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THE OWL

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT;

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

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THE OWL

Vol. IX. MARCH, 1875. No. 7.

"OUR RISING GENERATION."

(J. H. Clark.)

The faults and peculiarities of "Our Rising Generation" form a subject calculated to excite both amusement and interest; amusement, because they show the vanity and foolishness of some young people; interest, because by pointing out their mistakes one may hope to effect an improvement in their ways.

Our humorous writers have often severely criticised our young ladies. They have described their painted faces and purchased heads; have drawn vivid pictures of their "Grecian bends," and mathematically figured the cost of manufacturing a modern belle. They have, however, said very little about our young men. We therefore propose, in this short article, to draw a few pen pictures of our rising male generation, and in so doing to give consecutive sketches, for the amusement of our readers, of the dressy, the conceited, the careless, and the insane young men of the period, respectively.

The dressy young man is an animal somewhat difficult to describe. His wardrobe is truly magnificent. Everything he possesses is of the most costly material. A stain upon his cravat causes him the greatest suffering; a blot on his character is but a trifling affair. Our "dressy" friend has the most supreme contempt for honest toil. He spends his days before the looking-glass, studying the cut of his coat, or practising the walk which he thinks will be most sure to attract the attention of admiring females. His sleep at night is interrupted by torturing dreams, in which he imagines he sees a rent in his coat, or a grease spot on his vest. He takes great pride in wearing tight, narrow, high-heeled boots, which are usually some sizes too small for him. To witness the suffering he endures in putting them on would make the very stones weep. He generally stations himself at the head of a flight of stairs, as affording a convenient position for the operation, and then pulls and tugs and sweats,
till he is well nigh exhausted in his frantic efforts to get into these said boots. At the same time he endures also great mental agony. He is now silent with despair, as the boot-strap breaks, now wild with disappointment and rage, as in making a last and desperate effort, he loses his balance and falls down stairs. When "fixed up" for an evening party, this young man appears perfectly grand. His pantaloons are a perfect chef d'œuvre of the tailor's art; his shirt is bristling with California diamonds; several different colored vests, one put over the other, display the largeness of his wardrobe; while a huge cravat adorned with a gold or brass shield contributes to his attractions. Thus our friend lives, day after day, until he succeeds in convincing some wealthy heiress that he is a prince in disguise. A wedding follows; and then comes the discovery. Our dressy friend is declared an impostor, and soon the doors of San Quentin close over his noble person. In that safe retreat he passes the best part of his life, clothed in all the colors of the rain-bow, and ever and anon indulging in a little gentle exercise, such as breaking stones or manufacturing bricks.

The conceited young man, has all the faults of the dressy youth; but in addition thereto he labors under the delusion that he is handsome, thinks that all the ladies are in love with him, and is consequently a nuisance to every body. Accompany him to the theatre, and you pass a night of misery. Does a lady take out her handkerchief? He nudges you in the ribs, gravely informing you that she is smitten with his charms and desires the honor of his acquaintance. All the mechanical genius, all the mental ability which this young man may possess, are spent, first and foremost, on his hair. To see him "fix his hair" is a sight which beggars description. He oils it, puffs it, brushes it, looks at the back of it by means of two mirrors, then oils, puffs, and brushes it again. By this time he is tired. He rests his weary body a few moments, and pictures to himself a happy land where hair is combed by angels' hands. He then begins again, putting on still more oil; and after some hours of manual labor, this part of his toilet is complete. The only real sorrow this youth ever experienced happened a few years ago, when he heard of the loss of the Arctic fleet. He read the account carelessly at first, sighed gently as he thought of the abandoned ships, and grew just a shade sadder as he pictured the sufferings of the sailors on the ice-bound sea;—but when he heard of the loss of so much oil, he was seized with such a terrible fear lest the supply of hair grease might fail, that he positively fainted, and lay for hours senseless on the floor. He also spends much time on his moustaches. No young mother ever bestowed more care upon her first infant than he does upon those precious twins, his baby moustaches. He dyes them whatever color may be fashionable at the time, and waxes them frequently during the day. The great admiration which he entertains for himself, leads him, as we have already seen, to imagine that the ladies are equally prepossessed in his favor. This fre-
quently brings him into serious difficulties; as he sometimes falls into the clutches of angry guardians. It is a sad, a melancholy, but nevertheless an undeniable fact that Paterfamilias, in these degenerate times, has objections, decided objections, to having his parlor-walls ornamented with grease-spots, or his midnight slumbers disturbed by such plaintive strains as, “If Ever I Cease to Love.”

There is another specimen of “Our Rising Generation,” as bad as either the dressy or the conceited young man; I mean that uncouth monstrosity the careless youth. His clothing is generally of good quality; but he is too lazy to keep it in order. Speaking of careless youths, I am reminded of an incident which occurred some time ago. I chanced to attend a meeting of a Literary Society which assembles in one of the towns of the interior of the State; and there I saw some young men whose appearance was simply ridiculous. Their clothes looked as though they had not been brushed for ages; their boots looked like small dirt wagons. When they rose to speak, the entire audience were compelled to laugh; for they looked like sleepy boys who had passed the night in a hog-pen, and were now desirous of knowing if breakfast was ready. This remark may create a smile, but we think that any boy who is so indifferent to his personal appearance as to walk the street with unpolished boots or without a cravat, must inevitably make a worthless man.

The fourth specimen which we shall give of the “Rising Generation,” is the insane young man, by which we mean the young man that parts his hair in the middle. How this abominable fashion originated is lost in the twilight of fable. It is said that it owes its origin to a mistake made by an ancient painter, who was employed to paint a lion’s head. He sketched the shaggy mane to perfection but, by a slip of the brush, in drawing the face, he made a donkey’s stupid head instead of the noble visage of the king of beasts. This donkey with a lion’s mane parted in the middle presented an appearance something like the crazy youths of our age, and this we believe was the origin of the absurd fashion. It may be, however, that the same law of nature which impels strong-minded women to part their hair on the side compels weak-minded men to separate theirs in the middle. When we see these people with their hair parted in the middle, their idiotic countenance, and their unmanly appearance, we are almost tempted to exclaim, “O Darwin, thy theory is correct!” Woman was placed upon the earth to comfort and to bless man. We dislike to see a strong-minded woman abandoning the angelic ways of her sex and assuming the burly manners of a man, but when we see a man attempting, by parting his hair in the middle, to assume a female appearance, we are filled at once with pity and contempt; with pity, for we know that his brains are gone, his intellect diseased, and his mind unsound; with contempt because we despise any human being who is ashamed of the noble sex an all wise God has given him. The mention of “insane youths” reminds me of another inci-
dent. The scene of the story I am about to relate, is this beautiful valley of Santa Clara, this classic region wherein so many of our young ladies and gentlemen are trained to learning and virtue. Santa Clara is a quiet town enough; but in it there is a certain renowned college for young men; and within three miles of it, in the bustling town of San José there are several seminaries for young ladies. At the said College in Santa Clara (the name of which we decline to give) was a youth, the young affections of whose heart were centered on a certain young lady with raven locks, who attended one of the San José seminaries. He determined to use every means in his power to secure just one curl from her luxuriant head. He happened to have a sister who was a great friend of the young lady in question; and to her he very naturally made known his desire. She communicated his wish to the admired one; and a few days later, the young gentleman received a beautifully scented envelope, containing a lovely little curl tied up in blue ribbon. Any youth who has ever received a similar token, can readily imagine how our friend felt. He fancied himself in the seventh heaven of happiness; the world appeared to have been created afresh; the sun shone brighter; the streams, the valleys and the hills looked more lovely than he had ever beheld them. His future looked glorious indeed. He showed the curl to every body, and made his triumph known to every student of the college in particular. Whilst his studies were almost entirely forgotten he spent nearly all his time gazing upon the token, or writing sonnets on lovely eyes and black curls. A few days after the reception of the curl, one of the professors had occasion to visit the seminary, and discovered that a splendid piece of deception had been played upon the credulous youth. It happened that the young lady was gifted with some sound common sense; and so when the youth sent in his application for a lock of hair, she had called up a large Newfoundland dog, one of the guardians of the institution, and having cut the softest curl from his shaggy tail had sent it to the youth; and this was the token he had been triumphantly showing for nearly a week. The Professor lost no time in posting the students about the trick. The youth was deeply mortified, and I believe never again asked a young lady for a lock of her hair. Years have passed since that event; but it remains traditional in the College; and that youth can never, it is said, meet a Newfoundland dog, "Or in the dazzling noon-day light, 
Or 'mid the sombre shades of night," without blushing with shame and indignation.

If I have said nothing about the female portion of "Our Rising Generation," it is not that I can see in them no faults to criticize. In all populous cities there are to be found a few ladies who are so inordinately fond of the art of painting, that they practise it even upon their own faces. In all large communities there are young ladies whose sole object in life appears to be hammering unoffending pianos, and wearing out handkerchiefs in senseless street flirtations.
However if our young ladies have faults they certainly hear of them often enough; and although little or nothing is said of our young men, I assert boldly that their faults are ten times worse than those of the ladies. Our boys should be taught that they will one day be men destined for noble purposes. Upon the rising male generation depends our success as a free people. Yes! Upon our growing boys rest the future liberties of this country, and the perpetuity of republican institutions. We in California particularly need a generation of industrious Christian men. A bounteous providence has enriched our state with every natural blessing; our pioneers have laid a good foundation, it remains for us to construct the building.

California is indeed a grand State. With her wealthy and populous cities; her numerous churches, colleges, convents and schools; her factories and workshops; her magnificent buildings, devoted to trade and commerce; her miles and miles of railroads, her mighty steamers breasting the waves of the Golden Gate for China and Japan; her wheat fields covering the plains and the valleys like the vast undulating waves of the ocean; she indeed presents a beautiful picture of happiness and wealth. All we need to make us great and powerful is to subject "Our Rising Generation" to a proper religious and parental training. This done, our greatness will increase a thousand fold; we shall command the respect of mankind; and the admiring world will assert, as a matter of fact, what the eloquent Berkley formerly wrote, in the spirit of prophecy;—"Westward the star of Empire takes its way."
THE CAUSES OF THE RISE AND GLORY OF ROME.

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

Of all the great States of ancient times with which history has made us familiar, that which most excites our wonder and admiration is the Roman Republic.

No one can read the history of Rome without being impressed and even awed by her extraordinary greatness, her world-wide authority and influence; and yet her steps were once like the steps of a little child, necessarily slow and short. No sooner however did she gain some small degree of military strength, and therewith some national importance, than she began to make the most rapid and gigantic strides towards the accomplishment of her great destiny—the conquest and direction of the world. To what causes this rapid rise and mighty power of hers are to be assigned, is the question which I shall endeavor to answer in this brief essay.

The primary and fundamental cause of the rise and power of Rome is to be found, beyond a doubt in the virtue and noble qualities of the Roman people; qualities which it would be well for many of the "Christian" nations of the present day to imitate.

"The first seven rulers of Rome were marked by characters as distinguishable as the seven colors, and each Roman king laid the foundation for some future mighty development in his country. The dregs of kingly government were swept away by the five hundred years of republican rule as cleanly as the filth of the cloaca by the water-currents of the aqueducts. Roman virtue, Roman valor, Roman endurance, Roman justice, Roman dignity, and Roman intelligence, became, like Roman travertine, hardened by six centuries of exposure to the incessant attrition of surrounding nations, until, having grown to colossal dimensions, they were petrified in Roman magnificence. What magnificence! There were the concentrated splendors of virtue, like that of Cincinnatus; of valor, like that of the Fabii; of endurance, like that of Regulus; of justice, like that of Fabricius; of dignity, like that of the Ambassadors to Athens; and of intelligence, like that of the lights of the Augustan age. When Caesar was enthroned on Roman magnificence, he saw at his feet the gold and glory of Asia, the wealth and produce of Africa, the intelligence of Greece, and the disciplined valor of conquered European races. For nearly five hundred years his throne and his empire were seen among nations like an island lifted by volcanic agency from the depths of the sea. To be sure, that island has been overflooded by the returning waters of deluge after deluge; but from it have been taken the foundation stones of every civilization in past ages and in our own times."*

One of the noblest traits in the character of a Roman was his fidelity to his plighted word. Of this history

*N. Y. Tablet.
The Causes of the Rise and Glory of Rome.

furnishes us with many instances of which the most striking is perhaps that of Regulus—already mentioned as an example of endurance—who left Rome and all that was dear to him and went to Carthage and to certain death, rather than break faith with his merciless and inexorable enemies. In many other cases also has a Roman forfeited his life to save his honor.

The Romans were also particularly remarkable for their frugality, which in two distinct ways contributed not a little to the rise of Rome; for by means of this virtue they not only banished from their midst certain vices of a very dangerous type, but also drew down on themselves the special favor of God. And since this nation, this "Roman Republic," was composed of people who were heathens, and who from that very fact, could not receive an eternal reward for their virtue, God, who always rewards everyone according to his just deserts, was pleased to grant them a temporal favor as a recompense; which temporal favor was—the empire of the world. Here then is the first and greatest cause of Rome's greatness; viz., that special assistance which Divine Providence vouchsafed to the Roman people on account of their virtues.

In every period of Roman history we find many examples to illustrate the truth of this assertion. Every classical student must have been struck by the two facts, (a) that Rome was never assailed simultaneously by more enemies than she could simultaneously oppose, and (b.) that she was never assailed at all during the those periods of weakness which always follow a long war; after the war with Hannibal, for instance, as also after the war with Antiochus, and, indeed, after every other war which weakened her by any considerable losses.

Again, history shews us that whenever Rome was brought to the verge of destruction, God always raised up some great man to avert the impending ruin. For example, after the battle of the Allia, Rome had her Camillus, and after that of Cannae her Scipio. On almost every page, indeed, of Roman history we find instances of the special protection of Rome by Divine Providence.

Furthermore, Rome, from her very foundation, enforced a very rigid discipline among her troops. Fearlessly did these brave soldiers march to battle, placing, as they did, that implicit trust in the ability of their commanders, and having that confidence in themselves which are almost universally the forerunners of victory.

We see a remarkable instance of this in Caesar's great battle with the Nervii on the river Sambre. The Romans, who had been thrown into disorder by the desperate charge of the enemy, instantly rallied at the sight of their beloved commander, and fought from that moment with such bravery as not only to drive back their assailants, but almost to exterminate the name and race of the Nervii.

The smallest breach of discipline in a Roman army, was considered as one of the most grievous offences possible; nor (as we all know) is there wanting even the crucial instance of
The Causes of the Rise and Glory of Rome.

The general who ordered his sons to be put to death for taking it upon themselves to leave the ranks in order to fight a taunting enemy.

The Romans not only possessed the innate mettle necessary for good soldiers, but had also that ingenuity which renders men capable of deriving advantage from any mechanical invention that may fall under their notice. Thus they acquired the knowledge of constructing ships of war by observing a few pieces of a wrecked Carthaginian galley. And from Pyrrhus they learned the art of making encampments, adding thereto the practice of fortifying them with ditches and ramparts.

But the intellect which planned all those mighty wars, the foresight which rescued the state from so many impending calamities, the zeal tempered with prudence which discussed and settled so many complicated questions concerning the home and foreign affairs of the country,—must not the source of all these be one of the great causes of the rise of the Roman republic? And what was that source? It was the Roman senate.

That august body of men seemed ever to be most cool, most firm, and most decisive in the darkest hours of the Republic, and least elated in the moment of victory.

When Hannibal, having crossed the Alps, had swept all their armies before him and had reached even the very gates of Rome, would the Senate accept his proffered treaty? No. They would not even hear the Punic ambassador. They only gave him summary dismissal.

Again when the armies of Rome were defeated by Coriolanus, and the city was in imminent danger of being taken, the Senate instead of making overtures for peace, issued the bold and fearless decree, "That nothing should be yielded to a threatening enemy, nor any treaty whatsoever concluded with him, until he had withdrawn his troops from the territories of the Republic." What an astonishing decree to be issued by men whom the next hour might find in the hands of that very enemy whose proposals they treated with such contempt! And yet this very firmness was the salvation of Rome! Both Hannibal and Coriolanus were in the end defeated, and troubled the state no more; whereas, had the senate listened to them, Rome's power and glory would have been cut short, at one or the other point, and she would never have reached that lofty height of glory, that world-wide reach of empire, to which the firmness and perseverance of her sons eventually conducted her.

Well; after years of hard fighting, Rome, having conquered all competitors, at last enjoys peace. Her power is now established on a solid foundation, and gold and silver, flowing in from the provinces, fill at once the coffers of the State, and those of the individual citizens. It is by her moral virtues, by the valor and discipline of her soldiers, by the fortitude of her senate, and, as a consequence of all these things, by the special protection of a just God, that she has been raised—heathen though she be—to the lofty eminence of glory which has astonished and will ever astonish the world.
A CHAPTER ON COACHES.

(COLONEL E. W. DANCE, Royal Artillery.)

MODERN railway travelling, fast though it may be, does not afford one the pleasant scenes of a well-ordered English coach-road; and the feeling of exhilaration which used to be caused by being driven in a coach drawn by four well-bred—often thorough-bred—horses, is so missed by Englishmen of the present day that numerous four-horse coaches have lately been put on the roads from London to Brighton, Richmond and other places, which coaches seem to be quite a success.

Forty or fifty years ago, when the splendid four-horse coaches of England were the admiration of Europe, and earlier still, when the coaching-system was in its infancy, many an amusing incident occurred which can never happen now, but which naturally suggests itself to one's memory when one sits down to write a "Chapter on Coaches."

I ought perhaps to premise, since I am writing for a California magazine, that young people in California cannot form the slightest idea, from anything which they now see in the coaching way, of what the light English coaches of the old days used to be. They were no more like the heavy, lumbering, six-horse "stages" which now climb the steep sides of a California-mountain range, than the deep ruts and fathomless mud of Californian stage roads are like the hard, smooth, level surface of the old-fashioned English "turnpike," along which the said coaches used to bowl at the constantly maintained rate of ten, eleven, or even twelve miles an hour, stoppages included.

To go back to the earlier coaching days, there is the story which has been so well told lately, in one of our magazines, of the old Country Squire who was so astonished at hearing from his son, just before the Oxford vacation commenced, that "he would be home on Thursday and bring his coach with him." "Bring his coach!" said the crusty old Squire; "Why, what are young men coming to? Had he said he would bring his hunter, or dog-cart, I could have understood it." The youth soon arrived at home, and brought with him a very gentlemanly young man of the name of Talbot, who had taken high honors in the Schools, and had consequently been selected to be "coach" (i.e. tu-
to the squire’s son during the vacation. The old gentleman was glad to see his son’s friend, but was more astonished than ever on finding that Mr. Talbot was the “coach” which he had been expecting.

The coach which ran to York some hundred years ago, was advertised, by handbills and placards, “to start from the Blue Boar in Holborn every Wednesday, Heaven willing, and every Friday, whether or no:” which objectionable phrase was the result of bad grammar only, and not of bad intention, and meant that if possible the coach would start on Wednesday, but if not, anyhow it would go on Friday, in each week.

Harley, the famous comic actor, had been handsomely paid for acting at some provincial theatre, and was returning to London with a considerable sum of money in his pocket. Next to Harley sat an apparently well-do gentleman, probably some banker, or rich merchant, who was evidently bursting with purse-pride, and who had made himself very disagreeable to Harley, who longed for fresh air, by persistently refusing to let the window down. Suddenly the coach stopped, the window which had formed the subject of their dispute, was let down from the outside, and a masked highwayman, presenting his pistol, demanded, in due form, “the money or the lives” of he inside passengers. The highwayman happened to address Harley first, who, instantly assuming the expression of a perfect idiot, suffered his tongue to loll out of his mouth, and pointing with his thumb to the disagreeable old banker next him, said, — “Nunky pays for all! I’ve got no money. Nunky!” (nudging the old gentleman) “Here’s poor man wants money! I say, Nunky! Here’s poor man wants money!” Of course the robber would not waste his time on an idiot, who assured him that his uncle, the old banker, paid for all; but the old gentleman was well searched, and stripped of all his possessions; Harley continuing all the time to play the idiot, and thus escaping search altogether, and carrying his money safely to London.

In Lever’s Harry Lorrequer, there is a capital coach scene, part of which is worth extracting. The dramatis personae are a certain Dr. Finucane and Harry Lorrequer himself, who tells his story in the first person. The Doctor is traveling inside a coach, on a dark and stormy night, with two parcels of gold for Dublin, when Harry arrives suddenly in a post-chaise and four, and takes his seat in the coach. Previous circumstances have led the doctor to believe that the new-comer, whose features he is unable to distinguish, is a robber. I shall begin with a speech of Dr. Finucane’s.

“‘It’s pleasure ye call it, travelin’ with me? Then there’s no accountin’ for tastes, as Dr. Collis said, when he saw me bite Cusack Rooney’s thumb off.’

“‘Bite a man’s thumb off!’ said I (Harry Lorrequer) in horror. * * *

“‘And may I ask you, sir,’ said I, in a very mild and soothing tone of voice, ‘May I ask the reason of this very singular propensity of yours? have they no name for the malady?’

“‘Oh, sure enough, they have a
name for it. It might be uncomfortable if I was to get one of the fits. I'm thinkin' Rooney's barking away by this time.'

"You are surely not speaking of hydrophobia?" said I, my hair actually bristling with horror and consternation.

"'Ain't I, though? This is the ninth day since I took to biting.'"

Ere long, Harry Lorrequer, horribly alarmed, gets outside, despite the pouring rain, and is soon of course wet through; and when morning comes, and it is ascertained that the supposed highwayman and the supposed madman, Lorrequer and Finucane, are two old friends, who have been mutually frightening each other, Harry, who has been the real sufferer, gets most unmercifully roasted by the Doctor.

Theodore Hook was traveling, once upon a time, inside a large stage coach. Opposite to him, sat a pretty but very delicate-looking young lady, with her mother by her side. She dropped off to sleep; and the mother, seeing Hook's eyes turned, with an expression of kind, tender pity upon the sleeping girl, heaved a deep sigh, and said,—"Ah, sir! A sad case—a very sad case indeed!"

"Poor thing!" said Hook, "What is the matter? She looks very delicate."

"'Heart, sir! Heart!' said the old lady.

"A complaint of the heart, ma'am? Oh, dear, how sad! Is it a case of aneurism?"

"No, sir; a Lieutenant;" said the old lady.

Of course disappointed love for a Lieutenant, was the young lady's sad ailment. I hope she got cured in time.

Another coach scene occurs to me; but I am not quite certain as to the kind of carriage in which it happened. It may not improbably have been one of the old coaches, though; so I shall give my readers the benefit of the doubt. The late Bishop of Winchester (formerly of Oxford, under which latter title he is perhaps better known to the public) the celebrated Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, was renowned in many ways. On the principle, I suppose, of de mortuis nil nisi bonum, his good deeds have, since his death, been talked of most; but there were many persons of his acquaintance—among them a clerical friend of the present writer—who had reason to think that the nickname given him by the English public, "Soapy Sam," was not altogether ill-bestowed. Notwithstanding his somewhat "high-church" tendencies, he generally continued to keep in good odor at Windsor Castle; and when matters of principle were in question he managed to be "high, low, Jack and the game" all at once (at any rate, "the game") without offending any one—except, perhaps, the weakest party. Well; the good Bishop was one day sitting in a public coach, with a very lady-like woman for his vis-a-vis, with whom he soon struck up an amicable conversation. The lady, seeing by his dress that he was a clerical dignitary of some kind, very naturally led the conversation to church affairs, and in speaking of the various clerics who were then
most notable, mentioned the name of the Bishop of Oxford; without, of course, the slightest idea that she had the veritable *Simon Pure* before her.

"There is one thing," she said, "that I never could make out; and I am glad I have thought of it; for I have no doubt, sir, you will be able to explain it. Do tell me why it is that so many people call the Bishop of Oxford 'Soapy Sam'?"

"The thing is plain enough, my dear madam," said the clever bishop, whose presence of mind never failed him in an emergency. "Often and unavoidably as he is mixed up in the political transactions of the day, he never fails to come out of everything *with clean hands*."

Some of the old coachmen were rough in style—although it was common enough for amateurs to drive public vehicles; and I have myself been driven by Sir Stapleton Cotton, at one time, and by the Marquis of Worcester at another. One of the rough coachmen of whom I have spoken, was one day swearing at a team of horses that gave him a good deal of trouble. On the box, at his side, sat a Quaker, who was greatly scandalized. "Friend," said the pious Quaker, "thy language is bad. Remember the patient Job; and bear thy trials as he did." "It's all very fine for you to talk about Job," said the Jehu; "but pray, sir, did Job ever drive three blind 'uns and a bolter?"

In one of Hood's Comic Annuals—those Annuals which, like our modern Punch, sometimes contained very touching facts, despite their general vein of fun—the following scene is described.

Hood, traveling by a stage coach to Dublin, saw, at a small Irish town on the road, a sad parting between a soldier who was about to rejoin his regiment, and his sweetheart and mother, who had come to see him off. "Och, Thady dear, come back thin!" said one of the women, the other lending all her support to the entreaty; "Sure they'll flog yez as soon as ever ye get there. Why don't ye shew a clane pair of heels, and save our darlin' Thady from being punished?" "Yis; I'll be flogged, sure enough; but I'll go all the same," said the resolute Thady: "the longer I stop away, the worse it'll be for me. I'll go back and face it, like a man." On enquiry, Hood found that the soldier had unintentionally overstaid his furlough by one day, and that, several such cases having occurred in the regiment, the Colonel had declared that the next man who committed that particular breach of discipline should be flogged. "When's your leave up?" said Hood. "First March, sir," said the soldier. "Oh, then you're all right! This is leap-year; February has twenty-nine days," said Hood. No sooner was the point made clear to him than the soldier jumped up, delighted, and cutting a caper on the top of the coach, called out, "Och, thin, bad luck to the auld almanack, to go and desave us that way, after havin' been so many years in the family!" As if the fact that an almanack had been many years in the family, and was consequently long out of date, were any reason for expecting it to be
correct.

It is true, by the bye, that this was as good a reason as was once given to myself by an Irish carman who saw me examining the change he had given me. "Och, thin, sure ye needn't be lookin' at the two bob in that way. They're quite good. Didn't I make thim both myself?"

Here my "Chapter on Coaches" ends. I am only sorry that, treating of a topic in connexion with which so many good stories are extant, I should have failed—as I fear I have—to do it justice. Which reminds me of a good story, told me not long since, about a London costermonger. A friend of mine was one day on the top of a steep hill near London, when said costermonger arrived on the spot with a very-heavy cart-load of turnips. The wretched old screw of a horse—the best the poor costermonger could afford—had with enormous difficulty just succeeded in tugging the cart up the hill, when the back-board of the vehicle dropped out, and the whole load of turnips rolled to the bottom of the hill. The costermonger, after the manner of his kind, might have been expected to use a considerable amount of foul language; but no! He simply turned round to the gentleman, with an expression of utter despair on his face, and said,—"It ain't no use a cussin, and a swearin' at a thing like that, sir. I feel I couldn't do it justice!"

And, in like manner, I have not been able, I fear, to "do justice" to my "Chapter on Coaches."
THE MYSTERY OF MESMERISM EXPLAINED.

(Communicated.)

CHAPTER V.

LET us, before concluding, gather up all that we have said.

Of the real or supposed facts called "mesmeric," the greater portion perhaps is mere illusion and imposition. Many of them, no doubt, are or may be natural; but others outstrip at once all the rules of art and all the laws of human nature. Putting aside however the concrete question of facts and their special nature, we confined ourselves to examining the theoretical question of their cause; and in so doing we took occasion to confute sundry errors which are common to all who uphold the doctrine of mesmerism.

Having undertaken then to investigate the cause of the truly mesmeric facts, we deduced it from the very actions of the mesmerists, which are **(a.)** external manipulations or gestures, and **(b.)** internal acts of the will. We next excluded the gestures; which by the confession of the mesmerists themselves are not necessary, not not having any efficacy of their own, but receiving all they have from the will. To the will alone herefore we directed our critical searches.

There is no question between us and the mesmerists as to the following points, viz: that the will is a cause of the facts of mesmerism, and that it acts as an immediate cause on the mesmeric agent, by which or by whom are afterwards produced the magnetic phenomena. The question is of what kind is that efficacy of the will? Is it physical or is it moral? Does the will move the magnetic agent by a true and real physical impulse, or only by moral invitation? Mesmerists cling with extreme pertinacity to the physical efficacy of the will; we admit only its moral efficacy. And since besides these two kinds of efficacy, there is not a third kind, the reader must needs accept the one, if he excludes the other.

Next, in order to show that the will does not move the mesmeric agent physically, we adduced some of the principal characteristics by which physical efficiency is distinguished from moral, and applied them to the case in hand. This afforded us an opportunity of testing the nature of the volitive acts and of the virtue proper to them; of setting forth the difference between volition and action, or willing and doing—a difference which the theory of the mesmerists ignores—of explain-
The Mystery of Mesmerism Explained.

The laws of the motive faculty, which, as we reminded our readers, is distinct from the will though subject to it; of showing that such laws are irreconcilable with the principles of mesmerism; and lastly of explaining some other points bearing on this subject, in the course of which explanation we were careful to advance no doctrines which were not at once common, old and clear, however distorted they may have been in modern times by our mesmeric theorists.

If then the will does not move the mesmeric agent by physical power, we must needs admit that it does so by moral power. But in order that one may be moved morally, he must be a moral being; that is to say, he must be both intelligent and free; so that, having ascertained the will of the mover, he may spontaneously determine to fulfil it. Hence the mesmeric agent is not a fluid, nor a material substance; but he is an intelligent spirit, distinct at once from the magnetizer and the magnetized; a willing spirit, who knowing from certain signs the will of the magnetizer obeys with more or less facility and fidelity, producing in the magnetized those strange phenomena which go by the name of \textit{mesmeric}.

To this conclusion we are led by our premises: if it displeases anyone let him check the outcry against us, which we see trembling on his lips, and lay his complaints before the tribunal of Logic.

Our readers will easily foresee certain inferences which such a conclusion involves, both in the speculative and in the practical orders, as to the nature and lawfulness of mesmerism.

The doctrine of the immediate and physical efficacy of the will on the pretended fluid is the characteristic peculiarity which distinguishes and separates the mesmeric theory from all theories which are truly physical. Hence it affords us an infallible criterion whereby to ascertain the true nature of the mesmeric operations. In fact (and this is the point towards which our whole argument has been tending) the doctrine spoken of is only a veil which serves to disguise under natural appearances superstitious and preternatural effects.

To attribute to the will the direct and therefore physical power of moving fluids and bodies at its pleasure, and thus producing the wonderful effects called \textit{mesmeric}, is equivalent in point of fact to acknowledging that these phenomena are out of the natural order, and must be attributed to preternatural agents. It is the refuge of men who, unable to account for the phenomena in question by any natural law, and unwilling to admit preternatural causes, are yet driven to say something. That materialists, who deny the existence of any spiritual being, and rationalists who deny any supernatural action in the world, should reject all the mesmeric facts as sheer imposture, is no more than we might expect.

Do you wish then to ascertain, by means of this criterion, whether such-and-such given effects are natural or preternatural? Observe to what cause they are attributed, and how are they produced.

If in order to their production, an intense energy of will, of faith and of
intention is required; and if the effects are attributed to this energy as to a direct cause, you may be sure that such effects are not natural. For in the natural order, although the intention, faith and will have certainly a mediate and indirect influence, inasmuch as they move man to use the physical means and apply the natural causes by which a given effect may be produced, yet they neither have nor can have any immediate or direct influence; and this for the simple reason that the natural agents, not being intellectual or moral, are incapable of receiving an influence which from its very nature is and must be wholly intellectual and moral.

"But," it may be asked, "among the phenomena of animal magnetism are there none which are natural? And if so, which are they? Show us the boundaries which divide the natural from the preternatural."

To these and all similar demands we answer; "You already have the criterion. If among the phenomena there be any for the production of which no direct action of the will, of the intention or of faith is required, they are natural; whereas all phenomena for which such direct action is required, are preternatural."

That the mesmeric agent is not a fluid nor a material substance, but an intelligent spirit, distinct at once from the magnetizer and from the magnetized, has been, for many years past, so evident that most of the professors and amateurs of mesmerism have been led to account for the mesmeric phenomena by admitting the spirits. They are convinced that the active principle of these phenomena cannot be a corporeal substance endowed with certain physical forces; but, on the contrary, must be a spiritual substance invested with a wide dominion over matter. And since no spiritual substance so powerful in action exists in our corporeal world, we are led necessarily to the theory of the interference of spirits external thereto; which spirits, as both faith and reason teach us, do certainly hold constant and close intercourse with this world.

Nor is this explanation, however reluctant some may be to admit it, at all unreasonable, but the contrary; since (a.) its foundation is so firmly established as to be beyond a doubt, (b.) its application accounts perfectly well for all the mesmeric facts, and (c.) its necessity is indispensable.

(a.) Its foundation is beyond the shadow of doubt.

What is this foundation? That spirits exist; that they can hold dominion over matter; and that they may have intercourse with men living upon earth. If we except the materialists, there is no scientific school, that does not admit these three points; which are evidently proved by revelation, by history and by reason.

(b.) Its application accounts perfectly well for all the mesmeric phenomena.

This is easily understood. Each of those facts taken by itself, may, speaking generally, spring from one or more natural forces capable of producing that effect alone; and when some unique effect surpasses the forces of nature, then it may have been produced by an agent who has
power superior to those forces. In the first case it suffices that the spirits should use the power which they possess over the material forces of nature for the production of this or that phenomenon. In the second case, the required power, superior to the material forces of nature, is found in the spirits. Therefore, so far as regards the causation of the facts, every one of them, without exception, can be attributed to the intervention of the spirits.

With regard to the *modus operandi*—so various, so incontrollable, so fickle, so capricious as it is—wherein shall we find a simpler or more adequate explanation of our difficulty than in the intervention of spirits endowed with free will and liberty? That which constitutes an insurmountable objection to the adoption of the "natural force" theory (for natural forces are constant) when applied to the theory of "spirit intervention," becomes not only a favorable conjecture, but something more—an all but indubitable proof.

(c.) Lastly, its necessity is indispensable.

There must exist somewhere a principle which is the cause of these effects. Within the material world this principle neither is nor can be found. Consequently we must needs, in order to find it, resort to the spiritual world. And in doing so we must inevitably resort to the spirits outside of our world; for the only spirit living in our world is the human soul, and that cannot be the agent sought for; as we have proved in the foregoing chapters.

For the above reasons, then, the hypothesis that accounts for the mesmeric phenomena by asserting the intervention of spirits is a sound hypothesis; and as long as it remains within these generic terms cannot be refuted. But if we ascend from the generic assertion of the intervention of spirits to the specific determination of what kind of spirits, we enter at once upon a new field of argument. And with the help of God, we shall try ere long, in an other series of articles, to prospect this new field.

THE END.
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GENTLEWOMEN.

(From the Vassar Miscellany, January 1875.)

Human nature is essentially the same in all countries. Yet we are, to a great extent, the creatures of circumstances, and, besides individual peculiarities, there are various characteristics of race, the obvious result of custom, of climate, and of education. As two cuttings from a parent stem, under varying conditions of heat, light, and culture, may grow, the one into a delicate garden shrub with large and beautiful blossoms, the other into a rugged plant with vigorous leaves but with stunted flowers; so, two races may develop into the cultivated Greeks, or into the all-conquering Romans, according as the ambition for mental power, or the thirst for martial dominion holds the ascendant in their different surroundings, customs, and educational systems. Such a contrast, the effect of circumstances and not the birthright of nature, distinguishes the English from the American gentlewoman.

From a physical point of view all must admit the vast superiority of the English woman over the American. Her well developed form, broad shoulders, and healthy color are in striking contrast with the delicate face, transparent complexion, and slender form of the American lady. In general, English beauty is suggestive of elasticity and vigor; American, of grace and refinement. The difference is like that between a hardy perennial and a brilliant exotic. The English dress, though undeniably ugly, is sensible and well adapted to the exigencies of time, place, and weather. Its wearer has a violent antipathy to gilded shame, and, though free from extravagance, her clothing must be rich, and her jewels genuine. The American lady has less regard for health, but more for beauty, and what she lacks in common sense she makes up in fine discrimination. More extravagant than the English woman, she also has a decided leaning toward display and a fondness for startling combinations.

The stress which has been laid upon etiquette in the education of the English lady, while it enables her to appear at perfect ease in society, inclines her to look more at the husk than at the kernel. To titles and their owners she pays inordinate homage, but wealth alone, especially if suddenly acquired, finds little favor
in her eyes. In conversation, though free and sometimes coarse in her expressions, she is exceptionally modest in giving utterance to her own opinions. The American lady with a less definite code of manners, has as much true politeness. Her breaches of etiquette may shock the fastidious English taste, but they arise from thoughtlessness rather than from rudeness. Theoretically she is no regarder of persons; practically, however, the possession of a high-sounding prefix goes a great way in her estimation.

The Englishwoman is undeniably phlegmatic in temperament. Deliberate in all her movements, she pursues the even tenor of her way undisturbed by the petty annoyances which beset every woman's path. Quiet and unreserved, she plays by no means a brilliant part in conversation; but when she does speak, it is to some purpose. An ardent admirer of pluck, she can maintain her own against heavy odds. The American woman, on the contrary, is of a nervous and excitable temperament. Her nature is essentially one of extremes. The golden mean she may admire, but it is always at a distance, as something unattainable and therefore unsought. Quick to take offence, she is yet incapable of long-cherished resentment. The sun seldom rises upon her wrath. In society she is a queen. Brilliant, sarcastic, and independent, she discusses art, science, politics and religion with the utmost freedom. Nothing is too deep for her to comprehend, nothing too firmly established for her to attack. She is also a great admirer of pluck, but, although capable of a sudden and violent defence, she is fain to yield before a long continued siege.

The intellect of the English woman has what may be styled the masculine cast; that of the American is more decidedly feminine. The one reasons out her articles of belief; the other arrives at her conclusions by a shorter and less logical process. The English woman has unusual powers of concentration, a retentive memory, and a mind of great strength and vigor. The American excels in keenness and quick perception. She is apt to learn and ready to understand; but, owing to the ease with which she acquires knowledge, the impression made upon her mind is slight and evanescent. Her mind is imaginative where the English is practical, refined where that is sturdy, radical where that is conservative.

As regards education, the English woman has a more thorough and, at the same time, a more extensive course. When she studies, she looks upon a complete isolation from gay society as a necessary condition of progress. She recognises a thorough acquaintance with the subject in hand as a requisite of a broad and deep culture, and for such an object she is willing to work hard. The American girl attempts too much for her to do justice to everything. The great fault with her education is its superficiality. Naturally indolent, a constant plodding is against her inclination, and though willing to work hard on rare occasions, she finds constant study too monotonous.

In religion, the English woman is conservative, where the American is
radical. The one has more reverence for the belief of her ancestors; the other, more regard for what she esteems the needs of the present age. The one recognizes the church as the embodiment of human and divine excellence; the other, with less respect of creed, admires Christian charity. While the religion of the one burns with a study flame, that of the other sheds an irregular, though often far more brilliant, light.

That the character and prosperity of a nation, its proficiency in the arts, and its standard of intellect and of morals bear a close relation to the vigor, culture, and religion of its women is a fact beyond dispute. Already, they are imparting a distinctive character to the fine arts in America. Careful observers say that American paintings have more delicacy; English more strength. A corresponding influence in mental and moral growth is also exerted. In spite, however, of the many graces of character which both possess, each might with profit learn from the other. Could the English woman combine with her vigor and strength the grace and refinement of the American, could the American unite with her independence the English reverence, each might, laying aside all prejudice, endeavor to assimilate into her own character whatever is lovely in the other, then, indeed, would mankind have a living exemplification of what Lowell calls “Earth’s noblest thing, a woman perfected.”

E. K. C.

JACK’S CHARADES.

No. 3.

My first has two horns, and is dreaded in war;
My second hits hard: that is what it is for.
If you shoot off my whole, you will spoil all your fun,
And have to walk home with a profitless gun.

Answer.—Ramrod.
JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

"ECHOES."

(By Owlets of the Fifth English.)

THE Owlets send forth their "Echoes," this month, with some misgivings; firstly, because they have been written in unusual haste: and secondly because there is reason to think that some are disposed to ask, "What is the use of fledglings writing for a magazine? What can they write?" If the speaker were one of those dear little souls who open their mouths only to carp, we would remain silent; but we suppose him to be an honest and candid man, ready to consider our reply fairly. Therefore we remind him that THE OWL is "devoted to mental improvement." Now Owlets, as well as Owls have minds; and no one will gainsay us when we assert, that ours have both need and capacity of improvement. The earlier we begin to satisfy that need and to develop that capacity, the better for ourselves, the better for others.

"But what can Owlets write?" We reply by asking another question: "What can we ever write if we do not begin at the proper time—if we do not make a good use of the opportunities afforded us? If our interrogator will take the pains to run over the pages of THE OWL for the last two years or so, he will see what we have written; and if he has patience to wait, we shall try in the future to show him what Owlets can write.

If any still maintain that the pages of THE OWL are not the place for our puerile productions, we would remind him that owlets become owls; and would add that we hope, at no distant day, to see some of these very fledglings wielding the mighty editorial pen of THE OWL itself.

Yes; the owlets can write, and must write, and will write! Our echoes must find some little corner in THE OWL; and though they may seem very dull and puerile to many readers, yet we know they are music to our fond parents' ears.

We are sorry that they are not more melodious this month; but such as they are, we send them, and leave the indulgent reader to judge of their merits. The first is from the pen of Master José Tinoco, who hails from Guatemala.
"Few would guess with what joy I write this composition. Can you tell me why I write with such joy? No, you cannot; for it is plain that you think a schoolboy never finds happiness in such a task. Friends, you do not know the sentiments of a true Owlet; hence I must answer for myself. The subject itself is the cause of my joy. We have been asked to write about our Study Hall.

"This surprises you still more: but when I reflect upon the happiness in store for me if I spend well the time I shall pass in this room, I feel as if I could kiss the very walls; and indeed I ought to love a place which is so intimately connected with my future happiness.

"It is true that sometimes my body grows weary, and my spirit seems ready to give way; but then I think of the happy future, I raise my eyes to the distant goal and say, 'Courage, Joseph; courage! Look ahead! This toil will bring you much joy.'

"But there is one thing that saddens me not a little; and it is this. Now and then I see a companion neglecting his duty, and letting the golden moments slip away. When I behold this, I recall the history of the miserable Esau who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; and I think this poor fellow, is selling his for something even less."

Our next extract will be from a composition by Master W. Claire, a native of that beautiful isle of the sea, green Erin. He is writing upon the same subject as the other Owlet. Having described the room, etc., he goes on to say—

"It is very interesting to watch the students who are assembled in this hall, and to observe how each one spends his time. Most of them are as busy as bees preparing their morrow's lessons; a few are wasting their time by trying to read on the sly some novel or tale; here and there we behold one gazing vacantly on his book or at the ceiling. His mind is far away, and perhaps he is wishing that his body also were elsewhere. A wonderful silence reigns in this room; yet there is hard work, grand work doing. A mighty edifice is building here in this Study Hall. One by one we are placing the stones. Slowly, surely and silently this edifice hour by hour approaches completion; but we shall not appreciate its beauty until it is finished.

"How precious then are the moments passed in the Study Hall, and how deplorable will be our misfortune if we do not employ them well! Let us then do so at once; yes, now!—for we are masters only of the present, the passing moment. The now is ours: the past is no more. The future is the building season of fools. Now is the day of labor: the future is for rest. Now is the seed time: the harvest will ripen hereafter.

"We should make it a point of honor and of duty, never to let one hour pass away, in this hall sacred to learning, without adding something more to our little store of knowledge."

The next "Echo" is that of the voice of Master John S. Murphy, whose name renders it superfluous for us to talk about his nationality, further than to say that if he is the sensible boy we take him for, he is all the prouder of his name on that account. He will tell us about
THE DYING SOLDIER.

Far away from his country a French Lieutenant lay dying; yet, so far was he from being downcast or sad that, on the contrary, he was exceedingly joyful.

The pious priest who attended him felt uneasy on seeing the dying man in such a joyous mood, fearing that he thought little of the future, and cared nothing for his soul. Accordingly he chid him gently for this unseemly joy. "My son," said he, "your great joy is unbecoming one who lies in such imminent danger of death. Do you forget that you have been a sinner, and that tears of sorrow becomes you better now than such unusual pleasantry?"

"My beloved father," replied the dying man, "be not uneasy. I am sorry for my sins, all of which I have confessed, and I know I should fear to meet my God; but the thought of a good action which I once did, arouses in me such a feeling of confidence that I cannot restrain my joy."

"What is that deed, my son? Tell me," said the good Father, interrupting him.

The young man said:—"As we were on the march through a desert, I saw, one day, at a distance, an Arab mother sitting by the way-side. She was sad and disconsolate. I approached and asked her the cause of her grief; whereupon she said that her little child was dying. I asked her if I might baptize the child. She answered 'Yes,' I baptized it; and in a short time the new Christian went to meet its Saviour. Father," continued the soldier, "I am sure God will not let me perish; for that little soul is praying to Him for me. This is the cause of my joy."

"Thanks be to God!" said the Priest, as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

The soldier died very soon after in the same consoling disposition; and the priest buried him in that foreign land; yet with the fond and certain hope that his soul had fled to its true eternal home."

"Wonderful, O Lord, are Thy ways; and Thy mercy is from generation to generation to them that fear Thee."

JACK'S CHARADES.

No. 4.

My first is for clerks and for pigs (so they say);
My second applies to the bills you don't pay;
My third of a hoodlum is always the end;
And my whole to the clock much assistance doth lend.

Answer.—Pendulum.
"Prophetic Science."

This is one of the neatest and most appropriate phrases which have met our owlish eyes for some time past. And we are indebted for it, as for many other good things, to the Vassar Miscellany. Indebted, that is, not directly, as for something original, but indirectly, as for something brought under our notice by a Vassar critic.

The originator of this phrase is the great microscopist, Dr. Lionel Beale, whose recent work, "Protoplasrn; or Matter and Life," is ably reviewed in the last number of the Vassar. We have not yet seen the book; though, as an inevitable consequence of the Vassarian critique thereon, we shall certainly make it our business to procure it. It needs not, however, any previous perusal of "Protoplasrn" to make one recognize that in the term "prophetic science" its author has hit the right nail on the head. All materialistic scientists, and the shallow ones most of all, are ready on the slightest provocation to hurl at the head of any Christian philosopher the well-worn reproach of fanatacism and narrow-mindedness,—why? Because he dares to deny not what they have proved, but what they think they are going to prove! Only hold these gentry closely to the point, and that is what you bring them to, neither more nor less.

This very thing occurred on a small scale only a month or two ago, between the "scientists" of the Berkeleyan and the "philosophers" of The Owl.—[See our January number]. And what better name, we ask, can be given to this kind of trickery than Dr. Beale's exquisite phrase, "prophetic science?"

To go into Dr. Beale's arguments without having seen his book, would be to commit the absurdity of reviewing a review; for which we have neither sufficient folly nor sufficient space. But we shall take the liberty of quoting from the fair reviewer of the Vassar a part of Dr. Beale's postscript; which not only serves to elucidate the phrase which heads these remarks, but expresses in plain English a truth of which our nineteenth century physicists too often need to be reminded.

"I not only refuse," says Dr. Beale, "to become a convert to prophetic science, but I shall certainly do what I can to prevent others from being misled by it. "In conclusion I shall venture to express my conviction that although some scientific men may regard with contempt men who believe in divine truth, the teachings of science have not been shewn to be opposed to the teachings of religion." "How long it may continue possible to believe Christianity, as well as the facts of science, I shall not discuss here. It is enough for me that up to this day, while modern science has failed to fully explain phenomena peculiar to the living world, and has infinite work before her, she has not proved anything which tends in any way to shake our faith in God, or to destroy our belief that miracles have been performed."
Our Table Guests.

Welcome they always were, and always will be; and none the less so because their sentiments respecting The Owl are not always those of unmixed approval. We confess to being no believers in those College Journals which set up for infallibility, which some few appear to do—if we may judge from the impatience which they shew under anything like adverse criticism. It is likely that in the long run we may find ourselves none the further from our literary goal because we are willing to acknowledge an occasional aberration from the direct path thereto. Were we unwilling, indeed, to make such acknowledgment, what chance should we have of regaining it?

“Well,” mutter the more sapient of our readers to themselves, “what’s coming now? Let us hear what Father Owl’s mistakes are.”

“Sold again, gentlemen!” we reply. We have nothing special to confess; nor was it with the object of making any confession that we penned the foregoing remarks. All we had in our minds to say was this; that the commendations of our College contemporaries, though still frequent, have been of late rather more diversified by adverse critiques than has previously been the case; and that this could hardly be so, were there not some reason in what they say—especially since we cannot charge them with any violation of editorial courtesy.

It is true that we may set against these expressions of disapproval stronger and far more numerous words of praise and cheer; but still we think we may fairly call the attention of our present set of students, and more especially the seniors, to the necessity of waking up, and providing more and better pabulum for Father Owl’s consumption. It is true we have had some tit-bits now and then, even quite recently. The flavor of those delicate little white mice that were given us in December last still lingers in our mouth; and even the dead parrot we ate last month was better than nothing. Other deaths also have, to our knowledge, occurred within the college walls. Sundry young and delicate cats, for instance, came to an untimely end only a few nights ago; and so melancholy, nay even heartrending, was their fate that it might almost have formed the subject of a regular Sophoclean tragedy, the personnel of the “chorus” (to provide which is often a difficulty in such compositions) being, in this case ready and obvious. We have in no way profited by their death, however. Who got them we know not—unless—unless—(must we utter our horrible suspicion?)—unless it was the sausage-maker.

Well; all are alike acceptable to us, boys—mice, parrots, cats, or anything else that has flavor in it—provided you give us good literary meals and give them often. But you must toss in the provender, and look sharp about it; or nobody will call us “the King of College Magazines” again, as a kind contemporary did—(we tell you this by way of a morsel of comfort)—only last month.

The Hesperian Student for January, which we have only just received, says—“The Owl makes its appearance with its explanation of the ‘Mystery of Mesmerism,’ which, no doubt, is satisfactory to those who read the articles.” Let us hope so. But that is more than we can say of a prominent article in that same number of the Student, entitled “The Crisis.” Of course one reads an article so headed, if only from curiosity to see what “crisis” is meant; and since The Owl’s readers would never guess if left to themselves, we may as well say at once that this is the critical period when emperors
kings, presidents, and all the rest of that oppressed class of men—especially prime ministers, like poor unoffending Bismarck, and others that could be named—are in imminent danger from the violent and outrageous conduct of the Catholic Church. This seems to the Student all the more inexcusable on account of the moderate and unassuming claims to which these poor oppressed potentates restrict themselves. "The very head and front" of Bismarck's "offending" is only that he "declared that papacy could have nothing to do with ruling the German Empire." Truly it seems very sad that on account of so reasonable a contention he should be so unrelentingly followed up by that tyrannical old Pope. Can nothing be done, we ask, to help the poor man? Might not even the students of Santa Clara College, who are always ready to aid the oppressed, get up a respectful petition to His Holiness, entreating him to let the persecuted Chancellor alone? But the subject is too painful to dwell upon. Our tears are diluting the ink to such an extent that we can write no more.

Stop!—we must command our feelings a moment longer; for even our own beloved country is in danger, and President U. S. Grant himself may be the next victim. "Already the war has begun," "The opening gun of the campaign" has been "fired." Unhappy Americans, take warning!

To recur to common sense once more, is it not regrettable that a decent college paper—and the Hesperian Student really is a very decent one—should admit such trash into its columns? Surely the "Editor in Chief" must have been sick or absent when such an article passed muster. With one final specimen of nonsense, to corroborate what we have said, we leave it. "Gladstone, Britain's great minister but Europe's statesman, had lost strength. Various acts, among which was the abolishment of the rituals in Parliament, started the rumor that he was leaning towards Catholicism."

Ten thousand dollars to any one who can make sense out of that!

We have received no number of the Virginia University Magazine since that for December, which did not arrive until the beginning of February. We sincerely hope nothing has happened or will happen to prevent its continuance; for we have always welcomed it gladly and derived pleasure from its perusal. We think the short and sharp remark of the Magenta, that the V. U. M. "contains much matter but very little mind," is quite destitute of foundation; though certainly the Southern magazine's retaliatory criticism, provoked though it may have been, is just as inappropriate as that of its Yankee opponent. In this very number of the Virginia, there is a very thoughtful and sensible article on the province of college journalism, which is well worth reading; and other matter precedes it, which affords no less evidence of "mind."

We sympathize heartily with the V. U. Magazine in the pecuniary troubles of which it speaks; and we may add that if the students of the University suffer so good a literary representative to die, they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

The Yale Lit. for January affords much pleasant reading; and justifies, we think, the great praise which the Magazine has received of late from various quarters. But there is an attempt made on its 195th page to whitewash the unhappy fanatic, John Knox, the success of which the author might have seen, a priori, to be morally impossible. Indeed, throughout the article, his own doubts of his hero's excellence are apparent. We may well admit what he calls John Knox's "most prominent characteristics," viz., "his inflexible
will, his powerful eloquence, his dauntless personal courage, and his ceaseless
activity," and yet regard the cruel, narrow-minded, ferocious and half-insane
fanatic with the aversion which is his due.

AND here is that "cheeky" little bantam, the Archangel, once more! Truly,
little friend, you are archangelic neither in dimensions nor demeanor; no
more so than a bantam rooster. We are under a kind of qualified obligation
to you, however, for having taken so much pains to prove The Owl a true
prophet. We said you would be sure to give us more "cheek" in your next
number; and so you have: and if we didn't spank you once more for it, we
suppose you would tell us over again that we are a "cowardly Owl." "Not
much," little one!

However, we really regard your quarrel with us as a thing to laugh at rather
than to be angry about; and if you hadn't been so impudent to your seniors,
we should have said before what we will, in justice, say now; viz., that there
are many things in your little columns that do you credit. We think the day
will come when you will find out who your real friends are, viz., the Catholic
members of the College Press, and will cease to pick unnecessary quarrels
with them.

The Vassar Miscellany for the present quarter fully sustains its reputation.
We wonder that any of our exchanges can speak of other ladies' magazines in
the same breath with it. It is hard to find any college magazine whatever to
which it is not superior; and, if we cannot equal it, the least that we men can
do is to show that we appreciate it. We have already spoken of its able cri-
tique on Dr. Beale's "Protoplasm," but we might mention several other arti-
cles in this number which are equally good in their way; especially that on
"American and English Gentlewomen," which we have given at length else-
where, as a favorable specimen of the delicate discrimination, and keen in-
sight into national character which a Vassar authoress possesses. It is true
that these are just the qualities for which ladies are allowed to be preëminent;
but then they are by no means the only qualities which distinguish the stu-
dents of Vassar. It is impossible not to remark the breadth of mind, the
sound logic, the solid training which are evident in many and many an article
emanating from that favored institution of learning; whilst at the same time
there is a marked absence of all that girlish nonsense which is so attractive
to raw youths, but which the more refined and better educated class of students
do not care to see in the pages of a college magazine. Certainly, whatever
may be said of "mixed colleges," the Vassar system, which rests on the prin-
ciple that girls have minds and that those minds are capable of the highest
cultivation, has been proved to be a success. Often as we may have express-
oun our antipathy to what is called the "woman's rights" movement, we neither
have said nor shall say a single word against the higher education of women,
provided that such education be carried on, as is the case at Vassar, in a sepa-
rate institution.

The Watertown Collegian, published at the College of our Lady of the
Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wisconsin, sends us its first number. It is always
with special pleasure that we welcome a new Catholic college paper. We are
happy to exchange with the Collegian and wish it every success. There is
plenty of useful work for Catholic students to do in the journalistic line, and
the more allies we have the better. The Collegian makes a good beginning.
The Philomathean, one of the most sensible exchanges which we receive, has a very good article on "The Exchange Column," in which it dwells on the importance of this department of a college paper as a test of its character, and describes with great correctness certain different ways in which "Exchange Critiques" may be and are written. There is the toadyish way, there is the conceited way, and there is the way of indiscriminate laudation; all three of which are to be taken as warnings not examples. But when we look through the number for its own "Exchange Column," in order to see how things ought really to be done, we look in vain; which is a real disappointment to those who know how well it can write.

"That Bird" is an extremely amusing article; amusing more from the facts related than from any other cause. It seems that the mathematical class of '78, took it into their head to perform the unaccountable freak of "donating on the shrine of Euclid, the day before Thanksgiving, a weather-beaten turkey, boss of the barn yard for years past, and consequently a solid bird."

Of the effect of this unexpected donation on the Professor of Mathematics, "there could," continues the Philomathean, "be no doubt. To say that he was astonished is no expression of his feeling. He rejected it; and the room resounded with laughter. The boy holding the bird was discomfited: the expectations were of a favorable reception and extended arms. There had been no anticipation of the present turn of affairs; and the bearer, seeking relief from the burden, attempted to force it on the Professor's lap (!), but his erect position frustrated the design. They eyed each other: the audience stamped: and finally the Professor remarked that 'he hardly knew what to say, but if the class was unwilling to donate it to the Janitor, considering their kind intentions, he would accept of it;' though—it was plainly perceptible—with an unwilling grace."

The whole scene must have been intensely funny. The Professor behaved admirably under the circumstances; but we are inclined to agree with the Philomathean that an act of kindness towards him could not have been really intended.

We hope the Berkeleyan will not be offended with us for saying that it seems to us to be improving. There are several creditable articles in its last number; one especially on Dr. Draper's Religion and Science, in which the writer makes it very evident—(writing, indeed, with that very object)—that he is not led away by the learned Doctor's notorious bigotry and prejudice. "Our criticism is," he says, "that Dr. Draper's work seems to be wanting in the true spirit of historical tolerance." We should rather think it was! No need, friend Berkeleyan, for that cautious and almost timid tone in which you venture, hesitatingly, to assert what every candid man must regard as incontrovertible. No need for the expression of that anxious "hope" that you "do not do Dr. Draper injustice." The learned Doctor—for learned, after the fashion of his kind, we readily admit him to be—is intolerant, "intend" what he may. And were you criticising a Catholic writer, you would not hesitate to say so, categorically. However, we do not wish to complain of the manner of your utterance so much as to express our perfect concurrence in its matter, both as to Draper, the direct subject of the article referred to, and as to Buckle to whom you incidentally extend the same criticism.

Both writers are full of interest to a Catholic reader, notwithstanding the "historical intolerance" which pervades their works and the apparent incapacity under which both labor to appreciate or even understand the views of those from whom they differ. Indeed the character of their writings is such
that any young Catholic who studies them, should be both forewarned and forearmed, and even then should not do so except under proper advice.

Being, then, what they are, it is satisfactory that a journal which has hitherto been full of prejudice against Catholicity, and against ourselves specially as being Catholics, should realize in them the existence of such a fault. It looks promising for the Berkeleyan's future. Let us hope it may not prove a false omen.

We think we may also congratulate our Berkeley contemporary on the improved tone of his "Exchange Notes," the writing of which must, we should think, have fallen into new hands. We do not agree with him, however, in his estimate of the relative merits of the Packer Quarterly and Mills Quarterly; and we suspect our fair friends at Mills Seminary must have laughed as heartily as we did—only of course in a more ladylike way—at his trying to make us accountable for his strictures on them! "May be," says he, "we have been reading The Owl too often, and have absorbed a little of its hypercritical peevishness." That is really "too thin," friend Berkeleyan! Where do you expect to go to when you die? We grant you the "hypercritical peevishness" which, by your own confession, prompted that critique of yours upon the Mills Quarterly; but certainly you never "absorbed" it from The Owl. After all, you criticised the Quarterly much after the fashion of a school-boy robbing an orchard, as if you were half ashamed, all the time, of what you were doing. Don't you think so, young ladies?

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Mills Notes.

In Memoriam.

The Guardian of San Francisco has closed its earthly career! We lament its early death; but the truth is that when The Owl raised his voice against it (though merely in self-defence) its day had come. Tell us never that it is a low superstition which teaches that "when the Owl stands on the window-sill and utters his warning, death will shortly enter the house;" for it has been verified in instances too numerous to mention. Let other journals take warning; let them be wary in attacking our Owlship; for although we are peaceably inclined, yet when we do strike, our blows fall on the unhappy culprit like the "thunderbolts of Mighty Jove." May the Guardian, now that it is dead, do that which it could not when living—rest in peace!

Spring.

The balmy breath of Spring has touched the valley—and all nature is beautiful with new life. The flocks of linnets and finches have returned, and the trees are literally alive with these sweet songsters. Whilst strolling in the vineyard or orchard in the morning one's ears are charmed with the warblings of these joyous harbingers of Spring. Alas poor birds! Your sweet
echoes will soon reach the precincts of the Second Division, and then will come your day of persecution and imprisoned life; we shall see whole brigades of bird-catchers, sallying forth with their horrid traps, all nicely filled with tempting bait, in order to lure these innocent creatures into their power, that they may thenceforth drag out a pitiable existence behind wire bars, instead of enjoying their natural freedom. Our Owlsip deplores this depravity. We fain would put a stop to the bird-catching mania. Let these happy songsters, the bearers of "good will to all men," live. They sing even at the door of our sanctum, and make their nests in the very trees that shade the play-ground. Catch rats, and mice, and toads, if you will; but spare the woodland songsters. They sing far more sweetly when free.

Again.

Every seat in the Study Hall of the First Division has its occupants; and we understand that there are but few vacant places in the Junior Division. This is good; but if the rush keeps on, as there every appearance that it will, we must have more room; and we understand that the President is very anxious to begin work on the second wing of the future college, corresponding with the present Exhibition Hall, but that he lacks the funds. Why do not some of our well-to-do Catholic citizens assist the Fathers to complete a building which shall be at once an ornament to the valley and a glory to the State? Surely, after struggling under every difficulty for twenty-four years, and laying out upon the college every cent they could earn or beg, they well deserve that some one should come forward with a helping hand. Let each of us then vie with the rest in aiding those who have done so much unaided for the advancement of education. It is no more than right that we should support them; and he who comes forward to do so will be repaid in a thousand different ways.

The Eve of the 22d.

As we are writing, the hum, and bustle, and noise of stage managers, decorators, speakers, musicians, etc., remind us that the birthday of the "Father of his country" is not forgotten among us. And may it never be!

People say they are tired of hearing, year after year, speeches on the integrity of Washington. Perhaps that may be because they now witness so few examples of it. Would to God we could see a little more of that integrity in our modern statesmen! Then, indeed, would the welfare of the country begin to form an element of political consideration. With Washington that welfare was everything.

Games.

Preparations for the celebration of the President's birthday are going on right vigorously. The whole force of the college, is in training to contest for the prizes. Greasy poles, sacks, blinds and what not else, are preparing for that gala day; and it is looked forward to with impatience by both large and small. One of our editors runs half a mile before breakfast; and we have seen some Owlets imitating his example. Go it, Bill; never say die! The Owl expects to see you do your duty on that day, and to come forth crowned with the laurels of victory.
Reference Library.

This library is one of the best institutions of the College. The books, although not numerous, are very choice and well calculated to subserve the end for which the library was instituted. We are glad to note the addition of several excellent works since Christmas; but we may as well say at once that many of the members seem to have but little regard for posterity; for they use these books as if they were made of iron. Consider, gentlemen! We should love good books as very dear friends, and should treat them accordingly. Mr. R. Soto is the present librarian, and will thank us, we are sure, for strengthening his hands in this matter.

A Point in History.

We accidentally, the other day, obtained a piece of very valuable information, viz., that Attila, King of the Huns, was an Irishman. It seems that one of the gentlemen of a certain class had a composition to write, in verse, on this famous chieftain, and in order to obtain information respecting him: took from the library the “History of Ireland,” (from 1600 to the present date,) and finding nothing there concerning the warrior in question, condemned the historian for not mentioning Attila! Oh! ye, that seek the realms of “Parnassus,” forget not your history.

Societies.

We omitted to publish, last month, the list of officers of the Junior Dramatic Society, because their names had not been handed to us; we have since received them, however, and they are as follows:—President, Mr. R. Kenna, S.J.; Vice President, W. S. Davis; Secretary, Fred Harrison; Treasurer, W. B. Schofield; Prompter, J. D. Harvey; Costumer, H. Gilmore; Librarian, E. J. Holden; Censor, M. Donahue.

We heartily wish the Junior success.

Washington’s Birthday.

The 22d has been a glorious day; as bright in material sunlight and the cheefulness therefrom resulting, as it was in the winter of 1732 in national sunlight and glory.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, the College Band assembled beneath the windows of our President’s office, and there discoursed sweet music for upwards of an hour, only disbanding to give the boys a few moments in the lavatory before dinner. In speaking of the Brass Band, we may be allowed to say that it was on this day stronger than we have ever seen it before; and our only wish is that it could always remain as full as it was on this occasion. Two of the old blowers (take the word literally, gentlemen!) seemed to attract a great deal of attention; one on account, perhaps, of his newly-grown moustache, and the other for the same material though not the same formal cause. The latter’s “material cause” had not changed a bit since he left the college a year and a half ago; and he was at that time just attempting to cultivate it. Hermann B. Peyton and John L. Carrigan were playing in the band.
It was wonderful to all how well and rapidly the boys formed ranks that day. And why? Because there was a good dinner ahead, and the sooner they got inside the Refectory the sooner would they begin to enjoy themselves. We wonder whether the authorities of the College would give us an equally good dinner every day, if we were to state the case forcibly to them,—so as to avoid all trouble about badly formed ranks, etc. We think it would be a good thing for the faculty to take the matter into prompt and favorable consideration.

The afternoon was a lazy one; and the only thing which tended to enliven it at all was an attempted base-ball game, which we believe was broken up before it was finished. Our Professor of Crinicultural Abscission and Cranio-logical Tripsis was in great demand at this time. Indeed there seemed to be quite a commotion in his quarter; everybody being in fear lest he should not have a chance for a “turn” before night. It was rather amusing indeed to see the boys stand and wait until the youth in possession should vacate the chair that stood before the Professor, and then to observe the contest which followed as to who should get into it first. In the end there was more time lost in wrangling and disputing for the “turns,” than if each had waited till his own came, and not tried to cheat some one else out of his simply for the sake of being “first.”

But there were a few persons for whom the afternoon was not dull; viz., those who were decorating the stage, etc. These were seen rushing hither and thither and in every direction, for this and for that, as though all depended on their individual efforts. But the principal feature of the day was the evening entertainment at the theatre. At half past seven the band struck up the overture to “Tancredi,” and at the same moment the curtain rose and displayed a prettily arranged stage.

In the background, raised on an ornamental pedestal, stood the bust of Washington. Immediately behind the head was arranged a halo of sabres and bayonets, which was at once emblematic of the hero’s feats of arms, and of our veneration for his memory.

The rest of the decorations were ordinary; and, although the general appearance of the stage might certainly have been improved, yet, considering the material at hand, we think the decorators did as well as could be expected. Master Willie Davis opened the evening with a few remarks on “The Day We Celebrate,” and executed his task well.

Next followed a march from “Faust” by the College String Band. Any performances by this band are always welcome: still it will, we think, be acknowledged that a piece of music which has been played and replayed by every band in the State, till every one is tired of it, must be remarkably well played, to justify its presentation to the public in a place like the College Hall. Now this piece has been drummed upon every piano and performed by every orchestra for the past year and a half, under the various names of “Naiad Queen March,” “All the World Round,” etc., etc., till every one knows it by heart. Therefore we think the selection poor. As to the execution we have very little to say. But we think there was too much “first part,” and not enough “second;” the result of which mistake was a considerable diminution of effect.

Next followed an address on “The Causes of National Prosperity,” which was delivered by Mr. J. Franklin in a manner which indeed surprised us. This is the first time we have had an opportunity of hearing this gentleman in public, and we are pleased at having it in our power to say that he is likely to achieve success as a public speaker.
Next came some selections from "La Sonnambula," by the Brass Band, which were played in their usual excellent style.

Master E. Holden next favored us with a poem, written by our "Poet Laureate," W. T. Gray, and entitled "The New Year." It was a very pretty poem, and very creditably delivered.

Another piece of music; and then Mr. T. F. Morrison "called to our minds," (as the introducer said) "Lafayette in America." But at first he did not "call" very loud: in fact he was so faint in his "call," that it was not, at first heard. He soon mended his voice, however; and as to the rest it needs no criticism that we can here give.

More music from "Il Poliuto," and then came "the feature of the evening," the farce an original one—by the little boys. Were we to judge of it by the constant laughter and applause of the house, and by nothing else, we should have to say that both the piece and its rendition were an entire success. We were not aware that we had any dramatic authors among our junior students, the "originality" of the farce is therefore an agreeable surprise to us: but most assuredly if they can but do as well, relatively, the second time, as they did the first, they will have reason to hope for great success in the line of dramatic composition.

Master Davis, as "the schoolmaster," did well in what he had to do; but that was so little that it needs no remark. Masters Schofield, Harvey, Smith and Shawhan also did well; though their characters were so much alike as to require no separate criticism.

Master B. Brisac did, we thought, remarkably well as the old negro cook. His action was very good, and had he been able to disguise and age his voice a little more, he might have been perfect.

As to the other characters they need no especial mention. We shall only say that all performed well their various "roles." One very pleasing episode of the entertainment was a little song which was introduced into the farce, and which we thought was charmingly sung.

And now all is over, and we are waiting for the next holiday, as impatiently as we waited before for this one!

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**List of College Exchanges,**

**RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.**

**MAGAZINES.**

*Virginia University Magazine*, Univ. of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

*Yale Literary Magazine*, Yale College, Newhaven, Conn.

*Hamilton Literary Monthly*, Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

*Bates Student*, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

*Vassar Miscellany*, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
JOURNALS.

College Message, St. Vincent’s College, Cape Girardeau, Missouri.
College Spectator, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.
College Mercury, Racine College, Racine, Wisconsin.
College Journal, Georgetown College, Georgetown, D.C.
College Argus, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.
College Herald, Univ. of Lewisburg, Lewisburg, Pa.
College News Letter, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.
Collegian, Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa.
Scholastic, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.
Raven, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana.
Tyro, Poughkeepsie Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Chronicle, Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Trinity Tablet, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.
Bowedin Orient, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
University Press, Univ. of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Spectator, St. Laurent College, Montreal, Canada.
Transcript, Ohio Wesleyan Univ. & Ohio Wesleyan Female Coll., Delaware, O.
Berkeleyan, Univ. of California, Berkeley, Cal.
University Missourian, State Univ., Columbia, Mo.
Archangel, St. Michael’s College, Portland, Oregon.
Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Qui Vive, Shurtleff College, Upper Alton, Ill.
Wittenberger, Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.
Niagara Index, Seminary of our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Co., N.Y.
Yale Courant, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.
Madisonensis, Madison Univ., Hamilton, N. Y.
Philomathean, Univ. of the City of New York, Washington Square, N. Y.
Tripod, Northwestern Univ., Columbia Mo.
Ewing Review, Ewing College, Ewing, Ill.
Brunonian, Brown Univ., Providence, R. I.
Acta Columbiana, Columbia College, N.Y.
College Courier, Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill.
Central Collegian, Central College, Fayette, Mo.
Volante, Univ of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
Watertown Collegian, College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis.
THE more one knows, the more he finds to astonish and perplex. And wise men see how vain is their little wisdom compared with that which they never acquire. An ignorant person can never know that he is ignorant. There was once a man who owned an educated goose. When he would ask that goose, "Are you a swan?" he would shake his head vehemently. "Are you a duck?" he would still answer "No," but if asked if he were a goose, he would immediately bow in the affirmative. If that goose had not been educated he would never have known that he was a goose.—Tyro (Poughkeepsie).

"Now," said our friend John, on New Year's day, as he sat down at the dinner table, on which oysters were in abundance, "now, if I like anything better than oysters prepared in any one way, it is oysters prepared in another." He remained very silent during the remainder of the meal, the only words coming from his mouth being "Yes, sir; just a few." —Scholastic.

The first condition for obtaining respect in England, in any case, is to be what is called a gentleman, an expression which has no corresponding term in French, and a perfect knowledge of which implies in itself alone a pretty long familiarity with English manners. The term gentilhomme with us is applied exclusively to birth, that of homme comme il faut to manners and station in society, those of galant homme and homme de mérite to conduct and character. A gentleman is one who, with some advantages of birth, fortune, talent or station, unites moral qualities suitable to the place he occupies in society, and manners indicating a liberal education and habits. The people of England have a remarkably nice feeling in this respect, and even the splendor of the highest rank will seldom mislead them. If a man of the highest birth depart in his conduct, or merely in his manners, from what his situation requires of him, you will soon hear it said, even by persons of the lowest class, "Though a Lord, he is not a gentleman."—M. de Stael Holstein's Letters on England. (Quoted in Scholastic.)

CLASS IN GEOLOGY—Professor to smart student—"Where does granite lie?" Smart student—"In beds." Professor—"What is a stratum?" Smart student—"A layer of anything." Professor—"Will you mention one?" Smart student—"Yes, a hen." Professor—"Mention another." Smart student—"A ship—she 'lays-to!'" Professor—"That's sufficient."—Virginia University Magazine.

The worst pun, so far, was perpetrated by a New England paper just before vacation. Speaking of the expected visit of King Kalakaua to New Haven, it said that the students would then sing, "It's Hawaii we have at Old Yale, sir!"—Courant.

A SENIOR thus describes his unsuccessful attempts to gain the attention of a young lady: "I wanted to see her ever so much, but some old fellow rushed in ahead, and there I was eliminated by substitution."—Transcript.
The back towns are being heard from. One of the boys reports the following as the result of his educational labors. He interviewed a strapping lass of sixteen as to the feminine of Monk. She smiled sweetly, blushed, and said “Monkey.”—Bowdoin Orient.

[Observe the disadvantages under which young ladies labor who have not received a convent education. Parents, read our advertisement of the Convent of Notre Dame, on another page. No, by the bye! On second thoughts, it is not there.—Eds. Owl.]

A member of the Junior class at Dartmouth College has fitted up his room as a barber’s shop, and pays his way by shaving his fellow students.—College Spectator.

[It is with some hesitation that we venture to insert this “clipping.” Should the College Barber “interview” us on the subject, with bowie-knife and six-shooter, how are we to escape? True we are not certain that he carries those weapons habitually; but there is a ferocity in his eye and a truculence in his general aspect, which make us somewhat apprehensive.—Eds. Owl.]

Scene, Museum.—A new student looking at a skeleton.

Student—“Say, Professor, who was this fellow when alive?”

Professor—“My good fellow, he was a theological student, who attempted to board himself on twenty-five cents a week, and the sequel is the unhappy spectacle before you.—Ex. of College Herald.

When young Mr. S—left home for college he said to his mother, “Mother, I will write often and think of you constantly.” When he returned, two years later, he remarked to his loving parent, “Deah mothaw, I gweet you once moah.”—Ex. of Bates Student.

Coasting.—Every few years comes a winter when the coasting is really good, and continues so for some time. This winter has been such an one. The favorite coasting grounds are Charter Oak avenue and the West Park. From Bishop Brownwell’s statue down the hill over the Hog, and for a little distance on the other side is the course. There are a number of “double rippers” from the town on the hill nightly, the beautiful moonlight which we have lately had favoring the sport, while the cold has only made it more exciting. Of these sleds “Careless Jack” is the best, and the students have had much trouble to get ahead of it. Two Seniors led the way, and several Sophomores have since added another ripper, which is several feet longer than the first, and with careful packing will hold twenty. Both are nicely cushioned and are always filled with a miscellaneous crowd of students, townies, young ladies, peelers, and rumor says several professors. Ah, well! it is fun not to be despised; flying down the hill at literally railroad speed, almost losing your breath, and the blood tingling in all your veins. Several slight showers at appropriate intervals have helped to keep the hill in good condition and continue the sport.—Trinity Tablet.

We have been informed by a sophomore that Professor Hosmer said that “any galute, who can play she-nannigan pretty well, is sure to take the prizes in oratory.”—University Missourian.

[We are not informed by the Missourian what subject the above named gentleman “professes;” but if we might hazard a guess, we should say English Literature!] Let the students only imitate his nervous and elegant English, and they will surely bear away all the “Intercollegiate” prizes.—Eds. Owl.]
Lines

Written under the Flag of the Capitol.

By an old Student of Georgetown.

They say I do not love thee,
Flag of my native land;
Whose meteor-folds above me,
To the free breeze expand,
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say I would forsake thee,
Should some dark crisis lower;
That, recreant, I should make thee
Crouch to a foreign Power;
Seduced by License ample
On thee, Blest flag to trample.

They say that bolts of thunder,
Cast in the forge of Rome,
May rise and bring thee under,
Flag of my native home,
And with one blow dissemble
My heart from thee forever.

False are the words they utter;
Ungenerous their brand;
And rash the oaths they mutter,
Flag of my native land;
While still in hope above me
Thou wavest—and I love thee!

—Georgetown College Journal.

God's is my love's first duty,
To whose eternal name
Be praise for all thy beauty,
Thy grandeur, and thy fame;
But ever have I reckoned
Thine, native flag, my second

Woe to the foe or stranger,
Whose sacrilegious hand
Would touch thee, or endanger,
Flag of my native land;
Though some would fain discard me,
Mine should be raised to guard thee!

Then wave, thou first of banners,
And in thy genial shade
Let creeds, opinions, manners,
Promiscuously be laid;
And there all discord ended,
Our hearts and souls be blended.

Stream on, stream on before us,
Thou labarum of light,
While in one general chorus,
Our vows to thee we plight;
Unfaithful to thee?—never;
My native flag forever!

C. C. P.

[We have seldom come across anything better than the foregoing in its own peculiar line, and it is certainly most appropriate at the present juncture. It is worthy of being set to sterling music, and of being adopted by Catholics as a kind of national song. We feel indebted to the G. C. Journal for its timely reproduction.—Eds. Owl.]
### Table of Honor

**Credits for the month of January as read on Wednesday, Feb. 3, 1875.**

#### CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

1. **1st Class**—J. Callaghan 96, J. Hudner 96, J. Machado 96, L. Palmer 96, R. Soto 100, T. Tully 100, J. T. Walsh 100, B. Yorba 98.
3. **3d Class**—B. Chretien 70, Th. Dowell 90, F. Ebner 70, F. Harrison 80, W. Harrison 80, J. Kearney 78, J. Montgomery 90, R. Sheridan 100, R. Spence 73, X. Yorba 90, C. Quilty 90.
5. **5th Class**—First Division—W. Claire 100, D. Cagnon 70, L. Gagnon 75, F. Galindo 70, Jno. Harrington 75, E. Holden 70, H. Jeantout 100, J. Moore 100, F. Ryland 70, V. Sanchez 96, A. Spence 70, J. Tinoco 100, J. Bonnet 85, H. Farmer 94.
6. **Second Division**—P. Concannon 82, J. Dean 74, J. Fenton 78, W. Gilbert 100, J. Gazzolo 70, L. Gallagher 80, M. Machado 74, R. Pico 95, J. Scully 76, L. Tourniel 74, G. Volio 100, E. Wingard 75, W. Charlot 80.

#### NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

1. **1st Class**—W. T. Gray 80, T. Morrison 80.
2. **2d Class**—R. Soto 80, L. Soto 100.
3. **3d Class**—H. Soto 100.
4. **4th Class**—B. Brenham 80, L. McArthur 100, J. Smith 70.
5. **5th Class**—M. Donahue 92, W. Schofield 92.

#### ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

1. **1st Class**—W. Cardwell 80, J. T. Walsh 75.
2. **2d Class**—V. Clement 83, R. Soto 88, B. Yorba 77.

#### MATHEMATICS.

1. **1st Class**—W. Cardwell 80, J. T. Walsh 75.
2. **2d Class**—V. Clement 83, R. Soto 88, B. Yorba 77.

#### GREEK.

1. **1st Class**—W. T. Gray 80, T. Morrison 80.
2. **2d Class**—R. Soto 100.
3. **3d Class**—R. Soto 100.

#### LATIN.

1. **1st Class**—W. Gray 80, T. Morrison 80.
2. **2d Class**—R. Soto 80.
3. **3d Class**—B. Yorba 86, L. McArthur 80.

#### ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

1. **1st Class**—W. Cardwell 80, W. Davis 95, C. Quilty 100, Th. Tully 78, W. Schofield 70.

#### LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS.

2. **2d Class**—V. Clement 70, C. Ebner 72, W. Gray 92, T. Morrison 76, R. Soto 88, T. Tully 73, J. T. Walsh 86, B. Yorba 70.

#### ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

1. **1st Class**—W. Cardwell 80, J. T. Walsh 75.
2. **2d Class**—V. Clement 83, R. Soto 88, B. Yorba 77.

#### GREEK.

1. **1st Class**—W. T. Gray 80, T. Morrison 80.
2. **2d Class**—R. Soto 100.
3. **3d Class**—R. Soto 100.
4. **4th Class**—R. Soto 100.
5. **5th Class**—M. Donahue 92, W. Schofield 92.

#### LATIN.

1. **1st Class**—W. Gray 80, T. Morrison 80.
2. **2d Class**—R. Soto 80.
3. **3d Class**—B. Yorba 86, L. McArthur 80.

#### ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

1. **1st Class**—W. Cardwell 80, W. Davis 95, C. Quilty 100, Th. Tully 78, W. Schofield 70.

#### RHETORIC.

1. **1st Class**—J. Machado 70, L. Palmer 70, R. Soto 86, T. Tully 78, J. Walsh 87, B. Yorba 86.

#### GRAMMAR.

### Table of Honor

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2d Division</td>
<td>P. Concannon 74, J. Dean 80, C. Durby 73, J. Fenton 70, L. Gallagher 73, A. Leddy 70, T. Luhey 85, M. Machado 75, R. Picc 90, M. Shawhan 78, J. Scully 79, H. Thompson 79, J. Tuck 84, G. Volio 100, E. Wingard 75, W. Charlton 76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d Class</td>
<td>J. Abilla 100, W. Gilbert 70, F. Gambert 75, F. Galindo 70, L. Harrison 85, Jno. Hopkins 90, H. Jeantrout 75, A. Loweree 100, P. Murphy 85, C. Ortiz 100, P. Soto 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>C. McClatchy 76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d Class</td>
<td>C. Barker 85, B. Brasie 100, F. Cavagnaro 100, J. Chretien 90, T. Dowell 95, G. Ebner 85, L. Ghirardelli 75, C. Moore 90, A. Muller 70, P. Murphy 70, J. Oceese 100, J. Perrier 92, M. Power 72, F. Ryland 87, A. Sanchez 83, Ch. J. M. Murphy 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th Class</td>
<td>W. Claire 70, G. Gazzolo 70, W. Gilbert 80, H. Jeantrout 100, P. Scoggins 70, A. Tostado, 70, G. Volio 80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th Class</td>
<td>V. Clement 80, B. Brasie 100, F. Cavagnaro 100, J. Chretien 90, T. Dowell 95, G. Ebner 85, L. Ghirardelli 75, C. Moore 90, A. Muller 70, P. Murphy 70, J. Oceese 100, J. Perrier 92, M. Power 72, F. Ryland 87, A. Sanchez 83, Ch. J. M. Murphy 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7th Class</td>
<td>W. Claire 70, G. Gazzolo 70, W. Gilbert 80, H. Jeantrout 100, P. Scoggins 70, A. Tostado, 70, G. Volio 80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8th Class</td>
<td>V. Clement 80, B. Brasie 100, F. Cavagnaro 100, J. Chretien 90, T. Dowell 95, G. Ebner 85, L. Ghirardelli 75, C. Moore 90, A. Muller 70, P. Murphy 70, J. Oceese 100, J. Perrier 92, M. Power 72, F. Ryland 87, A. Sanchez 83, Ch. J. M. Murphy 70</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Table of Honor.

READING AND SPELLING.
1st Class—J. Auzerais 71, Delavega 70, J. L. Foster 81, J. Hopkins 81, H. M. Hughes 78, J. McKinnon 83, G. Mecean 71, J. Murphy 70, P. J. Murphy 75, A. Muller 88.
4th Class—F. Chiles 70, E. Dean 75, J. Killian 70, H. Krahenberg 75, C. Murphy 80, J. Volio 80.

ELOCUTION
1st Class—B. Brisac 70, J. Callaghan 70, J. Machado 81, L. Palmer 70, B. Yorba.

5th Class—1st Division—V. Bruschi 70, G. Ebner 70, J. Shawhan 90, H. Wilcox 80, H. Farmer 85, D. Quilty 70.
2d Division—L. Gallagher 73, T. Lehay 70, R. Pico 85, M. Shawhan 90, J. Yoell 75.

PENMANSHIP
1st Class—J. Auzerais 70, C. Argüellos 75, J. Bernal 74, W. Bellow 70, V. M. Clement 82, B. F. Chretien 70, T. Dowell 80, S. Franklin 83, J. L. Foster 70, J. A. McCone 72, A. Sanchez 70, F. Shafer 70, H. Thompson 74, J. A. Wolter 70, H. E. Wilcox 71, J. Yorba 81.
3d Class—J. L. Branch 70, A. A. Becker 75, F. Belt 70, F. Burling 71, Cahill 74, W. Claire 70, J. Deane 72, L. Gallagher 75, W. Gilbert 74, F. Galindo 74, H. Jeantrout 73, H. Krahenberg 73, A. Leddy 73, J. Moore 70, J. Murphy 73, J. T. Murphy 71, R. Pico 73, J. Quirk 70, M. Shawhan 70, W. Shawhan 75, J. T. Sullivan 73, L. De Tournie 70, E. J. White 70, R. Walsh 70.

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VOCAL MUSIC

PIANO

VIOLIN
J. Bassett 70, W. Davis 70, R. Enright 70, G. Gray 70, G. Gee 70, R. Lawrie 75, P. Mallon 75, Thos. Morrison 75, W. Sears 70, R Spence 70, E. Wingard 70, J. Yoell 70.

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