11-1874

The Owl, vol. 9, no. 3

Santa Clara University student body

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THE OWL

A Magazine

Devoted to Mental Improvement;

Edited by the Students of Santa Clara College.

Santa Clara, Cal.
Published by the Owl Association, and printed at the College Press.

1874.
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EDITORS ELECTED FOR THE YEAR 1873-74:

Direct all communications to THE OWL, Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.
THE MYSTERY OF MESMERISM EXPLAINED.

(Communicated.)

CHAPTER I.

THE question which we propose to discuss in these papers is this:—What is the true cause of the mesmeric phenomena?

Now the nature of a cause may be ascertained either (1) by its effects, or (2) by the manner in which those effects are produced. In the present instance we shall limit ourselves to the second course, viz.: that of trying to infer the true cause of the mesmeric facts from the means adopted by mesmerists for the production of their wonders.

In doing this we need not make any strange or startling hypotheses. Assent is required to two principles only, which none of our readers will gainsay.

The first is that man is a compound being consisting (1) of a material body and (2) of a spirit possessing both intellect and will; which body and which spirit are vitally combined or united.

The second is that matter, however subtle and fluid it may be, is blind and inert; that is to say, incapable of understanding, and without the power of determining itself to motion or to rest.

We entreat the kind reader of these papers on mesmerism, to banish from his mind all prejudice and partiality, to listen only to common sense, and to reason without passion. These are indispensable conditions in every philosophical investigation, but in this question they are perhaps more necessary than in others.

In the first place, then, let us see what the actions of the magnetizers are.

They are various. They have changed from time to time, and still

* We apply the term "mesmeric" to the phenomena which magnetizers produce by their various methods of magnetizing. We prefer it to "magnetic" for two reasons:—firstly, because it is taken from an extrinsic and historical circumstance, which does not bias our judgment on the intrinsic nature of the phenomena; and secondly because it distinguishes this class of facts, from those produced by physicists with magnets and electro-magnets. If, yielding to the common parlance, we should at any time use the word magnetic, be it well understood that we use it in the sense of mesmeric.
change, with the systems and ideas of the magnetizers.

Mesmer magnetized by means of a tub filled with fragments of glass, and iron filings, which were placed in contact with some iron bars held by the person to be magnetized.

Puysegur laid one hand on the backbone, and the other on the stomach of the patient. Faria made use of command only; ordering the patient in a peremptory tone, to sleep.

Deleuze first took hold of the patient's fingers, at the same time touching his knees with his own knees, and his feet with his own feet: then he laid his hands on the shoulders of the patient, shaking his body gently from head to foot; which operation, in the technical language of the art, was called making or carrying on the strokes.

By many magnetizers these "strokes" are made without touching the patient, the magnetizer merely moving his hands at a distance, as though he were sprinkling water on the face and body.

Besides these methods of "strok ing", which are common, various other means have been adopted for the attainment of the same object. There are some who magnetize by insufflations, or "blowings upon" the patient; others who do so by looks, fixing him firmly with the eyes; others who operate still more simply, by the will alone. But it is essential in every case that the will be influenced; for in this consists the efficacy of the magnetic operations.

Notwithstanding the great variety of these operations, they may all be included under two heads, viz: gestures and will, the term gestures being taken to mean all the extrinsic actions of the magnetizers.

But gestures and will differ widely, the one from the other, both as to their efficacy for magnetizing and as to the part taken by each of them in the production of the desired effects. Gestures, of themselves, have no efficacy; it is the will which is everything with mesmerism. There are many cases in which a person is magnetized without any gesture at all, it being sufficient that the magnetizer, after obtaining the free consent of the patient, should will strongly.

It is clear, then, that the gestures, of themselves, have no power over the magnetic agent. The magnetic strokes, the insufflations, the looks, the manipulations of whatever kind, and all the other external acts which magnetizers are wont to employ in their art, are powerless by themselves, or in virtue of their material entity, to set in motion the magnetic agent. Hence they can be omitted, or if used, they borrow all their efficacy from the magnetic will,—a will without which all gestures are worthless, which, alone, suffices to do everything. You may labor the whole year round if you like, at gesture-making, and touching, and blowing and staring: if you have not the magnetic will, you will be unable to bring about any of the phenomena so easily produced by magnetizers. Do we not, every one of us, every day of our lives, make gestures, and touch, and blow, and stare, and use in various ways the various limbs and organs of the body, in a manner similar to that of the
magnetizers, without ever magnetizing our neighbors? Nay, the case is the same even with the magnetizers themselves, who, outside of their séances, use the same gestures as the rest of mankind, without ever producing magnetic effects.

If these gestures had, in their physical and material entity, the virtue of setting in motion the magnetic agent, in the way, for instance, in which the motion of the arm stirs the surrounding air, or in which the rubbing of a hand against a body develops heat, they would never be disjoined from the magnetic effects. This would be the case with those especially, in whom the magnetic power is strong and manifest.

Thus Dr. Teste often magnetized with a glance. He used to send his wife into the magnetic sleep so quickly that the smile previously on her lips had not time to die out. Now, if the gestures had any intrinsic power not borrowed from the will, Dr. Teste could not have looked on any woman without at once putting her to sleep.

It may be taken for granted, then, that the gestures, strokes, and other outward signs, do not, of themselves, possess any magnetic virtue. If they have any such virtue, they receive it from the will, without which they are powerless.

Furthermore, that the magnetic efficacy, or in other words, the power of setting the magnetic agent in action, flows from the will, and that the exterior manipulations and ceremonies have, throughout, only an insignificant and, so to speak, accidental part in the matter, is willingly admitted by the authors and masters of mesmerism. We do not here refer to Dupotet and his whole school who hold the will to be, itself, the magnetic agent. All the others,—and they are most numerous,—affirm that the magnetic agent is a fluid, and teach unanimously that it is driven, directed and governed by the will. Puységur, who is regarded as the second father of mesmerism, sums up all the magnetic art in the words, "believe and will;" a phrase which has been generally accepted among mesmerists as a truism. Deleuze, one of the most famous doctors of the magnetic art, says, "will and believe," to show that the exercise of the will is even more necessary than faith; though the latter ought, of course, to precede the former. These doctors are followed by the immense majority of mesmerists.

Of what use are then the magnetic gestures? They serve—according to the opinion of the magnetizers—to facilitate the emission of the fluid set in motion by the will. They are consequently useful (chiefly to novices in the art) but are not absolutely necessary. This is the most that the mesmerists themselves attribute to the gestures and the external acts. And they are right. For what man in his senses could attribute to gestures the virtue of working the wonders which we see in magnetized persons, especially during clairvoyance or lucid somnambulism? If they possessed such virtue, they could not be changed and varied at the pleasure of the magnetizer, much less be dispensed with (in part or in entirety), without remarkable variations in the
effects produced; which variations do not take place.

From the testimony of facts, then, no less than from the consent of mesmerists, it is evident that the gestures have no magnetic efficacy of their own, but that all such efficacy resides in the will, which is the real cause that sets the magnetic agent in action, and determines it to produce its wonderful effects, without the intervention of any other cause between it and this agent. We may therefore eliminate from the present discussion, the consideration of the gestures and exterior ceremonies of the magnetizers, and give all our attention to the action of the will.

But here the reader should take note of two things.

(1) That action of the will of which we are speaking is not any such action whatsoever; for not every volitive act can produce the magnetic phenomena; but it is a special act of the will, which may be styled the magnetic will. This may be the generic will to magnetize, it may be the will to move the fluid, or it may be the will to produce such and such magnetic phenomena, or it may be the will to feel the efficacy of the magnetic acts, or even the mere will to do what one has seen done by magnetizers; since according to the best writers on such matters, whose statements have been corroborated by experimental facts, every one of these acts of the will can attain its aim.

(2) Let the difference be noted between the action of the will in its other extrinsic operations, and its action in regard to the magnetic agent. In its other extrinsic operations, the will is only a mediate cause, whereas in regard to the magnetic agent, it is an immediate cause. When I handle a stick, my will does not act immediately on the stick, but through my arms, which are instruments necessary to the effect produced. Hence it follows that if by any accident whatever, such, e.g., as the involuntary shaking of the nerves, the arm be moved whilst I hold the stick, the stick also will be moved; and this though I do not will to move it, or even though I will the opposite. Why so? Because the efficacy which physically moves the stick, is really in the arm, and not in the act of the will. The will is efficient to move the stick, inasmuch as by moving the arm, it uses the requisite means to obtain the effect desired. Now, whenever the efficacy which produces an effect resides in the means used, the will is useful only in so far as it leads to the use of that means. Provided that particular means be used (it matters not for what reason) the intention of the will pro or con (and we may say the same of thought, faith, inspiration, etc.,) neither adds to nor detracts from the efficiency of the means used; and consequently that means cannot fail to produce the effect, in either case equally. Thus if in order to be restored to health, you take an overdose of strychnine, the poison will just as surely kill you as if you had intended to commit suicide. If, by way of joke, you fire at a friend with a gun which you think is not loaded, but which is really loaded, neither your mistaken belief, nor your good inten-
tion, however strong and sincere they may be, will save your friend from a mortal wound.

But in mesmerism the case is reversed. Let us substitute for the stick and the gun the magnetic agent; and for the effects of the stick set in motion, of the swallowed poison, and of the fired gun, the mesmeric effects produced by this agent. If the will be only a mediate cause, if it be useful and efficient to move the agent in the same manner, and only in the same manner, as it causes the arm to move the stick, or the magnetizer to use the exterior manipulations, (which, on this hypothesis, are supposed to have in themselves the physical virtue of moving the magnetic agent) then, provided the movement of the arms takes place, or the gestures are made, the same effects will always follow, even when such movement or such gestures are made for another end than that of magnetism.

But the contrary is the fact. These effects never take place, unless there is intention and magnetic will. Whilst, in the case of the stick, the will has no power of action except through the arms, here, on the contrary, the motions of the arms, the glances, the insufflations, the touches, and the other exterior signs have no power of their own, but whatever they have is borrowed from the will. We entreat the reader to mark well this singular contrast; because in it resides the essential character of mesmerism. It is the key which will presently reveal to us its mystery.

Let us repeat this in other words.

(1) In none of its exterior operations (mesmerism apart) does the will possess any immediate influence on the corporeal agents (be they ponderable or imponderable, solid or liquid) which produce the desired effects.

(2) The will sets these agents in motion mediatelty, through the movements of the organs of its own body.

(3) In those organs resides a physical virtue proportioned to the intended effect.

(4) Without them the effect does not and cannot naturally take place.

But in mesmerism, on the contrary, the will

(1) acts immediately upon the unknown agent that produces the magnetic phenomena,

(2) without any necessary intervention of the organs of its own body. If this intervention takes place,

(3) the acts have not, in themselves, any physical virtue proportioned to the effects desired; and,

(4) if they have any power, it is received, in its entirety, from the will,

(5) without which no effect can be obtained.

Magnetizers do not deny this capital difference between the mesmeric effects and the common ones. All they attempt is to make their theory more credible by calling attention to what they consider analogous merits of those fluids and organs of the body, which pay immediate obedience to the will. Of this comparison, apparently so dear to them, we shall speak by and by.

In the mean time let us pursue our argument; and in order to do so, let us enquire of what kind is that direct action, that immediate influ-
ence which the will exerts on the mesmeric agent, when it moves it to act.

Is it physical, or is it moral?

"Physical," answer all magnetizers: "moral," we say. And we feel ourselves up to the task of proving it.

Before attempting to prove that the action exerted on the mesmeric agent is moral and not physical, it is well to define clearly in what the physical cause is distinguished from the moral.

These expressions "physical" and "moral" are not used here as equivalents for material and spiritual; nor do they relate to the very substance of the cause, but only to its mode of action, which differs according to the nature of the term receiving the operation.

The soul of man, and the will of man are always spiritual in their subject; and as such, they cannot act in any other way than spiritually. But their action on the object is said to be physical or moral according to the means whereby the object is moved to act, whether, e.g., it is a physical impulse or a moral invitation.

If the object be material, destitute of understanding and spontaneity, and consequently incapable of determining itself to action or to rest—as a stone, a table, a book, etc.—it is evident that it cannot be otherwise determined to act, than by receiving externally a true and real impulse.

But if the object be a being endowed with conscience, and capable of moving spontaneously—as a man for instance—then, to determine him to act, it is not necessary that one should hit him or touch him physically; but an invitation, a prayer, a command, a threat, a persuasion, a beck will suffice. It is enough that one should manifest one's will to him, in order that he, by his own will and power may determine himself to act.

In the first case there is physical causality, a true and real influence, an impression of operative influence.

In the second case, there is moral causality, which is cause in a wide and an improper sense only; because the force with which it moves my servant, for instance, is not a force given him by me, but a force of his own. Neither my command nor my prayer would have any power to move him to act, if he did not spontaneously determine himself to act, after having known my will.

Mark well, kind reader, that between these two kinds of causes, physical and moral, there is no third kind; and consequently that the exclusion of the physical necessarily involves the acceptance of the moral cause.

If, then, we prove that the will is not a physical cause in regard to the magnetic agent, it will necessarily follow that it is only a moral cause.

And if it be moral, what will be the nature of the magnetic agent? It is evident that it cannot be inert and blind matter, (and therefore not a fluid of any form; for every fluid is matter) but that it must be a substance endowed with understanding and activity of its own, since it must be capable of knowing the commands of the will of another being, and after having known them, of determining itself to put them in execution.

Here is the gist of the question: If we can establish this point, nothing
will remain for us to do except to gather up the consequences. For this reason we ask you to grasp well the nature of the following conclusion:—"If the will does not move the magnetic agent as a physical cause, then this agent is an intelligent being."

A comparison will illustrate the thing. Suppose that you are sitting at your desk, and without stirring, you say to a book, "Open!"—and it opens; and to your pen, "Write!"—and it writes. How would you account for this fact? You know well that your simple command is not and cannot be the physical cause of the opening of the book, and of the writing of the pen. You must either attribute to the book and the pen two powers of which they are destitute, viz.: the power of understanding you, and that of moving by themselves without need of extrinsic impulsion, or you must resort to the hypothesis that there is a third (invisible) being, capable of understanding you, who opens the book and moves the pen according to your will. You cannot find any third way of accounting for the facts.

Now precisely the same thing may be said in the case of mesmerism. The magnetizer wills, and with the power of his will, acting upon the magnetic agent, moves it in some way or other, to produce the mesmeric effects. Now, if the magnetic agent be not moved with a physical impulse of the will, we must necessarily say either that the agent has the power of understanding the commands of the will, and of moving spontaneously to execute them—and in such case it cannot be fluid or other matter;—or, if at any price we hold on to the fluid, we must admit that between the will and the fluid there intervenes an intelligent and active being, who sets the fluid in motion according to the commands of the will. This intelligent being, moved morally and immediately by the will, would in that case, be, itself, the magnetic agent of which we speak. It is evident then, that this magnetic agent which is moved by the will, is so moved, either physically or morally. If morally, it cannot be other than an intelligent being.

Let us enquire, now, whether the will moves the magnetic agent as a physical cause, or as a moral cause.

That we may proceed with clearness and order, we will begin by establishing certain marks or criteria, by means of which it may be distinguished with certainty, whether the operation of a cause be physical or moral; and this will be the first premiss of our reasoning. Next, we shall apply those marks or criteria to the case under discussion; proving that the will does not act physically, which will be our second premiss. And from these two premises we shall draw the conclusion already intimated, in which lies the solution of the whole question.

In speaking of the criteria by which the physical operation of a cause can be distinguished from its moral operation, we shall limit ourselves to the following instances only.

(1) In order to produce an effect physically, it is not enough to will, it is necessary also to do; that is to say, to perform a physical act which, though commanded, certainly, by an
Act of the will, is quite distinct therefrom. And this act must have in itself a physical energy adequate to the production of the effect.

Thus, in order to quench my thirst, it is not enough that I should will: I must perform another action or series of actions extrinsic to the will, and having a due proportion to the end proposed; such as moving my hand, taking up the glass, and swallowing the liquid.

But to act morally, it suffices that I should will the effect, and manifest my will to the intelligent being who executes it. It is not necessary that any exterior act should have the least physical efficiency in regard to the effects to be produced. It is enough that it should manifest my will; I say to my servant, for instance, "fetch me water," and he does so: but even this much is not always necessary; for a smart servant will often guess what I want, and forestall my command without the need of a word.

(2) No physical cause can produce an effect without giving the acts (in so far as it can give them) the last individual determinations which distinguish that effect from all other possible effects in the same species. You cannot speak, for instance, without uttering these rather than those words, you cannot move a finger without determining at the same time whether it be a finger of the right, or of the left hand, whether it move upwards or downwards, etc. And this for the evident reason that nothing can exist really and physically save in a determined and concrete way; so that the same cause which, by producing an effect physically, brings that effect into existence, must also give it those individual determinations without which it cannot exist.

But it suffices for one who acts morally, that he determine in general the desired effect, without determining it in its concrete circumstances; for these last determinations can be made by the agent that obeys. Thus you can order a dinner, and yet leave the number and quality of the dishes to the free will and taste of the cook.

(3) An intelligent being like man, cannot be the physical and voluntary cause of an effect if he be entirely ignorant of the manner in which that effect is produced, and of the instrument necessary to its production.

I say entirely, because a man can well produce physical effects, even though he may not know adequately all that relates to the manner or to the instrument of their production. Daily experience shows how imperfect is our knowledge of the effects which we produce. The player of an instrument does not know all its harmonic vibrations; the laboring man is unaware of the many chemical and physical transmutations which matter undergoes in his hands; the mechanic is not acquainted with all the merits of the machinery which he uses; nor do men in general know all the springs and movements of the muscles, nerves and humors so constantly brought into play by them in their various actions.

But if, on the one hand, it is not necessary that we should know fully all the particulars respecting the physical effects which we produce, on the other hand it is impossible for any one to reach the goal who is entirely
ignorant of the roads leading thereto.

This is not so, however, if the cause is only to exert a moral influence upon the effect. In such case, the cause may be entirely ignorant both of the manner in which and the instrument by which the effect is physically produced; for it suffices that these things be known by him who is the physical cause thereof. Thus, notwithstanding that I am totally ignorant of music, I can cause the performance of a splendid symphony, provided the musicians whom I employ know how to execute it.

Lastly, the law under which the physical cause acts is necessarily constant; i.e., whenever the physical action of the cause takes place with the due conditions, the effect follows necessarily, and therefore constantly; never failing and never varying an iota.

The same stone, flung from the same sling, with the same force, and in the same circumstances, will al­ ways fly with the same velocity and curve, and in the same direction to the same goal. Such is the necessary effect of its natural inertia.

The contrary occurs in the case of the moral cause. As the agent that is to execute my will is free, and acts according to the dictates of his own will, it may very well be that he may not answer my moral invitation with perfect fidelity and promptitude. At one time, for instance, he may fulfil my commands, at another he may refuse to fulfil them, or may fulfil only a part of them. Any man who is accustomed to command will readily understand this.

The above are the principal marks or criteria which distinguish the operation of a physical cause from that of a moral cause. If we apply them to the case before us, we shall presently see what is the part taken by the will in determining the mes­ meric agent to action.

(To be continued.)
It is only in rare and exceptional cases that we admit into the pages of The Owl, anything but original matter. We think however that our readers, or at any rate the majority of them, will agree with us that the following scholarly and beautiful translation of a very beautiful original, may fairly claim such exceptional admission; especially as it has never before been published except in the fugitive form of a loose pamphlet, and that chiefly, we believe, for circulation among the author's friends.

It affords one instance out of many of the irresistible charm exercised by the beauty of Catholicism over those external to the Church. In England, more than in any other country is this seen now-a-days; and our translator is accordingly of English nationality:—"The Rev. Herbert Kynaston, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, High Master of St. Paul's School, London, and formerly Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford." But though an Anglican cleric, Dr. Kynaston never had the honor to be reckoned among the "Romanizing" portion of the clergy. On the contrary, it is but a guarded and provisional kind of admiration that he entertains as for Catholic hymnology, so, doubtless, for any other beautiful thing which may happen to be also Catholic. The following extract from his prefatory remarks to this poem will illustrate what we mean:—

"I must confess my sympathy with those who take extreme delight in the sacred Latin poetry of the Middle Ages, in which that language seems for the first time to have put forth its full power, and in wholly discarding imitation to have become inimitable itself. Theologically such compositions are entirely unobjectionable; for the finest examples, like Damiani's Hymn, are as uniformly evangelical, and as purely scriptural, as the readers of the pious effusions of Watts, or Wesley, or John Newton, of which we are here so perpetually reminded, could they themselves desire. They have little in common with the Church of Rome. They reflect none of her manifold corruptions; and she has done what she could to diminish their surpassing purity and power."

Let the Catholic reader only picture to himself what the saintly Cardinal would have said, had he been able to realize that remarks like those just quoted would ever be applied to writings of his; and a sufficient mental antidote will be at once furnished against the Protestant virus which oozes out just here from the otherwise sympathizing pen of his translator.

Notwithstanding this little bit of venom, however, there is much to be said in the translator's behalf. We can truly assert that it has never fall-
en to our lot to read any rendering of Latin verse into English verse, which came so nearly up to our notions of perfection. In it may be found the two great qualities of a good translation, literalness and adequacy; and these are coupled with a delicate poetic rhythm and a faultlessness as to metre, which are good evidence of the scholarly refinement of the writer; and the combination of which with the qualities just mentioned, is equally rare and agreeable.

It is true that, in order to achieve all this, our translator has been under the necessity of using towards his native language a certain degree of compulsion; that he has forced it, so to speak to do his bidding, as a master might force some sturdy but unwilling slave. But any one of the many who have tried to exercise a similar control over that compound and complicated melange which we call "English," and have tried in vain, or with but partial success, will be perfectly well able to realize that none but a master's hand could have indited such a version of such an original. The English language, like the English race, disdains submission to a weakling. He who conquers it must wield a sword of power.

We will conclude with the final remarks of Dr. Kynaston himself, which refer to and illustrate the original poem.

"We are left to surmise when and for what purpose these lines were written, whether as a relief from the author's own terrible thoughts of death perpetuated in that fearful hymn:—"

"Gravi me terrore pulsas, vitae dies ultima;"

or as a consolation to his sisters Rodelinda and Sufficia, when mourning for their hus-

bands;* or as supplemental to the benedictory letter addressed to a sick friend, shortly expecting the hour of his soul's departure,† the substance of which forms now the Commendatory Prayer used for the Dying by the Church of Rome; or far the encouragement of the Countess Blanche, devoting herself to convent life;‡ or when he was himself returning to the monastic seclusion, from which he had been reluctantly dragged to his Episcopal cape, and when, leaving Hildebrand to complete the subdual of the world without, he retired to subdue it, "with more utter aversion, with more concertrated determination within himself."§

The Cardinal's description of Paradise may, perhaps, in one or two places, be open to Daniel's objection of being "nimis suavis;" but it will be upon the whole, pronounced by all readers to be not only grand in style, but in its matter solemnly affecting, beautiful, and true. The unseen, unheard, inconceivable joys can be faintly expressed by the reproduction in one of the three most glorious revelations of Scripture—the Garden of Eden, the Holy Land with its Temple, the Church of Christ; the three most beautiful sights of earth—rivers, cities and mountains; and the three most precious things beneath the earth—gold, crystal, jewels. There may be also a slight admixture here of the Gentle imagery, reminding us of the "Sedes quiete" of Homer and Lucretius—the Hyperborean felicities of Pindar—the Elysium of Virgil: but what is this but the reabsorption of dispersed traditions to the holy source from whence they flowed? Better far than the triple cord of mingled mythology, scholasticism, and Scripture with which Dante seeks to lift our thoughts to heaven. Damiani himself justly observes that "there is more in the thing itself than the mind can conceive, yet more in the mind conceived than can by any language be expressed." With this remark we may well close our prefatory introduction to such a subject, and with the apopthesis with which Hildebert so appropriately breaks off his description of the Heavenly Jerusalem:—

"Feasts how bright her Saints are keeping, Without wasting, without weeping; Heart to heart what love entwining, With what stones the City shining; Jacinth or chalcedon be it, They shall know who live to see it."

* Ep. viii, 14.
† Ibid. Ep. 15.
‡ In Institutione Moniali, Opusc. L.
DE GLORIA PARADISI.

Ad perennis vitae fontem mens sitivit arida,
Claustra carnis presto frangi clausa quaerit anima,
Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur exul frui patria,
Dum pressuris et rerumis se gemit obnoxiam;
Quam amisit cum deliquit contemplatur gloriam,
Presens malum auget boni perdit memori.

Nam quis promat, summae pacis quanta sit latitiae,
Ubi vivis margaritis surgunt edificia?
Auro celsa micant tecta, radiant triclinia;
Solis gemmis pretiosis hæc structura nectitur:
Auro mundo tanquam vitro urbis via sternitur,
Abest limus, deest fimus, lues nulla cernitur.

Hyems horrens, æstas torrens illic nunquam sæviunt,
Flos purpœus rosarum ver agit perpetuum;
Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum,
Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt;
Pigmentorum spirat odor, liquor et aromatum,
Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum.

Non alternat Luna vices, Sol vel cursus siderum,
Agnus est felicus urbis lumen inocciduum;
Nox et tempus desunt ei, diem fert continuum,
Nam et Sancti qui velut Sol præclarus rutilant;
Post triumphum coronati mutuo conjubilant,
Et prostrati pugnas hostis jam securi numerant.

Omni labe defecati, carnis bella nesciunt;
Caro facta spiritalis, et mens, unum sentiunt;
Pace multa perfruentes, scandala non perferunt;
Mutabilibus exuti repetunt originem,
Et præsentem veritatis contemplatur speciem;
Hinc vitalem vivi fontis hauriunt dulcedinem.
THE GLORY OF PARADISE.

For the fount of living waters panting, like the weary hart,
Prison'd beats my soul its barriers, madly striving to depart,
Walks about, and frets, and struggles homes forsaken to regain,
Drags at each remove un travell'd, pilgrim still, a lengthen'd chain:
Pines the blessing by transgressing lost to earth, in dreary mood,
Bitter makes a present sorrow thinking of departed good.

Who can count the rays of glory, jewell'd on the Priestly vest,
Where, with living pearls uplifted, soar the mansions of the blest?
Roofs all gold, and golden couches for the saintly presence meet,
Gold like crystal seas pellucid, shining pathways for their feet;
Only gems the star-like fabric “fitly join'd together” hold,
Nought that staineth now remaineth in the unpolluted fold.

Winters horrid, summers torrid, vex no more the stilly clime,
But the purple bloom of roses sheds an everlasting prime;
Pales the lily, glows the crocus, balms their drowsy sweets distil,
Smile the meadows, sing the corn-fields, honied dew-drops swell the rill;
Odorous clouds of fragrant incense spice the aromatic breeze,
Autum's fruits, and spring's first promise, bend the ever-blossom'd trees.

Pale-sick moons no more are waning, stars bespangle not the night,
God is now that City's sunshine, and the Lamb its living light;
Eve and morn divide no longer, noons dispense a deepening ray,
For each Saint is now in glory, shining to the perfect day:
Crown'd they shout their Jubilates, joyous now the fight is done,
Safely, now the foe is prostrate, boast them how the field was won.

Purified of inwrought leaven, warring sin they know no more,
Spirit now is flesh, and spirit what was only flesh before;
Peace, intensest peace, enjoying, stumbling ways no more to scan,
Changed from every shift of changing, mount they where their life began;
Present, not through glasses darkly, see the Glory, face to face,
Lift their pitchers to the fountain welling with eternal grace.
Inde statum semper idem exeuntes capiunt,
Clari, vividi, jocundi nullis patent casibus:
Absunt morbi semper sanis, senectus juvenibus;
Hinc perenne tenent esse, nam transire transiit;
Inde vigent, virent, florent, corruptula corruit;
Immortalitatis vigor mortis jus absorbuit.

Qui scientem cuncta sciunt, qui nescire nequeunt,—
Nam et pectoris arcana penetrant alterutrum,—
Unum volunt, unum nolunt, unitas est mentium;
Licet cuique sit diversum pro labore præmium,
Charitas hoc suum facit quod amat in altero;
Proprium sic singulorum commune fit omnium.

Ubi corpus, illic jure congregantur aquilæ,
Quo cum Angelis et Sanctæ recreantur animæ;
Uno pane vivunt cives utriusque patriæ.
Avidi et semper pleni, quod habent desiderant;
Non satietas fastidit, neque famæ cruciat,
Inhiantes semper edunt, et edentes inhiant.

Novas semper harmonias vox meloda concepat,
Et in jubilum prolata mulcent aures organa;
Digna per quem sunt victores, Regi dant praëonia.
Felix æli quæ præsentem Regem cernit anima,

Et sub sede spectat alta, orbis volvi machinam,
Solem, Lunam, et globosa cum planetis sidera.

Christe, palma bellatorum, hoc in municipium
Introduc me post solutum militare cingulum;
Fac consortem donativi beatorum civium;
Præbe vires inexhausto laboranti prælio;
Ut quietem post procinctum debeas emerito,
Teque merear potiri sine fine præmio. Amen.
Bathed anew in heavenly lavers, hence they keep their first estate.
Vivid, jocund, brightly sitting over the water-floods of fate.
Sickness comes not to the healthy, lovely youth fears no decay,
Hence they grasp eternal essence, for to pass hath passed away;
Thus, decay itself declining, in celestial vigour rife,
Mortal with immortal blending, death they swallow up in life.

Knowing him who knoweth all things; what to them shall not be known?
Heart to heart unbars its secrets lock'd within the fleshly zone,
One thing choosing, one refusing, one way all their currents fall;
Divers though the crowns of glory meted at the Judgment Throne,
What she loves in other's brightness, charity hath made her own,
So the gifts of one excelling are the common joy of all.

Where the body, there the eagles thick their broad-wing'd pinions thrust,
Serried throngs of Angels mingle with the Spirits of the Just;
Banquet on one Heavenly Manna Citizens of either State,
Ever fill'd, and ever longing, satisfied, insatiate;
Filling hath for them no fulness, hungring still they know no pain,
Part their holy lips for feasting, feast and part them yet again.

Heavenly strains melodious voices echo each to other's notes,
With the pent-up roar of organs, swelling in a thousand throats;
Now they chant the Song of Moses, now the Lamb is all their praise,—
"God, Thy works how great, how wondrous, King of Saints, how just Thy ways!"

Happy while they see the Glory, yet beneath the Throne sublime
Watch the sun and planets whirling earthward on the grooves of time.

Only might of them that conquer, only blessing of the blest,
Girt no more for battle, lead me, Jesu, to Thy City's rest!
Make me sharer of Thy bounty with those Heavenly legions bright;
Lend me strength or e'er I perish in this never-ending fight;
Finish now my course with gladness, loose the helmet from my brow;
All things to Thyself subduing, Saviour, let me win Thee now! Amen.
AN OWL'S FLIGHT TO MILLS SEMINARY.

(E. T. GRAY, Mental Philosophy.)

ESCAPING with a few friends from the busy hum of the crowded city, we are wafted swiftly and easily across the bay to East Oakland. The transition is delightful, from the clamor of the one place to the peace and quiet of the other. Having but just left behind us the cobble-stone pavements and dirty sidewalks of San Francisco, we tread with pleasure the smoothly graded streets, and admire the clean and elegant appearance of the town beyond the water.

The road from East Oakland to the Seminary is equally agreeable. It is broad, level and smooth, and is lined on either side by private residences, whose well kept grounds and beautiful shade trees render our journey at once refreshing and delightful. A drive of about three miles brings us to the Seminary, which lies nestling in a small valley, surrounded on three sides by hills, which afford ample protection from the boisterous ocean winds.

The buildings are placed on a small mound which slopes gently towards the bay in front, and on either side towards the branches of a small stream, which forms the boundaries of the enclosure in both directions. The main edifice is a large three-story mansion surmounted by a tower, from which one gets a fine view of the surrounding country.

In front of the mansion lie as smoothly shaven green lawn, diversified here and there by gracefully winding paths, and dotted with sun-dry pieces of statuary. Beyond this lawn is a small garden, extending to the junction of the two brooks which is covered with small shade trees, and contains croquet grounds and arbors. The main flower garden lies at the right of the house; but this, unfortunately was not in its glory at the time of our visit, on account of the scarcity of water. Nevertheless it seemed tastefully arranged and skilfully tended.

The entrance for visitors is in the the left wing of the building; and hither our coach was driven. At the door we were received by one of the young ladies who ushered us into a neat parlor, and departed, saying that she would inform Mrs. Mills of our arrival. During her absence we had an opportunity of observing more closely the appearance of the parlor in which we sate; and almost the first thing which met our gaze was an owl, which was sitting gravely upon one
of the ornaments, and gazing at us with fixed attention.

"Surely," thought this present Owl, "we cannot but feel at home when one of our own race is here to receive us!"

This Member of our Association, Mrs. Mills informed the writer had been captured soon after the young ladies' visit to Santa Clara College, last Session; and had been preserved in remembrance of what she was good enough to call "their pleasant time" here.

Mrs. Mills welcomed us very cordially, and after a brief conversation on a matter of business, with a view to which some of our party had come, sent for one of the teachers, whom she requested to show us over the institution.

The first room we entered was the Reading Room or Library. This Library, which is still comparatively in its infancy, comprises, we should think, about six hundred or seven hundred volumes, among which however we noticed some choice and useful works. The room was nicely furnished with carpets, pictures, tables, etc., and the stock of periodicals was both large and select. Hence we proceeded along the hall, visiting recitation rooms principally, until we came to the piano-room, which contained the pictures of the various Classes that had graduated from the institution. The First Class consisted of but one young lady, and her picture consequently hangs by itself, in single blessedness. May its fair original, meet with a happier fate!

From this room we stepped across a narrow passage to "Seminary Hall."

This Hall consists of three rooms, so arranged with folding doors that on special occasions they may all be thrown into one. On ordinary days, however, these three rooms are used separately for Recreation, Lecture, and Class Rooms.

Our conductress next led us up a flight of stairs to the second story. This is devoted chiefly to the young ladies' and teachers' rooms. We were permitted to look into some of them, which we found very neatly furnished and very well kept; the occupant of each room taking care of her own apartment.

We next ascended to the Tower, from which we had an excellent view of the surrounding country. Our conductress informed us that on a clear day one might even distinguish San Mateo, across the bay. The view in the direction of San Francisco was obstructed by the surrounding hills; such portion of the country, however, as could be seen was very pretty, and even picturesque. After this we went down to the lower floor, and proceeded to the rear of the house, to see the Dining Room. This was a large airy apartment, nicely furnished, and kept scrupulously clean. Tables capable of seating twelve or fourteen each were arranged about the room.

Near the Dining Room is the Telegraphy Room. This has a double utility: for at the same time that it affords every accommodation for teaching the telegraphic art, it places the institution in direct communication with San Francisco, and consequently with the whole country.

Hence we proceeded to a building
situated to the left and in the rear of the mansion, and called "the Art Building." The lower story is used for class rooms for the Preparatory Department; the upper for the fine arts, painting, drawing, etc. The rear portion is used for a Gymnasium or Exercise Room. Here the girls have a piano, and a smooth floor whereon they can amuse themselves with dancing and other healthful exercise.

Returning, we passed through the Apothecary's Shop, and so back to the parlor, wherein we were scarcely seated before Mrs. Mills came in, and informing us that the young ladies were about to begin their regular weekly exercises, consisting of recitations, and reading of essays, in the Hall, asked us if we would like to hear them. Favorably impressed as we were with the outward appearance of the school, we were glad of this opportunity of hearing some of the literary productions of the pupils, and therefore gladly accepted the invitation.

Nor were we disappointed. The exercises were indeed very pleasing. The younger girls' compositions were not only well written for children of their age, but were clearly and carefully read; and those of the older pupils were proportionately good. One young lady read a very excellent essay on the "Life and Writings of John Milton," which evinced at once her deep insight into the merits of that prince of poets, and her command of the English language. This essay was the more deserving of credit, inasmuch as it had not (as Mrs. Mills afterwards informed us) undergone any correction on the part of the teachers.

There were also recitations in French and German. The French, if we may venture, with our limited knowledge of the language, to pass an opinion, was spoken with a good accent, and certainly with quite a foreign air. Of the German we were wholly unable to judge. The Seminary, however, must certainly be a good place in which to learn these languages; for, besides having foreign teachers, the girls are required to converse in French and German during at least one meal every day.

Other essays were read and spoken, which were very good in the main, many of them indeed deserving great credit.

At the close of the exercises we again retired to the parlor, and our coach soon re-appeared to take us away.

Glancing back from the coach window as we drove off, we could not help thinking how pleasant and comfortable everything had looked. Nestling in its nook amid the hills, sheltered by them from the keen sea winds that whistle through the Golden Gate, remote from the noise and distractions of the city, with not even a town or village near enough to disturb its peace, how perfect a home for study must this be?

Only one thing troubles us in connection with it. Perhaps that may not have been the fault of The Seminary. Perhaps it may not have been the "imposing presence" of The Young Ladies, that overawed us. Perhaps it may not have been attributable to our own bash-
fulness. But to some or one of these causes it certainly must be attributable that we kept our Owliship a profound secret all the time. Like Peter the Great, or Haroun Al Raschid, we travelled incognito. For this error of judgment, as it is asserted to be, the "ungainly fowls" who constitute the balance of the Owl Board, fell foul of us, bill and claw, with such vim that we were forced to regard the affair as even a more serious foul (though—owls being serious fowls anyway—we shall manage to survive it) than that between Yale and Harvard.

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THE SECRETS OF THE SEA.

Bernaldo Yorba, 
Jose Machado, (1st Rhetoric.)

There is grandeur, there is magnificence in the world of waters. The sound of the sea is sublime, its calmness beautiful, its wrath terrible—because of its strength.

Who can contemplate, without a feeling of reverential awe, the immense power which is hidden beneath that vast expanse of water that seems to have no bounds—to be, in short, as the poet styles it,

"The symbol of a drear immensity!"

When we view a lake, we behold its waters calm and motionless, but those of the ocean are far otherwise; for by the wonderful and providential laws which govern them, they are forced to make innumerable oscillations, and sometimes to rise greatly above their usual level, forming enormous surges that appear to the mariner like mountains.

In the bed of the ocean there is the same inequality of surface as on dry land. There are heights and depths, valleys and plains, dark recesses and caverns, and among them grow trees and weeds of every description. The islands upon which sailors so often land, are nothing but the summits of mountains whose bases are hidden by the water. Whilst on the surface of the ocean nothing is noticeable but the motion of the waves, beneath there is a continual succession of revolutions caused by the rapid currents which extend from pole to pole. There are also ebullitions and extraordinary agitations of the water, caused by those terrible submarine volcanoes, which from their immersed craters send fire and lava into the bosom of the sea. Into their fearful depths no living creature dares venture. Even the fish fear to plunge into those foaming waters, which seem to attract all floating things merely in order to submerge them in the cavernous depths below.

Thousands and tens of thousands
of inhabitants people this vast watery abode; some provided with a covering of thin scales, and capable of ranging from region to region at will; others, encumbered with a heavy shell, which move tardily from one rock to another; others, whose large fan-like fins enable them to fly from the water into the air, in order to escape their enemies. And there are some to which the power of locomotion has been refused, which are born upon a rock and there live and die, attached to it as firmly as though they were part and parcel of its stony substance.

But these and such as these are not all the "secrets of the ocean." Is not the sea the tomb of many a man, and the keeper of his secrets?

How many hapless and despairing wretches have been buried beneath its merciless waves, before succour could reach them! How many millions of dollars are now lying idle in its bosom! How magnificent are the pearls, how brilliant the diamonds, how countless the precious stones of all kinds which deck its mysterious caverns!

Who knows, indeed, what treasures may not be hidden in those impenetrable depths? Who can say what unsolved mysteries, concealed as yet beneath that watery veil, may be awaiting the moment when some fortunate adventurer of the future shall lay them bare? If, ages after our death, we were to behold once more the light of day, we should surely find that many such mysteries had been disclosed.

The sea is richer than all the world besides. It is the great reservoir, the store-house as it were, wherein are to be found riches so abundant that all the coffers of the world would be insufficient to contain them.

Perhaps, gentle reader, you may have read in oriental lore, of the tremendous earthquake which (if legends tell the truth) took place a long long time ago.

It shook not one country only, but the whole world; and that with such violence that in one moment a gigantic fissure was made in the bottom of the sea; a fissure so large that it swallowed up all the water of the ocean.

Imagine, now, the entire bed of the sea, dried up. Place, for a while, that trackless expanse of valleys, hills and mountains before your affrighted gaze. Picture to yourself the immense stores of wealth which were suddenly thrown within the reach of every one. Truly might that period have been called the golden age!

The people from all parts of the world flocked to the sea, to get rich. Eagerly did they rush to gather up those tempting heaps of gold, and precious stones and metals.

For some time, however, they could do nothing. Thousands of fishes and sea animals of wondrous size and shape had been left stranded by the sudden withdrawal of the water, and they were already becoming decomposed. Soon the whole atmosphere was filled with a horrible taint. Millions of people who had crowded to the sea in search of the secrets so long concealed in its bosom, fell victims to the deadly pestilence which followed; but millions more, reckless of all danger, and
madly athirst for gold, poured down to take their places.

The sea-bed was not wholly dry. Majestic rivers still remained, flowing into the central fissure, towards which men rushed from time to time to slake their thirst.

As for riches, the people could not carry away with them the half of what they found. In every little brook gold was so abundant, that now and again the course of the stream was checked by it. Diamonds, and pearls, and rubies were found on every rock.*

The fragments of all the vessels that had been wrecked since the beginning of navigation, could be seen. The skulls of millions of people were scattered around. Innumerable caverns were seen, filled with riches neither heard nor thought of before. Volcanoes towered on high, that might rival Vesuvius, or Cotopaxi in grandeur. The people of the world were astounded, to have before them so many wonders.

The voyages of Columbus are not to be compared to this event either in intrinsic importance or in their attraction for mankind; and such being the case, it is but natural to expect that its subsequent influence on history should have exceeded that of the discovery of the New World. We therefore hasten to anticipate the objection that, as a matter of fact, such is not the case, and that consequently our legend must be false. Kind reader, we beg you to jump to no such hasty conclusion. Recollect that there is a “sea” now; and that the only way in which so vast a body of water can have re-appeared on the earth’s surface after having once been engulfed within its bosom, is the way of the Deluge. This of course throws back the events narrated in our legend to a period antecedent to that event, but it casts no manner of doubt upon the legend itself.

The East is, as we all know, the most ancient home of man; and, why should it not be the fact that in that primæval region a tradition was handed down through the family of Noë, of which the races which migrated westward lost all remembrance? Certainly Noë and his sons must have retained in their minds very many and very important traditions of the world as they knew it before the Flood; and as certainly those traditions have all or nearly all been lost to us. But why may not this one have survived, among the Eastern Magi for instance, and their descendants? Why may not the mystic seers of Chaldea have preserved it and handed it down! “Undoubtedly,” you will reply, “they may have so acted!” But in admitting thus much, you admit, gentle reader, the possibility that our legend may be based on fact. And that is all we ask you to admit. We bid you, then, farewell; and we retreat within our secret abysses, like the Antediluvian Sea.

* We fancy that the oriental tradition overstates things a little, just here.—[Ed]
I am one of those persons who are never satisfied with what they see or hear, but always want to know still more. After having visited Europe, Asia, Africa and America, I was not satisfied yet.

One evening, after I had eaten my supper, and was thinking whither I could travel in quest of adventure, a thought struck me. Nothing could be more novel or amusing than a visit to Saturn.

But several difficulties presented themselves which had to be overcome before I could begin such a journey. I needed a suitable conveyance, a store of provisions, a few congenial spirits with whom to share, my pleasures and perils. I therefore disclosed my intentions to one or two select companions, who proved the justice of my choice by the eagerness with which they entered into the project. The expedition consisted of Dinklage and myself; and since we were (in our own opinion) as good a representation of the people of this world as could be selected, we felt confident of making a favorable impression on the inhabitants of another;—in short, of "astonishing the natives."

We at once, therefore, resolved ourselves into a formal meeting, and appointed Dinklage as a Committee of Ways and Means; an honor of which he proved himself eminently worthy; for, fifteen minutes later, he had chartered a second-hand balloon! The next thing was to procure a driver for our aerial vehicle. Kearney offered to undertake this duty, but Dinklage declared that he was too delicate and nervous to trust himself under Kearney's guidance; and as he was the senior member of the company we naturally looked up to him for protection; that is, if we should
ever have to get behind any one. We consequently deferred to his opinion, and allowed him to make his own nomination to this important office. Whereupon he straightway nominated himself.

Next we laid in our stock of provisions, not forgetting tobacco for Dinklage. And finally we hired Harvey, to do little chores for us, and help Dinklage with his toilet.

We started on the Fourth of July; but we were so deeply engrossed in our preparations that we were not aware of its being that memorable day; and as we started from Milpitas, in which city—marked out though it be by manifest dertiny, as the future capital of the United States—the celebrations were not very extensive, we were not in any way reminded of the fact. We heard one or two reports, however, and felt ourselves highly complimented; since we all thought the guns were being fired in honor of our ascension.

When we had fairly started and had risen a mile or so, Harvey began to cry; whereupon Dinklage, taking pity on him, drew him to his manly breast and strove to soothe his fears, which he finally succeeded in doing.

We had put on plenty of gas and were delighted to see our balloon ascend very rapidly. Having arrived at such a height that we could no longer discern San José, we began to realize that our position was critical in the extreme; and that it would require very skilful management to ensure our safety.

At last we got so high, and the air was so light and thin, that we were obliged to have recourse to the machine which we had brought with us for producing fresh air. We also suffered very much for a long time from the cold.

At length, however, a sudden change was remarked by all; the air became heavier, and the climate warmer and warmer every day; until at last we all agreed that we must be getting near Saturn, which proved to be actually the case.

When we got so close as to see with distinctness the cities and towns on the great planet, all were impatient to alight; but on approaching yet nearer, the light so dazzled our eyes that we were for a short time almost blinded. By looking at it often, however, we became used to it.

We naturally wanted to land at some important place; and in trying to do so we had to perform several circles of the planet. At last, ascending several thousand feet above the place selected, and then directing Harvey to open the valve, we descended like a flash, to the utter astonishment of the natives, who could not imagine what we were, nor whence we came.

These people were very small, not more than one foot high; and therefore when we landed among them in this sudden way, they were completely dumbfounded. Before long, however, they saw that we meant them no harm, and instead of showing fear, as at first, strove to help us anchor our balloon.

When we were ready to start around to see the city, numbers of these people offered themselves to us as guides; and since it did not seem safe to travel without them, Dinklage sug-
gested that we should put several of them on the rims of our hats. For this elevated position we selected the boys, who were not more than six inches in height.

We travelled around all day with them, and saw various wonderful and curious sights; but when night came we were surprised to find that we should be compelled to return to our balloon to sleep, for not even the palace of the King, which was by far the largest of their buildings, exceeded four feet in height by three in length; and surely this could not accommodate giants like us. We went straight to the balloon, therefore, and fixed our beds. Dinklage and Kearney had brought three men apiece with them; and when they had retired, these little fellows amused themselves by trying to lift Dinklage's boot. I was so much amused by the comical energy with which they had taken this important matter in hand, and the desperate resolution which they manifested in its accomplishment, that drowsy as I felt, I determined not to go to sleep until I had witnessed the conclusion of the affair, and ascertained whether they were actuated by any deeper motive than mere amusement. But we are not always masters of our own actions. The wearied body will sometimes assert its superiority over the untiring mind; and after so long and so exciting a voyage, it was no great wonder that, despite my resolutions to the contrary, I fell all at once into a deep and dreamless sleep.

(To be continued.)
Editors Table.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Exchange Critiques.

We cannot but feel encouraged by the friendly compliments which continue to meet our editorial eyes in the pages of so many of our Exchanges; and we will begin by thanking very cordially all those who have so encouraged us. If we do not reproduce their remarks in this place, it is not because we do not appreciate them, but because we would rather strive to deserve such commendations in the future than parade them in glorification of the past.

There is one among them, however, which we cannot suffer to pass without special mention. So much friendly, nay brotherly appreciation is shown towards us by the Index Niagarensis, in its issue of October 1, that we should be ungrateful indeed, were we not to acknowledge the high gratification which its critique of that date has afforded us.

In a few cases we have found critics whose praise has been tempered with disapproval, or with hints for our future improvement—always, however, courteously conveyed. To these also we are thankful; for no one knows better than The Owl itself that it is far from perfect; and there can be no better judge of its merits or defects—at least from a student’s stand-point—than the editors of other college papers. There has been but one exception to the courtesy of our College Exchanges; and that one we chose, and choose, to ignore.

The Cornell Review, whose acquaintance we are glad to make, sends us the first number of its second volume; and promises to present itself monthly instead of quarterly for the future. We like both its appearance and its contents; though we feel at a loss to know why it should be called a “Review,” when it is just as much a magazine as The Owl itself, and indeed begins its prospectus with the very words,—“This Magazine.” Not that we wish it to become a Review. We cannot think that students in statu pupillari would be “the right men in the right place” were they to undertake the onerous duty of Reviewers. Far wiser are the pleasant writers in the soi-disant “Cornell Review,” to give us such original articles as the poem entitled “A Legend of the Lehigh Valley,” or such translations as “Asmund Thyrsklingurson.”

The “Crumbs for Freshmen” that fall from the Editor’s Table of the Cornell, are highly palatable; which is attributable, we suppose, to the sauce piquante with which they are flavored.
THE Lafayette Monthly for September, (we have not yet received the October number) contains a College Song which we cannot regard as a success. We are well aware of the difficulty of hitting off any College Song which shall be really successful. Still, it would not be difficult, one would think, to produce something nearer the mark than this:—(we give the last verse only, but it is just as good as the others)—

"That's where everything is goin';
All the boats and locomotives;
Sun, moon, stars, all take a shine
To Lafayette, gay old Lafayette,
Dear old Lafayette;
That's a place that can't be beat, [sic]
That's where all good fellows meet."

The Hamilton Literary Monthly makes the following moan:—"The annual thieves have again made their presence manifest. Books, students' lamps, and various articles of portable property are missing. One man complains that some one even had the cheek to steal his stove." We are reminded of the bravo in "Gil Blas," who when Gil B. said the treasure-chest was too heavy for him to carry away, replied, "Know, friend, that if it contained another man's property, I could carry the ark." Really the thieves around Clinton, N. Y., must be a fine muscular set of fellows.

A nominally new exchange, the College Transcript, puzzled us at first. We have received its second number only; not its first, which may presumably have contained some information respecting it. But it is so strikingly like the Western Collegian that if it be not the Collegian itself, re-christened, it must certainly be its twin-brother; and if so, we have met with our first case of journalistic twins. The father and mother of this interesting pair of children are the Ohio Wesleyan University and the Ohio Wesleyan Female College. Long life and continued fertility to the young couple, say we; and may they never be divorced!

The California Agriculturist, of San José, strikes us as a very well managed and useful paper. It calls itself a "Live Stock Journal," but we think that its enemy the devil were to run away with the "Stock" some dark night, and leave nothing but "Live Journal" behind, the title would still be applicable. The Agriculturist always contains much pleasant miscellaneous reading, in addition to its agricultural matter.

In its last number we notice an article from Harper's Magazine (duly credited; so the Agriculturist is not answerable for its errors) entitled "Land Monopoly in England," which reminds us of Cuvier's answer to some French Lexicographers who came to ask him whether the following definition of the word "crab," which they had prepared for their forthcoming dictionary, was
correct. "We mean to define it briefly," said the dictionary men, "as a red fish that walks backwards." "Gentlemen," exclaimed the great naturalist, "your definition is admirable, except in three particulars: a crab is not red, it is not a fish, and it does not walk backwards." Now for the application.

"The English County of East Sussex," say the Messrs Harper, "embracing more than eighty square miles, is almost exclusively the property of the Duke of Richland, and the Baron of Leconfield." "Gentlemen," exclaims THE OWL, "the accuracy of your statement is admirable, except in three particulars: there is no such county in England as East Sussex, there is no such Duke as the Duke of Richland, and no English nobleman is ever styled 'the Baron of' anything."

The various articles in which the Agriculturist points out the enormous evil of horse-racing and fairs, as now carried on, are very forcibly written, and contain so much valuable truth of the precise kind just now needed, that we think the gratitude and support of the community are due to the gentleman who conducts the paper, and who, if we may judge from the following extract, has to make rather an up-hill fight of it:—

"Agricultural Societies generally spend considerable money every season in advertising, and they will give it to those papers that will pander to their abuses every time. Let any paper stand upon a sense of right in dealing with horse-racing, etc., and they will give it a wide berth. There is a premium offered to journals to favor evils of many kinds. A journal honestly conducted has the devil to fight, and must furnish its own fire to do it with."

Is it too much to expect that the decent Christian people of San José and Santa Clara will take sides with the Agriculturist against the devil?

The Magenta looks better externally, this session, from having adopted a different style of type for its title. Internally, if not better than before, which could hardly be expected, is at least as good. We must say that there is something about the tone of the two Harvard papers [by-the-bye, why has the Advocate dropped our acquaintance?] which impresses outsiders very favorably with regard to that celebrated college. We do not refer to their literary excellence, though in that respect also they stand high. But it is certainly a striking fact that they never seem to forget—even under the most trying circumstances—that they represent a community of gentlemen. The text upon which we are making these comments is to be found in the Magenta of Oct 2, wherein is contained an account of the Saratoga Boat Race which fully justifies the opinion expressed by us in our September number, that the Harvard men could not have acted towards Yale in the disgraceful manner supposed.

We have not seen the Yale papers since the Race; except the "Lit," which may always be relied on for moderation. We hope, however, that their remarks on this unlucky difficulty may have been such as to lead to a renewal of the good feeling which should always exist between the two great colleges.
This same "Lit," by-the-bye, speaks with a somewhat doubtful kind of gratitude of The Owl's having termed it "our respected contemporary." What shall we say or do, to please the "Lit?" We are scarcely prepared to withdraw the epithet, for we really do entertain a considerable degree of respect both for itself and for the college whence it emanates. We shall try however to show it less reverence for the future: and, to begin with, we may observe that we think much less of its poetry than its prose. In the October number there is a poem of very small merit, both as to matter and as to metre, the two first words of which are, "Way down." The expression would be a vulgarism, even in prose, but is particularly out of place as the opening phrase of a tragic poem.

Owls are generally regarded as wise birds, and prudent and unobtrusive withal. They keep to their own belfries, or their own old college towers, and are not apt to intrude upon others of their race, or poach upon their neighbors' hunting-grounds. Judge therefore, gentle reader, of our sedate surprise, when an intruder claiming to be of our own race, presented himself the other evening in our sanctum, coolly intimating his intention to assume our name and undertake our work, without leave or license either sought or granted. He actually calls himself, "The Owl, a Literary Monthly!"

We must say that we object to this. It is true that when the two "Owls" come to be examined, they will be found extremely unlike. The intruder, who hails from Chicago, is just as different from "the genuine and only Jarley" as dark is from light, or chalk from cheese. But that only affords an additional reason why he should not usurp our name. The Chicago Owl, in short, "not to put too fine a point upon it," is just an advertising sheet, neither more nor less, issued by W. B. Keen, Cooke & Co., Booksellers, Chicago, in order to bring into notice those books—and those only—which said firm has on sale. The object in view is perfectly legitimate; but we take leave to suggest to our new namesake that he re-christen himself. "Tennyson invariably forgets our name," says he; "and the only one he can think of for us is Augur. Singular! Once he guessed Gimlet. Strange!" Not at all strange, in our opinion. Indeed if we had to think of a name for this intruder ourselves, we should inevitably follow the same train of ideas. Augur is good; especially if it be spelt Auger; Gimlet even better. But, to our mind, there is nothing so applicable as Bore. We make Messrs. Keen, Cooke & Co., a present of the suggestion, promising that we will never interfere with their right and title thereunto.

The College Herald comments in a manner which we must acknowledge is extremely natural, on some new college regulations which were referred to in our "Idle Notes" for September last. Restrictions on letter-writing, and on the freedom of egress and ingress, must no doubt seem to our Eastern
friends to deserve the name of "iron-clad restrictions." But the Herald will please bear in mind that we are not all "young men" in this college, but that our students consist to a great extent of boys, for whom, as all will allow, such regulations may be necessary. We ourselves can testify to the immense amount of valuable time which the little fellows used to consume in writing unnecessary letters.

The Central Collegian is received and welcomed. It begins the session with the October number, under new editorship, and seems to promise well.

The ever welcome Mills Quarterly is again on our table, and besides more than one serious article of merit, contains a capital comic sketch entitled "A Diary," the authoress of which evidently possesses a good share of that humour which we so often desiderate in vain for the pages of The Owl.

The Proposed "National University."

We have received a pamphlet written by J. W. Hoyt, Esq., in which he strongly advocates the establishment by the Government of the Country of an "unsectarian" university which shall be supported by national funds. His pamphlet is intended for an answer to one on the opposite side of the question by President Eliot, of Harvard, of the strength of whose arguments we cannot fairly judge from mere quotations. The case against such an institution is however so strong, that in the hands of a man like President Eliot, it can scarcely fail to be stated irrefutably. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, another high authority on such a matter, takes, we understand, the same side. We are sincerely glad to see such men as these oppose a design which all Catholics must regard as fraught with mischief. Neither of them, from such a standpoint as theirs, can see the full evil of the thing; but their arguments are probably forcible as far as they go, and a Catholic writer could supplement them by others still stronger. As for Mr. Hoyt he puts himself altogether out of court by the very breadth of the case for which he contends. It cannot be the duty of any Government to do so much as he urges, without its being also a duty on the part of such Government to do a great deal more. The intellectual part of man must always be secondary in importance to the moral part; nor can it, as Mr. Hoyt supposes, be dissociated therefrom. And therefore the Government whose duty it is to educate the mind, must a fortiori be under the obligation of educating the heart; in other words, of teaching (through the proper instrumentality, of course) morals and religion. Both or neither, Mr. Hoyt. There is your dilemma.
A Jesuit School for Girls.

This heading will doubtless astonish a few of our readers. It astonishes us too; for we have never heard of such an institution before, and are somewhat inclined to doubt the evidence of our senses even now. However the Circular of the School in question has fallen into our hands; and a very pretty one it is. It has an ornamental red border all round its pages, and bears the legend

in ornamental letters on a highly ornamental scroll; after which follow the words

FOR GIRLS.

Knowing that it is not the custom of the Jesuit Fathers to keep girls' schools, we shall be somewhat surprised if we find that they have made an exception in this case; but beyond all manner of doubt there stands the Jesuit motto before our eyes, upon the title-page of this circular; and with the cross in the midst of it, too, in true Jesuit style; thus—

Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.

A very good motto. A motto we revere and love. But a motto, surely, which implies as a matter of course that any institution which adopts it either is or desires to be under the rule of the Society of Jesus. On further consideration we believe the latter must be the case with the institution in question. It is not, we must suppose, actually connected with the Society at this moment; for there is the name, down at the bottom of the page, of one "Wm. Ingraham Kip," who is described as the Bishop of a State, (California) not of a city; and this of itself looks suspicious, because no true bishop is ever so
described. It would certainly be "ad majorem Dei gloriam" if St. Stephen's School would sever its connexion with this man; and indeed it must do so, before it can be acknowledged by the Sons of St. Ignatius.

The school is located at Gilroy, in this State, and the "Rector" thereof is the "Rev: E. C. Cowan." We are unable to find his name in the Catholic Clergy List, and the name of his associate, Mrs. E. C. Cowan, seem to throw additional doubt upon his priesthood. We will be charitable however, and assume that the accomplished lady who bears the same name with himself, and whom he honors with the title of "Principal," is the good priest's mother. Who could more fittingly preside over a priest's household than his mother?

The "Remarks" which the reverend Father—if he be one—makes upon education, are thoroughly sound and to the point; and he may rest assured that they are in no wise antagonistic to the principles of the great Society whose motto he has so significantly adopted. The "Rules" of the school seem also to be very judicious; and we cannot but think that the Rev. Father Provincial would sanction them. Let the Rev. E. C. Cowan and his respected parent only gain the sanction and approval of the Society of Jesus to what they do—which is scarcely too much to ask of them, considering their motto—and then indeed there will be little doubt of the tendency of their labours "ad majorem Dei gloriam."

**New Music.**

Two new songs have just reached us from the store of that active and enterprising publisher Matthias Gray of San Francisco, Cal., and Portland, O. The first of them, "As my Love Came out to Meet me," bears blue chalk evidence of its popularity: for the publisher has inscribed upon the title-page (for our information we presume) the words "11,000th Edition." The words, by Mrs. M. W. Hackelton, are pretty, and the music, by Chas. Bray, accords so well with them that we are not surprised at the great demand for such a song.

The second, "Sing Little Maiden," has some commonplace words by Tom Hood, who ought to have been able to write better; and must be indebted for whatever popularity it may have obtained, to Molloy's music and Mr. Alfred Kelleher's voice.

Accompanying the songs is a series of waltzes, entitled "The Carnival," which have been skilfully arranged by Louis Bödecker from a succession of different airs.

We should also acknowledge the receipt of several pieces of music which reached us some time since from the same publisher, but our notice of which was unavoidably "crowded out."
“The Owl” to its Subscribers.

The approaching changes in the Postal Regulations of the U. S. will, from the 1st of January next make it compulsory upon the publishers of all magazines to prepay the postage of copies sent to their subscribers. Our patrons are aware that we have anticipated this rule in our own practice, without waiting for compulsion; and that we do at the present time prepay the postage on all “Owls” sent from this office, without any additional charge to them. It has been and is a pleasure to us to extend to our subscribers this little courtesy. But one thing it really does seem to involve; viz: that our rule of requiring payment for the Magazine in advance should no longer be suffered to remain a dead letter; which to a great extent it now is. It cannot, we are sure, be expected of us that in addition to sending out every month a large flock of green “Owls” which bring us no return either in love or money, we should stretch our good nature so far as to pay postage on them also.

There are some who are now two or even three years in arrear; and yet we have not stricken them off our subscription list. We now ask them and all others who may be in our debt, to pay up before the 1st of January next; and to recollect, in so doing, that if they wish to continue the Magazine they should send also a year’s subscription in advance, reckoning from the time at which their previous year’s subscription may have ended—failing which The Owl will no longer be mailed to their address.

Many kind and prompt patrons, it is true, we have; and these will not, we are certain, find fault with the present announcement; but it is a singular fact that one or two of those to whom an excess of consideration has been shown in the retention of their names upon our list notwithstanding that they were defaulters, have actually been so unreasonable as to take offence thereat. We will not give them or anyone else a similar ground of complaint in the future. There is so great a demand at our office for copies of The Owl that we have more than once found our supply inadequate; and this has been due mainly to the fact that we had sent so many “Owls” to subscribers who did not pay that we had not a sufficient number left for cash purchasers.

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Idle Notes.

If we may judge from appearances, we are once more well into the winter season. We may be allowed to say, without any affront to the “Clerk of the Weather,” that for the last few days, we have had about as disagreeable weather as can well be manufactured.

It is somewhat amusing, as one goes to the dormitory, after late study, on a
cold night, to see a poor studious lad hunting high and low for his spare blankets, which some one less studious, but a more faithful votary of the dreamy god, has appropriated to his own use. But no one complains; because he feels that it is only what he would do himself were the cases reversed.

The mention of dormitories reminds us of a rather ridiculous thing which happened a few evenings since. One of our fellow students, the one who took the "observation" last year, had been poring a long time over the ancient atlas, in order to find the precise place at which César crossed the Rubicon. Imagining that he had found the spot, he wished to examine it very closely; so he let his head down by degrees (to see better of course), till finally it rested upon his arms, and thus upon the desk, atlas and all. He went off in short, to seek "old Morph." Study ended, and every one left the hall, leaving our hero in quiet repose. About twelve, it seems, he awoke, dreaming that he was swimming the Rubicon, nearly frozen to death, and endeavoring in vain to catch the bank. In his excitement, he put out his hand to reach the said bank, and as a matter of course, reached the desk opposite to him. This is what he says he felt. "I was nearly plum scared out of my w(l)ife." After thinking a little time, when his "wife" had come back to him, he determined to seek the little boys' dormitory, which he could reach by means of a door communicating with it. He gained it, roused the prefect in charge, and succeeded in frightening that gentleman as much as he had been frightened himself. The next morning he swore that he would never go to "late study" again.

Rumors are afloat in the yard that the Senior Dramatics are making extensive preparations for a drama and farce, which they intend soon to put on the stage. We sent a little "owlet," to play eavesdropper at one of their late rehearsals, and found out that they were going to play the "Wandering Boys," and a laughable farce, entitled "Furnished Apartments."

That the farce was very funny, we have an infallible proof in the fact that our owlet came back with the tears rolling down his beak, from excess of laughter. None will deny that what can make a grave young owlet laugh like that, must be positively side-splitting for ordinary human beings.

As we are given to understand that this performance is for the benefit of the Sisters' Orphan Asylum, San Francisco, we would ask all our patrons and friends to come and aid such a noble and generous work as that to which these deserving ladies have devoted themselves.

We are sorry to record the loss of one of our Editors. Mr. L. C. Winston left us a few days ago, for his home at Los Angeles, where we are sure he will be received with joy by all his numerous friends. We Editors of the Owl shall always mourn his loss, as much on account of personal esteem for him, as for his valuable aid on the staff.
The following communication which was received a short time ago, will speak for itself.

Santa Clara College, Oct. 12, 1874.

Eds. Owl,—Dear Sirs:—I beg leave to inform you that at a meeting of the Philhystorian Debating Society, the following gentlemen were elected to fill vacancies:—John S. Hudner, Vice President; James Herrman, Cor. Secretary; Hyde Bowie, Librarian.—Respectfully yours,

J. Herrmann,
Cor. Sec., P.D.S.

The Recapitulation of the “Amateur” B. B. C. for the year 1874, will appear in our next number.

Base-ball is really alive again, and we rejoice to see it. Since our last issue, several good games have been played, of two of which we took especial notice.

The first of these was played on the 1st of October, between the “Originals” of the College, and the “Occidentals” of the Pacific University. The game was only for a ball, but there was a good deal of excitement over it, on account of its being the first game the college boys had played with “outsiders” for a long time, and consequently neither of the clubs knew the strength of the other.

There seemed to be a great diversity of opinion; but no one thought that the game would end as it did. We can compliment the University boys upon their good catching; but their striking was very poor, we might in fact say figuratively, (almost literally) that they did not strike at all. Of the College boys, nothing need be said save that they all played well, and with a will.

Following is the score, which will speak more than we can write.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ORIGINALS</th>
<th>Occidentals</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Enright R</td>
<td>Moore C. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soto R</td>
<td>Bruner E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Machado J.</td>
<td>Dunn C. H.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soto P</td>
<td>Johnson W. A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Colombet P.</td>
<td>Dunn E. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Smith P.</td>
<td>Gibbons E.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aguirre J.</td>
<td>Ross T. F.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Morrison T. F.</td>
<td>Walker W.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Durbin T. J.</td>
<td>Richards J. E.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Total 36</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Total 27</strong></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

P. D. Linville,  
Umpire.

N. F. Brisac,  
C. E. Gunn,  
{ Scorers.

Time—4 hours.
The other game was the first of a series for the championship of the county. The challenge was proffered by the “Occidentals” to the county, and accepted immediately by the “Originals.”

It is true the College boys won the game; but we heard from an eye-witness, that until the sixth inning, the game was all in the hands of the “Occidentals;” and the same person told us that if the University boys improve as much in their batting before the next game as they did between the game already noticed and this one, the College boys will have to do their best not to be beaten. So boys, if this be so, take the advice of your warmest patron and chronicler, and practise to your utmost. Do not lose the reputation you have so long sustained, of being good players.

Following is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Originals</th>
<th>R</th>
<th>O</th>
<th>Occidentals</th>
<th>R</th>
<th>O</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Argucllo R.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Moore C. C.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soto R.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Bruner E.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Machado J.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Dunn C. H.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>Soto P.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Bruner A.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aguirre J.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Miller R.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrison T. F.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Walker W.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Durbin T. J.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Richards J. E.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total 22 27 Total 15 27

W. Mendenhall, N. F. Brisac, F Scorers
Umpire, C. E. Gunn, Scorers
Time—4 hours.
Best Scorer—T. J. Durbin.

It was also remarked to us by several persons who saw the game, that it was not in conformity with the laws of Base-ball, for the right-field to have a camp-stool out at his post, and sit upon it when the ball was being struck, etc. We do not exactly understand how the Captain could tolerate such a thing. It may be all right; but it does not seem so to us. Our ignorance, we presume. But we think that had we a man who did that in a game which to all appearances we were going to lose, we should most certainly allow him to withdraw his name from the game, or at the least, subject him to a heavy fine.
List of College Exchanges,

RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

MAGAZINES.

Mills Quarterly, Mills Seminary, Brooklyn, Cal.
Hamilton Literary Monthly, Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.
Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
Cornell Message, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Yale Literary Magazine, Yale College, Newhaven, Conn.
Lafayette Monthly, Lafayette College, Easton, Penn.
Packer Quarterly, Packer College, Brooklyn, N.Y.

JOURNALS.

Tyro, Poughkeepsie Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies, Poughkeepsic, 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.
Clippings from Contemporaries.

Let all those indebted to the Student pay up instanter. No fooling here.—Bates Student.

[A sound principle forcibly expressed and capable of wider application. We don’t want any “fooling” here, either.—Eds. Owl.]

A Traveller in the back-woods met with a settler near a house, and enquired—

“Of what built?” Logs.
“Any neighbors?” Frogs.
“What soil?” Bogs.
“What climate?” Fogs.
“What do you live on?” Hogs.
“How do you catch ’em?” Dogs.

—Philomathean.

[And we think that must have been a settler for the traveller.—Eds. Owl.]

The Educational Movement.—

An anxious parent whose son has already mastered French, German and Italian, has determined to send the boy’s education just the little Finnish it requires.—London Punch.

Some come to College to get wisdom, but above all your getting, get on the right side of the Professors. This is very important.—Cornell Review.

Base-ball whiskers: nine on a side.

—Chronicle.

An enthusiastic Freshman dates his letter from Yale, “New Heaven.”

—Magenta.

Soliloquy by an English “Swell.”

On religion although I could never reflect,
I’ve regarded it always with proper respect.
I consider the subject in this point of view:—
What the wide sawt of people believe, must be true.
On that question the Peers, as a rule, are at home.
But—the Marquis of Wipon’s gone ova to Wome!

So the Peewage contributes another wewcruit.
To the camp joined before by the Marquis of Bute;
And the gentwy ’ve contriibuted severwal too;
It seems going to be the correct thing to do.
—Stop! A fella would think twice before he did that.
He would like to make sure about what he was at.

A Freemason, in case of becoming a ’Vert,
The Freemasons is forced by his priests to desert;
But the Uppa Ten Thousand at present contains
A great many more Masons than Ultwamontanes;
And a fella should wait till most fellas secede,
Before eva he thinks about changing his qweed.
He who Masonwy’s got to wenounce as a sin,
Can he tell for what else he has let himself in?
A deserter might find, by-and-bye, to his cost,
That he more than his Freemason’s freedom had lost.
To be quopped I won’t just yet surwenda my comb,
Though the Marquis of Wipon’s gone ova to Wome.

—London Punch.
### TABLE OF HONOR

*Credits for the month of September as read on Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1874.*

#### CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

1st Class—H. Bowie 75, J. Callaghan 70, J. Hudner 75, J. Machado 70, L. Palmer 72, R. Soto 76, T. Tully 72, J. T. Walsh 78, B. Yorba 75.


3d Class—B. Chretien 100, Jno. Day 75, Th. Dowell 90, F. Ebner 70, F. Harrison 75, C. Miles 100, Jno. Montgomery 100, A. McConne 70, C. Quilty 93, R. Sheridan 100, R. Spence 78, R. Sheridan 70, X. Yorba 95.


6th Class—W. Barron 100, C. Enright 100, Jno. Ford 75, F. Hall 70, J. Killian 70, D. Spence 85, A. Tostado 70, Jno. Vollo 100.

#### LOGIC AND METAPHYSIC.

N. F. Brisac 74, W. T. Gras 70.

#### NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

W. Cardwell 70, W. Gray 85, T. Morrison 72, R. Soto 74, T. Tully 72, J. Walsh 80, L. Winston 76, B. Yorba 75.

#### ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

Th. Durbin 74, Th. Morrison 82, J. Walsh 89, L. Winston 85.

#### ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

V. Clement 77, W. Gray 90, J. Herrmann 70, B. Yorba 73.

#### MATHEMATICS.

1st Class—N. F. Brisac 95, J. T. Walsh 95, H. Winston 95.

2d Class—V. Clement 70, J. Herrmann 70, B. Yorba 70.


#### GREEK.

1st Class—W. T. Gray 70.

2d Class—T. Morrison 77, J. T. Walsh 70, L. C. Winston 74.

3d Class—R. Soto 70.

4th Class—R. Arguello 70 R. Brenham 85, W. Davis 80, J. Herrmann 95, C. Quilty 80, J. Smith 90.


#### LATIN.

1st Class—W. Gray 75, T. Morrison 75, L. Winston 75.

2d Class—G. Gray 70, J. T. Walsh 78.

3d Class—J. Herrmann 71, J. Smith 70, B. Yorba 81.
### Table of Honor

#### RHETORIC

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>J. R. Arguello 75, R. Brenham 85, W. Davis 95, C. Quilty 98, W. Schofield 70, Th. Tully 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th</td>
<td>J. Bonnett 88, A. Bowie 78, F. Cavagnaro 95, M. Donahue 72, T. Dowell 98, W. Furman 77, F. Galindo 90, L. Ghirardelli 97, F. Lacoste 71, J. J. Montgomery 84, J. M. Murphy 70, D. Quilty 79, G. Shafer 88, F. Shafer 72, R. Sheridan 91, E. Welti 100</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### GRAMMAR

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>J. Chretien 85, T. Dowell 90, F. Harrison 88, A. McCone 80, J. J. Montgomery 90, C. Quilty 87, R. Sheridan 75, W. Schofield 78, E. Stanton 73, X. Yorba 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d</td>
<td>W. Davis 94, J. Franklin 90, L. Harrison 70, J. Ryland 90, J. Smith 94</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### FRENCH

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>B. Brisac 74, O. Orella 71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d</td>
<td>R. De la Vega 80, Th. Dowell 98, G. Gray 78, W. Gray 90, D. Harvey 70, F. Lacoste 75, A. Sanchez 90, R. Spence 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d</td>
<td>H. Bowie 86, F. Gambert 80, F. Harrison 86, L. Harrison 85, Jno. Hopkins 86, A. Loweree 86, C. Ortiz 80, P. Murphy 76, Jno. Murphy 70</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### SPANISH

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>C. McClatchy 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d</td>
<td>N. Brisac 95, W. Furman 70, O. Gresham 70, G. Holden 90, A. Pacheco 95, W. Sears 75, J. F. Smith 94</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### ITALIAN

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F. Cavagnaro 85, J. Cavagnaro 85, J. Ocase 85</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### GERMAN

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. Auzerais 80, B. Brisac 80, C. Ebner 100, F. Ebner 90, G. Ebner 90, H. Friedenthal 75, L. Ghirardelli 80, A. Hoefleng 70, J. Meyer 70, A. Muller 70, J. Perrier 75, X. Yorba 90</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### ARITHMETIC

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2d</td>
<td>A. Arriola 70, R. Brenham 70, J. Chretien 75, H. Dinklage 80, F. Ebner 80, L. Ghirardelli 70, G. Holden 87, C. Miles 70, A Muller 70, P. Murphy 70, J. Ocase 85, G. Proctor 70, F. Ryland 89, J. M. Murphy 80, J. Donahue 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d</td>
<td>C. Arguello 72, W. Bellows 90, J. Branch 80, J. Cahill 70, G. Ebner 70, L. Galagher 72, E. Holden 70, W. Irwin 92, E. Lamolte 85, J. Moore 95, A. Spence 78, Jose Tinoco 70, F. Thompson 78, Jno. Voilo 98, V. Vidaurreta 71, E. Wingard 70, H. Wilcox 90 J. Wolter 70, J. Boyter 80, Th. Donahue 74, H. Farmer 88, Th. Hughes 85, Th. McShane 70, F. Shafer 78, G. Shafer 77, E. White 70</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### BOOK-KEEPING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>A. Aguirre 75, V. Clement 100, W. Davis 90, W. Furman 85, C. McClatchy 92, J. F. Smith 90, C. Welti 85, X. Yorba 90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d</td>
<td>C. Barker 70, B. Brisac 80, J. Cavagnaro 80, J. Chretien 76, T. Dowell 75, F. Ebner 80, J. Enright 78, J. Franklin 98, H. Freudenthal 100, W. Harrison 72, J. Hudner 100, H. Hughes 70, F. Lacoste 71, A. Loweree 90, C. Miles 73, J. J. Montgomery 90, J. Ocase 84, O. Orella 73, L. Palmer 90, L. Partidge 72, W. Sears 90, F. Scully 70, R. Sheridan 85, R. Spence 81, A. Stanton 90, T. Tully 100 C. Quilty 100</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Table of Honor.


READING AND SPELLING.


4th Class—R. Dean 70, J. Killiorn 80, H. Kahrengberg 70, J. Volio 70, C. Murphy 75.

Elocution

1st Class—J. Callaghan 70, J. T. Walsh 70.


4th Class—D. Harvey 75, McKinnon 70, G. Meehan 75, J. Murphy 75, J. Olesce 85, J. Perrier 70, W. Proctor 80, C. Volio 70.

5th Class—A. Bowie 70, A. McCusker 79, H. Farmer 90, D. Quilty 70.

Penmanship.

1st Class—J. Auzerais 70, J. Bernal 70, T. Dowell 73, J. Day 73, S. Franklin 78, J. Herrmann 71, J. Lopez 70, W. Proctor 75, J. Yoria 75.


Drawing.

A. Arriola 90, J. Auzerais 80, A. Bowie 75, H. Bowie 85, F. Burling 70, M. Donahue 73, F. Gambert 70, P. Mallon 89, A. McCone 75, O. Orfena 70, C. Ortiz 70, F. Ryland 70, W. Schofield 75, V. Vidaurreta 80.

Piano.

H. Bowie 80, C. Ebner 80, W. Gray 80, V. Vidaurreta 70, W. Franklin 80, H. Gilmor 75, A. Leddy 75, W. Gilbert 70, F. Gambert 70.

Brass Instruments.

F. Harrison 80, L. Harrison 70, P. Mallon 70, R. Remus 80.

Violin.

W. Sears 75, G. Gray 70, R. Enright 70, J. Basset 70, D. Gagnon 70, R. Spence 75, W. Davis 70, T. Morrisan 75, R. Lawrie 75, E. Wingard 70.

Vocal Music.

J. W. Rylund 75, W. Sears 70, E. Holden 70, P. Mallon 75.

[Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.]
cold night, to see a poor studious lad hunting high and low for his spare blankets, which some one less studious, but a more faithful votary of the dreamy god, has appropriated to his own use. But no one complains; because he feels that it is only what he would do himself were the cases reversed.

The mention of dormitories reminds us of a rather ridiculous thing which happened a few evenings since. One of our fellow students, the one who took the “wobserwation” last year, had been poring a long time over the ancient atlas, in order to find the precise place at which Cesar crossed the Rubicon. Imagining that he had found the spot, he wished to examine it very closely; so he let his head down by degrees (to see better of course), till finally it rested upon his arms, and thus upon the desk, atlas and all. He went off in short, to seek “old Morph.” Study ended, and every one left the hall, leaving our hero in quiet repose. About twelve, it seems, he awoke, dreaming that he was swimming the Rubicon, nearly frozen to death, and endeavoring in vain to catch the bank. In his excitement, he put out his hand to reach the said bank, and as a matter of course, reached the desk opposite to him. This is what he says he felt. “I was nearly plum scared out of my w(l)ife.” After thinking a little time, when his “wife” had come back to him, he determined to seek the little boys’ dormitory, which he could reach by means of a door communicating with it. He gained it, roused the prefect in charge, and succeeded in frightening that gentleman as much as he had been frightened himself. The next morning he swore that he would never go to “late study” again.

Rumors are afloat in the yard that the Senior Dramatics are making extensive preparations for a drama and farce, which they intend soon to put on the stage. We sent a little “owlet,” to play eavesdropper at one of their late rehearsals, and found out that they were going to play the “Wandering Boys,” and a laughable farce, entitled “Furnished Apartments.”

That the farce was very funny, we have an infallible proof in the fact that our owlet came back with the tears rolling down his beak, from excess of laughter. None will deny that what can make a grave young owlet laugh like that, must be positively side-splitting for ordinary human beings.

As we are given to understand that this performance is for the benefit of the Sisters’ Orphan Asylum, San Francisco, we would ask all our patrons and friends to come and aid such a noble and generous work as that to which these deserving ladies have devoted themselves.

We are sorry to record the loss of one of our Editors. Mr. L. C. Winston left us a few days ago, for his home at Los Angeles, where we are sure he will be received with joy by all his numerous friends. We Editors of the Owl shall always mourn his loss, as much on account of personal esteem for him, as for his valuable aid on the staff.
The following communication which was received a short time ago, will speak for itself.

Santa Clara College, Oct. 12, 1874.

Eds. Owl,—*Dear Sirs:—* I beg leave to inform you that at a meeting of the Philhistorian Debating Society, the following gentlemen were elected to fill vacancies:—John S. Hudner, Vice President; James Herrman, Cor. Secretary; Hyde Bowie, Librarian.—Respectfully yours,

J. Herrmann,
Cor. Sec., P.D.S.

The Recapitulation of the “Amateur” B. B. C. for the year 1874, will appear in our next number.

Base-ball is really alive again, and we rejoice to see it. Since our last issue, several good games have been played, of two of which we took especial notice.

The first of these was played on the 1st of October, between the “Originals” of the College, and the “Occidentals” of the Pacific University. The game was only for a ball, but there was a good deal of excitement over it, on account of its being the first game the college boys had played with “outsiders” for a long time, and consequently neither of the clubs knew the strength of the other.

There seemed to be a great diversity of opinion; but no one thought that the game would end as it did. We can compliment the University boys upon their good catching; but their striking was very poor, we might in fact say figuratively, (almost literally) that they did not strike at all. Of the College boys, nothing need be said save that they all played well, and with a will.

Following is the score, which will speak more than we can write.

### Originals

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>R. O.</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Enright R</td>
<td>4 3</td>
<td>Moore C. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sote R</td>
<td>4 4</td>
<td>Bruner E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Machado J.</td>
<td>5 2</td>
<td>Dunn C. H.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soto P.</td>
<td>4 3</td>
<td>Johnson W. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colombet P.</td>
<td>5 2</td>
<td>Dunn E. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith P.</td>
<td>2 5</td>
<td>Gibbons E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aguirre J.</td>
<td>2 5</td>
<td>Ross T. F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrison T. F.</td>
<td>5 2</td>
<td>Walker W.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Durbin T. J.</td>
<td>5 1</td>
<td>Richards J. E.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Total** | 36 27 | **Total** | 3 27 |

P. D. Linville,  
*Umpire.*

N. F. Brisac,  
C. E. Gunn,  
*Scorers.*

Time—4 hours.
The other game was the first of a series for the championship of the county. The challenge was proffered by the "Occidentals" to the county, and accepted immediately by the "Originals."

It is true the College boys won the game; but we heard from an eye-witness, that until the sixth inning, the game was all in the hands of the "Occidentals;" and the same person told us that if the University boys improve as much in their batting before the next game as they did between the game already noticed and this one, the College boys will have to do their best not to be beaten. So boys, if this be so, take the advice of your warmest patron and chronicler, and practise to your utmost. Do not lose the reputation you have so long sustained, of being good players.

Following is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Originals</th>
<th>Occidentals</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. O.</td>
<td>R. O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arguello R.</td>
<td>0 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soto R.</td>
<td>3 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Machado J.</td>
<td>2 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soto P.</td>
<td>2 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colombet P.</td>
<td>3 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith P.</td>
<td>2 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aguirre J.</td>
<td>2 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrison T. F.</td>
<td>3 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Durbin T. J.</td>
<td>5 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total 22 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total 15 27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

W. Mendenhall, \[\text{Umpire}\]

N. F. Brisac, \[\text{Scorers}\]

C. E. Gunn

Time—4 hours.

Best Scorer—T. J. Durbin.

It was also remarked to us by several persons who saw the game, that it was not in conformity with the laws of Base-ball, for the right-field to have a camp-stool out at his post, and sit upon it when the ball was being struck, etc. We do not exactly understand how the Captain could tolerate such a thing. It may be all right; but it does not seem so to us. Our ignorance, we presume. But we think that had we a man who did that in a game which to all appearances we were going to lose, we should most certainly allow him to withdraw his name from the game, or at the least, subject him to a heavy fine.
List of College Exchanges,

RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

MAGAZINES.

Mills Quarterly, Mills Seminary, Brooklyn, Cal.
Hamilton Literary Monthly, Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.
Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
Cornell Review, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Yale Literary Magazine, Yale College, Newhaven, Conn.
Lafayette Monthly, Lafayette College, Easton, Penn.
Packer Quarterly, Packer College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOURNALS.

Tyro, Poughkeepsic Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies, Poughkeepsic, 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.
Clippings from Contemporaries.

LEl all those indebted to the Student pay up instanter. No fooling here.—Bates Student.

[A sound principle forcibly expressed and capable of wider application. We don’t want any “fooling” here, either.—Eds, Owl.]

A TRAVELLER in the back-woods met with a settler near a house, and enquired—


“Of what built?” Logs.

“Any neighbors?” Frogs.

“What soil?” Bogs.

“What climate?” Fogs.

“What do you live on?” Hogs.

“How do you catch ’em?” Dogs.

—Philomathean.

[And we think that must have been a settler for the traveller.—Eds. Owl]

THE EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT.—An anxious parent whose son has already mastered French, German and Italian, has determined to send the youth to Finlan, in order to give the boy’s education just the little Finnish it requires.—London Punch.

Some come to College to get wisdom, but above all your getting, get on the right side of the Professors. This is very important.—Cornell Review.

Base-ball whiskers: nine on a side.

—Chronicle.

AN enthusiastic Freshman dates his letter from Yale, “New Heaven.”

—Magenta.

SOLILOQUY BY AN ENGLISH “SWELL.”

On religion although I could never reflect,
I’ve regarded it always with proper respect.
I consider the subject in this point of view:—
What the wight sawt of people believe, must be true.
On that question the Peers, as a rule, are at home
But—the Marquis of Wipon’s gone ova to Wome!

So the Peewage contributes another wewcut
To the camp joined before by the Marquis of Bute;
And the geniwy’ve contribiwted severwai too;
It seems going to be the correct thing to do.
—Stop! A fella would think twice before he did that.
He would like to make sure about what he was at.

A Freemason, in case of becoming a ’Vert,
The Freemasons is forced by his priests to desert;
But the Uppa Ten Thousand at present contains
A great many more Masons than Ultwamontanes;
And a fella should wait till most fellas secede,
Before eva he thinks about changing his quweed.

He who Masonwy’s got to wenounce as a sin,
Can he tell for what else he has let himself in?
A deserta might find, by-and-bye, to his cost,
That he more than his Freemason’s freedom had lost.
To be quopped I won’t just yet surwenda my comb,

Though the Marquis of Wipon’s gone ova to Wome.

—London Punch.
**TABLE OF HONOR**

*Credits for the month of September as read on Wednesday, Oct. 1. 1874.*

**CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.**

1st Class—H. Bowie 75, J. Callaghan 70, J. Hudner 75, J. Machado 70, L. Palmer 72, R. Soto 76, T. Tully 72, J. T. Walsh 78, B. Yorba 75.


3d Class—B. Christen 100, Jno. Day 75, Th. Dowell 90, F. Elmer 70, F. Harrison 75, C. Miles 100, Jno. Montgomery 100, A. McCone 70, C. Quilty 93, R. Sheridan 100, R. Spence 78, R. Sheridan 70, X. Yorba 95.


6th Class—W. Barron 100, C. Enright 100, Jno. Ford 75, F. Hall 70, J. Killian 70, D. Spence 85, A. Tostado 70, Jno. Volio 100.

**LOGIC AND METAPHYSIC.**

N. F. Brisac 74, W. T. Gras 70.

**NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.**

W. Cardwell 70, W. Gray 85, T. Morrison 72, R. Soto 74, T. Tully 72, J. Walsh 89, L. C. Winston 76, B. Yorba 75.

**ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.**

Th. Durbin 74, Th. Morrison 82, J. Walsh 89, L. Winston 85.

**ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.**

V. Clement 77, W. Gray 90, J. Herrmann 70, B. Yorba 73.

**MATHEMATICS**

1st Class—N. F. Brisac 95, J. T. Walsh 95, H. Winston 95.

2d Class—V. Clement 70, J. Herrmann 70, B. Yorba 70.


**GREEK.**

1st Class—W. T. Gray 70.

2d Class—T. Morrison 77, J. T. Walsh 70, L. C. Winston 74.

3d Class—R. Soto 70.

4th Class—R. Arguello 70 R. Brenham 85, W. Davis 80, J. Herrmann 95, C. Quily 80, J. Smith 90.


**LATIN.**

1st Class—W. Gray 75, T. Morrison 75, L. Winston 75.

2d Class—G. Gray 70, J. T. Walsh 78.

3d Class—J. Herrmann 71, J. Smith 70, B. Yorba 81.
Table of Honor.

4th Class—J. R. Arguello 75, R. Brenham 85, W. Davis 95, C. Quilty 98, W. Schofield 70, Th. Tully 75.

5th Class—J. Bonnett 88, A. Bowie 78, F. Cavagnaro 95, M. Donahue 72, T. Dowell 93, W. Furman 77, F. Galindo 90, L. Ghirardelli 97, F. Lacoste 71, J. J. Montgomery 84, J. M. Murphy 70, D. Quilty 79, G. Shafer 83, F. Shafer 73, R. Sheridan 91, E. Welti 100.

Rhetoric.

1st Class—J. Herrmann 73, Th. Tully 77, J. Walsh 78, R. Yorba 78.

2d Class—W. Davis 94, J. Franklin 90, L. Harrison 70, J. Ryland 90, J. Smith 94.

Grammar.


3d Class—1st Division—J. Basset 70, W. Bellew 80, V. Bruschi 75, F. Cavagnaro 70, D. Gagnon 70, E. Holden 90, E. Lamolle 70, R. Lawrie 70, J. Moore 70, A. Pacheco 70, F. Ryland 92, V. Sanchez 70, H. Wilcox 90, J. Bonnet 85, H. Farmer 92, Ed. Welti 70.

2d Division—N. Beck 70, J. Fenton 74, O. Fogate 79, F. Galindo 70, L. Gallagher 70, H. Green 80, J. R. Murphy 85, D. Narvaez 70, R. Pico 90.

French.

1st Class—B. Brisac 74, O. Orena 71.

2d Class—R. De la Vega 80, Th. Dowell 98, G. Gray 78, W. Gray 90, D. Harvey 70, F. Lacoste 75, A. Sanchez 90, R. Spence 70.


Spanish.

1st Class—C. McClatchy 70.


Italian.


German.


Arithmetic.


2d Class—A. Arriola 70, R. Brenham 70, J. Chretien 75, H. Dinklage 80, F. Ebner 80, L. Ghirardelli 70, G. Holden 87, C. Miles 70, A. Muller 70, P. Murphy 70, J. Olcese 85, G. Proctor 70, F. Ryland 89, J. M. Murphy 80, J. Donahue 75.


Book-keeping.

1st Class—A. Aguirre 75, V. Clement 100, W. Davis 90, W. Furman 85, C. McClatchy 92, J. F. Smith 90, C. Welti 85, X. Yorba 90.

Table of Honor.


READING AND SPELLING.


4th Class—R. Dean 70, J. Killiomen 80, H. Krabenberg 70, J. Volio 70, C. Murphy 75.

ELOCUTION

1st Class—J. Callaghan 70, J. T. Walsh 70.


3d Class—J. Day 73, Th. Dowell 80, N. Freudenthal 70, F. Harrison 73, P. Kewen 80, J. J. Montgomery 70, A. McConøy, 55, C. Quilty 80, C. Stanton 76, W. Schofield 80, C. Welti 70.

4th Class—D. Harvey 75, McKinnon 70, G. Meehan 75, J. Murphy 75, J. Olcese 85, J. Perrier 70, W. Proctor 80, C. Volio 70.

5th Class—A. Bowie 70, A. McCusker 70, H. Farmer 90, D. Quilty 70.

PENSMAINSHIP

1st Class—J. Auzerais 70, J. Bernal 70, T. Dowell 73, J. Day 73, S. Franklin 78, J. Herrmann 71, J. Lopez 70, W. Proctor 75, J. Yorba 75.


DRAWING


PIANO

H. Bowie 80, C. Elbro 80, W. Gray 80, V. Vidaurreta 70, W. Franklin 80, H. Gilmor 75, A. Leddy 75, W. Gilbert 70, F. Gambert 70.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS

F. Harrison 80, L. Harrison 70, P. Mallon 70, R. Remus 80.

VIOLIN

W. Sears 75, G. Gray 70, R. Enright 70, J. Basset 70, D. Gagnon 70, R. Spence 75, W. Davis 70, T. Morrison 75, R. Lawrie 75, E. Wingard 70.

VOCAL MUSIC

J. W. Rylrad 75, W. Sears 70, E. Holden 70, P. Mallon 75.

[Classes of the Preparatory Department are omitted.] Highest number of credits given, 100. Recipients of 70 and over only mentioned.
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