CONTENTS

STUDIES FROM NATURE, NO. II—"Sainte Susette." ........................................ 201
NOTABLE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS ........................................................................ 205
THE BURSTING OF THE MOUNTAIN ................................................................ 209
THE MYSTERY OF MESMERISM EXPLAINED.—Chapter III ............................... 211
CHARADES BY JACK THE GIANT-KILLER ....................................................... 214 & 224
TRAINING CHILDREN FOR MARTYRDOM ...................................................... 215

CORRESPONDENCE—
Letter from Jack the Giant-Killer ................................................................. 217
A Grumpy Guardian .......................................................................................... 119

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT—
A VISIT TO SATURN .................................................................................... 221
"Polly." ............................................................................................................ 223

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT—
Editor's Table .................................................................................................. 225
Idle Notes .......................................................................................................... 230
List of College Exchanges ............................................................................... 234
Noted and Quoted ......................................................................................... 236
Table of Honor ................................................................................................. 239

INDEX TO ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

Bank—Commercial & Savings ................................................................. 5
Hibernian Saving and Loan Society .......................................................... 8
Barber—J. Stewart ......................................................................................... 6
Book-binders and Stationers—A Waldenfelt, cover .................................. 6
Payot Upham & Co. ..................................................................................... 6
Boat and Steamer—Pulverman .................................................................. 6
Kast ............................................................................................................... 6
B. H. Hicke .................................................................................................. 7
Butchers—Leedy Bros. ............................................................................... 7
S. Martinielli & Co. ..................................................................................... 6
Candy Manufacturer—M. O'Brien .................................................................. 2
Cigar Factory—Coho, Ygnal & Co. ............................................................... 2
Cigar Store—J. F. Tobin .............................................................................. 7
J. C. Koppell .................................................................................................. 6
David—N. Klein ........................................................................................... 4
Drugstore—Rogers & Lewis ........................................................................ 4
James J. Hyde .................................................................................................. 4
Dry Goods—L. Kinnon ................................................................................... 2
"City of San Jose." ....................................................................................... 2
D. Bergin ....................................................................................................... 1

Educational—Santa Clara College .............................................................. cover
St. Mary's Academy ...................................................................................... 6
Max Ritter ...................................................................................................... 7
Grocers—E. Lamory .................................................................................... 6
J. M. Swinford .............................................................................................. 6
A. Habich ...................................................................................................... 6
Devine & Lorgian ......................................................................................... 7
Aurals & Pomeroy ....................................................................................... 2
Hofstad—Cameron House .......................................................................... 7
House Decorator—Geo. B. McKee ............................................................... 7
Livery Stables—M. Corcoran ...................................................................... 3
Barry & Brennan ......................................................................................... 7
City Stables, San Jose .................................................................................. 4
Photography—Wright's Gallery .................................................................. 4
Restaurants—J. Pleustai & Co ................................................................. 5
Sculptor—A. Power ....................................................................................... 7
Tavern—John M. Cady ................................................................................. 4
O'Balnian & Kent ......................................................................................... 6
J. Quately ...................................................................................................... 6
 Undertakers—Langford & Eastwood ............................................................ 8

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STUDIES FROM NATURE.—No II.

(by J. P. Rowe.)

"SAINTE SUSETTE."

Chapter IV.

The Cure overtook us as we were about to enter the house. Rumour having already informed him of our accident, he had come to congratulate us on our escape.

He entered our apartment along with us; and when Susette brought in our invalid, and placed her on the sofa, the warm-hearted old man, turning towards her, seized both her hands and shook them cordially, exclaiming, as the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, "Am I to lose my Sainte, just as I find her worthier than ever to be held up as a model to my people?"

Then, for the first time since she had been with us, Susette laughed! A strange low, mocking laugh it was; mephistophelian rather than seraphic.

We gazed, aghast, at the young girl, whose aspect had suddenly and entirely changed. She stood before us in her symmetrical beauty, the very incarnation of demoniacal triumph; her figure erected to its utmost height, her arms stretched down before her, her fingers interlaced, her head slightly bent forward. As she looked up at us from under her eyebrows her statuesque face was all aglow with a dark red flush, her eyes glittering as if illumined by an infernal fire, the fine curves of her mouth just sufficiently distended to display two rows of exquisitely white, pointed teeth,—a Sainte no longer! It was as if the veiled prophet in "Lalla Rookh," had suddenly drawn aside his veil, and shown himself, unmasked, to his worshipers.

My mother cried out in terror, "The girl has gone mad!" The Cure exclaimed "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and fell swooning on the floor.

At this moment the door burst open, and in rushed the citizen, our
morning's acquaintance, and the two gens-d'armes.

At sight of these men the glow suddenly left Susette's face, turning to a corpse-like pallor, as the stranger, advancing towards her, said in a stern, harsh voice, "I arrest you, Jean Séguard, in the name of the law!"

"You are mistaken, Monsieur; this is our maid-servant, Susette," said my mother.

"Madame!" cried the stranger; "it is a man! an escaped galley-slave, and a murderer! Turn up your sleeve," said he roughly to Susette, and let us see if the brand is not on your arm!"

Susette, deadly pale but quite composed, her black eyes from which all light had departed fixed upon the stranger, continued perfectly silent, but made a slight movement towards the door which, the stranger perceiving, instantly placed his back against it.

"Turn up your sleeve!" he again commanded.

Susette stood perfectly still.

"Seize that man!" cried he to the gens-d'armes.

They stepped forward; but ere they reached her, Susette, quick as lightning, snatched a double-barrelled pistol from her bosom, and fired twice, with so accurate an aim that both the men fell lifeless at her feet. She then threw down the smoking weapon, drew a knife from a waistband which had been concealed by her loose jacket, and sprang upon the citizen!

The ponderous citizen stepped backward before she closed with him, thus avoiding the thrust aimed at his heart; and seized the again upraised hand that held the gleaming knife.

A lion and a tiger had met in mortal combat! For a moment it was doubtful which would conquer. The citizen still held, at arm's length from him, Susette's knife-clasping hand; but the other, with its long, lithe fingers, was at his throat, and he was already growing purple in the face, when with one tremendous effort he shook himself free, at the same moment snatching a pistol from his pocket.

There they stood, like two wild animals at bay, glaring at each other, he still holding her by the wrists.

"Jean Séguard," gasped the stranger, "submit yourself!"

Susette, still silent, arched her back, tiger-like, for a second spring; but at that moment the stranger fired straight into her heart, releasing her knife hand as he did so.

Instantly the agile Susette, with a fearful shriek, threw up her arms, leaped into the air, tottered forwards a few steps, and fell face downwards on the floor!

The brave citizen now threw himself, utterly exhausted, into the nearest chair; while my mother and my poor sister Lucy began to weep in an hysterical manner, and a crowd of trembling women, inmates of the lodging house, assembled in the passage, filling our doorway, and gazing upon the scene in uncomprehending dismay.
CHAPTER V.

“Ladies,” said the stranger, as soon as he could speak, “an explanation is due to you, which will at the same time be my excuse for so unceremoniously invading your premises. This morning I discovered, through your accident, a lost convict of whom I had been in search for a whole year. The death of a brother called me unexpectedly to this city a week ago. The settlement of his affairs still detains me here. But finding time hang heavy on my hands, I was sauntering about the town in search of amusement, when the market-women’s voices attracted me to your carriage. Imagine, then, my surprise, when I recognized in your servant my lost prisoner! You may have observed that this young fellow had a face which when once seen could not easily be forgotten, and you will remember that his hat fell off while he was rescuing you. I knew him at once, in spite of his disguise; but he failed, it seems, to see in me the judge who tried and condemned him two years ago, for the murder of his adopted parents. Ladies, this is the history of a heartless ingrate. Adopted and tenderly reared by an old leather-worker and his wife, this orphan boy was taught by them their trade. In the course of a long life of frugal industry, the old couple had amassed a small fortune, which, with rustic distrust of banks, they had concealed beneath their kitchen floor. Their trusted protegé, whom they had reared from infancy to youth was their only confidant. Basely did he reward them. In the dead of night he strangled them in their beds, dug up the money, and fled. A neighbor accidentally calling the following morning, discovered the foul deed, together with the absence of Séguard, who for some reason or other was much disliked in the village. He immediately raised a hue and cry. The newly dug earth of the kitchen floor, spoke eloquently against Séguard. He was overtaken in the neighboring forest, but he had succeeded in concealing the treasure previously to his capture. I condemned him to the galleys for life; but he had only been working there a year, when in some mysterious manner he effected his escape. Let me show you the brand on his arm,” continued the judge, stooping down and taking the knife from the hand of the dead convict. “This weapon was meant for my heart; but we will put it to a better use.” So saying he slit up Susette’s sleeve, and there on the smooth white flesh were indelibly printed, in large letters, the initials “J. S.”

“Now, ladies,” inquired the judge, “are there any men in the house?”

“No,” said the women in the door-way, “they are all away at their work.”
"Then, Mesdames," he replied, "I must retain you as witnesses, while I perform a disagreeable duty. I have to examine this body for concealed treasure; but I will permit you, although I cannot dispense with your presence, to turn aside till I recall your attention."

After a short pause, during which he was busily engaged stripping and examining the corpse, "Ah! Here it is!" he exclaimed; "Look, Mesdames, at the miserable treasure for which this poor youth risked and lost both time and eternity."

On turning towards him, we found that the judge had thrown his overcoat over the body, and was holding up for our inspection, a dingy-looking leathern belt, embroidered after the fashion of saddle flaps, with an embossed pattern. "See," he continued, cutting open one of the stitched leaves; "into every compartment is stitched a Napoleon! After all, the whole sum," said he, counting it over, "is very small, to tempt a man to run such a fearful risk. But then how very inadequate to lookers on, always appear the objects which lure men to destruction! It is as if Satan placed a false glamour over the eyes of his victims causing them to see their coveted prizes in a different light from anybody else! Mesdames, my task is now ended: I will retire, and send the proper authorities to remove the bodies to the Morgue. But first, I will help you to raise the poor Curé, who has happily escaped witnessing these painful events. I pray God that this shock may not have any lasting ill effect upon him; yet it may be that this is one of those curious dispensations of Providence wherein the innocent seem called upon to endure equal penalties with the guilty. Four innocent lives are surely enough for one young rascal to have taken before reaching his twenty-second year!"

* * * * *

My readers will be glad to hear that the Curé eventually recovered sufficiently to say Mass and to celebrate most of the rites of the Church; but he never could be induced to enter the pulpit again. "I abhor the place," he would excitedly exclaim, "where I held up to my poor people as a perfect saint, an incarnate devil!"

On this account, and because it soon became evident that the sudden and severe trial which his already debilitated system had sustained, had afflicted him with a permanent palsy, he was soon allowed to retire to a quiet monastery, far away from that wicked world with which his simple nature was so unfitted to cope.

My poor mother and sister, neither of whom were strong, never recovered the shock which all their notions of propriety had received, through this tragical episode in their lives. In less than a year they lay side by side, in a quiet English graveyard. I am now all alone in the world; and for this I have to thank "Sainte Susette."

THE END.
NOTABLE VOLCANIC Eruptions.

(TOMAS TULLY, 1ST RHETORIC.)

THE word volcano is derived from *Vulcanus*, the Roman god of fire, and is applied to those mountains which act, so to speak, as the safety valves of the earth; through which, as through a flume, smoke, ashes, mud, pent-up vapors, and streams of lava are discharged.

The phenomena presented by active volcanoes are the most sublime of all those exhibited by the high lands of the earth. Volcanoes often remain inactive until nearly all indications of their volcanic character are lost; but they may at any time break forth unexpectedly, as was the case with Mount Vesuvius in the year 79 A.D.

In the volcanic districts there are certain vents which constantly send forth volcanic matter, like Stromboli, which has been the great light-house of nature in the Mediterranean for two thousand years.

The ravages of volcanoes and those of earthquakes might, without impropriety, have been discussed together, since the two are frequently united, and since both are the effects of subterranean forces; but the latter subject has already been treated of in The Owl, by a worthier pen than ours, and we are therefore relieved from any such duty. Of the two, perhaps the ravages of the volcanoes are the more destructive in the end, for we may have an earthquake unaccompanied by any volcanic eruption; and in that case it is frequently possible to take precautions against the anticipated danger. In countries where earthquakes are frequent, the inhabitants take many such precautions, with some of which Californians are familiar enough; and the number of persons killed and the value of property destroyed by earthquakes in these countries is less than in countries where earthquakes are infrequent.

The eruptions of volcanoes, on the other hand, are always either accompanied or preceded by most violent earthquakes, and the immense clouds of smoke with which the atmosphere is filled often involve the whole surrounding country in darkness. Sounds like the discharges of artillery are then heard, and the mountains are rent, and all kinds of volcanic matter are ejected with tremendous force. The earthquakes might suffice, of themselves to make the stoutest heart shrink with fear; but how much greater must that fear be, when at the
same time streams of lava are cutting off the retreat of the flying wretches, or when the air which they breathe is charged with poisonous volcanic gases, which cause all who inhale them to perish in fearful agony. Against things like these all precautions are useless.

The first notable volcanic eruption of ancient times occurred on the island of Ischia many years before the Christian era. Colonies of various origin were established on this island at different times; but all were successively driven from it on account of the eruptions.

So long as Vesuvius was in that state of torpor which characterized it in ancient times, the island of Sicily was the chief theatre of volcanic action. The eruptions of Mount Ætna are mentioned by historians from the earliest periods to which history goes back. There was a tradition among the Greeks that a giant named Typhos was confined beneath Ætna, and the terrible eruptions which took place were attributed to his struggles to escape. The most destructive of these outbreaks, however, in modern times, occurred in the year 1669, by which period Typhos may reasonably be supposed to have either died or escaped. Notwithstanding that many of the inhabitants of the towns along the base of the mountain had been swept off from time to time by its frequent eruptions, the attractions of the climate and the fertility of the soil induced many to risk the attendant dangers. At last the day of destruction came. During the month of March 1669, an earthquake destroyed the village of Nicolosi. A few days later the inhabitants of the surrounding country witnessed one of the most tremendous volcanic outbursts on record. Chasms were opened on every side of the mountain, and from these issued torrents of lava which, after having overwhelmed no fewer than fourteen different towns and villages, at length reached the walls of Catania. Here the burning fluid gradually deepened until it overtopped the walls, which were sixty feet in height, and poured into the sea before it could reach Paterno.

In 1819 there was another outburst, in the course of which a torrent of lava rapidly spread itself over the valley Del Bove.

The last notable eruption of Mount Ætna occurred on the 26th of May 1836, destroying eight villages and their inhabitants.

For several years the Sicilians have been expecting another and more terrible outburst, of the approach of which there have been many indications.

Next in order of time come the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. At the base of this mountain, in 75 A. D., lay the beautiful cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii and Stabiae, which were fashionable summer resorts for the patricians of Rome. The first eruption on record was on the 24th of August, 79, A.D.; and by it the
above-mentioned cities were so completely buried that their very sites were lost to the world for ages. The elder Pliny, who at that time commanded a fleet off the coast of Italy, went to the rescue of the inhabitants; but he was suffocated by the poisonous volcanic gases. A great number of the inhabitants also had perished in the most fearful agony from the same cause, before they had even left their houses.

The most notable eruption took place in the year 472 A.D., on which occasion volcanic dust fell over the greater part of Europe, and even in Syria and Egypt, in quantities sufficient to injure the vegetation and cause great annoyance to both man and beast.

In 1036 lava was ejected for the first time; and in 1538, a hill 440 feet in height, which received the name of Monte Nuovo, was thrown up in the bay of Baiae in a day and a night, the sea receded six hundred feet, and the coast in the vicinity was raised many feet above its former level.

In 1631 there was another outbreak, by which several villages bordering on the bay of Naples were destroyed, being overwhelmed either by streams of lava, or torrents of hot water.

The eruption of June 1734, was a very terrible one. By it the town of Torre del Greco was entirely buried.

During the last twenty years, Vesuvius has shown more indications of activity than for some time past. The eruption of 1850 not only afforded one of the grandest spectacles in the world, but was perhaps the most destructive that had occurred since that of 1631. A stream of fire 200 feet in width fell over a precipice 1,000 feet high, and wending its way to the sea destroyed Circolo and several other villages in the vicinity.

Another violent eruption occurred on the 9th of December 1862, in which the lava once more engulfed the houses of Torre del Greco, then a town containing about 22,000 inhabitants.

Still later, in April 1872, Vesuvius presented a terrible spectacle. The towns near its base were deserted, and business was almost entirely suspended in Naples; but no serious damage was done, and the great mountain lies again in a state of tranquility.

Owing to the high latitude of the country, the volcanic ravages in Iceland have been more severe than elsewhere. Before they were so frequent, the population of the island exceeded 100,000, but according to the last census there were only 64,000. The whole of the interior is now a dreary waste, presenting only a surface of bare lava, without vegetation of any description. The high mountains are all either active or slumbering volcanoes. There was a terrible eruption from one of those mountains in the year 1783, by which the river Skapta was dried up in less than a day; and instead of a stream of water a stream of lava flowed over its bed for three months. Besides this, the fiery flood spread destruction over five hundred square miles of country, producing a terrible famine, during which 11,000 of the inhabitants, and no less than 230,000 domestic animals perished. Clouds of
smoke and ashes were carried through the air to countries 2,000 miles distant. The waters were corrupted and all the fish, the chief food of the poor, either killed or driven away.

One of the most destructive outbursts on record in any part of the world occurred in 1815, on the island of Sumbawa in the Indian Ocean. The sound of the explosion was heard in Sumatra, which is nearly 1000 miles distant; the sea was covered with trees which had been torn up, and darkness prevailed in the day time, even at a distance of 300 miles from the volcano. The effects of the eruption were felt over an area of 2,000 miles in circumference; and the sea for many miles around was covered with a mass of floating cinders two feet thick, so that it was with no little difficulty that ships forced their way through it. The most lamentable thing was that out of the 12,000 unfortunates who dwelt upon the island, only twenty-six escaped.

Volcanic eruptions in Mexico have caused some of the most terrible disasters which the history of volcanoes records. In 1758, the volcano of Jorullo made one vast waste of the plain of Malpais, which had previously been occupied by rich fields of sugar-cane and indigo.

The volcano of Cotopaxi in Ecuador is, however, the most mischievous in South America. Its first eruption, after the conquest of the Incas, occurred in the year 1853, during which rocks of an immense size were projected to a distance of nine miles, and streams of lava poured down the mountain sides destroying everything in their way.

The eruption of 1688 is said to have been the most destructive that ever occurred in the New World. Not only did it destroy everything in the vicinity, but even overwhelmed the town of Ibarra which was seventy-four miles distant. During the eruption of 1768, a very remarkable thing occurred: the volcano ejected such an enormous number of fish as to produce an epidemic which carried off the greater part of the inhabitants of the town of Ibarra.

Another phenomenon equally remarkable and far more destructive occurred in 1793, on Kiousiou, one of the islands of the Japanese Empire. A volcano which had been inactive for many years, burst forth one day, unexpectedly, ejecting such immense quantities of mud and such rivers of hot water that over 50,000 of the inhabitants perished.

As a final example of notable volcanic eruptions, I will mention one of comparatively recent occurrence in a country well known to Californians, viz: the of Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, which happened in the year 1855, and which is still, perhaps, fresh in the minds of many of our readers. This was the most destructive eruption within the remembrance of "the oldest inhabitant" of the island. It lasted thirteen months, the lava torrents covering an area of eight hundred square miles and sweeping everything away as they flowed down, red hot, into the Pacific.

The natives of Japan, Java, and other pagan countries used to sacrifice human beings, by throwing them into the craters of the volcanoes to
appease what they considered the wrath of their gods; and so induce them to remove their chastisement; but in Christian countries, where volcanic eruptions are frequent, they are, on the contrary, looked upon as a blessing; for so long as the volcanoes are active, the countries in which they are situated are considered safe.

We have spoken of "Christian countries." The name Christian reminds us of one brief reflection which we cannot but make—moralists though we be not, and careful though we desire to be to avoid inflicting anything like a homily upon our readers. If we compare the ravages made by the great volcanoes of the earth, with what history tells us of the careers of many of its great men, we shall be surprised to find how harmless the Ætnas, Cotopaxis, and Jorullos of inanimate nature appear, by the side of the Cæsars, Tamerlanes, and Napoleons of humanity.

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THE BURSTING OF THE MOUNTAIN.

(JAMES T. WALSH, 1st Rhetoric.)

Folded were the flashing day-beams
Unto night's maternal bosom,
And the daisy sipped the dew-drop
Shed by eve upon its petal.

Looming dimly through the darkness
Heavenward rose a mighty mountain
Which, in days long since forgotten,
Roaring like an angry lion,
O'er the panic-stricken people
Far and wide had hurled destruction.
Now, its jaws were shut and silent,
And its breath had ceased to poison.

O'er the calm and placid surface
Of the sea that washed the mountain,
Rolling with a merry ripple
On the soft and humid gravel,
Youth and Beauty gaily floated,
Scarce a breath the light skiff stirring.

But this night, as on they drifted,
Heedless of the flying moments,—
"Hist!"—"Hola!"—

The mountain trembled,
Like a barque by storm-cloud shattered;
In a moment darkness vanished,
Chased by flames of hue infernal;
And the sudden, dazing brilliance
Shewed the ghastly print of terror
Stamped upon their bloodless faces.

From the mountain's towering summit
Rose a cloud of blood-red vapor
To the very arch of heaven;
And the fire in streams updarted,
With an awful, thunderous roaring,
Till it licked the starry ether.

Then a sea of fiery lava
Down the mountain slopes descended,
Swept against the rugged oak trees;
Yellow leaves upon their branches
Blazing up, like countless torches;
And the monarchs of the woodland
Fell as grass before the mower.

Oft amid the fiery column
Might be seen the glowing boulders,
Like foul demons, upward tearing
From their cavernous abysses;
From the pits of death and darkness
Crowding forth to storm the heavens.

But the molten lava river
Downward like a torrent coursing,
All unchecked by ridge or hollow,
Glowing, tossing, seething, bubbling,
Plunged beneath the hissing water.
From the tide a mist upstarted
Weird and wondrous in its seeming;
And a thin translucent curtain
Rose between the eye and picture.
Then the ocean groaned and trembled,
Lashed the shore, as seeking vengeance,
Foamed as though, in helpless anger,
Chiding surly Father Neptune,
Neptune slow of interference,
Careless of his ocean's troubles.

* * * * * * * * * *

But the lurid light is waning;
Fainter grows it yet, and fainter:
And the grumblings of the mountain
Die away in distant murmurs.
THE MYSTERY OF MESMERISM EXPLAINED.

(Communicated.)

CHAPTER III.

We have as yet stated and applied to Mesmerism one and only one of the four marks or criteria by which the physical cause is distinguished from the moral; to wit, that which is drawn from the quantity of acts necessary to the physical and moral causes respectively in order to obtain their respective effects; the will and its manifestation sufficing to the moral cause, whilst the physical must act with a physical virtue distinct from that of the will. It remains for us to state and apply in like manner the three remaining criteria.

The reader need not be alarmed. But few words are necessary for this; since besides the evidence of facts, we have the confessions of the mesmerists themselves in our favor.

II. The second characteristic or criterion is this, that the physical cause must determine the effect, (so far as lies in its power*) to the last individual particularities; whereas it suffices that the moral cause should determine it in general.

If therefore the will be the cause that physically sets in motion the mesmeric agent, then assuming that agent to be a fluid, the will ought every time to determine it to move in this or that precise way or direction, and with this or that degree of speed: and when the fluid is emitted from the body of the magnetizer towards the person to be magnetized, the will ought to direct and determine it to work in such and such an organ, and to produce such and such a particular effect—of sleep, of stiffness, or of lucidity—rather than any other effect. Otherwise the fluid, being a material thing and therefore incapable of determining itself to one rather than to another of the various movements and effects which are possible, would not have sufficient reason for doing anything concrete or real. Just in the same way, an in-

* We say "so far as lies in its power," for when many physical causes cooperate to the production of an effect, it is not, of course, necessary that each cause should determine all the particularities of the effect, but only those which depend immediately upon that cause. For instance, in order to draw a determined sound from the string of a violin, many causes must concur as, e.g., the hand of the player, the quality of the bow, the nature of the string, its tension, its diameter, and the quality of the material of the violin. Now the sufficient reason of the whole effect and of all its concrete determinations resides in no one of these causes alone, but each determines a part and all together determine the whole effect.
strument (mesmerists are incessantly speaking of the fluid as an instrument of the will) will never execute anything in the concrete, so long as it remains in the inertia and indifference natural to it; or, in other words, so long as the cause whose instrument it is, does not determine it physically to some one of the many operations of which it is capable.

But in order that the will may give to the fluid all these determinations, it is necessary, first of all, that it should know them, that it should distinguish between them, and that it should choose from among them that particular one which must be actuated; just as in order to draw from a pianoforte this or that succession of sounds, one must know tunes, and choose from among them. A blind volition cannot exist, an abstract and generic volition does not determine anything, and hence does not produce any concrete effect. Under the guidance of such a volition, the fluid can be only in potency, like an arrow placed on the string, to which the bowman has given neither aim nor impulse; which can fly in any direction, but will not in fact fly in any, until it receive a given aim and impulse.

Now what do mesmerists say on this point? Have they this knowledge that is required in the magnetic acts of the will? On the contrary, they confess that they know nothing of the fluid, nothing of its movements, of its ways, of its laws, or of the manner in which the effects which they attribute to it are obtained. They even pretend that it is not necessary to know these things. They say that it is sufficient to have faith and will.

But in what! In magnetizing, in doing good to the sick, and in willing any magnetic effect. In short, it suffices to have a magnetic will, which may be ever so undetermined, generic or vague, provided it be energetic.

But this is equivalent to saying that the will ignores the magnetic agent, that it cannot give that agent any concrete determination, and that consequently the will cannot move that agent physically.

And lastly, since the magnetic agent executes the will of the magnetizer, and in so doing produces real effects, we are driven to conclude that the will moves the agent morally only. This means that the agent is not a fluid, but an intelligent being which, obeying the will of the magnetizer, so moves the fluid physically as to work the mesmeric effects—if indeed it really needs a fluid for such effects.

Now if we thus attribute to the will a moral causality only, it becomes unnecessary to determine the details of the effect in the concrete; it is enough to determine them in general. The magnetic will suffices, though it be a vague and abstract will, like that which is avowedly used by our friends the magnetizers; because the necessary determinations in detail may be made by the intelligent being that executes the commands of the will. It is like a request which you make to friend, or a command which you give to your servant.

III. The same reasoning holds good with reference to the third criterion, which is this: that a man cannot be the voluntary and physical cause of an effect, if he ignores entirely the
way of producing it and the instrument necessary to bring it about.

Mesmerists confess that they are wholly unacquainted both with the manner and with the instrument of the mesmeric effects. They do not know anything of the fluid to which they blindly attribute such wonders. They say that it is not necessary to know either what it is, or where it is, or whence it comes. Hence in their mesmeric acts they are like some impossible sculptor, who in the act of making a statue has only a vague and confused idea of a chisel in his mind, with the will of moving it somehow, but without knowing either where it is, or how to use it, without seeing it, and without handling it according to the rules of his art.

They endeavor to parallel this ignorance of theirs by the analogous case, as they consider it, of physicists, who work wonderful things with electricity without knowing what it is; and by that of physicians, who administer some drug the effects of which they know, but not its manner of acting. 

Pretty parallels indeed! Physicians do not, it is true, know the intimate nature of opium, nor do they know in what way it acts upon the human body; but they see it with their eyes, touch it with their hands, and give it to their patients to swallow. This is enough. Physicists do not know the intimate nature of electricity, nor its mysterious ways of acting on the molecules of a body; but they know well many of the laws under which it acts; they are familiar with the modes of exciting it, of conducting it, of condensing it, and of applying it to thousands of objects; they have ready the machines by which it is produced, etc. And this suffices. The comparison would only hold good if the physicians and physicists were obliged to develop electricity or to administer opium with the mere will of administering something, but not knowing what.

Here mark well another capital difference. Electricity is not developed and set in motion by the will of the physicist, but by the exterior and material action he uses; the turning, for instance, of the disc of the electric machine. Hence, provided he uses this action, it is immaterial whether or not he be cognizant of the mode in which electricity is developed or set in motion. But the magnetic fluid, according to mesmerists, is moved immediately by the will, and only by it.

Now if the will has to move this fluid with a physical action it must know something of it.

If, on the contrary, we suppose that the will moves the magnetic agent by moral influence alone, then the will needs no such knowledge; because in that case the agent that executes its commands, being an intelligent agent, will supply its deficiency. Thus, e.g., you may commission a painter to make a beautiful painting, notwithstanding that you may have no idea, yourself, even of what is meant by such terms as "brush" and "easel."

IV. Lastly, it is characteristic of a physical cause to act under necessary and constant laws; whereas a moral cause acts under laws which, not being necessary, are consequently variable.

The mesmeric phenomena, though
apparently dependent on the will, yet are capricious, and so variable that they do not seem to follow any law. They are far from having the regularity, I will not say of the electrical or chemical, but even of the physiological or pathological phenomena, which, though really subject to invariable forms, yet, owing to the complexity of the causes and circumstances that modify them, and especially to the influence of the soul, with its passions and affections, seem to be independent of any rule.

Mesmerists will never be able to account for the mesmeric effects and their strange anomalies, until they substitute for their supposed material fluid, which must move with physical laws, a moral agent endowed with intelligence and liberty. On account of the free will which he exercises when he yields to the wishes of the magnetizer, it will be easily understood that this moral agent is likely to conform to such wishes more or less strictly at one time than at another, and sometimes to overlook them entirely; whilst at other times he will not only fulfil but even go beyond them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CHARADES,

BY JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.*

NO. 1.

My first was womankind, ere Eve saw light;
My second starts the bonfire of the night;
My whole more length than latitude possesses,
And helps our modern Eves to deck their tresses.

ANSWER;—Ribbon.

* Out of the envelope which enclosed our friend "Jack’s" letter [See our "Correspondence" department] fluttered sundry little scraps of paper, each of which proved to be the vehicle of a distinct and separate charade. Here is No. 1. The next to follow. Jack, old fellow!—we accept them with thanks. It was just like you to think of our Owlets.
TRAINING CHILDREN FOR MARTYRDOM.

(JAMES. F. SMITH, 2d Rhetoric.)

In the troublous times of old, when the Church was continually subject to heathen persecution, no one knew at what hour he might or might not be called upon to suffer the most terrible torments, or even death itself, for the sweet and holy name of Jesus. Rich and poor, high and low, all, in fact, who bore the hated title of Christian, were subjected to all the horrors which the malice of the very demon himself could suggest.

And what was to become of the little Christian children when deprived of guidance, by the martyrdom of their parents? What would or could the poor, sweet innocents do, who had as yet but little knowledge of God instilled into their hearts? What would become of their pure, bright souls, if they were left, as they would be left, in constant contact with black hearted men, and taught to worship still blacker demons? It is hard to say what ruin would not have been worked among those innocents, had not a mother’s foresight and a mother’s love warded off the impending evil, if not from their bodies, yet at least from their immortal, their precious souls.

The method adopted by these Christian mothers to fore-arm—by forewarning—their children against what might at any moment befall them, was this. The little Christian child, as soon as he could lisp the sweet name of “Mother,” was taught to say his prayers; and a tender love was implanted in his guileless heart for Jesus and Mary. It was then carefully pointed out to him that he would have to endure and triumph over many trials, and he was encouraged to bear everything for Jesus’ sake in order that he might attain at last the eternal joys of heaven.

When the little Christian had thus been taught all that was thought necessary, the mother, wishing to prepare him for the worst by a kind of rehearsal of what might happen, would assume the dress and demeanor of a judge, and order the child to be brought before her tribunal.

The mock judge would then ask: “Are you a Christian?” And the answer would be. “Yes.”

“But,” the judge would say, putting on a very insinuating tone, “if you will sacrifice to the gods, I will give you gold and many more things.
Now be a good child, and offer but one grain of incense to Jupiter, and I will give you anything you may want."

And then would come the child-like response, "No I cannot; for mama told me not to do so."

"Then you shall have nothing to eat until you comply with my wishes!" the pretended judge would exclaim, to all appearances very angry; and then he (or rather she) would partake ostentatiously of the delicate viands which had been purposely set on a table before the child.

Then the mother-judge, seeing her little one still strong in the faith—still acting, to the very life, his role of martyr—resolves to carry the holy drama still further. With this purpose she advances toward her child with an awful frown, and says; "Boy, since neither my threats, nor my kind words and promises have had any effect on you, I will now try severer measures. You shall either worship the Gods or die!" And the mother-judge, trembling with emotion, takes up a sword, and says in a terrible voice, "Will you do as I tell you?"

"No! For if I did Jesus would not love me" is the affecting answer.

"Then you shall die!"

And the little hero, as though the stern drama were a reality, bows his curly head to receive the death-stroke.

But the mother, no longer able to sustain her part, throws aside the judicial robes, and while tears run down her cheeks, covers the heroic little actor with a thousand kisses, praises him for performing his part so well, and gives him numerous rewards, telling him at the same time, that all these temporal gifts are nothing to what Jesus will give him in heaven, if he continues to love Him with such devoted love, and at last becomes a martyr for His sake in reality.

Thus was it that mothers trained their children to be soldiers of Christ, and to fight his battles manfully, even at that tender age.
Dear Father Owl:—We don’t correspond much, you and I; but we are old friends and good friends, too, for all that—as everybody knows, or ought to know.

Now this is “what’s the matter!” I hear from some of my Irish-American friends, one or two of whom come over now and then from California, to look me up (no body’s more welcome in this Cave than an Irishman, and they know it)—that there’s some sport to be had out your way in giant-killing; and I really should like, old as I am, to come out to you next Spring, and enjoy myself a bit. You’d give me a shake-down in a corner of the Owl’s Nest, I know.

You see, I’ve finished off all the European giants long ago—indeed, Europe’s about played out in most things—and it’s quite refreshing to me to hear of a real live giant, and a “jolly” one, too, (so they say) in your fine country. “The Jolly Giant” is the name he goes by, it seems; and I understand he’s always cracking bad jokes (instead of bones) in order to be thought “jolly.” My Irish friends declare that he’s longing, all the time, to make his dinner off a priest, and would have done so long ago, but that he has never been able to get hold of one. If that’s so, why don’t your San Francisco police put him down? Answer me that, my boy!

Well, not to beat about the bush any longer, if they don’t, why I will—and that in something less than no time, if I once get at him. But before I take the trouble of crossing the water after a miserable scamp of a giant—a kind of creature I have always heartily despised—I’d like to know from yourself, is he worth the while? I’ve met with some of ’em, in my day, that really did give good sport—though, of course, I always “sarcumwented” ’em in the end—whilst others were nothing less than a set of blundering, spiteful idiots, who always tumbled into the first trap I set for them. There was never any fun to be got out of such as those.

Now, the question I want you to answer is this. Should I, or should I
not, if I came over to California, be wasting my time and trouble over one of these idiotic old fools that are not worth hunting!

If your "Jolly Giant" is a giant of that kind, we may as well let him go. He wouldn't afford me any sport, and I am sure he couldn't hurt you or any one you care for, priest or no priest.

If otherwise, you've only to say the word, my dear old Otel, and I'm your man. Indeed, I wouldn't wait till the Spring. If you've any giant in California that's really doing harm to their reverences, the priests (may God preserve them!) or troubling holy mother Church in any other way, you've only to send a special telegram to "Jack the Giant-Killer, Great Giant Cave, South Wales, Europe," and I'll pay all charges on it (by jingo, I will!) and be back along the wires myself, by the next flash.

Good luck to you, my dear old friend!

Yours, as of old,

"JACK THE GIANT-KILLER."

P. S.—Mrs. Jack and the little ones are lovely. How are all your Owlets?

[Answer.—We are delighted to hear from our old friend Jack, once more; and the Owlets, who are thriving, are, if possible, even more delighted than we. They are setting to work already, some half dozen of them, to prepare Jack's "shake-down" in the snuggest corner of the Nest. However, glad as we should be to see our old friend once more, it would never do to bring him all the way from Wales to California on false pretences; and therefore we think it no more than right to inform him that the "Jolly Giant," of San Francisco, about whom he enquires, is a truly harmless old idiot, with whom it would be a great pity for Jack to interfere. He may, for anything we know, be quite as spiteful as any European giant that ever lived; but so far from doing any real harm to the priests, or troubling Mother Church, he is positively a great help to us all, and therefore we earnestly beg our old friend to let him live. He comes out every week (we think it is once a week) with such a farrago of absurdities about priests, and monks, and nuns, and the Church in general, that nobody with a grain of sense believes what he says. Some pity him; and those who laugh, laugh not with but at him; whilst the ignorant and foolish, who may be weak enough to be deluded for a time by his silly charges, always find him out sooner or later; and then they are sure to think more of the priests than ever. Catch a priest, for dinner? Not he! He'll never get near one, the old booby. Don't you touch him Jack, we beg. You don't know how much he's helping us. Let him have all the rope he wants, by all means; and you'll find that when he's done us all the (unintentional) good he can, he'll hang himself (unintentionally, too) and there'll be an end of him, without your troubling yourself at all.—Eds. Owl.]
DEAR OWL:—In the San Francisco Guardian, of the 6th instant, there is a sweet little critique upon yourself and myself, which, with your sage permission, I will, by this mention of it, rescue from oblivion.

Our amiable but sensitive critic is pained by my use of so vulgar a word as “firstly,” which, says he, “according to Dr. Worcester, is not authorized by the English dictionaries.” Here he stops; but so does not Dr. Worcester, who, having first given the word such sanction as its admittance into his own dictionary would imply, informs us that some English writers use it as more accordant than “first” with the analogous words “secondly” and “thirdly,” and proceeds to cite three English authorities for its use in such connection, every one of which authorities has hitherto been considered of some importance. But Lord Eldon, the Quarterly Review and the British Critic must hide their diminished heads henceforward. They and “the poor Owl” will alike wither away beneath the scathing sarcasm of this new “British Critic” of the Guardian. A sad prospect for us, indeed!—the only consoling feature of which is that we shall at any rate die in good company.

But says the scribe of the Guardian, “There is nothing very original or striking in the article by Professor Dance on the Indians.”

It would be odd if there were anything “original or striking” in an article which was avowedly written for the express purpose of setting before the public the views of another man.

The Guardian may play tricks of that sort if it pleases. I will not; nor, I hope, will any other writer in so respectable a magazine as The Owl.

Let us see, now, how the Guardian muddles matters, even in the very issue in which it attacks The Owl. Under the head of “Contemporary Opinion” it undertakes a work somewhat similar to that which I proposed to myself in the article on the “Mission Indians,” viz., to set before the Catholic public the views of other writers. But it is determined to be “original and striking,” even in the execution of somonest a task, and it hits upon the headings of the quoted articles as its only chance of self-assertion. One such heading will be as much as your readers can swallow—and a big mouthful they will find it. The quotation which follows is from the Catholic Review, and its subject the sayings and doings of the Baptists. But far indeed would it be from the Catholic Review to prefix thereto, as does the Guardian, such a title as—

“BLATANT BAPTIST BOSH AND BLATHER.”
"Striking" and "original," truly! If the Guardian will kindly turn to its "Worcester," it will find "blatant" therein defined as "bellowing like a calf;" whilst it may search the pages of Dr. Worcester in vain for such a word as "blather." I will not affect to doubt what either "bosh" or "blather" mean; especially since I sometimes read the Guardian. But what earthly meaning can you, O learned OWL, or can anyone attach to such an expression as "blatant bosh," or "blatant blather"? How are we to conceive of "bosh" or "blather" as "bellowing like a calf?" —unless, indeed, the Guardian critic, himself, be "bosh and blather" rolled into one and personified; which may well be the case.

Here I would leave him, but for one thing. I care little for his attempts at criticism; but irrelevant slander is not criticism, and must be met with a flat and public denial.

"The Professor," so runs the article in the Guardian, "whatever he may think of the savage ways of Tipperary men—and his anti-Irish opinions are unfortunately on record in an article that appeared some time ago in The Owl—is very friendly to the Indians."

And, lower down, reference is again made to "that Tipperary practice which Professor Dance has already reprehended."

The reason why Tipperary and the Irish are lugged head foremost into a critique of an article on "The Mission Indians" will not, at first sight, be apparent.

The whole of the above extract, however, is simply and absolutely false. I never wrote, either in THE OWL or elsewhere, any such article. At no period of my life have I ever held any "anti-Irish opinions." It is clear, therefore, that I never could have expressed any. It is just because I am an Englishman that I feel so acutely on this point. I love Ireland and the Irish; and I will neither be misrepresented, nor, if I can help it, misunderstood.

Yours &c.,

HENRY DANCE.
A VISIT TO SATURN.

(JOHN M. MURPHY, 4th English.)

(Concluded.)

BUT to resume the thread of my narrative. The king, after having examined the balloon, and praised our ingenuity, consented to allow us to take him in it. Everything was soon ready; for we had become by this time quite expert in managing the balloon: so with Dinklage as pilot, Kearney as chief-engineer, and Harvey at the cords, we were quickly under way, and high above the city and its wondering inhabitants.

On our way, I enquired of the King if he were sole monarch of the planet. He replied in the negative, and said it was divided into twelve kingdoms, each of which was entirely independent of the rest; that, however, as the population was yearly increasing, it would soon be necessary to have an additional king. When I enquired how this was to be effected, he replied: "By the choice of the people, who in so doing are not governed by their passions, for these are subject to reason, nor by their individual interests, because their interests are common, and the choice of one receives the assent of all."

Everything here, as I found on further questioning the King, moves with perfect order and regularity. There are no wars nor strifes between the various peoples, no dissensions among those of the same kingdom; and any measure proposed by the ruler is immediately assented to by the people, who set to work with joyous hearts and ready hands to accomplish the undertaking enjoined them.

We sailed through the air with amazing velocity, and within the space of four hours had reached the first city at which we had been desired to land.

On our approach the inhabitants all fled, some to the woods, others to their houses; but by far the greater number sought refuge in the temple, where they were daily accustomed to offer up hymns of praise and adoration to the God of their fathers.
When they learned, however, that their King had come to pay them a visit, and had with him four strangers, inhabitants of another planet, they came forth boldly, and gazed upon us with mingled fear and wonder. They somehow took a peculiar fancy to Dinklage, walked around him several times, and examined his clothes and ornaments; till he, fearing some stratagem on their part, retired to the balloon and shut himself in.

As soon as he had left us, we accompanied the King to the palace set apart for him on these occasions, where all kinds of eatables were served up to us, of which we partook with so much avidity that an additional score of servants was required to wait upon us alone. How many would have been necessary had Dinklage been of the party! Wine also, of the purest kind, flowed in abundance at table; but—whether on account of the change of climate, coupled with the exhausted state in which we were; or whether because it had been deprived, in some way, of its sting—certain it is that none of those evil effects followed, which necessarily result from too copiously imbibing such liquors in this lower world of ours.

We retired to rest late that evening, and slept during the whole of the next day and night, i.e., about twelve hours. By this time the King had completed his business in that city, and was ready to proceed with us, in the balloon, to another.

Here similar demonstrations of wonder and amazement greeted us on our arrival, which, however subsided into joy and merriment as soon as it was discovered who we were.

I remarked one thing about the people of this, as well as of all the other cities; namely, that their joy was always restrained within proper limits. They did not fall down and adore us as gods, nor pay us any kind of undue veneration. In fact they looked upon us as beings like themselves, the only difference being our enormous size, which naturally excited their curiosity.

Having accompanied the King to all the different cities which he had intended to visit, we returned with him to the Capital, whence we resolved to set out on our return home.

When our intention became known, people flocked to the metropolis from all parts, some merely to indulge their curiosity, and others to prevail upon us to remain. The King was more desirous than any one to detain us. He insisted that we should at least visit the kings of the neighboring provinces before we left. Notwithstanding all his entreaties, however, we determined to remain no longer. Our balloon was in a somewhat shattered condition; so much so, indeed, that we even doubted whether we should be able to reach the earth in safety in it. Harvey, moreover, was sighing to be within the college walls, and meet his dear teachers once more; all of us, to tell the truth, were growing somewhat homesick at the thought of the approaching holidays; and although no means were spared by these good people to render our stay as agreeable as possible, the thought of our native land, and of those we had left behind us therein, was continually flitting...
across our minds.

Deferring therefore, our visits to the other kings till some future day, we bade adieu to this hospitable monarch and his people, and set out for home, which we reached on Christmas morning, 1874.

The last thing that met our view, as we turned back to take a parting view of Saturn, was the American flag which, with a great deal of danger to ourselves, we had succeeded in erecting on one of the high mountains over which we passed.

Our balloon, though rather weather-beaten, held out, happily for us, till the end of the trip.

Landing, as we did in the college yard, we were of course immediately surrounded by all the boys who had not gone home for the holidays, to whom we related the adventures already described.

Should any one doubt the veracity of the present historian, let him consult Dinklage, who, I am sure, will not only corroborate all that has been said, but will be most happy to give him full particulars. Scepticism may be, unhappily, prevalent, now-a-days. I suppose it is. But Dinklage's word ought to be enough for any one.

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"POLLY;"

AN OBITUARY NOTICE.

(R, Pico, 5th English, 2d Division.)

"POLLY" (for she was a he) was, I am informed, over fifty years old at the time of his decease. He was born in South America, of free and happy parents, both of whom he had the misfortune to lose when very young. Being thus obliged to take care of himself before he was fully competent to do so, he was sometimes imprudent enough to venture too near the haunts of men, so that, one day, while in search of food, he was unexpectedly captured by a Mr. White, who brought him to New York and there ruthlessly sold him as a slave to the highest bidder.

Mr. L——, his new master, seeing that the chilly North did not agree with him, decided to remove to the more genial climate of California, and settled at Redwood City, which is at no great distance from Santa Clara.

Before long it happened that he
paid a visit to Santa Clara College, and took his pet along with him. Finding himself in these classic precincts, and knowing that Polly's education had been till then entirely neglected, he resolved to leave him with the good Fathers; the more especially as he had shown a great disposition both for public speaking and vocal music.

Here his application to his studies and his good behavior were so marked as to surpass the expectation of his masters, and to gain for him the sincere affection of his fellow students. He not only became a powerful speaker, but even a judicious critic. My space being limited, I shall quote only one instance in proof of this.

Whenever any of the students might be reciting a speech, Polly would listen with great attention, and as soon as he heard a false inflection would interfere in the most decided manner. Indeed, he would let the speaker go no further, but would tell him in plain words to "dry up;" and if he did not then stop, Polly would arouse the indignation of the whole class by sneezing, coughing and laughing most contemptuously.

Though Polly possessed many friends yet he also had some enemies; especially certain boys who used to come and take oranges from the Fathers' Garden. Polly would then give the alarm, by screaming aloud, till the gardener would come and drive them away. When Polly was found dead in his cage, which happened a few weeks ago, some of the boys rejoiced, saying, "Now old Polly will not bother us any more when we are engaged at the oranges."

For my part I felt very sorry: when I looked at him dead in his cage, it almost made me cry; and I am sure that all the students of Santa Clara College, except those purloiners of oranges, will sympathize with me in my lamentations for "poor Polly."

JACK'S CHARADES.

No. 2.

My first is the highest that greenbacks can reach;
My second, ere long, we shall all of us do;
My whole, if you wish it, will whistle or preach,
Or talk without sense, just as glibly as you.

Answer;—Parrot,
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Editor's Table.

Our "Private Bank."

"A heading with a very pleasant look about it!" our readers will say. And truly it represents a very pleasant thing; though not precisely, perhaps, what THE OWL's well-wishers might at first sight take it to mean. It is not, that is to say, a source whence our Editorial Board may at any time draw inexhaustible sums of money without previous provision thereof. It is not the sort of "private bank" that an indulgent father has been known to provide for his scape-grace son. But nevertheless the good town of Santa Clara, and therewith even THE OWL itself, will probably find great convenience from it. Such an institution as a Bank has long been wanted here, but we must confess we little expected to see one actually established; as, we are happy to say, is now the case. It will no longer be necessary for our townsfolk to run off to San José with their spare cash, as they have hitherto done. Nor will it be necessary for those who prefer to pay their bills by cheque, to send their creditors thither for cash. All can be done, and will, to a great extent, be done here at our very doors.

We know but little about the new institution. When we asked the Cashier for a prospectus, he replied promptly that no prospectuses had been printed, on account of its being a "Private Bank." We believe, however, that the gentlemen who have established it, and who certainly deserve the thanks of all their neighbors for so doing, are men of substance and of integrity; and we have little doubt that in thus contributing to the welfare of the locality in which they reside, they will be promoting their own interests. If not, the fact will not redound much to the credit of Santa Clara.

The new Bank is situated on Franklin street, next to Lion's Dry Goods' Store. It is spacious, commodious, and handsomely fitted; and has just that appearance of wealth and prosperity about it which inspires the casual passer-by to wish that he had a large amount there.

It has our best wishes for its success. Let our worthy Treasurer make a note of its existence.
The Mining Mania in Santa Clara.

Considerable excitement has arisen among our townsfolk of late, owing to the discovery by one or another among them of certain fragments of silver ore, more or less promising in appearance. Two companies have been formed, one of which has done us the honour to take the name of "The Owl," whilst the other has called itself "The Sphinx." To the former, especially, we suppose that our good wishes are due; though of course we wish success to all. Wise, however, as The Owl proverbially is, it is more than he can do, to find out whether or not the mine to which his name has been given will make the fortunes of its proprietors; whilst it would puzzle the Sphinx herself, reader of riddles though she be, to prophecy the future of the Sphinx mine. If our sage advice were asked on the subject, we think it would take the form of a recommendation not to spend much money in shaft-sinking, without somewhat better grounds for so doing than present circumstances seem to afford.

"Our Table Guests."

The Collegian, of Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, from whose neat and attractive pages we borrow the above very appropriate sub-heading, is once more welcome to our table. We say "once more;" for we have a dim kind of impression upon our minds that the Collegian used to visit The Owl "in the days when we went gipsying, a long time ago," and that its visits used to be agreeable; as we doubt not they will be again.

Our good but hopelessly Protestant friend, the Tyro, of Woodstock, Ont., actually thinks that "the great tide of religious life in England is setting towards Protestantism." Is the Tyro blind to that which even "he who runs may read"—viz., that Protestantism in England, as in the rest of the world, is being ground to powder between the upper and nether mill-stones of Catholicism and Infidelity? These are days in which men are growing less and less satisfied with compromises; and Protestantism was built upon a compromise between the principle of authority and the principle of rationalism. Consequently, in such a century as this in which we live, it must go down. It may well be that, in the break-up of English Protestantism, there will be larger accessions to the rationalistic ranks than to those of the Church; The Owl, at least, has never asserted the contrary; but that the Church is gaining and will gain largely there can be no question. The Tyro is mistaken in attributing to us the opinion that "England"—i.e., the whole nation—is about to return to the ancient faith. We only said that we looked for the return of "a large portion of the English nation;" and in so saying, we kept well within the bounds of probability.

The Alabama University Monthly gives us an almost entire novel, in the compass of three or four pages; which comes to an end just a few lines too soon, in consequence of the sudden destruction of the writer by the bursting of his boiler. Yes, gentle reader, you have read aright! He had a boiler; and upon it depended his action. For he was nothing more nor less than a patent novel-writing machine—we ought rather to say a literary machine; "steam-electro-literary"! Consequently he made various unnatural mistakes,
such as no living writer, of the Alabama or any other university, could possibly make; errors in grammar, for instance, and in spelling. These were owing to his grammar and spelling pegs, respectively, being a trifle too long or too short. "Wilkins," the constructor of the novel-writer, could easily remedy that, however, as well as another mistake—of a moral character, strange to say—of which the "Steam-Electro-Literary" was guilty. "He now hates both Alonzo and Eugenie," writes the machine, calmly, "like damnation."—"Hello, Wilkins, it curses!" cried Jones. "Astonishing!" replied Wilkins; I didn't expect that. But I see I see! My theological peg is a little loose. Must tighten it.

In short, whilst we fully acknowledge that the machine is altogether a wonderful production, and does the greatest credit to "Wilkins," its talented inventor, we cannot but congratulate ourselves on the fact that our own writers are live students, and consequently possess neither grammar nor spelling "pegs" by which their compositions can be injuriously affected. Still more preposterous would it be to suppose that students had pegs in any portion of their organization, by which they could under any circumstances be made to use such an expression as "damnation."

The Monthly has also an oration by Mr. G. W. Clark, on "Bismarck," which as an oration, we think, does the author credit; and since he dwells almost exclusively on the intellectual greatness of his hero, "which nobody can deny," we don't know that we feel called upon to make any adverse comments.

We reciprocate very cordially the Monthly's friendly welcome.

The Lafayette Monthly for January opens with a very calm and temperate article on "The Stupidity of College Men," the occasion for which is given by an article in Our Times, a radical sheet just started by the "Present Age Association," New York, which states its opinion thus:—"Perhaps there are no narrower-minded persons than the majority of the Presidents and Professors in our American Colleges. The writer remembers those of his distinguished Alma Mater with a sense of surprise and self-condemnation that even in his juvenile years, prior to the age of eighteen, he regarded them with any respect." One feels curious, after reading this mild expression of opinion, to know what opinion the writer holds of the Presidents and Professors in European Colleges. On this point the critic of the Lafayette Monthly does not enlighten us.

The general get up of the magazine is good, and its tone all that can be desired.

We thought the Yale Courant had dropped our acquaintance. We had not seen it for a long time, and consequently had intended to cut it out of our Exchange List; but it reappears, and in its "Editor's Table" summarizes the contents of the Owl under the three heads (1.) children's stories, (2.) old compositions, and (3.) essays on moral philosophy; the union of which in the same number (that for December) it terms a "remarkable union. Well friend Courant; cut out your three epithets, which are all wrong, and there remains the union—surely in no way "remarkable"—of stories compositions and essays; the only objection to which is that the division (which is yours, not our) is illogical, inasmuch as its second and third members are not distinct. Never mind. We are glad to see you all the same. Even the most charming people are sometimes illogical.
The College Argus (of Wesleyan University) complains of the Catholic Niagara Index for the unfairness of a series of historical articles which the latter is now publishing. With much of what the Index says we should probably agree; but we must confess that we think the Argus has some ground for its animadversions. "Bold-faced assertions, with hardly a shadow of attempt at historical proof" will certainly influence no one. The Argus pays an unintentional compliment, however, when it compares the spirit of the Index with that displayed by the heroic Father Campion ("Campion," the Argus critic calls him) and his "fellow Jesuits," in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It would be hard indeed to find anything like "petty spite" in the character of that noble-minded martyr to Elizabethan intolerance. "Campion," says even the Protestant historian, Sir James McIntosh, "appears to have been a man of mild character and accomplished talents." The Argus has here fallen into the very fault of which it accuses the Index.

The North Western College Chronicle pays us a very pretty compliment, for which we make our bow. We shall endeavor to merit its commendations, as well as those of sundry others of "Our Table Guests."

We have never yet found space to greet our brother bird the Raven, of Wabash College, Indiana, which had "flitted" two or three times into our sanctum, through a pane which we generally leave open for the sake of ventilation. In punishment, perhaps, for our neglect, it now makes the following utterance—"The Owl for December does not show the care and ability which it usually displays. Sixteen pages of reading inserted twice—mistake in the make up, we suppose. The Owl, in our opinion has too many serials. There are three in this issue." There is nothing like candour when circumstances really call for it; and we will, therefore honestly acknowledge that the criticism of our sable friend is just. We, ourselves, were heartily ashamed of that December number, which was rushed through the press in a kind of race against time, our own editorial hands assisting, and which came out late, even "at that." As to our too great indulgence in serials, we have this explanation to make; viz., that of the three supposed serials in that number one was not really a serial, the words "to be continued" being an erratum of the press. However we have no fault to find with the Raven's hints; of which we hereby make a note for further use.

The College Message for January, which we honor as an unflinching and outspoken Catholic journal, quotes a very silly remark of a very learned man—"Civilization Buckle"—to the effect that the deification of mortals, originally a heathen practice, was renewed with eminent success by the Romish Church. To every Catholic the refutation of such nonsense must, at the first blush of the thing, seem like the veriest waste of time. And yet we question whether there are not many readers of College journals who would be inclined to justify the sapient Buckle's absurdity. The Message probably knows what it is about when it takes the trouble to answer him.

The same issue contains a striking sketch, extracted from the New York World, of "Gladstone and Manning at College." It is well worth perusal.
The College Herald, whilst giving The Owl credit for literary excellence, remarks upon our publication of the "Glory of Paradise," both in Latin and English, as being, in its opinion, "just a little pedantic." We hope not, and think not. The beauty and correctness of the translation could not have been appreciated; had there been no opportunity of comparing it with the original; and moreover the original had so many untranslatable beauties of its own that its presentation to the readers of a College journal could scarcely require an apology. Judging, indeed, from the expressions of gratification which its perusal has drawn from several of our exchanges, we are satisfied that we made no mistake in the matter.

The California Agriculturist is always a welcome guest at "Our Table." Each successive number that reaches us seems to carry with it some special reason of commendation; but there are two reasons of a general nature: the first that it is always entertaining as well as useful; the second that it is an unflinching advocate of whatever is pure, noble and of good report. We have no personal acquaintance with the editor; but we feel that he is doing a good work in a noble manner; and we think he deserves the special support of the young men of our State.

Messrs. Peter Henderson & Co., of 35 Cortland street, New York, have sent us two handsome catalogues of seeds and flowers, got up in a somewhat similar manner to that of Mr. Vick, of Rochester, New York, and they make us a somewhat similar offer as to the donation (though not as to the transmission to our office) of seeds and plants gratis. We acknowledge with thanks both books and offer; but the former, although elaborate and creditable, cannot compare in point of artistic taste with the catalogue of Mr. Vick; and the latter has the condition attached to it that we must give the former a favorable notice in The Owl. We think that takes away the flavor of the thing considerably, and compares somewhat poorly with the liberal and handsome course taken by Mr. Vick. Despite this little circumstance, however, justice should and shall be done to the beauty and excellence of the catalogues referred to, which any amateur in gardening would peruse with both pleasure and profit. That two such floricultural firms should flourish, as both appear to do, is a fact pregnant with promise for the aesthetic future of our country. We will not avail ourselves of Messrs. Henderson & Co.'s conditional offer of seeds, etc.; though they will acknowledge, we think, that the condition has been complied with.

New Music.

We have received from the enterprising Mr. Gray, of San Francisco, the following songs:—"The Land o' the Leal," "Take Back Every Token," "He is Not Here," and "Kathleen Magray." Also a morceau for the piano-forte, entitled "Musette," adapted by Charles Morley, from an original melody by Mary, Queen of Scots.
The San Francisco "Guardian."

This Catholic paper, which is alluded to in our "Correspondence Department" under the very appropriate epithet of "grumpy," has for some reason or other thought it good policy to "fire paper pellets at the poor Owl." We are not a bit afraid of artillery which, by the Guardian's own confession, is of the popgun order. But we must acknowledge ourselves at a loss to understand why it fired at all. The faults which it finds with The Owl are of too trivial a kind to argue about; though in both cases the Guardian critic is in the wrong.

Moreover, since the last transaction between us consisted in the transfer without acknowledgement of a long article from the columns of The Owl to those of the Guardian, and since the Guardian had not the grace to apologize for the theft, even when we called its attention thereto, we think a wholesome sense of shame might have deterred it from so entirely uncalled for an attack. We are aware that in making any allusion to literary thefts we are treading on the Guardian's corns; but why should we care for that? Let it wince!

With regard to the personal allusion made by it to one of the Professors of this College, we need say nothing, inasmuch as he is both able and willing to take care of himself.

Idle Notes.

Thanks from the Sisters.

In the San Francisco Monitor of Jan. 16, the Sisters of Charity published a "Statement of the Proceeds" of the Fair recently held for the benefit of their Orphan Asylum, in which "statement" they are good enough to speak in very high terms of the exertions of the Students of Santa Clara College in their behalf. We are quite sure that whatever was done for them in the college was done heartily and earnestly, and with the sole intention of helping on a truly good cause; and that no one expected or even thought of so public an expression of gratitude. Nevertheless, as the Sisters honor us by their public thanks, we feel that the College Magazine can do no less than give a prominent place in its pages to the record of those thanks. The entire proceeds of the Fair amount to $12,197:40. of which amount the Santa Clara College Table produced $2,174:50.
Thus speak the good Sisters:—

"We beg to call attention to the Santa Clara College table, which was furnished with articles wholly contributed by the students of the College, in order to show what the efforts of boys may accomplish. We know they must feel gratified by the results of their efforts, and we are glad that they look for a reward which cannot be offered them in this world. However, recognizing the many difficulties which must have attended them as students, we especially appreciate their services, and herewith annex a special card of thanks."

The "Card of Thanks" above referred to, runs thus:—

A CARD TO THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

Young Gentlemen:—Be pleased to accept our grateful acknowledgments for the invaluable assistance your noble efforts for the fair afforded our little ones. May the New Year which has dawned upon us bring you at the close of your scholastic term additional laurels from the "Hill of Science," and may your life long ever reflect credit upon your "Alma Mater" as in the present instance on behalf of the orphans. Rest assured the prayers of the fatherless cannot fail to ensure these and many other favors in reward for your generous conduct.

I have the honor to be, young gentlemen, with sentiments of the highest esteem, very gratefully yours,

SISTER FRANCES McENNIS.

"Hie Jacet."

It is with feelings of the deepest regret, that we notice the death of one of our oldest patrons and best friends, John H. Cameron, who departed this life on the 28th of January last. Although his death had been expected for some time past, the loss nevertheless was most severely felt by all, and when one came to realize that "Uncle John" was really gone, "tears would unbidden start" from many a stout and usually unquailing eye.

The immense concourse which attended Mr. Cameron's funeral afforded a striking proof of the high esteem in which he was held. Part of The Owl staff joined the mournful concourse. We offer our sincere condolences to the bereft mourners, who will receive them, we are sure, in the same friendly spirit which they have always shown towards us, both as acquaintances, and (in one case at least) as fellow-editors; and which we cordially reciprocate.

Approaching Festivities.

Though we owls are said to be unable to see after four o'clock (in the morning), nevertheless we are not blind to the fact that there is an unusual stir among the boys on account of the approaching "high days."

First comes Washington's birthday, on which occasion, we have heard, there is to be a public entertainment, in which the Junior Dramatic Society is to make its débüt in public. Though we have often been gratified by their fine acting, in private entertainments, we have never yet had an opportunity to witness the manner in which they would acquit themselves before a mixed and public audience. Therefore are we curious. That they will do well, and do credit both to themselves and above all to their President and trainer, Fr. Kenna, we are morally sure. But yet we would like to see.
Of course there will also be the usual exercises, consisting of addresses, a poem, and music; but we think the chief feature of the evening will be the acting of the "Jrs."

Not long after the 22d, will come the grand day of all, the 9th of March, the birthday of our President, Father Varsi. For this the preparations are even more apparent than those for the former occasion, and if we may judge from present appearances we can say with safety that there will be a fine day's sport—for the boys certainly, and we hope for all concerned. Notices are visible everywhere, inviting all those who desire to participate in the games, to hand their names to the Secretary of the Committee on Arrangements, the active, "nimble-footed," willing Mr. Hughes. Rules for the conduct of the various games have been printed on slips of paper, and are distributed "free of charge" to all. Jumpers, runners, etc., are active in practising for the occasion, and everything looks very promising.

Rather Confused!

One of our fellow-students who used to have an old joke on the W sharp cornet but who at present confines himself to the B flat tenor, came up to one of our Reporters and said he was going to write some poetry for his class in "dack-a-derick metre." The Reporter immediately picked up a dictionary in order to hunt the word out; but succeeded about as well as some of our Santa Clara nimrods, who "hunt" all day, but can never find or shoot. On inquiry of one of the class-mates of our embryo poet, we found that the intended measure was dactylic.

The same gentleman informed us, on another occasion, that he had received some splendid music for a quintet. Being asked what instruments he had he replied they were 1st and 2d violin, cornet, and flute. "Is that all?" says our Reporter. "Yes," says P——. "That will not be a quintet," says our Reporter. "Well, quintet or duet its all the same; you know what I mean"—was the response.

We understand the same gentleman is going to favor us with a drum solo with variations, accompanied by "Tom Collins" with the symbols, [we don't like to correct his spelling] either on the 22d or the 9th. We hope his efforts will be appreciated. We all know that he is "not mad but cunning."

Another gentleman, belonging to the 4th English (who must also be a little Scotch, if we may judge from the "Mc" before his name) asserted very positively that his dictionary was wrong because it spelt phosphorus, with a ph instead of an f, as he always spells it. That reminds us, by the by, that some of our chemists—at moments, we suppose, when their intellects are affected by its fumes—add an a to the word thus—"phosphorous"—in the last syllable; by which they greatly disgust our learned Professor. Phosphoric acid, gentlemen, is written P₂, O₅, and not P, O₅, as you seem to contend, but nitric acid is written N, O₅, and not N(a), O₅, as some one also says.

"Tom Collins'" pets are getting much better; and we hope that by the end of the session he will be able to walk more like a white man, and a little less like a Flat-head Indian.
Stocks.

We have been much amused at the apparent excitement that exists just now among some of our schoolmates, about the recent rise and fall in stocks. As soon as the mail is given out, in the Refectory, all eating is discontinued by those true Californians, in order that they may look at the Stock Report, of which they talk just as seriously as though they had three or four millions of dollars at stake. "When 'Mexican' goes to a hundred, I'll sell out."—"Sell 100 'California' at 1,000!"—and similar remarks are heard on all sides. Don't think too much about such things, boys! Everybody is aware of the Owl's wisdom; and his sage advice is, that you leave 'stocks' to your fathers for the present, and stick to study. Remember that "wise saw," of which there are so many "modern instances"—

"When land and money are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent."

If you don't believe in our advice ask any member of the Faculty; and if his weighty authority should confirm what we say, you may surely regard the question as settled, and act accordingly. Nothing can be fairer than that.

Nimrods on the "War Path."

There are about half a dozen of our youthful sportsmen, who beat the willows every Thursday for any poor game that may be therein sheltered; but in most cases they beat in vain. They come home, however, with stories of the large number of rabbits and quail they have killed, and which they are going to have cooked on Saturday. Saturday comes; but "the cook forgot them," and on Sunday they are too old, and so on; the game never makes its appearance. One of these youths came home the other day, (the Scotchman with the Mac, we think) in great glee, declaring that he had killed two fine ducks. Some one went to see them; and lo! they were found to be "two black crows, as black as any crows could be." Another says he killed five rabbits, but four of them jumped so high into the air when they were shot, that they fell in the brush and could not be found. Notwithstanding this the sportsman is sure that he killed them, because he saw the fur on the ground where they were shot. Even "Lubin" has taken to it, and we hear that the "Cornet" is mixed up in some grand hunting expedition. One of our little "Owlets" says he will undertake to count all the game, and preserve them with Lubin's Extract of we know not what.
List of College Exchanges,

RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

MAGAZINES.

Packer Quarterly, Packer College, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mills Quarterly, Mills Seminary, Brooklyn, Cal.
Virginia University Magazine, Univ. of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Seminary Budget, Sacramento Seminary, Sacramento, Cal.
Tyro, Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock, Ontario, Canada.
Lafayette Monthly, Lafayette College, Easton, Penn.
Alabama University Monthly, Univ. of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

JOURNALS.

College Message, St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Missouri.
Archangel, St. Michael's College, Portland, Oregon.
Scholastic, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.
College Olio, Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio.
College Herald, Univ. of Lewisburg, Lewisburg, Pa.
College Argus, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.
Denison Collegian, Denison Univ., Granville, Ohio.
College Journal, Georgetown College, Georgetown, D.C.
Salesianum, Seminary of St. Francis of Sales, St. Francis, Milwaukee Co., N.Y.
Brunonian, Brown Univ., Providence, R. I.
University Press, Univ. of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Triad, Upper Iowa Univ., Fayette, Iowa.
Spectator, St. Laurent College, Montreal, Canada.
Hesperian Student, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Hedl's College Journal, Hedl's Business College, San Francisco, Cal.
Niagara Index, Seminary of our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Co., N.Y.
Exchanges.

University Missourian, State Univ., Columbia, Mo.
Annalist, Albion College, Albion, Michigan.
College Spectator, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.
Raven, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana.
Chronicle, North Western College, Naperville, Ill.
Chronicle, Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Aurora, Albert College, Belleville, Ontario.
Tripod, Northwestern Univ., Columbia Mo.
Berkeleyan, Univ. of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Iowa Classic, Iowa Wesleyan Univ. Mount Pleasant, Iowa.
College News Letter, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.
University Reporter, Iowa State Univ., Iowa City; Iowa.
Madisonensis, Madison Univ., Hamilton, N. Y.
Yale Courant, Yale College, Newhaven, Conn.
Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Qui Vive, Shurtleff College, Upper Alton, Ill.
Collegian, Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa.
Transcript, Ohio Wesleyan Univ. & Ohio Wesleyan Female Coll., Delaware, O
Note and Quoted.

THE PAPER FOR BUTTERMEN:—The Eggs-ham-ner.—Judy.

A CIVIL BAPTISM.—Le Figaro gives an account of a new ceremony recently performed in Paris, where, it is remarked, they have had civil marriages and civil funerals; but it has been reserved for a “good” citizen, a friend of propriety and free-thinking, to afford the grand example of a civil baptism. He was married about a year since to a young devotee of the Goddess of Reason, and the other day there was a grand assemblage of the relatives and friends to witness the civil baptism of the child of this well-assorted union. The table on which stood the font was covered with red cloth and canopied with the drapeau rouge. The baby was dressed in red, and the mother wore a girdle and ribbons of the same color. The father, who was in his shirt sleeves, wore also a red waistband, and the Phrygian cap, and held in his hands a glass and a litre of red wine, with which he gave brotherly welcome to his guests. At length all having assembled, the grandfather, who was as red as the others, advanced slowly, and raising his trembling hands above the baby’s head, pronounced these words: “In the name of the Republic, I baptise thee Raoul.”—Dispatch.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF MEXICO.
It is said that the Cave of Cacahuamilpa is the largest cave which is yet known in the world. Several persons who have visited the mammoth cave of Kentucky and that of Cacahuampila in Mexico, pronounce the latter the larger. A volcanic mountain with an extinct crater covers this cave. It is not described in guide books of travel. It has, in fact, never been described. Mr. Porter C. Bliss has twice explored it, the last time in February of last year. Six hundred persons constituted the exploring party; they were provided with Bengal lights and scientific appliances. After reaching a level of perhaps 50 feet depth, they proceeded 3½ miles into the interior. The roof was so high—a succession of halls—that rockets often exploded before striking it. Labyrinthine passages leave the main hall in every direction. Stalagmites and stalactites are abundant. Below this cave at a great depth are two other immense caves.—Dispatch.

Our friend John.—Professor, will you please give me an example of irony?"

Professor of Rhetoric.—“You are a pretty fellow!” And now John don’t ask that Professor many questions.—Scholastic.

There are ninety-seven Colleges, Academies and institutions, in this country, in which the sexes are educated together—Just ninety-seven too many.—Alabama University Monthly.

[Precisely our sentiments.—Eds. Owl.]
The Santa Cruz Sentinel compares that town to “the dimple on beauty’s cheek.” More cheek than dimple probably.—A. N. Reporter.

Bachelor exclamation:—A lass! Maidenly exclamation:—Ah, men. —Raven.

A Weeping Woman.—Women have often an extraordinary talent for shedding tears. It is well that they should do so. Tears are not without their influence on the baser sex. Even brutish husbands—a class of men entering largely into the composition of society, either high or low—are not insensible to tears, especially when sober. But women must be careful and not weep over much; the demonstration should be reserved for special occasions. The more frugally tears are shed, the deeper will be the effect produced. Madame D’Arblay describes a young lady gifted with unexhaustible powers in this line. When requested before a social gathering to oblige the company by weeping, she would cheerfully comply. The process was as follows. The young lady’s features first became composed and then thoughtful. Presently her calm eyes filled with tears then, one by one in endless sequence, the pearly drops rained down her serene countenance, until the curiosity of the spectators was satisfied, and each one murmured “Hold, enough!” As a rule, we suppose that tears easily secreted, affect the beholders as little as they cost the lady shedding them.—Triad.

A Paris medical student has just died insane, having become so in consequence of an event that happened in the dissecting room. His subject had been placed in a sitting posture while frozen, and its right arm was kept above its head against the force of gravity by the icy condition of the tissues, and as he worked absorbed in his labor this arm came down, and the cold hand struck the student on the cheek. It was clear upon investigation that the hot fire made for the student had thawed the tissues, but the impression made upon his mind was too deep to be removed by a rational explanation.—College Message.

There is a certain Fresh here, that seems to be picked on by all his friends. A few evenings ago he was calling on a young lady; when one of his friends called him out, telling him that he desired to see him. He told the young lady that he would be back in a few minutes; she waited an hour or so, but no Freshman returned. He was locked up in a room where his friends were using him as a target on which to practice the manly art of boxing.—Hesperian Student.

[The life of that Freshman must be one ceaseless round of delight. We hope he will summon up sufficient pluck to return the favors of those kind “friends” with interest.—Ebs. Owl.]

Every good sculptor is bound to make a good statue or bust.—Chronicle.

Some one wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with rum and tobacco, but he preferred gravy and butter.—California Agriculturist.

A Singular Piece of Merchandise.—In a Paris shop window, near the Boulevards, is the following announcement, “A fine human skin, taken off whole and tanned in that condition. It is the skin of Aissa, the most lovely of the slaves of the Emperor of Morocco. She was only twenty when she died, and her skin was milk white.” —Call.

A man sticks at nothing when he tries to stab a ghost.—A. N. Reporter.
Col. Ethan Allen, of revolutionary fame, though roughly reared, was very courteous by nature, and made every possible effort to improve his manners by observing those of other people. When he was a prisoner of war, in New York City on parole, he was invited into the best society of the city, and on one occasion attended a large and fashionable dinner party. Olives were passed around during the feast; and following the general example Col. Allen took one. He was unable to overcome the disgust it caused his palate, and, taking the half-chewed fruit in his hand, said, with a low bow to the hostess, "Madam, with your permission, I'll put that d—d thing under the table."—San Jose Mercury.

The fly leaves of old manuscripts oftentimes contain curious exercises in verse. A couplet in which the seven sacraments or the articles of belief were, so to speak, boiled down, was particularly in favor. Many such verses are collected in a little devotional volume printed in Paris in 1552, the Antidotarius Anima. Thus:—"Vita Christi breviter explicata:—

Nascitur, abluitur, patitur, descendit ad ima;
Surgit et ascendit; veniet discernere cuncta."

Two couplets contain the Ten Commandments:—

"Unum crede Deum: nec jures vana per ipsum:
Sabbata sanctifices: habeas in honore parentes:
Non sis occisor, moechus, fur, testis iniquus:
Alterius nuptam, nec rem cupias alienam."

The Beatitudes are thus summed up:—

"Sis pauper, mitis, lugens, justus miseransque,
Mundus, pacificus; pro persequentibus ora."

—London Guardian.

This is how it happened down in Southwest Missouri:—

He found a rope, and picked it up,
And with it walked away,
It happened that to t'other end
A horse was hitched, they say.

They found a tree, and tied the rope
Unto a swinging timb,
It happened that the other end
Was somehow hitched to him.

—Scholastic.

A student of musical propensities, who resides on the Lawn, on returning from lecture the other day, was surprised to find the following effusion, written with a cake of soap, on his looking-glass:—

"When screech-owls screech, their note portends
To foolish mortals, death of friends;
But when this jackass strains his throat,
E'en screech-owls sicken at the note."

The owner of the glass has visited every poet in College, with a bowie-knife and a revolver in each pocket, but the author has not put in an appearance yet.—Virginia University Magazine.
RESULT OF THE EXAMINATIONS

Given by the Students of Santa Clara College, December, 1874.

Highest number of credits given, 100. Recipients of 60 and over only mentioned.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.


5th Class—First Division—C. Arguello 70, J. Bellew 95, V. Braschi 80, W. Clair 95, G. Ebner 90, D. Gagnon 70, Jno. Harrington 80, E. Holden 65, W. Irwin 70, J. Moore 100, A. Pacheco 70, F. Ryland 100, V. Sanchez 100, J. Tinoco 70, W. Tobin 100, J. Bonnet 95, T. Donahue 90, H. Farmer 100, J. Scully 90, G. Shafer 70, D. Quilty 70, M. Xlisalturri 80, J. T. Murphy 95.

Second Division—W. Byron 90, W. Charlton 92, P. Concannon 74, J. Dean 70, J. Fenton 90, F. Galinde 95, W. Gilbert 72, F. Gambert 80, H. Green 80, L. Gallagher 83, H. Jcantrout 95, M. Machado 72, J. R. Murphy 90, P. Narvaez 100, R. Pico 78, J. Q. irk 100, J. Scully 75, J. T. Sullivan 70, H. Thompson, 76, E. White, 60, G. Volio 70, E. Wingard 70, J. Walsh 65.

6th Class—H. Arguello 90, W. Barron 90, F. Chiles 80, C. Enright 100, Jos. Ford 100, J. Killian 70, S. Murphy 70, D. Spence 100, A. Tostado 70, Juan Volio 100.

LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS.


NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

W. Cardwell 71, V. M. Clement 70, C. Ebner 65, W. Gray 85, R. Soto 77, T. Tully 68, J. T. Walsh 82, B. Yorba 64.

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

J. T. Walsh 77, T. Morrison 70,

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

W. Cardwell 60, C. Ebner 64, W. Gray 78.

MATHEMATICS

1st Class—N. F. Brisac 75, J. T. Walsh 74.

2d Class—V. Clement 77, J. Herrmann 60, C. McClatchy 66, J. Ryland 66, B. Yorba 76, R. Soto 80.

GREEK.

1st Class—W. T. Gray 100.
2d Class—T. Morrison 73.
3d Class—R. Soto 96.
4th Class—R. Brenham 85, W. Davis 70, J. Herrmann 85, L. McArthur 90, C. Quilty 77, J. Smith 89, P. Soto 73.
5th Class—F. Cavagnaro 80, M. Donahue 98, L. Ghirardelli 95, A. McConne 89, C. Ortiz 85, W. Schofield 99.

LATIN.

1st Class—W. Gray 90, T. Morrison 90.
2d Class—R. Soto 95, J. T. Walsh 60.
3d Class—J. Herrmann 85, J. Smith 85, B. Yorba 85, L. McArthur 80, P. Soto 82.
4th Class—R. Brenham 88, W. Davis 85, C. Quilty 85, Th. Tully 72.
5th Class—A. Bush 80, F. Cavagnaro 97, M. Donahue 100, H. Freudenthal 98, L. Ghirardelli 98, F. Harrison 70, A. McConne 82, J. J. Montgomery 98, C. Moore 75, C. Ortiz 88, G. Shafer 70, R. Sheridan 100, E. Welti 100, T. Dowell 100.

RHETORIC.

1st Class—B. Brisac 77, J. Herrmann 71, J. Hudner 64, J. Machado 71, L. Palmer 63, R. Soto 73, J. Walsh 78, B. Yorba 63.

GRAMMAR.


FRENCH.

1st Class—B. Brisac 76, B. Chretien 60, O. Oreña 90, R. Soto 95.
Result of the Examinations.

SPANISH.
1st Class—C. McClatchy 70.
2d Class—L. Palmer 65, J. Hudner 65.
3d Class—G. Holden 60, J. F. Smith 78.

GERMAN.
1st Class—B. Brisac 82, C. Ebner 97, F. Ebner 95, X. Yorba 92.

ARITHMETIC.
2d Class—J. Auzerais 60, J. Bernard 95, R. Brenham 99, J. Chretien 75, F. Ebner 100, L. Ghirardelli 80, F. Hereford 90, G. Holden 90, C. Moore 70, A. Müller 70, J. Murphy 70, J. Olcese 80, J. Perrier 90, F. Ryland 85, A. Sanchez 75, Ch. Volio 60, Donahue 60.
4th Class—1st Division—H. Abila 100, W. Gilbert 70, J. Gazzolo 60, H. Jeantrout 70, G. Ortiz 70, R. Pico 70, R. Trenousho 70.
2d Division—W. Barron 90, F. Belt 60, J. Dean 90, P. Dunne 60, F. Gallagher 69, F. Gambert 90, F. 1.1 80, S. Murphy 70, D. Spence 78, A. Volio 80, J. Volio 60, J. Harrington 80, H. Argüello 80, W. Byron 60, E. Dolet 90, J. Ford 74, H. Krah·enberg 63, J. Killian 90, A. Lagos 80, W. Sparks 60.

BOOK-KEEPING.
1st Class—V. Clement 80, W. Davis 80, C. McClatchy 70.

READING AND SPELLING.
3d Class—H. Abila 80, H. Argüello 60, W. Barron 78, W. Byron 60, J. Dean 82, M. Dean 69, J. Ford 70, W. Gilber·t 78, F. Hall 63, E. Holden 73, H. Jeantrout 75, E. Lamolle 60, M. Machado 63, J. T. Murphy 63, R. Fico 80, F. Ryland 70, V. Sanchez 74, D. Spence 60, J. Tuck 82, R. Trenouth 77, W. Trenouh 65, E. Welti 74, E. White 73, E. Wingard 62, J. R. Welsh 72, M. Ylisaliturri 64
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