organic manner in which the movements of our limbs are executed, it is certainly false that any fluid or any organ is set in motion immediately and physically by the will. The will commands the movement, but has no power of executing it, or of impressing it, of itself, on any bodily organ. This power is proper only to the motive faculty—a faculty of the soul, which is subject indeed to the will, but distinct from it. Consequently even on the supposition of the existence of a magnetic fluid, this fluid would not, because it could not, be set in motion by the immediate and physical efficacy of the will.

"All right!" some one will answer; "I agree that the will cannot exercise any immediate and physical influence on the magnetic fluid. But could not that fluid be moved by the motive faculty just mentioned as being under the empire of the will? By means of this hypothesis the philosophical principles as to the nature of the soul and of its powers, may be reconciled, in substance at least, with the theory of the mesmerists, who will transfer to the motive faculty governed by the will what at first they attributed to the will itself. It is quite immaterial to them that between the will and the fluid there intervenes a certain motive faculty which conveys to the fluid the command of the will. Provided this power be subject to the will, the will will always be the true mover of the fluid, and therefore the true cause of the mesmeric phenomena. It will be a moral cause, because it acts by a command, which command has no effect if it be not known and executed. But that intelligent agent which knows and executes it, is the spirit or soul of man itself, in which reside both the will and the motive faculty. Consequently there is no need of going outside to look for other agents. The mesmeric facts only afford new instances of that which we see happening daily, with every voluntary movement of our limbs; and thus the analogy drawn from the action of the limbs becomes even more apt than before to account for those facts."

This hypothesis, though at the first glance it seems to reconcile every thing, really upsets the whole system of the fluidists, by removing its principal foundation. Let us accept it
however, and proceed to test its value, and ascertain its consequences.

Firstly, then, if the fluid be set in motion not by an immediate act of the will, but by the impulse of another power, the effects likely to be obtained should be measured by the capacity of this power, and no longer by that of the will. This greatly restricts the sphere of those effects, which before was very wide, nay almost infinite. For though all the powers of the soul are finite, yet the will which is the queen of them all, surpasses the rest in capacity; and in virtue of the intellect from which it flows, it possesses an indefinite elasticity, which forbids us to put limits to the activity of its volitions. Hence our volitions often go beyond the bounds of our power; our desires and feelings outpass the limits of the effect attainable; and the greater part of our volitive energy is thwarted and made useless by the weakness of the inferior powers upon which the will works to attain its end. How often, for instance, do we wish to penetrate intellectually the mysteries of science, and yet cannot! How often do we wish to recall, and keep present in the memory the various things which we have learned! And yet they fade away. How many beautiful plans do we not wish to invent! And yet, even our fancy fails us. The same may be said of all our faculties, but chiefly of those that are inferior and corporeal, which are as much more limited in efficacy, as they are less noble in nature.

Granted this difference between the will and the powers subject to it, you will see plainly the great difference which must follow in the effects, according as they proceed immediately from the will, or from another power. If the will is, of itself, the only principle, and if its act is the immediate and physical cause of the effects, then this act will have no other limits than those of the volition from which it flows.

To apply this to our case. If the magnetic fluid were set in motion and governed immediately and only by the will, we could put no bounds to the effects and wonders wrought by it, except the material nature of the fluid, and the energy of the volitive act, which set it in motion. But if, on the contrary, the fluid cannot be moved physically except by a power distinct from the will, then the effects, being measured by the virtue of this power, and by the necessary law that governs it, will be limited within a more narrow compass, than that of the wide and free field of the pure will.

To make it yet more plain, let us draw a comparison. The memory is a special faculty of the soul; and every one knows how treacherous it is. Suppose it identified with the will in such a manner as that to will would be sufficient to remember: in other words, suppose it to be the immediate and physical cause of a clear and distinct representation to the thought, of anything whatsoever known by you in other times. It is evident that your memory would in such a case acquire a capacity equal to that of your will, and would thus become, in a certain sense, infinite. What then is the cause of its being so weak and fickle, so narrow and im-
perfect, as we find it in our daily experience? No other than this: that it has, as a power distinct from the will, laws proper and special to itself, and is therefore tied down to certain organic conditions over which the will has no power. Now, apply this to the case of the mesmeric fluid, and you will really understand how great a difference there must be in the effects attributed to it, if we make the action of the fluid depend on another power instead of on the will.

No wonder the mesmerists clinging so perseveringly to the will, extol its influence so highly, attribute everything to its efficacy, and, so far as mesmerism is concerned, refuse to acknowledge any primary cause outside of the will. They are wise; for they instinctively understand that by representing the magnetic fluid as entirely subject to the immediate action of the will, they can, without any violation of probability, attribute to that fluid the most wonderful and strange effects; which they can by no means do, if the fluid be removed from the immediate influence of the will, and be made subject to another faculty, viz., the motive power.

Moreover, on this latter hypothesis, mesmerists ought to cancel their sovereign axiom “will and believe,” which is an abridgement of all their art. They ought to put an end to those restricted recommendations which magnetizers make to concentrate all the energy of the will on the act of magnetizing, as an essential condition of success. As long as the will is allowed to be the true and only cause of the motion of the fluid, this language is right; but if the fluid be, (as we have shown it to be) moved by another faculty, which though subject to, is distinct from the will, the concentration of the will is no more necessary here than it is in the application of any of the other powers. In all the voluntary acts of man, such as thinking, moving, looking, speaking, etc., the will comes in as the first mover, because on it depend the faculties which are the immediate principles of those acts, and which are moved and set to work by it. The stronger the will for their application, the more efficient and constant will be the action of the faculties subject to that will; hence, in order to obtain from them a more abundant effect, one should above all things spur the will. The effect, however, does not belong to the will, but to those faculties; and the only influence of the will upon the effect is that it brings into action the faculty which by its own virtue produces that effect. When this virtue is exhausted, that is to say, when it has reached the limit allotted to it by the Creator, every effort of the will to push it beyond those limits is useless; and therefore however strongly the will may concentrate its energy, it will never achieve anything more. Thus a teacher who is anxious that a pupil should make progress in his studies, does well to spur his will; but since it is not the will which understands or learns, but the intellect, if that be dull and slow, the pupil will not profit, nor will any effort of the will avail to give him sharpness and vigor. The teacher would act absurdly if, knowing the mental incapacity of his pupil, he should persist in saying to him,
“Study hard, believe firmly, will resolutely; and you will succeed.” The same thing happens in all the other cases wherein the will makes use of the forces of the soul or body to attain its end; and ought to happen in the case of mesmerism, *supposing the fluid to be set in motion, not by any immediate act of the will, but by a motive force like that which moves the limbs*. The energy of the will would therefore avail nothing to the effect directly, but would only be of use in so far as it would set the motive faculty to work in applying the instrument which must produce the effect. The famous saying, “*Will and believe,*” of Puységur and Deleuze, and indeed of all mesmerists, will have no other sense or force than in the case of any other voluntary act. The difference which mesmerists attempt to establish between mesmeric and other effects, attributing to the former a special dependence on the will, no longer finds place; the “magnetic energy of the will” becomes a chimera; and the explanation of the mesmeric effects must not be drawn from the free and indefinite power of the will, but, as in all other voluntary acts, from the nature and laws of that special faculty which (by moving the magnetic fluid) produces the effects in question.

The partisans of mesmerism are very far from accepting all these conditions; because in the will and its magic efficacy of mesmerizing lie the very pivot and base of their theory. But this matters not to us: Let them decide whether their theory of the “magnetic fluid” can be better sustained (*a.*) by the adoption of the numerous absurdities involved in the immediate and physical action of the will upon the fluid; or (*b.*) by giving up this action, and submitting the magnetic equally with the nervous fluid to the motive power and its laws. All we are concerned with at present is to examine the latter hypothesis and its consequences, so as to ascertain whether or not it can be admitted as an explanation of the cause of mesmerism.

Looking into the matter somewhat more closely, the questions which occur to us are these—Does there exist within us any power capable of moving the magnetic fluid?—nay, does the magnetic fluid itself exist within us? And, granting that it exists, is it subject to the motive power, so that we can set it in motion at our pleasure, as we do our limbs? By what proofs are the existence and action of this fluid substantiated? By the mesmeric facts? Nay, this would be to beg the question, for the true cause of those facts is the very point at issue. Besides, whilst it is certain that these effects can be accounted for by attributing them to some other cause than the fluid, it is very difficult, if it be not impossible, to account for *all* of them by means of the fluid. The mesmeric writers do not care, however, to elucidate this point. You may search all their works for such elucidation: nowhere will you find such a thing as a positive, direct argument for the existence of the fluid. They either assume its existence, as an evident fact, or they are satisfied if you grant its possibility. The only argument attempted by them which seems to possess any value whatever in proving the ex
istence, or at least the possibility of the existence of the organic fluid, and in illustrating its manner of action, is the analogy which they suggest between it and the nervous fluid. Many, indeed, identify the magnetic with the nervous fluid, saying that the former is nothing but a manifestation of the latter. Let us see, then, what this analogy is worth. Let us suppose that, as there exists within us a nervous fluid, which, when moved and directed, by that vital power of the soul which we have called the motive faculty, sets in motion the limbs of the body, so also there exists within us a magnetic fluid subject to the same power, and destined to produce a special set of effects called magnetic.

Let us see now whether or not this is a probable explanation of the difficulty.

(To be continued.)

MARY THE MOTHER OF THE MOTHERLESS.

O now the hand of Love Divine
   Its bounty on the poor outpours!
The orphan kneels at Mary's shrine,
   And wins the grace his faith implores:
Homeless, a home, a Mother finds,
   A sister's love, a father's care;
And, shielded from the world's rude winds,
Pours forth his soul in grateful prayer.
IRISH FAITH AND PURITY.

(JAMES T. WALSH, 1st Rhetoric.)

I LANDED in Ireland about the middle of winter. The unstained snow had thrown its cloak of dazzling white over hill and dale; and as I gazed, I could not but think how fitting an emblem it was of that noble and beautiful purity which marks my native land above all others. "Ah" thought I, "how far does this grace of purity excel all earthly gifts! What has Ireland done to merit so pre-eminent a grace?" And then my mind wandered to other and less favored lands; lands which had merely this world's wealth or power of which to boast; and remembering that they too were once parts of Christ's mystical body, but now, alas! had cut themselves off therefrom, I could not but connect their fall from purity with their fall from faith. But Ireland—Ireland, the home of my love—had been also the chosen home of God's love. She might say with the great Apostle, "I have fought the good fight! I have kept the faith!" Faith, living faith alone, could have won for her so choice a gift as that of purity. And, as this thought was passing through my mind, I began to notice that the snow-white mantle of which I just now spoke, was not complete. Here and there, through the snow, there peeped out portions of that rich verdure which underlay it everywhere. It seemed as though the dear land understood my very thoughts, and answered them. The living green of faith was underneath; the spotless white of purity above.

In Ireland it is almost invariably found that a woman brings to her husband the best dowry he could desire—unblemished purity. To that jewel the Irish cling, as to a treasure too precious to forfeit. No earthly consideration can prevail upon them to part with it. Threats may be used, for instance, upon a peasant girl; or wealth may be made to glitter before her eyes; but threats and allurements are alike unavailing; her Christianity is never forgotten; nay, death itself would be preferable in her estimation, to the abandonment of her holy state.

Nor does the faith of Ireland diminish: on the contrary it daily increases; and the fervor, which in former times caused so many martyrs to choose death rather than apostasy, still burns in the breasts of the Irish Catholic. The great demonstrations of faith which were exhibited a short time ago, when Ireland was dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, might alone suffice to assure us, if any assurance were needed, that she will ever persevere in the virtuous, though oftentimes thorny, path which she has trodden for so many centuries.
STUDIES FROM NATURE.

(BY J. P. ROWE.)

No. I.

THE LITTLE WHITE MICE.

They were a white-headed couple, below the average height of men and women.

He was a general of the British army, and had done good service in India, where he had lived with his wife many years, and where they had acquired the name that heads this story.

The little woman was the stronger spirit. She ruled the little man with a rod of iron. You would never have suspected it, however, had you been but a casual acquaintance; for you would invariably have heard her address him as "Johnnie, my love," in the most sugary tones, and with the sweetest of sweet smiles.

He always called her "Nannie my dear," and only those accustomed to the accentuation of his voice detected any obsequiousness in his pronunciation of these words.

They were pleasant to look upon, were this Lilliputian couple. Their long sojourn in England seemed to have removed all traces of the tropics from their complexions. He was rosy-cheeked, like a well preserved winter apple; she fair as a lily, and as smooth and unwrinkled of aspect; so that people said "What a beautiful old lady!

They were rich and had no children; and their only troubles were themselves. She worried him from morning till night, out of pure affection; always devising some fresh means for the preservation of his health, the delicacy of which was her worry.

They kept a little carriage, which was made almost air-tight, for fear lest a breath of wind should blow the little man's health away. It was drawn by two sleek ponies, and driven by a coachman who was small and round like themselves. The ponies kept up one pace all the year round—a very, very slow trot. Had they been instigated to any quicker speed, they would have been infinitely surprised, and would probably have fallen down in a fit of apoplexy.

Mrs. White Mouse was, as I have said the stronger spirit. She had
made the general's fortune for him. He was nothing but a little gambling man of war, when she married him, and like all the gamblers was much in debt; but as he had a good income from his military post, the lady, by dint of saving and pinching and holding a tight rein over him, soon brought him out of debt, and at last, by getting him to lend his savings to the native Indigo and rice planters at enormous interest, actually enriched him; so that when he was placed on the retired list, they came home to England, not only with his full pension of £1,500 a year, but with a large accumulation of rupees besides.

Next to her general himself, money was Mrs. Mouse's ruling passion. Indeed some malicious persons used to whisper that it was the ruling one, and that her intense interest in her husband's health arose from the mortal terror she felt at the idea of losing fifteen hundred pounds a year.

Be that as it may, his frail life would never have lengthened out to so long a period but for her care. That ruddy blush on his cheek was not the result of health, but of the port wine with which she dosed him, in judiciously limited quantities.

The relentlessness of the routine which guided the even tenor of my aged relative's existence, filled my youthful mind with vague uneasiness. I said to myself, with all a boy's horror of restraint, "that the life of man was not worth much, if he was always to be governed by Alma Mater in some shape or another;" and I secretly sympathised with the old man when sometimes; after dinner, animated with real old port (an extra glass of which he took, when Mrs. Mouse happened to be absent) he would send me to ascertain that she was well out of hearing, and would then strike up, in cracked and trembling accents, the old refrain, —

"The Pope he leads a jolly life;
He hath no care of wedded wife;" etc.

Ever since General Mouse's arrival in England, he had been roused out of his bed at 8 o'clock A. M., washed, dressed, and set down to breakfast by nine; then allowed to read the newspapers till ten; after which he underwent preparation for his daily drive.

It took about an hour to get him ready. First there was an extra pair of warm stockings to be put on; then a woollen comforter to be wound round his neck; then, unless the day was a very warm one, he was enveloped in a huge fur-lined coat, with cap to match, and his hands were encased in a warm pair of gloves. He looked, when so attired, like an Esquimaux, going for a walk in the arctic regions, instead of a small English general about to take a carriage drive on the Brighton Esplanade.

"Oh, Nannie my dear, I'm so hot!" he would sometimes meekly complain.

"Tut tut!" would say the determined little lady mouse, pushing him gently out of doors, and waiting to see him safely shut up in the coach by the coachman, and carried off by the ponies.

At one o'clock the White Mice dined; and I, being a god-son of the general's, was frequently their guest.

My parents, who were strict disci-
plinarians, never allowed me to speak at meal times, unless in answer to some questioner; but I shall never forget my silent astonishment at the general’s tactics, the first time I dined with him. It was a bright sunshiny day; one of those days, so rare in England, of almost Italian lightsomeness; and on such occasions Mrs. White Mouse always wore a green shade over her eyes, and made her general do the same.

When she had gone round to his chair, and pulled down his shade till it occupied the exact position over his nose that her’s did on her own physiognomy, she took her place opposite him at the table, and caused a certain amount of chicken to be placed before him; after which she attended to her guests.

While she was engaged in an animated conversation with an elderly gentleman who sat at her right hand, I observed that the general cautiously lifted up his green shade and looked furtively across at his wife, and then drew out of his pocket a newspaper, which he proceeded noiselessly to unfold and lay across his knees, under the table. I being seated close to him, he could not conceal these proceedings from me; indeed he did not attempt to do so, but gave me a knowing wink from under the green shade. Then, from time to time, at opportune moments, he transferred pieces of chicken from the plate to the newspaper, until at length the greater quantity of his dinner lay upon his knees, under the table. He then deliberately folded the paper, and replaced it, together with its contents, in his pocket.

The general was busily plying knife and fork, in the most matter of fact manner, when Mrs. White Mouse elevated her shade, and looked over at his plate.

“Oh, Johnnie my love,” said she, with her regulation smile, “what a good appetite you have to-day!” It never occurred to the dear soul to observe that Johnnie in disposing of the meat had made away with the bones also!

After dinner, when he and I were alone, I took courage to ask my cousin about this matter. “You see, my boy,” he explained, “Mrs. Mouse requires me, sometimes, to eat more than I can digest: so I adopt this little stratagem, which satisfies us both. Besides,” continued he, laughing good humoredly, and showing thereby his perfectly preserved white teeth, which formed a bright contrast to his red cheeks, “it enables me to give away a little in charity; for to-morrow, I shall take that food, when I go out driving, and give it to some beggar child.”

This was one among many funny scenes which I witnessed at the house of the white mice; but occasionally I had a painful experience. Mrs. White Mouse was one of these fascinating women who reign as queens in society, and at home are the veriest of untamed shrews; and nothing raised her ire so greatly as any disobedience on the part of her General.

One day, he came home with a bad cold; and by dint of cross-questioning, she elicited the fact that contrary to her orders he had emerged from his close carriage, and taken a walk on the beach, in order to enjoy the cool
and refreshing breeze; "for, Nannie dear, I was so hot!" he pleaded.

Mrs. Mouse's pale face became, at this news, as ruddy as her lord's; and bursting into fierce invectives against her Johnnie, she flung her green shade at him, and stamped her tiny foot upon the ground, in a perfect fury; while he walked up and down the room wringing his hands, and saying, "Oh, Nannie my dear! Do stop!" And once I thought I detected a tear trickling down his apple cheek; and I did not despise him for it; for I remembered that he was now a very old man, and that I had heard my father say he had, in his young days, been an exceedingly tough little warrior.

But the funniest thing of all was a story I once heard my father tell my mother about them.

It appears that they were stopping at some country inn, where the general had, with his usual indiscretion, taken a bad cold, which involved some slight inflammation of the bowels. To allay this, Mrs. White Mouse determined to administer a mustard poultice, and that in such a manner that it should cover the seat of the disorder. With this object she sought the precincts of the kitchen, and with the aid of the sympathising landlady, soon had the plaster ready, and hastened back with it. But it was night-time; and, as ill luck would have it, the corridor was long, and dimly lighted, and the numbers on the doors indistinct. I never heard the full details of the catastrophe; but the upshot of the matter was that Mrs. Mouse, having at length found the right room, rushed, in a state of the greatest dismay and confusion—and without the poultice—up to her General's bedside, and there falling down on her knees and covering her face with her hands, cried out—"Oh, Johnnie, my love! I put it on the wrong man!!"

To be continued.
Under the direction of the great St. Vincent de Paul, a holy French lady established in Paris, nearly two centuries and a half ago, a small community from which were destined to spring the numerous and glorious houses of Charity which have since adorned all parts of Christendom. And that deep abiding tenderness for the poor which so preeminently characterized the first foundress of the Order, the saintly Madame Le Gras, has continued to be the distinguishing mark of the Sisters of Charity, her offspring.

Happy indeed was the day, both for the city and diocese, when the advanced guard, so to speak, of the good Sisters, first penetrated to San Francisco. It was in the year 1852 that they arrived in "Happy Valley," a name which was in strange contrast with the realities of the place so called, and which, but for one cheerful exception to its otherwise cheerless aspect—viz: the group of pleasant faces which greeted them on their arrival—would have seemed as if used in irony.

When the carriages containing the Sisters drove up before the entrance of the old brown house which then answered the purpose of Church and School—though now-a-days it would be regarded as a very poor apology for a barn—the wonder and curiosity of the children were such as to remind on-lookers of the amazement of the Indians who greeted Columbus and his followers on their first arrival in the New World. That very evening, notwithstanding the scarcity of newspapers, the news of the Sisters' arrival reached every home in the City; for the tongues of the little prattlers more than did the newsman's work.

On the 3d of September in the same year the first little orphan was received; another came on the 5th; and scarcely a week passed, after that which did not witness the addition of some little one whom the cholera (then widely prevalent) had bereft of its natural guardians; or whose parents, having arrived in a strange land unprovided, had died miserably of want. How many blighted hopes were buried in the cemeteries of those early days!

In Oct., 1851, six weeks after the arrival of the Sisters, the school for extern scholars was opened. The class-rooms served as dormitories during the night: and every morning the beds were taken up, and as duly
re-arranged in the evening.
The Archbishop, on his return from the East in January 1853, called on the Sisters. It was Sunday evening; and it was therefore natural enough that one of his first questions should be, whether they had had Vespers and Benediction. “No indeed,” they replied; “there is no one to sing but the frogs!” The surroundings indeed were so low and marshy that the croaking of the frogs had become quite familiar to them; but the good Sisters determined that the frogs should not have all the music to themselves; and “Rose of the Cross,” “Jesu, the very thought of Thee,” and many other such sweet hymns, soon resounded through the valley.

Time went on; and soon the old brown house was in such a condition that the Sisters were not infrequently compelled to hold an umbrella over the humble meal which they were preparing, lest the clouds should interfere with their cookery. Both Sisters and children, too, while at dinner, would have to put logs or bricks under their feet, to keep them dry. And the children’s beds, though dry when they entered them at night, would be found in the morning saturated by the dews of heaven.

This of course could not be allowed to last, and a collection was made for the orphans at St. Francis’ Church, Vallejo street; on which occasion the Archbishop marked his sense of the emergency by taking off his gold chain and laying it on the plate as his contribution. The sum of $1,500.00 was realized; which covered the old house with a new roof.

In 1854, a new church was built, and the room which had formerly been used as a Church was placed at the disposal of the Sisters. Still the accommodations were not sufficient for their needs; and a plan for a new and extensive Asylum was drawn up, the Sisters not having $5.00 in the house wherewith to build it. “God is good,” said they; and on receiving the Archbishop’s assent to this truth, they proceeded.

On the first Monday in May, work was commenced. All the gentlemen of the city had been invited by the good Pastor, Father Maginnis, to assist in removing the sand; and many of the most prominent were on the spot at the time appointed, vying with one another as to who should do the most work. The new Asylum was completed in December 1854, and on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was solemnly placed under the protection of Mary Immaculate, whose Medal had been found on the site. The building cost $45,000; and in a few years the whole of this sum was refunded to the different persons who had advanced it to the Sisters on loan.

The number of children in the Asylum on Market street, as well as in the Day School, increased so rapidly that once more the accommodations were found far too small for the requirements; and, again, a new building was proposed.

The good pastor, Father Maginnis, generously donated a lot on Jessie Steet, to be used for a School; and on the 16th of July 1858, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the corner stone was laid by His Grace the Archbishop, who was assisted by Father
Maginnis himself. The total cost of this building was $20,000.00; and this debt, like the former, was liquis-
dated in the course of a few years. The School was, in due time, blessed
by the Archbishop, and placed under
the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul;
and on the 25th of January 1859, it
was opened for the reception of scho-
leurs.

On the 1st of May 1861, a Novitiate,
or more properly a Seminary, for the
Sisters of Charity was commenced at
Los Angeles, where a Mission had
been opened in 1856, by five Sisters
from St. Joseph’s House, Emmits-
burgh. For some time after their arri-
val they were hospitably entertained by
a good Spanish lady, Doña Isabella
Del Valle; but in the course of a few
weeks they took up their abode on
the Wilson Estate, where their Insti-
tution now stands. Prospects in Los
Angeles were far from encouraging;
but the good Sisters struggled on,
against poverty and obstacles of every
kind; and now they have a large and
commodious building and one of the
finest gardens in the city, planted with
fruit-trees of every variety. They have
charge of the County Hospital, which
is located about a mile from the city.

In December 1857, another party
of Sisters (also from Emmitsburgh)
opened a school in Santa Bárbara;
on the 24th of June 1862, the Sisters
took possession of St. John’s School,
at San Juan, Monterey Co., which they
continued to direct until 1870; and
on Xmas Eve of the year last men-
tioned the School of the Holy Cross,
at Santa Cruz, was commenced, un-
der auspices thoroughly in keeping
with the works of St. Vincent. A poor
damp adobe building was all that had
been prepared for the Sisters; and
they took their Christmas dinner from
a board placed across two old boxes.
On the 5th of October 1864, a school,
under the invocation of St. Mary,
was commenced at Virginia City,
Nevada, by Sisters sent from the Or-
phan Asylum, San Francisco. It was
humble enough in its beginning, but
its effects are now felt far and wide
amongst the people of that State.
In July, 1867, St. Vincent’s House,
Petulama, was opened. Poor as were
its foundresses, they had at least a
table, and one too which did credit to
their ingenuity; for they made it
themselves, in a fractional part of a
minute, by turning a wash-tub down-
side up. They have other tables
now, however; and in all respects the
institution is flourishing.

The number of children in the San
Francisco Orphan Asylum still in-
creasing, it was proposed to purchase
some land a short distance from the
city, on which to build an Asylum
for the younger children. Through
the exertions of Dr. Bennett,
whose name is prominent among
those of the most generous benefac-
tors of the orphans, (he having with
the most fatherly care attended the
Asylum professionally for twenty
years), a tract of land containing fifty
two acres was purchased at South
San Francisco for $8,000.00. Short-
ly afterwards the “Weldon Home-
estead,” a tract of five acres was pur-
chased for $1,800.00. On this lot
stood a neat cottage, almost buried
among vines and rose-trees. In that
snug little garden, apart from the
noise and bustle of the city, the
choicest of plants, the young found-
ing infants were reared with care. Two Sisters and twelve little children took possession of the house on the 2d of July 1861. In the fall of 1862, a large four-story frame building was erected for the use of the infants, which on the 19th of March 1863 was solemnly blessed by the Archbishop, and placed under the patronage of St. Joseph, who is represented over the entrance, holding an infant in his arms, and having around him the words of David, "My father and mother have forsaken me, but the Lord hath taken me up." Upwards of fifty infants are annually received here, to whom the above words are particularly applicable, besides other small children, to the number of one hundred and forty or thereabouts, whose parents have been found incapable, either from poverty or from sickness, of providing for them.

And now came the orphans' first grief—the death of their dear and venerable Pastor, Father Maginnis, of whom our space will not allow us to speak here, but whose useful life and holy death might well form the subject of a special article.

In July 1862, another large building was erected on Market Street, which cost $40,000.00. This loan was not paid off until the sale of the property.

But the location on Market Street was found to be at once too public and too limited for the good of the children: and the Sisters eventually determined to sell, and to remove the orphans to Mount St. Joseph's, at South San Francisco. In the hope, howev-
er, of benefiting the poor children, the sale was deferred, and a loan of $75,000.00 raised on the property. A handsome frame building was commenced, the corner-stone of which was laid December 8, 1869, by the Very Rev. James Croke, V.G.

The Market Street property was not sold until June 1872, and then produced no more than $291,875.25. Six months were allowed to finish the new Asylum, as the work had been stopped for want of funds; but at the expiration of that time it was still unfinished; and consequently the Sisters and children had to remain two months longer at their old home, for which they were required to pay rent at the rate of $1,000.00 per month. As no other arrangement could be made with the purchaser of the property, Mr. T. Parrott generously undertook to be responsible for the rent as long as the Sisters might be obliged to stay. They moved on the 12th of February 1873; though the new Asylum was not ready, even then, for their reception. Mr. T. Parrott, and Mr. J. A. Donohoe, who had joined him in the charitable undertaking, faithfully kept their promises, and met the demand for the two month's rent; an action on their parts which was in perfect accordance with their antecedents as faithful and generous benefactors of the orphans, and which they will pardon us, we trust, for mentioning in this place.

The principal support of the orphans was the revenue derived firstly from the annual Fairs held for their benefit, and secondly from the appropriations made by the State. No regular appropriation of the kind was
made until 1870, when an Act was passed allowing $50.00 per annum for the support of every orphan strictly so called, and $25.00 for every "half" orphan. Besides this there was a special appropriation of $8,000.00 for two years. The \textit{pro rata} appropriation has been increased, in the present year, from $50.00 to $75.00 and from $25.00 to $50.00 for orphans and half orphans respectively; besides which the bounty of a half orphan has been allowed for every "abandoned" child. The special appropriation has been lessened however to $4,000.00 for two years.

But, the funds in the State Treasury running low, the orphans have received, in fact, only $5,230.00 since January last, and have consequently been without any regular means of support.

For this reason it is especially incumbent on those who \textit{can} help that they \textit{should} help. And can we not all help more or less? On us who constitute the "public" of the State of California, and more especially on the inhabitants of the great and thriving city in which the Sisters' charitable work is carried on, rests at this moment the duty—or rather the \textit{privilege}—of ministering to the needs of Christ, through the poor orphans. \textit{We} must do it, individually and severally, man by man, woman by woman, nay even child by child, or it will remain undone; and then the sin, and the responsibility for that sin, will be ours. But that—please God!—shall never be.
NOT long since, a meeting of joyous owlets was held under the venerable beak of Father Owl himself; and as he was well pleased, not only with the object of the happy gathering, but also with the good things said therein, we, a live reporter of his own staff, have thought it proper to present to you, kind readers, a selection from the choice things we overheard.

Besides the set speeches prepared for the occasion, several owlets related charming facts, and each narrator desired Father Owl to declare which fact he deemed the most beautiful: but His Sapient Paternity refused to give a judgment in so delicate a case; for he has such a tender heart that he would not run the risk of wounding the feelings of even the humblest owlet. The decision, then, must be rendered by each individual reader.

Each owlet stepped forward, turned his head three times around in a circle,* made a low bow to the assembled company, and then began, in a low voice. If his memory failed him he would seize a pitcher of water which stood near by, and would take a drink; and during this strategic operation thunders of applause would shake the old room “No. 58.”

The first owlet told us of

THE STRANGERS ROOM.

What I am about to relate, I heard some years since from a good authority. Years ago, when California was yet the home of the redman, and when dwellings of civilized people were "few and far between,” Don

— had a large ranch in one of the lower counties. His house was the first sign of civilization which met the anxious gaze of the weary traveller as he emerged from the southern deserts. This house was nothing more

* Our editorial heart throbbed with sympathy and apprehension as we read this paragraph. We thought one of the owlets’ heads must certainly have been twisted off, in this operation. Our devil, however, whom we instantly despatched to No. 58, to make enquiries, returned with the satisfactory assurance that all was right, and that the owlets could perform stranger feats than that, without injury.—[Ed. Owl.]
than an adobe building: yet it was very commodious; and in those early times, it was one of the finest residences throughout the whole reach of country from the Gulf of California to the Bay of San Francisco. As the footsore and belated traveller approaches the residence of Don ——, a lamp burning in a window attracts his attention, and thither he turns his weary steps. He has been here before. He opens the door, enters, and having undressed himself jumps into bed, and in a few moments dreams of home. He sleeps on till the morrow's sun bids him arise and speed along. A warm breakfast, a fervent "God bless you!" and then the traveller hastens forward, praising Providence for such wondrous charity in the wilds of wild California.

That day Don —— was happy, and gave thanks to God, who had sent a guest for the stranger's room.

This fact was loudly applauded by the owlets; and then owlet No. 2 wished to say something about

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Twenty-five cents is a small piece of money; yet it can often purchase much happiness. Some years ago a fire destroyed a number of buildings in Santa Clara. Several persons lost nearly all they had. The college boys came nobly forward to the rescue of the sufferers. Among the students was a little German who had but twenty-five cents, his weekly allowance for candy, of which he was very fond. Running up to a large boy who had been collecting money to aid the losers, he said, "Here! Take my twenty-five cents! I'm not going to buy any candy this week; I wish to give my money to the poor. And I feel so much happier. Oh, I feel so good, I know it will do me more good than the candy." And as he uttered this noble sentiment, his face was radiant with joy.

Owlet No. 3 approved the action of the young German; and continued,—

"I shall tell you of a nobler deed, of a greater charity. Listen to the story of the

CHILD MARTYR.

I have in my room a life of the Blessed Charles Spinola, S. J., who was burnt alive for the faith, in Japan, in 1622, and it contains many good things about the heroes of the Cross. But now I will speak only of Blessed Ignatius Georgi, who shed his blood for Christ at the age of four years. His father had been burned in 1619, for harboring the missionaries. Ignatius, then one year old, turned to his mother, and exclaimed, "Yes, I shall be a martyr; and you too, dear mother; but my sister will not." Three years after this, the mother and child were arrested and condemned to death, because they were Christians. At the same time and place B. Charles Spinola and a multitude of other lovers of Jesus Christ shed their blood for the sweet name of our Lord. This Christian mother hastened with a joyful heart to the place of immolation, and as she entered the sacred arena, she intoned that sacred hymn of triumph and praise, Laudate Dominum omnes gentes, etc. B. Charles had already been tied to the stake, when she entered and as soon as he perceived her he saluted her, and then asked, "Where is my little Ignatius?" "Here!" replied the heroic mother, leading her son forward; "I would not deprive him of the only happiness I could give him. See, my dear son, this is Father Charles who made you a child of God: ask his blessing." The child knelt down, clasped his little hands, and besought B. Charles to bless him. The Father raised his eyes towards Heaven, and invoked the blessing of God upon that little hero, whom four years before he had baptized. At this the assembled thousands burst into acclamations of
admiration; whereupon the Pagan President ordered the executions to begin. Many were beheaded, the rest were burned at the stake. Little Ignatius beheld the head of his mother struck off; but he neither wept nor did his heart fail him; and when his turn came, he calmly bowed his head, and awaited in silence the stroke which made him a martyr of Jesus Christ.

The Owlets were filled with admiration at this recital; especially No. 4, who exclaimed, “That recalls to my memory another great fact about the martyrs of that same Japan.” He then related for us some things which occurred in the great persecution of 1612.

CROWN OF GLORY.

In 1612 Daifu-Sama determined to root out Christianity from the soil of Japan. Vain desire of a vain man! He sent thousands to Heaven by the glorious way of Martyrdom; but he could not blot out the name of Jesus from the breasts of those faithful Japanese. Honor, pleasures, life were nothing to them, if they could not serve the Lord Jesus. I will state a few facts concerning the sublime death of a mother and her two children, during the Great Persecution.

Blessed Mundo, with her daughter Magdalen, aged twenty years, and her son James only twelve, are condemned to die by fire. They are tied to separate stakes, and the flames in a moment hiss and whirl around them. As soon as the cords holding the boy are burnt; he rushes forth from the fire. Oh horror! Is he going to deny his God? No! no! Thank God, no! See! He rushes into the flames where his mother stands. Sublime mother! Sublime son! Ye are worthy of each other. “My son,” exclaims the mother, “look up to Heaven; say, Jesus, Mary.” The child obeys, and thrice repeats, “Jesus Mary,” and then sinks upon his glorious bed of fire; the mother falls upon him; and their souls ascend to Jesus. The daughter presents a still more wonderful sight: she remains upright amid the crackling flames, as if they had no power to burn or harm her; her eyes are raised upwards, and she seems to behold the open portal of the eternal home. But stop!—She stoops down, picks up the fiery coals, and places them upon her head in the form of a crown! She is ready; her triumph is at hand: she reclines upon the burning couch; her virgin soul quits her body, and she mounts to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and to sing that song which virgins alone can sing.

Owlet No. 5, was anxious to say something about St. Vincent de Paul. We send a short extract which you may call

A MIRACLE.

“Miracles are common enough,” he said; “but such miracles as the following are very rare. St. Vincent de Paul had been appointed Almoner General of all the Galleys in France. In order to avoid a public reception and ovation, as well as to be able to inform himself of the real state of affairs, he went to Marseilles in disguise. No one recognised him. In his visits to the galleys, he found a poor prisoner in despair. This wretched man had a wife and family who were reduced to great misery on account of the absence of the prisoner. St. Vincent’s heart was touched deeply at the sight of so much misery; and as the prisoner was more unfortunate than criminal, he resolved to free him. With this object St. Vincent proposed to the overseer to allow him to take the place of the culprit, whilst the latter returned to his family. God, Who had inspired St. Vincent to
make the offer, also inspired the overseer to accept it. The prisoner was released and hastened to his family; whilst Vincent toiled away in the galleys. He remained thus, for two weeks, before it was discovered that he was the Almoner General. And had he not been found out, he would have labored on, until the end of the time for which the prisoner had been condemned. This is charity—yea a Miracle of Charity.

When the last owlet had sat down amid immense applause, Owlet No. 6 arose and made the following remarks, which he said he hoped Father Owl would make public, inasmuch as the senior students, who had the management of the magazine so long, seemed to have neglected the subject of politics altogether.

Our Politics.

We are American citizens: that is, we shall be when we grow up; a fact which we are seriously determined to accomplish; and hence we are resolved to become true, patriotic, large-souled, long-pursed freemen.

Then do not think it strange that we meddle in politics. Do not speak to us of the "dirty pool of politics." We see through your scheme. You send us to school, and tell our mothers to stay at home. But we know that in politics we shall find our true school; for there we shall learn the grand principles of self-government and self-support; there we shall learn how to appropriate our neighbors' goods without running the danger of imprisonment; nay, without even breaking the laws of God; for shall we not still be "Members of the Church?" Yes: our sphere is certainly that of politics; because we shall have the great consolation of serving our country, while at the same time we shall be steadily increasing our fortune.

Yes, comrades, we have rights! We have as much right, for instance, to Uncle Sam's money as anybody else; and unless we be stirring, our rights will be trampled upon, and Uncle Sam will be robbed by others. Arouse ye, sluggards! Let us be up and doing! 'Tis sweet to live at once on and for one's country.

Let us state our principles clearly. We go with Grant whilst he goes with us. We are not Democrats, nor Republicans, nor Independents—unless these parties happen to be in power, and will assist us to save our great and glorious land.

We do not intend to go aboard of any sinking ship: We will sail in the Ship of State as long as we are able to do so; that is, as long as it pays; and be sure we shall make it pay; for we are in favor of all kinds of revenue; we are in favor of issuing more currency, and we glory in seeing our mountains pour forth their golden wealth. Yes; we would develop and protect every source of revenue.
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The Devil's Work,

and the Printer's, too, has been so greatly increased of late at the College Press, by the publication of a temporary journal, entitled Our Little Orphans, that we have been unavoidably forced to sacrifice the time which those officials usually devote to bringing out The Owl, and thereby, of course, to delay its publication.

We must throw ourselves on the kindness of our patrons and friends, as to this matter; merely saying that we have little doubt of their extending that kindness to us, when we inform them that Our Little Orphans was a paper gotten up by our students generally, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum of the Sisters of Charity at San Francisco, and published during the Fancy Fair held on their behalf in that city.

All orphans are received at this Asylum, quite irrespectively of their religion, and all are equally cared for by the good Sisters; so that the institution is not what is called "denominational," but may fairly claim the support of every one who loves the orphan and the destitute. So clearly, indeed, is this acknowledged by Californians in general, and so extensive is the good work which is known to be done by the Sisters, that they have been in the receipt of State aid for many years; and the special reason why the recent exertions on their behalf have been made, is that the State funds on which they had been to some extent relying, have, this year, fallen short of the amount promised.

Various members of The Owl staff have been working, firstly with their pens, and secondly at the crank with their shoulders, to help Our Little Orphans into the world; and we are authorized by the Sapient Bird himself to say that he has been a willing holocaust upon the altar of charity. The only thing about which either he or we feel any anxiety, is that our subscribers and patrons shall appreciate and condone his self-sacrifice; which will certainly throw the present issue of the Magazine greatly behindhand.
The College Press on Materialism.

There is no escaping Professor John Tyndall, try as hard as you may. And, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, if you reverse the process and give him chase, you can never get a firm grab at his coat tails. He will certainly escape you. As an old Santa Clara poet, "regardless of grammar," once sang:

"When you think that you've got him,
You find that it's not him."

He is an atheist, if words have any meaning. Nor, on the maturest consideration, does he retract his atheism. He only adds to it the statement that he believes in God. Now of course we are not going into such a question as this, in the editorial columns of The Owl; though it may perhaps be allowed us to suggest that the clue to the reconciliation of these apparently conflicting statements, lies in all probability in the different ideas with which he and we should pronounce that Holy Name, God. We only notice the point in order to account for the readiness of certain college journals to express more or less of concurrence in his views.

There is the Aurora, for instance, of Belleville College, Ontario, a really thoughtful and creditable paper, and one with which it gives us pleasure to exchange, but which nevertheless has evidently strong sympathy with the materialistic school, as represented by Tyndall. It does not, certainly, commit itself to anything definite; but its very able and interesting comments on Tyndall's "Address," though carrying with them a great show of impartiality, betray clearly enough the (conscious or unconscious) bent of their author's mind.

We think we are right in supposing the article to be a communiqué; for a young philosopher, in statu pupillari, would surely have written in a different style; but the authorship is of minor importance: our present point is that a college journal like the Aurora makes itself responsible for such sentiments.

The skill with, under the guise of impartiality (save the mark!) this clever writer leads his young readers to the point of placing their Christianity and Tyndall's materialism on the same level—divesting themselves, that is, of faith in either—before they enter upon the consideration of the matter in dispute, might fairly claim great praise from Professor Tyndall, if he were among the Aurora's readers: but we cannot say that it compends itself quite so forcibly to the minds of those who have not yet thrown away their belief in revelation.

Let it not be said that we misrepresent the writer in the Aurora. We do not rest our impression of the article upon any particular words alone, but upon its whole gist and tone, which would, we are perfectly satisfied, impress any ordinary Christian in the same way: unless indeed he were weak enough.
or ignorant enough to be caught by that appearance of impartiality to which we have referred.

The College Olio for November has an article under the same caption—"Materialism"—as that in the Aurora, but written from a Christian point of view, and therefore, of course, commanding our sympathy. But it is not equal in talent to the other. We rather prefer to wind up by mentioning the "four heads" of an anti-materialistic lecture which the Denison Collegian tells us was delivered before the students of Denison University by a Dr. Behrends with whose view of the matter the Collegian sympathizes, and who asserted Tyndall's philosophy to be (1) a philosophy of assumption, (2) a philosophy which strikes at the root of all our knowledge, and so tends to universal scepticism, (3) a philosophy of chance and (4) a philosophy of despair.

Let 'em Alone!

We have received from M. Gray, 625 Clay st., San Francisco, the following

Much excitement has been created in certain quarters by the vehement literary onslaught which has been recently made upon the priests of Ireland, by an Irish gentleman residing not a hundred miles from San José, and well known to many of us. He complains that the Irish priests interfere largely in politics. Well; why on earth shouldn't they? Is a man to lose his political rights merely for being a priest? If our youthful advice were asked by the gentleman aforesaid—which it never will be—we should say most decidedly, "Let 'em, (M) alone!"

New Music.

New Music, "Oh, Don't We Cut a Dash," Schottische, by "Louis Bodecker;" "When the Clock Strikes Eight," a song and dance, as sung by Annie Higgs, words by James W. Coyne, music by Enoch Freeman; "Golden Wine Polka," by G. C. Evans; "When the Stars Begin to Peep," a schottische by C. Schurtz; "The Mills have Closed to-day," a song, written by P. Arkwright and composed by L. Von Der Niehden; "A Song of the Waves," written by Sphinx and composed by Miss A. Ransom.

We have also received from F. W. Helmick, music publisher, of 278 West Sixth street, Cincinnati, two songs, of which the first, entitled "Let me Dream of Home," is inoffensive enough in itself, nay, even rather pretty, though preceded by a nauseating lithograph of the coarsest kind. But the second, entitled "Tell me Truly, Little Darling," written and composed by Frank Lavarnie, is a production of which Frank Lavarnie ought to be ashamed—and of course isn't. This also is ornamented by a lithograph, the producer of which should be led to instant execution.
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**ERRATUM.**

On page 147, the line "We have received," etc., which immediately follows the heading, "Let 'em Alone," should follow the heading of the next paragraph, "New Music."
Among Our Visitors.

The Scholastic, of the important Catholic University of Notre Dame, Indiana, contains in a recent issue an announcement which affords us pleasure. "It is our intention," say the Editors, "to print sixteen pages every week. Of these sixteen pages six or seven will be given to advertisements, and the remainder to general reading matter. We frankly confess that the Scholastic has hitherto been a disappointment to us; and the fact of its frequent issue (weekly) has only increased that disappointment. We do not call to mind any journal on our list which has been so choked up with long lists of names, and other purely local matter of little or no interest outside the college walls. Now, however, that so much more space will be at the Editors' disposal, we may hope to see the Scholastic take that high position in the college press to which it is entitled to aspire, and which we doubt not it will worthily fill. In the grand confusion of opinions on all subjects, which college journalism, in a country like ours, must necessarily display, it is refreshing indeed to find an increasing number of sound, orthodox and more or less able papers, of which it may always be predicated that they will be on the same side—and that the side of Truth. Step into the front rank of these, Scholastic; and "macte virtute esto!"

The Annalist begins its November number by quoting from the good old English poet, George Herbert, without the slightest word or sign of disapproval, the following quaint but orthodox stanzas on the subject of Holy Communion:

Come ye hither, all whose taste
Is your waste;
Save your cost, and mend your fare.
God is here, prepared and dress'd,
And the feast,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither, all whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good;
Weep what ye have drunk amiss,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is blood.

We congratulate our Annalistic friends on their evident tendency towards Catholicism; a tendency which is the more remarkable since, so far as our recollection serves us, Albion College is not identified with any particular form of Christianity.

The Trinity Tablet cries "peccavi!" And well it may; for it has "been and gone and done it." Alas, poor Trinity! Your evident repentance inspires us with some sympathy for you; but that is "neither here nor there," since
Owlsh sympathy of course counts for nothing in such a case. Vassar will never forgive you; though she is far too dignified a personage to make any allusion to your crime, into the nature of which our pity for you and our consideration for her, alike forbid us to enter.

We are pleased to place the College Mercury (Racine College, Wis.), on our exchange list. We shall make no criticisms on a first appearance, further than to say its type and general get-up are first-rate. With regard to the type, we offer practical proof of the sincerity of our approval, by using the same style ourselves.

The Volante we had not seen for some time, and are glad to find it has not forgotten us. The grand epic on the "Non-burial of Loomis," with which its November number opens, is well written and amusing. Few college journals present so agreeable an appearance as the Volante; nor do its literary qualities, belie its looks.

"The interest that some of the papers of the older Eastern Colleges manifest in boating," says the Qui Vive, "renders them contemptible." O good Qui Vive, you haven't said enough! Why not extend your very sensible remarks to the two "contemptible" old Universities of Oxford and Cambridge?—both of which, if an interest in boating makes a college or university contemptible have a greater claim to the honor of your contempt than any college in America, whether Eastern or Western. Really there is a great deal too much of this sort of nonsense about "Eastern Colleges," in the Western portion of the College Press. We are quite glad that our extreme western position enables us to repudiate with some effect all such silly jealousies. In the interest of common sense no less than in that of good taste, we desire to place on record our hearty acknowledgement of what is in fact the merest truism, viz: the general superiority of the older Eastern colleges, in trained mind as well as in trained muscle, to the half-fledged (though often promising) institutions which dot the broad expanse of the as yet but partially settled "West." We have said something of this kind once before (we forget how long ago); but we cannot call to mind that any Western college journal has ever expressed its agreement with us.

We do not wonder that the Yale Lit, is provoked for once (though not in this instance, by a Western College) to write as follows:—

"We have only a word to say to all those little colleges that are continually casting slurs upon Yale. The slurs are all the more contemptible since they are based on envy and ignorance. We are tired of such miserable little attacks, that are not worth noticing, and yet which the originators gloat over if they are not heeded, believing their articles invincible. They are very impudent without being witty, and only malignant without being sarcastic. Generally, however, they do not 'rise to the level of our contempt,' and we have been foolish, perhaps, to mention the subject."

The Lit is also extremely severe, in its "Notabilia" for November, on "Western College Rhetoric." We suspect it is not far out, however.
And now let it submit gracefully to a little criticism on its own rhetoric. We have had occasion to say, before, that its verse was not equal to its prose; and now, in a poem which it entitles "Love's Changes," comes the following stanza—in which we should recommend two changes more:—

"I plead for love,
And heard a cold disdain;
I plead once more,
And love began to reign."

Now we have heard a good many things in our time, but we never heard "a cold disdain," and we much question whether the Lit. has either. It would be just as good rhetoric to talk of hearing a cold collation.

Moreover it is evident from the context that the Lit. intends that word "plead" for the perfect tense of the verb to plead. And yet—what would Webster say? But the poem amounts to nothing, anyway. "We pass to the order of the day."

The Tripod, for November, contains a very interesting article on what it calls "The New Culture." "The great underlying principle of the new culture," it says, "is force. Matter, force, its laws and its results are all, in this universe." Alas, we very much fear that anyone who sits down on such a tripod as that, will pretty soon come to grief and the ground!

The poor little "almost bodiless" Archangel, of St. Michael's College, Oregon, is catching it on all sides from our exchanges; one of which suggests that it should seek refuge under the wings of The Owl. It utterly rejects our friendship, however. After seeing its first number, we offered in perfect sincerity, the friendly suggestion that "Archangelist" would have been a more suitable name for it. And it is plain enough, now, that the name of Archangelist would have blunted many a shaft of ridicule that has since struck it. But the little creature hurled a piece of pointless impertinence at us, for having ventured to speak. It is altogether too "cheeky," a fault which in a Catholic journal is particularly objectionable. We are sorry; but it must go its own way; and if it does not give us yet more "cheek," in consequence of these remarks, we shall be agreeably surprised.

The Wittenberger for November has one of its interesting letters from India. They are written of course from a German-Lutheran point of view; but they are worth reading.

The Vassar Miscellany has a very appreciative article on the Oberammergau "Passion Play," the charm of which seems to enthrall all who witness it, be their religious notions what they may. But we are afraid it must now be reckoned among things of the past. "It is feared," says the Vassar, "that there will never be another repetition of the Miracle Play, as it has begun, in a small degree, to lose its element of worship, owing to the influx of strangers; their money serving to make it a paying thing. Thus it would lose its chief attraction, Those who have seen it in its simplicity, are indeed favored."
Harvard is rejoicing in its magnificent dining hall, the cost of preparing which was upwards of thirty thousand dollars; and the *Magenta* speaks of the "inducement held out to the men to change the Commons into the Harvard Dining-Hall Association; namely, the moral improvement that would result from constantly sitting under the ridge-pole of the 'grandest college-hall in the world. When this prediction was made," it continues, "very few were ready to believe that even the grandest college-hall could raise the moral tone of the average undergraduate; but our enthusiastic President's expectation seems actually to have been realized. Thus far the greatest order and decorum have prevailed among the students; and the quizzical face of Nicholas Boylston and the stern countenance of John Adams have not yet been improved by the addition of a pat of butter." (!!)

Can it be that such orgies ever took place during the Harvard dinner-hour? Did it need a fine new hall, to make the gentlemen of Harvard behave like gentlemen? We only know that such things do not, and cannot, happen in many colleges of far less pretension. What a nuisance decent undergraduates must have found it, to take their meals in such a bear-garden as the Harvard dining-room must have been before they spent the thirty thousand dollars in "preparing" their new hall! No wonder that a "lecture on table etiquette" should have been needed; and we can only concur with the *Magenta* in hoping "that the advice therein given will tend to cause still further progress toward a higher civilization."

The *Virginia Univ. Magazine* contains the first four chapters of a serial story entitled "The Autobiography of the Rev. Abraham Mildew, D.D., LL.D." It promises well, and we shall look with interest for its continuance. The question whether serials are "to be or not to be" in college magazines, is one which we should like to hear exhaustively discussed. Some seem to object to them; but so far as our present lights enable us to judge, we are inclined to decide the question affirmatively.

We are always glad to see in a college magazine such an article as that in the *Hamilton Literary Monthly* for November, entitled "The New Goddess." It is full of "words of truth and soberness," over which the devotees of material civilization would do well to ponder.

The young ladies of the Sacramento Seminary have (judiciously, we think), changed their "Budget" from a Journal into a regular Magazine. College papers are increasing in number so fast, and are for the most part so crammed with local matter and little scraps of all kinds, that the only way to redeem them from worthlessness seems to us to be the adoption, far more generally than at present, of the magazine form. We hope we shall not be misunderstood. We mean to cast no reflections upon those which continue to appear as journals, and many of which may, no doubt, have good reasons for so doing. We do think however, that magazines should predominate, instead of forming, as they now do, a comparatively small minority. We anticipate an improvement in the *Seminary Budget*, as a result of its change.
The Brumonian, good as it is, has we think, made a great mistake in adopting the opposite course; and not even its "flesh-colored tights" (as a contemporary styles its present dress of fine rose-tinted paper), can compensate for its inferiority of form.

The College Sibyl, by the wise young prophetesses of Elmira Female College, is both welcome and entertaining. We could wish that it came oftener than once a quarter.

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Orphans' Benefit.

We mentioned in our last issue that a "benefit" was in preparation by the Dramatic Society for the Orphan Asylum of San Francisco. On the evening of the 18th of November, the play was put before the public, and, all things considered, may be pronounced a success. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a very fair audience was in attendance when the curtain rose; and it continued to increase during the remainder of the evening.

The plot of the play was one of not much interest in itself; still, "The Wandering Boys," as put on the stage after re-arrangement, was one of the most interesting dramas we have ever seen performed in the College Hall. A father, after an absence of twelve years, and supposed death, finds on returning to his native village, that his fiendish nephew and his head steward, together, have murdered his wife, and attempted the death of his two children. But these, through the vigilance of a faithful follower of the Count de Cressy (their father), have been saved, and in the course of the play are recognized, under the guise of the "Wandering Boys." The punishment of the Baron and Roland, the two villains, and the Count's recovery of his domains, furnish the plot.

The opening consisted of a series of selectious from "La fille de Madame Angot," by the College String Band, and was universally praised. Many thanks are due to Professor Manning for the skillful manner in which he trained
his young pupils, not only for this music, but for a pretty polka which was played during the first and second acts.

The rise of the curtain disclosed a very pretty scene, or rather (to speak with absolute accuracy) an attempt at a very pretty one. A noticeable feature in it was the water-fall at the back of the stage, which if it did not look natural, at least looked pretty. The "tout-ensemble" was good. As to the rest of the scenes nothing more need be said, than that they were appropriate and well put up.

The character of the "Count de Cressy" was assumed by N. F. Brisac; but if we deal fairly, we cannot say it was altogether a success. Firstly, we would offer a suggestion to the gentleman for his own sake, viz: that if he wishes to wear his own whiskers, which are black, under a white beard, he should at least take the precaution to procure a beard large enough to cover them; or, if not, powder the said whiskers. The simplest plan—but that we do not even venture to hint at—would be to take them off altogether. And secondly, we must take the liberty of saying that representing, as he did, a father who had just recovered his "long-lost children," his apparent want of feeling was almost unnatural.

Mr. Morrison did well, first as "Hubert" the peasant, and then as the "Baron;" but we think he appeared to most advantage as the peasant. In the "Baron," there were a few "heavy" renderings, which might have been much improved upon; and a little more ease would have been better throughout.

Mr Durbin, as "Roland," did not do himself justice. In many of the most villainous passages, however, he was good; and his voice and the expression of his face accorded well with the sentiment of the character he represented.

Mr. Callaghan, as "Gregoire," the Count's only faithful servant and friend was good.

Mr. Hughes in the character of "Lubin," a sort of clown, acted very well, and did much to enliven the play, which was otherwise rather sorrowful.

Masters Davis and Holden as "Paul" and "Justin," the wandering boys, did, we suppose, their best; but to the latter young gentleman we must award the palm, for the most natural and graceful acting.

"Marcellus," the companion of "Hubert," was personified by Mr. Gray. Though this gentleman's voice is not naturally strong, we can avouch that he was better heard and more liked for the manner of his acting, than many who have been gifted by nature with powerful lungs.

Messrs. Colombet and Enright sustained their characters (though the latter had a fall) very well.

But the feature of the evening was the dance, performed by twenty of the smaller boys; and here our unbounded praises are due to Mr. Durbin for the happy issue of his training. Prettily dressed (under the direction of Mr. Mallon—we presume) they presented at once a novel and beautiful sight; and the manner in which they acquitted themselves cannot be too highly praised.

At the end of the dance Mr. Brisac, the Vice-President of the Dramatic
Society, came before the curtain, and stated, in the name of that body, that it was considered desirable to correct a wrong impression which existed in the minds of some, in regard to the intended disposal of the proceeds. He stated that it had been originally intended to make the performance of that evening a benefit for the Dramatic Society, but that when the appeal for assistance was made by the Sisters of Charity, the boys of the college gave up their intended benefit and decided to give the proceeds of the entertainment to that most excellent charity, the Catholic Orphanage of San Francisco. Some persons, it seemed, were under the impression that not the whole, but only a part was to be given to the Sisters. This idea he said he was happy to be able to correct, by stating that the whole of the net proceeds were to go to the Sisters, and not one cent to the Society.

The balance of the evening was devoted to the performance of a short farce, entitled, "Furnished Apartments." Mr. Brisac, as "Dr. Planus," was much better than in the drama; both, more natural, and more energetic. Mr. Durbin, as "Fuggles," did very well. Mr. Morrison, as "Magnus Smith," was just as pompous as the occasion required; and Mr. Mallon, as the "irascible, unsociable little fellow, Telemachus Thompson," surpassed himself. But "Squills" and "Jemimah," were the life of the thing. Mr. Hughes, as "Squills," again made his comical talent apparent, keeping the audience in a roar as long as he showed himself on the stage. Mr. Foster, as "Jemimah," though not on the programme, did not fail to make his mark. Excellent music was furnished throughout the evening by the College Brass Band.

The Junior Dramatic Soiree.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day we were treated to another not less welcome entertainment by the Junior Dramatic Society; and we must say that these young gentlemen did remarkably well. The evening's performance consisted of a drama in five acts, entitled "St. Louis in Chains," and a farce in one act, called "Cherry Bounce." In the drama, Master Davis, as "St. Louis," was excellent; some of his passages indeed were beautifully rendered. J. D. Harvey, as "Philip," his son, looked very pretty, and, notwithstanding that he showed a little too much temerity, acted very nicely. Louis Palmer, in the fierce character of "Almoadam," we thought was not quite severe enough. Had he borrowed some of the superfluous fire and bombast of Jas. Smith, as "Adhomar," it would have much improved his character, and very greatly improved that of Master Smith too. "Octai," the chief of the Mamelukes was very well represented by James McKinnon, who is highly deserving of praise. M. J. Donahue as "Osman," might have greatly improved his acting by not hurrying so fast over many of his words; a fault, or perhaps some might esteem it a virtue) almost universal among those young actors. Master Willie Schofield, as "Almanzor," made quite an impression on many o
his hearers, on account of his clearness of pronunciation, slowness of speech, and studied, but graceful acting. Indeed we heard it remarked—and that by much more competent judges than an old Owl—that he was the only one who spoke slowly enough to be distinctly understood. In the farce, Mr. B. Brisac acted his part well, but yet with the fault, which seemed to us even more noticeable in him than in the others, of seeming desirous to finish all he had to say as soon as possible. In some parts this may have been necessary, but in others it could well have been dispensed with. Alec. McConé, who, it would seem, is the light comedian of the society, did very well indeed in the character of a blundering servant. The other characters were also well sustained. One thing we noticed, which is very uncommon on our stage; and that was the representation of a Chinaman; in which “celestial son” we thought we recognized Master McKinnon. But as no such name is on the programme, of course we cannot say.

During the evening, music was kindly furnished by the brass band, which did much to make the soirée more agreeable than even the most sanguine could have expected.

A Labor of Love.

The appeal made to the students of Santa Clara College, to assist a charity like the Orphan Asylum, was not made in vain. Nobly did the boys respond to this appeal; and that the prayers of those to whom they are doing good will be fervently offered for them on high, has been assured to us by the Sister Superior of the Asylum.

Two committees were appointed by the President of the College, one for the First, and one for the Second Division, to see what means were the best suited for raising money or providing articles for sale at the Fair at San Francisco. Many raffles, etc., were immediately set on foot for these purposes; and for a time one could not enter the playground, on penalty of being forced to give up every cent he had about him, and promising as much more as he could. A fair conducted by young ladies is bad enough in its effect on one's pocket, but when it comes to having 175 strong-minded, and yet stronger fisted boys, after you, anything that female persuasion can do, dwindles into utter insignificance, nay, vanishes into nothingness; as does your money, too. No one could be found, however, who was not willing to give as much as he could; and in the end, this proved to be a good round sum in cash alone. Raffles of the ordinary kind were of course very numerous; but when they began to flag, and grow a little tiresome, one of the committee for the First Division, had the audacity to raffle a $20-piece for $50. There were 50 chances, at a dollar a chance, and in less than an hour and a half, all the chances were sold. Many and diverse articles were also collected and sent to the Fair; and as we hear, made a very nice display.

In the name of all the students of the college who naturally feel a deep inter.
In the issue of the Fair, we offer most sincere thanks to Mrs. Lucien Herrmann, Mrs. Wm. Burling, and all the other ladies who so kindly assisted in the arrangement of the Santa Clara College Table, and in the successful sale of the articles sent by the students for that purpose.

**Innocence.**

One of our Professors (of the Junior Department) in giving a subject to his class for composition, gave them the story of the eagle who went to the sea every morning, to steal fish from the other birds for its young. In the course of what he said, he told them that he had often witnessed the same thing. One of his little pupils, who, it seems, understood him to say that he (the Professor) had seen the particular eagle mentioned in the Readers, was noticed to be thinking very hard for a few moments; and then he spoke up. “Father P——,” said he, “how old you must be! My father told me he used to read that story when he was a boy; and he is now all white, and says he is awful old.” Father P—— explained, and Innocence was allowed to resume his thinking.

**Base-Ball.**

On the 26th of November, the last game for the championship of the County was played at the University Grounds. That a more disagreeable day could not have fallen to the lot of the players is certain. However, they would play, and they did play; and the game was won by the college boys, by four runs. We have heard it said, that it was the best match that has been played in the county this season. We congratulate the boys on having maintained their reputations as good players, and feel proud that they took the advice which we gave them in our last issue. Never forget it—and, above all, never lose a game—and the Owl is your best friend.

The following is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ORIGINALS</th>
<th>OCCIDENTALS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. Arguello</td>
<td>1 4 C. C. Moore</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. Enright</td>
<td>3 3 E. Bruner</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. Soto</td>
<td>4 2 C. H. Dunn</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Machado</td>
<td>2 4 W. A. Johnson</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. Soto</td>
<td>2 3 E. C. Dunn</td>
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<td>P. Colombet</td>
<td>0 5 Geo. Rolfe</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. Smith</td>
<td>3 1 W. Walker</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Aguirre</td>
<td>3 1 R. Miller</td>
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<tr>
<td>T. Morrison</td>
<td>2 4 J. C. Richards</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Total 20 27

A: Bruner, Umpire.

Time—4 hours.

N. F. Brisac, {Scorers.

C. E. Gunn, {Scorers.
On the 30th of November, a game was played between the Amateurs and the Oppositions, on the college grounds, which resulted in a victory for the Amateurs by ten runs. Not having seen or heard anything about the game, it would not do for us to say anything relating to it, except that we see that the Amateurs are keeping up their reputations. The following is the score of the game, as handed to us by the Secretary of the winning club:

**Amateurs (1st nine)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>O.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C. E. Stanton</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Arriola</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Kearney</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Bernal</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Bowie</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Gray</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Pfister</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Spencer</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Bernal</td>
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**Total** | 23 | 17

**Oppositions (1st nine)**

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<th>Name</th>
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<td>J. Perrier</td>
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<td>J. McKinnon</td>
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<td>C. Arguello</td>
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<td>R. Spence</td>
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<td>A. Pacheco</td>
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<td>A. Spence</td>
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<td>J. Kelly</td>
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<td>B. Chretien</td>
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<td>Mr. Dossola, S. J.</td>
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</table>

**Total** | 13 | 27

T. F. Morrison, **Umpire.**

Time—3 hours.

A. N. Bush, F. Burling, **Scorers.**
List of College Exchanges.

RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

MAGAZINES.

Vassar Miscellany, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Seminary Budget, Sacramento Seminary, Sacramento, Cal.
Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
Cornell Review, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Lafayette Monthly, Lafayette College, Easton, Penn.
Virginia University Magazine, Univ. of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Hamilton Literary Monthly, Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.
Yale Literary Magazine, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.
Alabama University Monthly, Univ. of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

JOURNALS.

yro, Poughkeepsie Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Salesianum, Seminary of St. Francis of Sales, St. Francis, Milwaukee Co., N.Y.
College Message, St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Missouri.
Index Niagarensis, Seminary of our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Co., N.Y.
Spectator, St. Lawrence College, Montreal, Canada.
Scholastic, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.
Wittenberger, Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.
Central Collegian, Central College, Fayette, Mo.
College Argus, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.
College Spectator, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.
College News Letter, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.
College Herald, Univ. of Lewisburg, Lewisburg, Pa.
College Journal, Georgetown College, Georgetown, D.C.
Heald's College Journal, Heald's Business College, San Francisco, Cal.
Chronicle, North Western College, Naperville, Ill.
Chronicle, Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Madisonensis, Madison Univ., Hamilton, N. Y.
Volante, Univ. of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
Tripod, Northwestern Univ., Columbia Mo.
Transcript, Ohio Wesleyan Univ. & Ohio Wesleyan Female Coll., Delaware, O
Triad, Upper Iowa Univ., Fayette, Iowa.
Annalist, Albion College, Albion, Michigan.
Geyser, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana.
Iowa Classic, Iowa Wesleyan Univ. Mount Pleasant, Iowa.
Denison Collegian, Denison Univ., Granville, Ohio.
Brunonian, Brown Univ., Providence, R. I.
Bowdoin Orient, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
Berkeleyan, Univ. of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Olivet Olio, Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan.
Archangel, St. Michael's College, Portland, Oregon.
Tyro, Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock, Ontario, Canada.
College Sibyl, Elmira Female College, Elmira, N.Y.
University Review, Univ. of Wooster, Wooster, O.
Yale Courant, Yale College, Newhaven, Conn.
Hesperian Student, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
University Press, Univ. of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
University Missourian, State Univ., Columbia, Mo.
College Olio, Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio.
College Courier, Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill.
College Chronicle, North Western College, Naperville, Ill.
Acta Columbiana, Columbia College, N.Y.
Trinity Tablet, Trinity College, Hartford, Con.
Delaware College Advance, Delaware College, Newark, Del.
Western Collegian, Ohio Wesleyan Univ. and Ohio Female College, Delaware, Ohio.
“PLEASE give us the proper credit. We see some articles copied in the Catholic papers with the simple acknowledgment ‘Exchange,’ when it should have been ‘SCHOLASTIC.’”

[Very good, gentlemen of the SCHOLASTIC; that is just the principle in the advocacy of which THE OWL has stood almost if not quite alone. We are glad to have you as converts, even though it be only in theory; but we suppose you must have forgotten, when penning the foregoing, that the very first excerpt in the same number of your journal is credited thus:—Exchange.”—Eds. OWL.]

The eccentric revivalist, Lorenzo Dow, once preached a sermon on the text from St. Paul, “I can do all things.” “No, Paul,” he said, “you are wrong for once. I’ll bet you five dollars you can’t;” and he laid a five-dollar bill on the desk. He continued to read; “through Jesus Christ our Lord.” “Ah, Paul,” he said, “that’s a very different thing; the bet’s off.”—Chronicle (Mich. University).

Between the Catholic faith and the rejection of all faith there is no reasonable resting-place for the human mind. As the beginning of heresy is the rejection of authority, so the return to the true faith is by submission of the whole being to the authority of Christ’s Church. Men may hold many isolated doctrines of the Catholic faith, and yet remain Protestant in heart, because they hold them merely on the ground of their own private judgment, not on divine authority. The conclusions of private judgment must ever be uncertain and varying. There is but one thing that is ever stable and unmoved, that Church which our Lord himself founded on the rock, and against which the gates of hell shall never prevail.—Weekly Register.

LAGER-RHYTHMS—the songs of German students.—Am. Newspaper Reporter.

Our own University; the pride of our golden shores, and the gem of our nation’s occident.—Berkeleyan.

An English “billiard wonder” is over here, on a starring tour. Some of the American players will be apt to make him sing, “O, carom me back.”—Golden Era.

The latest feature of the Chromo gift business comes from Dexter, Me. They have a church there which gives a chromo to every new convert.—Boston Globe.

It has been said of one of our juniors that, while speaking, he has the hands of a monkey, the mouth of a bullfrog, and the voice of a ghost.—University Missourian.

APPEARENT PARADOX.—MRS. MALA-PROP is puzzled to understand the proposed substitute for interment. She says she cannot see how a body can be destroyed by creation.—London Punch.

The average American, in the average American restaurant, eats his dinner in the average time of six minutes and forty-five seconds. He bolts into the door, bolts his dinner, and then bolts out. There is no thought of those around him, no courtesy to a neighbor, no pleasant word or motion of politeness to the man or woman who receives his money—nothing but a fearful taking in of ammunition—the feeding of a devouring furnace—and then a desperate dash into the open air, as if he were conscious he had swallowed poison, and must find a doctor and a stomach-pump, or die.—Golden Era.
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