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CHAPTER I.

"SAINTE SUSETTE."

IT was in the south of France, in a little town which nestled cosily under the Pyrenean hills, whither we had gone in hopes of restoring to health an invalid whom an accident had deprived of the use of her limbs, that we met with the strange adventure which I am about to relate—an adventure of a kind the least likely to befall a quiet, matter-of-fact English family, like ourselves.

Having advertised for a maid-servant capable of cooking, marketing and carrying our invalid around, we were sitting one morning at the open window, speculating as to the sort of girls who would probably apply for the situation, when there entered our apartment a totally different kind of being from those whose portraits we had been mentally drawing. Most French domestics are remarkable for their trim appearance. They clothe their neat figures in neatly fitting dresses, no matter how cheap the material. They decorate their heads, indoors and out, with dainty white caps, made of bits of net and gay ribbons; and as they move airily about the house to a running accompaniment of chattering laughter amounting at times almost to a scream—for their voices are very highly pitched—they put one in mind of so many lively and industrious parrots. But here was a silent, dingily clad girl in a huge, brown straw hat completely concealing her features. We begged her to remove it, as we could not think of engaging a woman wearing

* The following tale is not a work of fiction; nor can the writer of it claim the name of author in the strict sense of that word. It was related to him in substance by an English lady, one of those concerned in the tragic events of the story; and it has seemed more convenient, in preparing it for The Owl, that he should make that lady the speaker; though he cannot, of course, answer for her precise words.
such a mask; and when she did so, we wondered what her reason could have been for hiding so handsome a visage beneath such an unbecoming head-gear.

And yet, in that sphinx-like countenance there lay latent an indefinable expression of strength, that rendered it almost repulsive. There was, besides, in the whole bearing of the woman that stood before us, a subtle evidence of immense physical and mental strength, disagreeable from its unfeminine character, yet hard to account for, since she was slightly and compactly built, and her features were delicately wrought. But on looking at her you instantly thought of a lithe tigress, to whom pity and sympathy are alike unknown. She could not have been more than twenty-one years of age. Such youthfulness of aspect, combined with so much unrelenting cruelty of expression, caused an involuntary shudder to run through our frames as we gazed at her.

Some faces are like sunny fields, over which the shadows of the light passing clouds are continually chasing each other all day long: these are the interesting dial-plates, so to speak, of their owners' minds. Others resemble blank sheets of paper on which not even a date is recorded; and these are indicative only of the utter vacuity that lies behind them: while a third order of countenances is constantly pervaded by evidence more or less obtrusive of the one predominant characteristic of their possessors. These are faces to be afraid of. Happily they are very uncommon; for they belong to people capable of doing great evil or great good; more frequently the former. We had unfortunately come across one of these rare beings.

We had no fault to find with her. She carried my invalid sister about the room as easily as she would a kitten; so that Lucy—for that was the sick girl's name—called her "a female athlete." She passed satisfactorily a rigid examination in culinary and domestic matters. There was but one objection to her, other than that already mentioned: the only reference she could give us was to the Curé; and when we went to make inquiries of him, he said he knew nothing about her, except that a few weeks previously she had come to him with a letter from a village priest in the north, stating that she was a respectable girl obliged to seek service in a southern climate, owing to a weakness in the throat.

To us, there seemed no weak point about her; but we knew appearances were deceptive. However, finding that no other applicant had a tenth part of Susette's capabilities for the situation, and that we had no alternative but to employ this girl, or an English woman entirely ignorant of the language of the country, we determined to give the former a trial.

Nor were we long before we found many reasons to congratulate ourselves upon our decision. We discovered in Susette a model servant who delighted in work, being in fact so extraordinarily industrious as to invent tasks for herself when we had nothing more for her to do. She never went out of doors except to market or to church, her only means of exercise
being to spin along on brush-clothed feet over the waxed floors, till she wrought them into such pieces of polished perfection as to make walking, for the rest of us, a highly dangerous experiment.

Many of our visitors cursed Susette in their hearts; because she made them do us involuntary obeisance on crossing our threshold by prostrating themselves full length on the floor. But the children blessed her fervently, for the many nice glissades they enjoyed on their visits to us. Indeed one enthusiastic youth of ten summers proposed to set up a skating school in our sitting room.

Our plate and furniture shone as brightly as our floors. Then our dinners were perfection; and our maid of all work was so quiet and orderly in her movements that our domestic menage moved with the regularity of clockwork.

"Ah, Susette!" said we to ourselves, "What a mistaken idea your appearance gave us! But then who would have imagined that a girl with a face like yours, would turn out an incipient angel? What a striking instance you are of the falseness of first impressions!"

Nevertheless there was something unnatural about this handsome young girl. No merry lightheartedness such as is common to her age ever broke forth from her. The duties which we imposed upon her, or which she chalked out for herself, she performed faultlessly it is true, but more like an automaton than a human being; and more especially was this the case in her attendance on my sister, whom she handled with all the careful carelessness of a machine, never allowing herself to display the slightest interest in poor Lucy's sufferings.

"Susette takes me up and lays me down as if I was a fragile waxen doll, and not a human being to whom a word of sympathy would be kindness," complained the poor invalid. "I could dispense with a little of her faultlessness, if she would only show some heart."

But this defect in Susette was of so intangible a nature that it would have seemed ridiculous to murmur against it; because the world judges of men's and women's characters through their good or bad actions exclusively: it is their intimates alone who estimate them according to their manner of performing the same.

It was not, however, want of heart that made her such an anomaly. There are too many heartless people in the world for that. The strangest thing was the fact of her being so young and pretty, and yet disdaining all admirers, and indeed society of every kind; of her being totally friendless; and apparently anxious to remain so; and of her lack of all the ordinary emotions of humanity. Her dry-eyed immovable composure wove around her a painful mystery which we tried in vain to penetrate, and which made us secretly afraid of this curious creature whose cavernous eyes, entirely unlighted by either head or heart, displayed only a kind of "darkness visible," an inscrutable expression of everlasting watchfulness.

Ordinarily she contrived to avoid looking one directly in the face; but once, when I undertook to draw her out of the armour of reserve in which
she had encased herself, she fixed those night-like orbs of hers upon me till I felt they had a serpentine fascination in them, and began to stammer in my speech; she standing before me all the while, quite quietly, locking and unlocking those long slender fingers whose peculiarity more than one person had remarked.

On the occasion of Susette's first visit, Lucy had observed the "unmerciful" look of those fingers while the girl was playing with her hat strings; and an old gentleman who took tea at our house one evening, and to whom Susette handed his cup, was so struck with them that he suddenly halted in his garrulous talk. "Never saw such fingers in all my life," he exclaimed, the moment she was out of hearing; "put me in mind of serpent's fangs! Ahem! I beg pardon, ladies," he continued, adjusting his old-fashioned cravat, "but somehow those fingers have given me a stricture of the throat! I cannot help thinking what their effect would be on a man's wind-pipe! Depend upon it that girl never let anything drop out of her grasp by accident."

"I believe you speak truly," answered Lucy, "for Susette never makes two attempts to lift me: she raises me right up at once; but then her fingers feel like bars of steel, and I shudder every time they touch me!"

### Chapter II.

Our possession of this paragon of servant perfection was soon noised abroad; and my mother became greatly elated in consequence, receiving with triumphant satisfaction the congratulations of Mistresses Brown, Jones and Robinson, sojourners like ourselves in a foreign land, and secretly added another prayer to her daily devotions, which ran somewhat in this fashion—"Oh Lord, I thank thee that Susette is not as other French servants are, unjust, an extortioner, or even an ordinary sinner!" So true it is that in our worldly short-sightedness we sometimes are disposed to be thankful for treasures which, seen in their right light, would be regarded as curses! Only one thing about Susette displeased our good mother: those subtle fingers of hers were inapt at needlework. Deftly enough could she sew on strings and buttons, and patch her own garments after the fashion of tailors, but there her dexterity ended. Her own clothes were evidently all purchased ready made, from the loose grey jacket she wore, instead of the ordinary bodice, to her neat white cap, which possessed none of the jauntiness of French homemade ones.
Next to my mother, Susette's most enthusiastic admirer was the Curé, a good, simple-minded man, utterly unschooled in the ways of the world; one of the kind who, be they born Turk, Jew, infidel or heretic equally delight in good, because "it is their nature to," as Dr. Watts observed of animals whose propensities were evil.

Remarking her diligent attendance upon the rites of the Church, he began to hold her up as a model to the giddy young women of his flock who preferred dances and theatres and the society of young men to Mass and Confession. But the only effect of his exhortations was, that Susette became the laughing stock of the church's black sheep, who began to give her the appellation of "Sainte." "We will canonize her before she is dead; and the church can do it afterwards," remarked these irreverent young folks; but to all such observations "Sainte Susette" turned a deaf ear, being alike unmoved by the praises of the Curé, and the laughter of his flock.

"A most remarkable girl, Madame," observed the Curé to my mother. But the good man had not at that time any idea how "remarkably" true his words were!

Time went on. Winter sped away, and Spring, with her soft sweet breath, invited us to turn our steps homewards.

We could not think of parting with our household treasure; so we said, "Susette, would you like to go to England?"

Those alone who have looked on a cold, snowy mountain at the dawning of the day, and seen it gradually flush rosy-red at the sight of the rising sun, can conceive the change that passed over Susette. For a time the meaning of our words seemed scarcely to be comprehended by her; then as she began to take in their full significance, an ecstatic joy overspread her face, making her appearance almost angelic in its rapture,—softening her whole being, and entirely doing away with that indication of strength which had hitherto been the one expression of that impassible countenance.

When we saw how capable of emotion was this hitherto apparently unfeeling being, we bethought us of the tremendous force of character necessary to preserve the mask of indifference which she had constantly maintained!

"Oh Madame," she cried, clasping her hands together in the attitude of prayer; "only take me to England, and I will work two years for you for nothing!" Strange, that this announcement, together with our servant's sudden transformation, instead of filling us with pleasure, renewed our fast-dying uneasiness about her. Why should she be so anxious to get to England? Had all her exertions in our family been to attain this object? And would she continue her faultless behaviour in the land of her adoption?

My readers will see by these cogitations, that notwithstanding our anathemas upon the falseness of our first impressions, we had never been able entirely to rid ourselves of them. The human heart holds tenaciously by its instincts; once give it cause to distrust another heart, and the utmost efforts of faith, hope and charity
combined, will be insufficient to prevent the uprising of dormant suspicions on every opportunity! Vainly we tried to quell all feelings of repulsion as we said, “No Susette, we will even increase your wages, so as to put you on an equality with other girls of your standing in England.”

“Thank you, Madame,” said she simply, as the light faded out of her face, and she turned to resume her work.

One would have thought, considering the inherent love of country characteristic of her people, that her only inducement to leave France would have been increase of pay; yet our last proposition did not by any means affect her like the first! But Susette was different from any body else; and it was impossible to understand her.

Accidents and misfortunes, as every one knows, come when least expected. So do solutions of mysteries. This curious being, that had strayed into our inmost family circle, and given occasion for equal uneasiness and exultation, was about to appear in an altogether different light to us. We were even then standing on the brink of a discovery that fully explained her conduct, making the mystery of it as clear as daylight.

Chapter III.

The day before that arranged for our departure, we were taking our usual drive in the light open carriage we had hired for the purpose, and were already on our way homeward, when something frightened our horse, and it ran away with us.

The coachman in striving to regain control of the animal, lost his balance and fell to the ground; but so rapidly were we borne onwards, that we could not tell whether the wheels passed over or beside him.

My screaming mother and fainting sister with difficulty retained their seats, as we careered towards the open market-place, where sat the women at their fruit and vegetable stands.

We were almost upon them; and I plainly beheld them as with horrified countenances and uplifted hands, they breathlessly awaited our onslaught; when a brown straw-hatted female figure suddenly sprang from the side-walk, seized the horse by the rein, and so instantaneously arrested his progress that he reared straight upward, and for the moment lifted the light woman who held him completely off her feet.

In her efforts to retain her hold, her hat slipped off, and hung round her neck; and as she brought the fore-feet of the now subdued but trembling animal to the ground, and stood there pale and composed as
ever, patting and soothing him, the market women, recognizing her, forgot, in the admiration and astonishment which her achievement called forth, all feelings of dislike, and cried out with one accord, "Vive Sainte Susette!"

Men are scarce in that part of France, being absorbed largely by the army; but the murmur of so many voices in that quiet town attracted the attention of two gens d'armes and a citizen in plain clothes, who were sauntering along the upper part of the street, and who now came running up to ascertain the cause of the commotion.

They had some difficulty in discovering it, the whole crowd of their voluble countrywomen undertaking to enlighten them all at once; and when they did at length make out from the confused babble poured into their ears, what had happened, they seemed hardly able to believe it.

Perhaps, belonging as they did to that portion of humanity which is commonly accredited with the largest share of muscular strength, they could not realize the fact of a woman's absorbing such an amount of the quality which they regarded almost as their exclusive possession. So they gazed at our "Sainte," shrugging their shoulders the while, with a half envious, half admiring air.

"You ought to enter the army: you are a second Joan of Arc," said they: and then commenced a running fire of questions and compliments, from which she only escaped through the opportune arrival of our recently dethroned coachman, who had suffered no worse injury than a battered nose and hat. Turning to him, our "Sainte" ordered the immediate release of the horse from the shafts, telling him to bring another wherewith to take us home; and then, desiring us to remain where we were till its arrival, she deliberately walked back to the side of the street, resumed the vegetable basket which she had there thrown down, tied on her hat, and went her way—without once casting a glance at any of her admirers, male or female.

The stranger who had come with the gens d'armes, had, all this time, never uttered a sound; the words had been arrested at the threshold of his lips the moment he caught sight of Susette; and he continued staring at her, in open-mouthed but speechless wonder, until she disappeared. Then the charm seemed to be broken, and he began to question us concerning the antecedents of "that extraordinary girl," as he called her.

His manner was, I thought a little abrupt, for a man who occupied so high a position in society as he evidently did, judging at least from the deference with which the crowd treated him. When we told him all we knew about Susette, he seemed still unsatisfied, and kept eagerly plying us with questions impossible to answer, till the reappearance of our coachman; when, lifting his hat with a polite bow, he left us.

(To be continued.)
THE MISSION INDIANS.

(PROFESSOR DANCE.)

The so-called "Indian Question" is always looming up in the not far distant future of this great country, as a question which if not soon settled by the white man's wisdom, is likely to settle itself, as so many mundane questions do, by the disappearance of its subject matter, the Indians.

The rapidity with which this disappearance is taking place even now, before our very eyes, should be a warning to us that if any action is to be taken in the matter at all, it must be taken promptly; and so far, probably, all are agreed. But the grand difficulty has hitherto been what action to take.

The opinion of the avowed Indian-haters, that the red man should be exterminated as opportunity offers, should be dismissed, we think, by all who lay claim to the name of "Christian," as utterly barbarous and disgraceful.

And yet, however desirable his civilization and settlement may be, no very feasible method for achieving those ends, on any extended scale, has been suggested, until a few weeks since; when a Special Commissioner was sent by the Government into Southern California, to propound a plan for the rescue of the Mission Indians of this State, and to elicit the opinion of the public thereupon, with a view to immediate action, should such opinion prove favorable.

To many of our readers the details of this plan will doubtless be known already; and we will not therefore attempt to enter into them with any minuteness. It cannot, indeed, be expected of us; since the plan is already before the public in a far better shape than any which we could give it.

Its main principles, however, as stated by Charles A. Wetmore, the U. S. Commissioner for the purpose, are these.

Firstly.—That the Indians are incompetent to compete with white men in the progress of civilization, and must therefore be helped;—Secondly; that they are incompetent to fulfill the duties of citizenship, and must therefore be treated as the nation's wards;—and thirdly, that their welfare and that of the whites must be considered together, inasmuch as the two races must live together, and be mutually dependent (more or less) upon each other.

The "Mission Indians" are defined by Mr. Wetmore to be "those who have attained a degree of semi-civilization through the efforts of the Roman Catholic Church, during the era
which is first in the history of California.”

“The theory of the old Mission Establishments,” he goes on to say, “is well understood here. The Indians were gathered together through the power of the Church, which was accepted as a higher form of local government; their lands were reserved, and used by them in common, while held in trust for them by the Church with the ultimate view of final allotment to them in severality as soon as they should be educated out of their neophyte condition and barbarous habits, and prove themselves individually capable of sustaining themselves in fixed habitations in a civilized manner. The success of these Missions was wonderful. In a few years flourishing towns were built; and the Indians were inspired to self-improvement by the sense of personal obligation and the realization of personal properties and future prospects of prosperity. Then came, however, the devastating law of “Secularization,” passed by Mexico, which confiscated the Mission properties and deprived the Church of the power to control and benefit the Indians. The lands which had been cultivated and grazed upon by them were sold, and the Indians were robbed of their homes, their stock, and their prosperity.”

Thus was the good work of the Church upset by the much vaunted “progress” of the nineteenth century. The old rancheros, it is true, saved the Indians for a time, by giving them pastoral employment (almost the only thing they were fit for) on the various ranches. But now, the new era of farming and settlement, with its “no fence” laws and other institutions of modern civilization, has “prevented the indiscriminate pasturage of stock, the public lands capable of settlement have become occupied, and the Indians are found suddenly changed from their feudal and comparatively prosperous condition as vassals of the ranchero into a life of vagrancy, crime, complaint and conflict. Their condition now is wretched in the extreme, and is becoming each year worse. They have no undisputed rights to their homes, and live in constant fear of being dispossessed of the little patches of ground which they now occupy; have been deprived of their privileges of grazing stock by the settlement of the country; and have no longer the opportunities to busy themselves in the industries of the pastoral life in which they were educated. The Mission Indians have been practically outcasts, notwithstanding their love for their homes and their willingness to work. No provision has been made for their settlement or permanent occupation of any portion of the lands of this country, and all attempts to aid them heretofore have been frustrated through opposition to the impractical plans proposed. The dangers which now threaten the peace of our community are apparent to all. The outcast Indian becomes a vicious vagrant, and when his right to his home on the public lands or private ranches is questioned, he becomes necessarily restless, and his disposition to do wrong is encouraged. Prostitution, drunkenness, robbery and murder have been the common results. The
consequences of neglecting these poor creatures have been fearful, not only to them but also to the white settlers, and as the development of the country progresses we find ourselves menaced with constantly increasing difficulties. Further north, these Mission Indians have almost disappeared, but in Southern California they still remain in large numbers. The fault has been with the Government which has hitherto failed to adopt any practical mode for their relief or improvement.”

The main features of the plan proposed by Government through its Special Commissioner are these; and very wise and very feasible they seem to be.

First:—To adjust and determine the rights of the Indians on public lands; (with the object of reserving, where possible, a five-acre lot for each Indian homestead).

Second:—To settle the conflict between Indians on ranches and the ranch-holders; under which head falls the excellent project of the purchase of some suitable tract “on which can be organized a central and principal town, to be a rendezvous for all the tribe.”

If this should be done, Mr. Wetmore thinks that “a lot of ground should be set apart for a church; and inasmuch as these Indians are all Roman Catholics, the Roman Catholic Church should be invited to establish for them a Mission, and be secured in permanent occupation of the same. The influence of such an institution might in a great measure restore the former prosperity of the Indians* No compulsion should be used to induce the Indians to accept any particular abode except in case of habitual vagrancy; but the plan should be to encourage the Indian town and mission. The Government might well afford to educate, in Santa Clara College† or elsewhere, a small class of young Indians, whose work might hereafter be used to advantage in the tribes.”

Third.—(Vagrancy, etc.) A resident Agent should be appointed to carry this plan into effect, who “should have power to seize any Indian who is a vagrant, habitual drunkard or prostitute, and hire out his or her services to labor—the proceeds, at the end of a given term of such servitude, to be expended upon the home of the Indian—or, as a punishment for vagrancy, the culprit might be compelled to work for a specified time in improving the lands of the Indian town.

“At some future time, the homes of the Indians would be given in full to the Indians, who would then be qualified for citizenship, and then the old Mission idea would be fulfilled.”

The foregoing is substantially the scheme suggested by the Government Commissioner. We have gathered

* This would be a striking practical commentary on the beautiful poem entitled “California's Relics,” which follows the present article.

† With regard to the admission of these young Indians to our own College, we desire to be understood as expressing no opinion. Should the Commissioner’s plan be acted upon by Government, the question will of course come before the Faculty of the College, and will be decided by them on its merits.
it from several sources; especially from the columns of our contemporary the San Diego Union. And it seems, so far as we can learn, to have met, thus far, with an extremely favorable reception from the public. We only regret that the mere statement of it has occupied so much of our space as to leave us little or no room for those remarks, in advocacy of the measure, which we should otherwise have liked to make.

There is the less necessity, however, for our enlarging upon the subject, inasmuch as it can scarcely be doubted by any one that the opinion of a Catholic magazine like The Owl must be favorable to a scheme which thus recurs, after the failure of more modern nostrums, to the sound wisdom of our Catholic predecessors, and the civilizing influence of the great old Catholic Church.

One word in conclusion, and but one. Will such a lesson as this—or will it not—be thrown away upon those officials who are taking so many Indian agencies out of Catholic hands (the only hands that can manage them with anything like success) merely to promote the interest of a set of blundering fanatics whose only claim to Government consideration rests upon the political influence of their respective sects?

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CALIFORNIA'S RELICS;—THE MISSIONS.

(By H. M. S.)

FULL many a theme of twilight song and story,
   Yet lives in elder lands;
The stern-eyed Sphinx uplifts her forehead hoary,
   Above the desert sands;

And Greece still holds, with firm, defiant power,
   From Lethe's dread abyss,
The ruined wails that yet so richly dower
   Her proud Acropolis.
California's Relics;—The Missions.

The castled height—of "legends quaint and olden"
The fierce and fitting shrine—
Still darkly frowns, within the sunset golden
That lights the mystic Rhine.

But these are records of a clouded glory,
   When Wrong o'ermastered Right:
One burden dread fills all their sounding story,
   The ruthless rule of Might.

Ah, fairer far the relics thou enshrinest,
   Bright sovereign of the West!
O'er sacred walls a fadeless wreath thou twinest,
   The Amaranth of the blest.

Nor Egypt's fanes, nor stately domes enclosing
   The sculptured gods of Greece,
Can match the homes of Love Divine, reposing
   Beneath the wings of Peace.

No feudal halls, no banner-flaunting tower
   Frowned grimly o'er the land:
Nor vassal-trains, nor mail-clad hands of power
   Enforced a stern command.

Humbly they stood, yet crowned with sunny splendor,
   Those wondrous walls of clay;
A power benign, an influence sweet and tender
   Held there its potent sway.

The grey-robed monk, the messenger of Heaven,
   There ruled his willing band;
No blood-spot clung, nor taint of worldly leaven,
   To that anointed hand.

That steadfast hand, to Truth securely leading
   The forest's wayward child;
That tender hand, that tamed, with silent pleading,
   The savage nature wild.
There docile hearts bowed low in adoration,
   When, 'neath that humble dome,
In sacred rite, in endless "clean oblation,"
   Love sought His earthly home.

And knees were bent, when rang the angel story
   From out the Mission tower;
While gleamed its cross, with halo-crown of glory
   Twined by the sunset hour.

And so, when crime, with trail of serpent, blighted
   The sheen of stately halls,
The tender beam of Eden blessings lighted
   Those rude adobé walls.

O golden land! Thy richest, rarest treasure
   Dwells not in darksome mines:
Still prouder wealth thou hast, in countless measure—
   Thy holy Mission shrines.

Let Eastern lands yet vaunt in song and story,
   Their ivy-mantled halls:
A halo-flame, a nimbus-wreath of glory
   Encrowns thy sacred walls.
NOW how do mesmerists prove the existence of a mesmeric fluid? They do not prove it at all: they simply assume it. The only attempt at proof which they make, consists in the analogy suggested by them between their imaginary magnetic fluid and the nervous fluid. As there exists in man a nervous fluid which, moved by the motive faculty of his soul, sets in motion the limbs of his body, so also there exists a magnetic fluid which produces the magnetic effects. We accept this comparison; but we must test its value.

In the first place, then, no one will deny that the motive power within us, however great its capacity and force may be, yet has some limits, is governed by laws of some kind; which limits and which laws depend upon its very nature, and are consequently inviolable. As regards the nervous fluid and the movements of the body, we are forced by daily experience to recognize such limits—limits which no effort of the will can enable us to overpass. And the same thing must be admitted as concerns the magnetic fluid. It therefore becomes a matter of interest to inquire what are the laws of the motive power?

The following are some of them:

1. The motive power is a vital power, and as such is (a) intimately united with what, in us, is the living principle, viz., the soul, and (b) limited to what, in us, is the living subject, viz., the whole man.

To suppose that the motive power can, so to speak, overflow, and diffuse itself out of the living person to whom it belongs, would be to destroy the substantial unity of life, and thus to deprive the motive power of the essential reason of its existence. Hence the motive power does not and cannot go beyond the compass of that organic body, within which alone it acts. On reaching the boundaries at which our microcosm touches the exterior world, it ceases to act for the simple reason that it ceases, just at that point, to exist; and it there ceases to exist, because precisely there ceases the substantial presence of the soul that informs and quickens the body. To the same limitation is the nervous fluid subject; and not that fluid only, but all which lives in us and is subject to our vital forces. For just as an effect without a cause is a contradiction, so it is also a contradiction that an effect should stand out of the influence of its cause. Thus life cease-
es in our limbs as soon as any cause breaks the tie which kept them united to the living principle. Thus also everything material, whether fluid or otherwise that issues from man’s body (as heat, electricity, gases, odors, etc.,) partakes of the life of the organism in which it resides, so long as it resides therein; but the moment it is separated, it falls under the sway of the physical and chemical laws of the inorganic world; and by virtue of such laws only can it then act upon other bodies. Hence the motive faculty of man does not and cannot act immediately on exterior bodies, either by itself, or through any vital fluid ejected to a distance, but only through the limbs, which, coming into contact with the exterior world and with its ponderable and imponderable agents, convey to them the impulse which they have received ab intraestco. This law, our knowledge of which rests upon the continued experience of the entire human race so perfectly agrees with what might be expected from the wisdom of the Creator, that without it one could scarcely imagine the present order and harmony of the world to be possible.

Now mesmerism denies this fundamental law of vitality, and adopts as a capital dogma the subjective expansion of the living forces beyond the living principle and subject; it teaches also that these forces not only expand beyond the organism to which they belong, but penetrate into another living body (that of the magnetized) and there continue to act, blending their own life and operation with the life and operation of the new subject*—a monstrous group of absurdities, repugnant to all sound principles both of philosophy and of biology.

But mesmerists will swallow them all, rather than sacrifice the freedom of their fluid; for if they imprisoned it in the body of the magnetizer, if they did not allow it to roam freely forth, penetrate into other (organic and inorganic) bodies, and therein act, receiving its impulse uninterruptedly from the will and motive power of the magnetizer, how could they give even the shadow of an explanation of their magnetic phenomena?

(2.) The motive power is a natural power, by which I mean that it is innate in us. Even ignorant persons and children, though they know nothing of fluids, muscles, nerves or motive forces, still by that obscure consciousness which they have of the faculties given them by nature, employ the motive power on the proper occasions; apply it differently according to their different wants and learn by experience its degrees and limits. Nor, in order to employ it, do they need to concentrate the will, or

* The theory most commonly adopted by magnetizers in order to account for the mesmeric phenomena, or “animal magnetism,” is that based on the hypothesis of a fluid. The fluid in the human body is supposed to be subject to the will, and to be its immediate instrument. The fluid not only moves the various limbs, but darting abroad at the pleasure of the will, it can penetrate through any obstacle, and through any other body, whether organic or inorganic; and there, always directed by the will, it can concentrate, act with, combine with, and modify the fluid of such other body, communicating and transmitting its own strength and vital energy, together with the very thoughts and commands of the person from whom it flows.
make efforts of faith. A simple act of volition is sufficient. For it is proper to every natural faculty not merely to act, easily and readily, but to be common to all men at all times; whereas the faculties acquired by dint of labor and study, demand attention and effort when set in action, especially at the beginning, when habit has not converted them, as it were, into a second nature. Nor are they common to all at all times, but vary with the times, places, customs and conditions of nations and of individuals. Moreover there cannot exist in us any natural faculty subject to the free disposition of the will, the presence of which we do not feel in some manner. How indeed could the will, if unconscious of possessing a particular faculty, make use of that faculty at its pleasure?

Now is the motive power of mesmerism natural, or is it acquired?

"Natural," say many mesmerists. But if such power be natural, how is it that nature has not taught it to all mankind from the beginning of the world? Why, in past times, was the secret known to so few?

"Acquired," say others. But if so, they must cease from comparing it, or identifying it, with the motive power of the nervous fluid and of their own limbs which power is purely natural. Tell me moreover, you who say it is acquired, by what arts and means do you acquire it? What is the method by which you contrive so infallibly to move the magnetic fluid, to send it out of your own bodies, to direct it upon the bodies of others, and in short, so to govern its action as to cause it to work the wonders of mesmerism? Many and wonderful are the faculties that man has acquired by applying his natural powers to matter, and turning to account the properties which he has discovered therein. And if you desire to know the secret of any of these faculties, there is not one among them which will refuse to show you the elements, combinations, movements, ways and means by which it produces its effect. Ask of the musician, the doctor, the painter or the chemist, the processes by which they produce the effects proper to their several arts; and they will teach you the secrets of every thing they do, so that you may, if you like, do as much yourself. But in mesmerism what do the greatest masters in the art teach? Gestures and will: gestures that, according to themselves, have no efficacy; and will which, of itself, can only will and command. The rest is wrapped in darkness; and that so completely that the very operator himself does not understand what he does, or why, or how he does it. If this be an art, then certainly never was art more wonderful. It may be called the art of doing wonders with nothing; for the gestures and the will—which are the only elements of this mesmeric art—turn out to be of no effect.

The motive power of mesmerism cannot, as we have seen, be called either innate or acquired. It is neither instinct nor art. What then is it? It is a wild fancy, a mere absurdity, so long as you look for its explanation within the sphere of the natural order, as do the defenders of the "fluid" theory. Take our word for it, you will never find a plausible
explanation, until you seek it in the sphere of preternatural things.

(3) Besides its character of being natural and vital, the motive faculty has a third peculiarity, which is not common to the other powers of the soul, because it is derived from the special nature of the acts and effects proper to this one. I refer to its materiality. The motive faculty is spiritual on account of the principle from which it proceeds, and the subject to which it belongs, viz., the soul. But it is material, if we consider the object of its operations, and its effects. The object is, in fact, a fluid, or a nerve, or some organ of the human body; the effects are the movements of the limbs or other parts composing the human organism. That is to say, these are the immediate effects. But the mediate effects are the movements of those external bodies, to which our limbs communicate motion. Now in the whole range of the phenomena produced by the motive faculty, there is nothing that goes beyond the mere physical and material order, nothing that demands the moral and intellectual order, nothing that cannot be explained by reference to the properties and laws of matter. On the other hand, it is clear that the mesmeric effects, and chiefly those of the lucid somnambulism or clairvoyance, do go beyond the material order, in many respects, and do suppose, in the agent producing them, intellectual knowledge and moral acts. Consequently this agent (a) cannot be a fluid, which is always matter, and (b) cannot be determined by the motive faculty, which acts only on matter and agreeably to the laws of matter.

Summing up what we have said on the will and motive faculty, we can press our mesmerists thus.

Either you admit the will itself as the immediate and physical mover of the magnetic fluid, (and then you change the nature of the will, and fall into the absurdities already pointed out); or, in order to avoid these absurdities, you say that the fluid is determined immediately to action by the motive faculty, which faculty is subject to the command of the will; and in that case not only must you deny such of your theories and methods as are based on the immediate and physical efficacy of the will on the fluid, but you become powerless to explain the phenomena, without so changing the character of the motive faculty as to make it violate the laws and properties of its own nature.

"How then," it may be demanded "is one to explain the undeniable influence of the will in producing the mesmeric effects?"

Our answer is ready. By discarding both the fluid and the motive power, and attributing to the will an immediate efficacy, not physical but moral, on the magnetic agent, which we must consequently regard as an intelligent and free being who by his own power executes in the magnetized the effects willed by the magnetizer. On this hypothesis everything is at once accounted for. "The Mystery of Mesmerism" is "Explained."

(To be continued.)
Dear "Owl"—You beg, like a restless child, for some fanciful story, to help you beguile the long hours of the day. I have none; but I can give you from memory an account of a voyage up the tawny Sacramento on a nimble river-craft, a sweeter journey than which I do not know.

We had long promised ourselves a visit to the home of some friends who dwelt at the head of the Grand Island of the river; and now the day fixed for our departure had arrived. When the shadows of night were falling over the waters of the small river behind our house, a tributary of the greater one—when the rushes and elders which lined its banks, and the plantain and dock leaves that bent over lovingly to kiss its face, and the oaks that stood arm-in-arm above, were all doubting and hesitating whether to the day or to the rising moon pertained their homage—suddenly the black form of a boat shot round a willowy point, to the landing pier at our feet. Our party of three embarked, and we were soon propelled by the waterman down the smooth and almost currentless stream; now passing under a bridge on which traffic lay slumbering for the night; then past copses of willows and wild roses, through the shadow of warehouses, where treasures of golden grain reposed; and by the dark hulls of ships on whose decks Danish sailors were singing; until we glided silently under the counter of a freighted vessel.

This boat, destined to be our home for the next few days, had been christened in early times by the strange and romantic Matilda Heron, and now bore her name proudly over "the waste of waters." We stepped from our ferry-boat upon the vessel, which was so laden with bags of grain that they stood several tiers in height upon the decks, and the waters of the river were level with the vermilion stripe on her sides. Already the
white canvas upon the mast bellied
under the influence of the soft breeze;
and as our fastenings were loosed,
and the dripping cables hauled
aboard, and the faint ripple caused
by our motion through the water be­
came audible, night triumphantly
threw westward the gray and linger­
ing day, and between two rival floods,
of river and of moonlight, the boat
set forth upon her peaceful . journey.
Affected by I know not what myste­
rious charm, I fell into a kind of
waking dream, and ere long found
myself trying to believe that the va­
rious members, so to speak, of the
ship—the wheel which, with seem­
ing intelligence, twisted and swayed
her from impending danger; the
stanchions that, with their arms of
oak, withstood the struggles of the
impatient canvas to escape; the
shivering sails; the mumbling and com­
plaining blocks;—were deeply versed
in naval lore: nay, that perhaps a
kindlier and more lifelike knowledge
than that of the mere dry tactics of
the sea was there; that the exploits
of Swedish and Danish heroes, the
deeds of the Vikings of old, the
strange Norse legends about the sea
and its wonders, and the love and
longing of the ancient mariner for the
unequal seasons of rock-bound Nor­
way, were garner ed in their secret
hearts; and that probably the dawn­
ing of a new and not less charming
life broke upon them this evening
for the first time, as the murmur of
soft voices stole towards them, and
low, sweet songs of England wound
in and out the cordage, and wander­
ed off upon the shimmering and
widely-extended water.

Propelled now as by an unseen
power, the vessel glided, spirit-like,
through the still waters, with none of
her kindred in view, save the solitary
canoe of a mink-hunter which was
hugging the shadow of the shore.
We might have fancied, as we saw
two "opposition" steamers veering
with sudden speed around a distant
point, that two panting monsters were
approaching; their iron lungs glow­
ing, and their lofty nostrils blowing
fire; their huge bodies straining and
quivering with emulation, each to
outstrip the other. And see! The
furnaces are thrown wide open; and
in their glare excited forms hurry
about; and tons of inflammable food
are tossed to the ravenous and fiery
beasts within;—and they sweep by in
a blinding rain of spray and sparks,
amid the din of blowing steam and
hoarse commands, only to leave a
calmer, a profounder solitude behind.
But rather than indulge in such wild
dreams any longer, we prefer to nod
in the mystical shadows which tall
sycamores cast across our deck; and
soon we sink upon the yielding grain
in slumber.

When the ladies had issued from
their cabins in the morning, the
scene had changed. We lay at an­
chor upon the motionless bosom of
the Sacramento proper. Not a breath
of air lurked among the sails, to urge
us against the current. Westward,
down the river, whither the frothy
yellow water, in bubbling eddies, was
impetuously hastening, the white
houses of Rio Vista could be seen,
upraised upon a bank of lofty hills;
whilst directly opposite, like some
marine monster dead upon the beach,
reposed the scarred and forsaken
ruins of the once gallant steamer Ne-
vada.

Our attentive maître de cuisine was
energetic in his preparations for
breakfast; and descrying amongst the
green tangle of the shore the red and
yellow dresses of children a-blackber-
rying, we dispatched a boat to visit
and rifle their baskets.

Here we were fain to rest all day;
the winds holding their peace, or
blowing right against us; while other
vessels dropped leisurely down the
current in the direction whence we
came, and others again, (regardless
of expense) were towed past us up
stream, by little, hard-blowing steam-
tugs.

We employed the whole dreamy
September day in getting a couple of
miles further up the river. Taking
the tide at the flood, our navigators,
ever, it would seem, contented with
wind and weather, threw out long
"sweeps" (monster oars), and like
some Roman galley, or a second
Argo, we crept slowly towards the
goal of our desires, listless, supreme-
ly happy in our self-content. Then,
as night closed in a second time upon
our journey, our bold captain ferried
the fairer portion of his passengers
ashore, and took them to a farm
house that they might escape the hor-
rors of the vessel, which he well
knew would become, at night, the
chosen empire of the mosquito.

O the mosquito! How does the
word, so poetic and foreign in sound,
so fraught with significance, fail,
grow void of force, become flat and
insipid, when used to designate the
River King? There is a clangor,
like that of bossy shields and burn-
nished blades and armor, in their de-
fi ant sally or sudden countermarch;
there is a sensation as of Greek Fire,
of boiling oil, or of molten lead, in
their very touch.

The cabins became insupportable.
I sought to stretch my weary length
among the sailors, on the forward
deck, under a tent of mosquito net-
ting; but a ring-bolt in the plank be-
neath my head, was a pillow which
made the thought of "balmy sleep"
a mockery; so I searched about and
soon discovered a comfortable place
on some of the bags of grain, and
gazing through a bit of private netting
upon an unfathomable sky, be-sprin-
kled with stars, and upon the moon
rising behind the mainsail, and the
fairy dance of its beams upon the
current, seemed to lose all memory
and be no more.

It must have been towards the
small hours

"When planets strike,
When fairy takes, and witch hath power
to charm,"

that the regular pulsation of paddles,
faint but steadily approaching, arous-
ed us from sleep. Partially overcom-
ing the inertia of slumber, hazy and
dazed, and more asleep than awake,
I watched the huge San Francisco
steamer, white and gleaming in the
light, seeming dead and corpse-like
save for the movement of its wheels,
glide past like a bank of fog, or a
wondrous and gigantic swan, or a
cloud of canvas, or some stealthy
pirate ship. When daylight broke,
I could scarcely determine whether
it was a dream or a substantial ves-
sel that had so fancifully floated down
On the Sacramento.

and away.

But see!

"The morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o' er the dew of yon high eastern hill,"

and she has despatched the winds before her, to smooth her pathway. Our passengers are assumed again, the anchor hoisted to the bows, and merrily we skim past bend and point, past groves of silver sycamore, the favorite rookeries of river fowl, and noble walnuts that shower down their fruit upon us at the rude grasp of our passing sail. We sheer away from sunken snags and wrecks, and we jilt expectant sand-bars.

Thence it was a clear run to the point at which we proposed to disembark, and speed the vessel on her further way. It was not difficult to employ the remaining hours in fresh fancies as to the prospect there awaiting us; to lean against a mast and dream of peaches as big as cocoanuts, and green melons and golden cantelopes tumbling upon the dreamer; of nectarines without a blemish, soft and richly colored as Egyptian skies in autumn; of peace and happiness without alloy, of well-earned rest from carking toil, of the dolce far niente. Which last blessing Editors can seldom hope for.

Yours, etc.,

C. F. WILCOX.
AFTER we had been sleeping, as we thought, but a very short time, a noise like the buzzing of bees disturbed our slumber, and on opening our eyes we found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of little people, who had been screaming with all their might in order to wake us up.

They informed us that it was time to rise, if we desired to set out with his Majesty, who intended to start that day on a tour around his dominions.

Kearney, Harvey and myself, with eyes as yet only half open, kindly thanked the little pigmies for their invitation, and replied that nothing could give us greater pleasure than to visit the dominions of the King. Dinklage, however, who was still wrapped in the sweet embrace of Morpheus, heeded not the royal envoys. Somewhat irritated at this neglect of persons of such dignity, I went over and shook him violently. His only reply was, to heave a deep sigh, turn over, and mutter in a husky voice:—"I'm up, Father C——!"

Poor fellow! He thought he was in the dormitory of the College, and, *juxta morem*, desired to sleep some few moments longer. At this unexpected answer I burst into a loud laugh, which fully awoke him.

Indeed, I myself could not believe that my still weary limbs had reposed for eight hours; and to assure myself of the fact consulted Dinklage’s watch (chronometer he called it) which he had fortunately brought with him from the Earth. To my surprise I found that we had been sleeping but three hours and-a-half. Hastening out of the balloon I perceived that it was already perfect day, and the sun was already high up in the heavens, appearing in the distant East about...
the size of the planet Venus as seen from the Earth; whilst the people were moving busily to and fro, intent on their daily occupations. Was it all a dream or was I really awake? We had gone to rest the previous evening with the setting sun—for such is the custom of the inhabitants—and now it had reappeared.

I was bewildered for a time; but on carefully considering the phenomenon, I thought there could be no other way of explaining it than that Saturn revolves on its axis in a much shorter time than the Earth. Such I discovered by observation to be really the case; the time employed by this planet in so doing being only ten hours and-a-half.

We "hurried up" in order not to detain the King on his intended journey, and took our breakfast post-haste; which said breakfast, by the by, had been engrossing the attention of the cooks of the royal household all that night. Our repast consisted of a variety of the largest fowl to be found on the planet, none of these, however, being greater than a humming-bird; besides a number of other things the names of which I do not know, as they are not found on the Earth.

We proposed to take his Majesty over his dominions in our balloon; to which he objected at first, not knowing what kind of a machine it might be. In order therefore to satisfy him that he need fear nothing, we conducted him thither, where we found Dinklage, who was rather bashful, and for that reason had preferred to remain at home, rather than go through all the forms of etiquette necessary in conversing with the King.

As soon as we entered the balloon, a puff of smoke, issuing from the mouth of Dinklage, almost made us lose sight of our guest; and the poor fellow made matters worse when, on stepping forward to beg the royal pardon, he managed in some way to throw his Majesty to the ground. However, no injury resulted from it; for these people are not subject to accidents, or, I was going to say, death, as we are. This last assertion however would not have been strictly correct. They die; but their death is not like ours. I was present at the death-bed of one old man of ten years and-a-half—a period which is equal to two hundred and ninety-five of our years, Saturn making but one revolution around the Sun, in twenty nine years and-a-half. He seemed to be passing off into a quiet slumber, joy beamed on his countenance, and to my eyes a halo of glory surrounded him: no moans nor sobs were heard from his friends and relatives, who stood around his dying bed and seemed to envy his happiness. As I remained gazing upon his sweet and placid countenance, my mind wandered back to the Earth; and O, how I did desire that my fellow men could witness his death, in order to take example from it! I learned from the bystanders that all the dwellers on Saturn die with the same peace and contentment, and at about the same age as this old man.

When I questioned them as to the place to which his soul would go, they did not seem to understand me. "Then you suppose," they said, "that the soul, after its departure from the
body has the choice of many places, and that it may go to the one it chooses? As for us, we know of one place only, a glorious and eternal Kingdom in which (according to the traditions our fathers have handed down to us) there will be no more death, but perfect happiness and enjoyment."

In turn I narrated to them the fall of our first parents, their penance and the coming of the Redeemer, Who by His Sacred Blood washed away the stains of sin, opened anew the gates of heaven, and restored us to the favor of God. But when I came to recount the schisms and heresies which soon rent the bosom of the Church He founded, my heart failed me; and I shrank back in fear, lest perhaps I might already have said enough, and more than enough, to cause these good people to look upon us not as their fellow-men but as belonging to a race of inferior beings. They listened with much attention to my recital, breaking out into frequent bursts of indignation at the fall of Adam and Eve, and of wonder and admiration at the goodness of our Saviour. What would they have said had I recounted to them the history of the present time, in which men are found who not only impugn and deny the truth; but even reject the very Author of truth, Himself?

(To be continued.)
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR’S TABLE.

Work for College Critics.

We question very much whether college journals are not infringing the good old rule "ne sutor ultra crepidam," when they assume, as they so often do, the character and office of regular Reviews. But there is at any rate one department of criticism, in which they are thoroughly in place; and that is the criticism of each other. For our own parts we are free to confess that we always read with more interest those of our college contemporaries which devote a fair space to “notes on exchanges,” and that we are proportionately disappointed with the one line criticisms, in which the would-be “smart” editors are so apt to indulge. Let no one imagine that we look for criticisms on The Owl only; though we are always glad to see such, whether favorable or otherwise, provided the critic writes fairly, and like a gentleman. We are speaking now, however, of the instruction which may be derived from seeing our college contemporaries fairly criticized by each other; and we would suggest to those who may have hitherto underrated the importance of this department of their respective journals, that they should devote more time, more thought, and more space to so profitable and (in our opinion) so entertaining a work. At the same time it is becoming more and more important that college critics should be careful to observe due literary courtesy in the interchange of their animadversions; a point with regard to which, we are sorry to say, too many are careless.

A Touching Appeal.

Our excellent contemporary the Catholic Sentinel wishes its subscribers—as we do ours—A Happy New Year; but we are a little amused at the limitation which it puts to its good wishes. Like The Owl, it has been burdened by a large number of subscribers who subscribe nothing but their names; and, like The Owl, it finds that the time has come when it will be under the necessity of erasing such names from its list. It is far more eloquent, however, in its appeal to their better feelings than we shall ever attempt to be; and if we wil-
ingly confess that its rhetoric is good, we will still more willingly own the cogency of its arguments. We suppose it has reason to hope that so forcible an appeal will produce a proportionate effect upon those to whom it is addressed, or most of them; but should any be deaf to the voice of justice (speaking through the Sentinel) why, then, it wishes no "Happy New Year," no "Merry Xmas" to them. We do not say that it wishes them ill. That would be unchristian. It only, funnily and pointedly, leaves them out.

We fear that if we left out from our New Year's wishes all those of our subscribers who are not likely to pay up, we should be excluding a very large proportion of them indeed, and therefore we will make our charity wider than that of the good Sentinel, and wish a New Year of health and happiness to all. But we will not altogether spare them. We will subjoin the concluding portion of the Sentinel's appeal, in which its feelings become so elevated and impassioned that it wanders off "quite promiscuous" into poesy. And we can assure our subscribers, one and all, that the sentiments of this beautiful poem—mutatis mutandis—are quite those of The Owl; with the one important exception that we have less hope than the Sentinel seems to have, of softening the indurated hearts of our debtors.

Should you ask us why this dunning,
Why these sad complaints and murmurs,
Murmurs loud about delinquents
Who have read this paper weekly,
Read what they declined to pay for,
Read with pleasure and with profit,
Read of Church affairs and prospects,
Read the news both home and foreign,
Read the "leaders" and the poems,
Full of wisdom and instruction.

Should you ask us why this dunning,
We should answer, we should tell you—
From the printer, from the mailer,
From the patient paper-maker,
From the man who taxes letters
With a stamp from Uncle Samuel—

From them all there comes a message
Message kind but firmly spoken,
"Please to pay us what you owe us."

Would you lift a burden from us?
Would you drive a spectre from us?
Would you taste a pleasant slumber?
Would you have a quiet conscience?

Send us money—send us money,
"Send us money that you owe us."

We are far from saying that we do not want the money due to us; though whether we get it or not, we don't mean to "say die." But, in honest truth, we feel more anxiety lest some of our old friends should take uncalled for offence at this general dunning of ours, than lest we should lose the money due. Honest men and good payers, sometimes take to themselves that which is meant for, we will not say the dishonest, but the careless and negligent; and we do sincerely hope that no one to whom we may have ceased, in accordance with our announced rule, to send The Owl, will apply to himself that which is not really applicable to him, though it may be and is applicable to many others. *Verbum sat sapienti.*
The Owl’s “Card of Thanks.”

If there be one tradesman in the world more than another, nay more than all the others, who carries on his business like a gentleman, we must say that Mr. Vick, Florist and Seedsman, of Rochester, N. Y., is the man. The quarterly receipt of his Floral Guide is really a pleasure to all lovers of art, so beautifully and artistically is it gotten up. And not only does he grace our editorial taste by the periodical presentation of this elegant little work, but he even volunteers the present of five dollars’ worth of seeds, which he thinks will be acceptable to our wife or daughters, if not to ourselves. The Owl, we respectfully inform Mr. Vick, is not yet mated, and has consequently no daughters. We have, however, handed over the Floral Guide, and shall hand over the seeds, when we receive them, to Brother Jean Marie, the Head Gardener of the College, who appreciates the gift so highly that he is probably saying Hail Maries for Mr. Vick in consequence. Our own gratitude takes the less effective though more ostentatious form of the present notice.

Patron Saints for the College Press.

Ah! You may stare, good Protestant friends; nor can we wonder that you should; but it is all just precisely as our heading hath it; there is not a word that we can’t prove or that we don’t mean. And what is more, it is for non-Catholic journals that these same Saints are intended. We, The Owl, have not a speck of objection to make, in principle, to the placing of particular journals under the special patronage of particular saints; nor do we believe that the Niagara Index, the College Message, the Scholastic, or even the little Archangel—(so nearly devoid of body as to correspond pretty closely in that respect to his great namesake, who has none at all)—would have any objection either. But we must confess with shame (if shame be required) that we have not yet, as a matter of fact, placed The Owl under any such exalted patronage. We grieve to say that we, Catholics though we be, are forestalled in this matter by our worthy Protestant contemporary, the able organ of the Illinois Wesleyan University, the Alumni Journal. This seems to us the more singular, inasmuch as we have always been and still are under the abiding impression that Methodists know very little indeed about Saints. The Saints, regarded through ordinary Methodistical spectacles, are a moderately decent sort of Christians—(even thus much is not always conceded)—who have been vastly over-rated, and who are worshipped by us superstitious Papists with the worship due to God. The Editors of the “Alumni” may possibly rise above the ordinary traditions of their sect. Let us hope that it is so. At any rate, it seems pretty clear that they have placed themselves, in their editorial capacity, under the protection of a Patron Saint. They do not give his name, it is true; because their sentiments on the matter are not expressed categorically, and it is consequently not incumbent upon them to be perfectly explicit. They are treating of another subject—the Cornell Era—and in doing so they take occasion to observe, incidentally, that their patron saint is not so and so. “The truth is,” they say, we are not attempting to publish a Cornell Era; neither do we take its spirit (the italics are ours) “as our patron saint.” So far so good, worthy Alumni: we think you are quite right, negatively, in not having made that particular choice. But how provoking not to tell us what “spirit” you did choose! Out of so many spirits of “just men made perfect,”
spirits whose glory and delight it is to intercede before the heavenly throne for us poor wanderers below, how can we guess even approximately, which is the Patron Saint of the Alumni Journal? Well; we must content to be ignorant on this point, unless the Alumni choose to enlighten us in their next issue. The main point is that they have been setting a good and a highly Catholic example, which (mirabile dictu!) has been promptly followed by another college contemporary of ours—one, too, from which we should have least expected any such action—to wit, the Berkeleyan.

In its December number it has an editorial specially devoted to self glorification on the score of its having completed its first volume. We have heard of other journals before now which have accomplished the same feat without boasting. But when did the Berkeleyan ever miss its customary crow? We recollect seeing a seal, somewhere, some years ago, which bore

"this strange device;"

viz., a particularly upstanding and open-mouthed rooster, surrounded by the motto (so appropriate to Berkeley) "While I live I’ll crow!" Had we foreseen, among the grand events of the then future, the approaching birth of the Berkeleyan, we might have purchased that seal for presentation to its Board of Editors, who could not have failed to be delighted therewith. Enough of the crowing, however: that is too common. What is uncommon, and, in the present instance, worthy of especial remark: is the Patron Saint business, in which the Berkeleyan—of all papers in the world—has just engaged. With regard to the Alumni Journal we had no direct and categorical statement to go upon, and even what it did say was negative rather than positive; however legitimate may have been our inference therefrom. But as to the fact of the Berkeleyan’s having a Patron Saint, and the bona fide existence of that Saint, there is no more doubt or uncertainty—if the Berkeleyan’s words may be trusted—than as to its own existence. "It has ever regarded with a jealous interest"—so it says in the editorial above noted—"its Patron Saint."

We must really pause here a moment, if only to give our readers the amusement of guessing the "Saint’s" name, before we write it down. They will fail, however; for they may look for it in vain in every Calendar of every Church that is or was, or will be. Therefore, after this prelude, here it is for them!—"its Patron Saint, THE UNIVERSITY" of California!

There, good readers! You have a good specimen of a Saint now, if you never had before; and at your very doors, too, if you are a San Franciscan. You can see, by just shooting across the water to Berkeley, what real, practical saintliness—nineteenth century saintliness, you know—is. For Berkeley, in addition to all its other attractions, enshrines within its classic precincts a living Saint—the University of California!

That our contemporary the Berkeleyan should have placed itself under the patronage of this Saint is a touching tribute on its part to the truth and beauty of that Catholicity to which it alludes in such charming terms in another part of the same number.

The Mission Indians.

On page one hundred and sixty eight, the reader will find an article calling attention to the project suggested by U. S. Commissioner Wetmore for the rescue and civilization of these Indians. Mr. Wetmore would, very wisely,
recur once more to the only source whence any good has ever come to them, viz., the Catholic Church. The proposition seemed to us, when the article in question brought it before our notice, almost too good to be carried out without opposition; and now, since that article was set up, comes the news of a sort of contest which is taking place between the Right Rev. Bishop Salpointe, Vicar Apostolic of Arizona, and a certain Mr. Wilbur, Papago Indian Agent, who is bringing a number of absurd charges against the bishop and his priests. "They are attempting," says Mr. Wilbur, "to reduce the Indians to a state of vassalage" and "in every way imposing upon and oppressing them." To which the good bishop replies, in his simple way: "We do all we can for them (the Indians); we ask for nothing; we get nothing. Where is the 'imposition'? where the 'oppression'?" It is the old story. Anti-Catholic bigotry and fanaticism are at work, to stop a great good, merely because Catholic priests are the workers of that good. We have no doubt that Mr. R. W. Wilbur, or some of his allies, will be heard of, ere long, as opponents of Mr. Wetmore's scheme.

"Among our Visitors."

The College Spectator, (Union Coll., Schenectady, N.Y.), affords an unfortunate instance of the truth of the remark with which we concluded a previous paragraph ("Work for College Critics"). This is the more strange, as the Spectator has not generally been to blame in this respect, so far as we can remember. In its November number, however, under the heading "Our Table," occurs the following disgraceful passage.

"We are extremely sorry that Harvard, according to the Magenta, has been forced to eat her own words in regard to the foul last summer. But when trouble is ahead liars and blacklegs resort to every imaginable way of escaping the impending evil. We will, with the public, believe the daily papers of that time, in preference to a gang of fellows who, if they will deliberately smash a rival's boat, will resort to lying eating their own words, or any meanness that sneaks are capable of. We exceedingly regret that this is the last number of the Spectator which we edit."

Anyone who has the slightest remembrance of the circumstances of the Saratoga Race, must be well aware that the writer of the above has got altogether "mixed up" as to his facts. The facts of the matter are however of the slightest possible importance as facts;—that is to say, for our present purpose. We have made the above extract solely in order to hold up such language, used by the students of one American college of and to the students of another, to the utter contempt and disgrace of all the decent portion—and that is, we trust, the whole—of the College Press. We are in no way concerned in the matter personally; but we feel that such a violation of propriety, nay even of common decency, should meet with the most outspoken condemnation from all quarters. For our parts we are "exceedingly" glad "that this" (in which such language occurs) "is the last number of the Spectator which" that individual "edits." We feel quite sure that none of the future editors of the paper will so lower both themselves and their journal, as to imitate his example.

And now comes the poor Berkeleyan again. Well, it isn't our fault. If he will tumble up against our legs in this way, we are bound to say "Scat!"

We don't mean to compare the language of the Berkeleyan with that
just quoted from the *College Spectator*; but at the same time we think the greater portion of our contemporaries will agree with us that sneers at one's opponents and abuse of their religion are not exactly the weapons with which the gentlemen of the college press should fight. Give us an *argument*, ye "aspiring boys of Berkeley;" if you care to do it, and can do it; and we will undertake to answer you. Mere sneers won't help you, and certainly won't hurt us. When, instead of arguing, you "raise the tocsin of Popery" against us, as you have done before and as you do again now, you ought to be shewn up for it. It may do you good to be publicly reminded that it is considered, among gentlemen, bad taste (to say the least of it) to sneer at people—especially in a free country like ours—merely for their religion. Well; here is Berkeley—(not the Bishop)—*revivus*!

"O most potent Jesuitism! a thousand times better to have a college "'creedless and godless,' than to have one ruled by your superstition and "fanaticism; which makes the grand aim of education the proving of your "so-called religion, and which combats every new discovery of science which "fails to agree with your tenets."

To make the above intelligible, it is necessary to explain that we had unconsciously irritated the poor *Berkeleyan* by objecting to colleges that were "creedless and godless." Our argument was not specially a Catholic one, nor is it affected in the slightest degree by the *Berkeleyan*'s twaddle about the supposed "superstition and fanaticism" of "Jesuitism," or by its sneer at the old Faith as a "so-called religion." Granting for a moment all that nonsense to be true, it still remains equally disputable whether the colleges of this great country should be denominational, as we contend, or "creedless and godless," as the *Berkeleyan* thinks so desirable. [By the bye, sweet Berkeleyan, just catch your Professor of Rhetoric next time he goes by, and ask him whether we were right or wrong in spelling the adjective "godless," with a "little g."]

One point more, before we give Berkeley our farewell blessing! Is the *Berkeleyan* so ignorant of philosophy as not to realize the fact that truth, whether scientific or revealed, is one, and cannot therefore be contradictory of, or inconsistent with itself? Let it rest perfectly assured that we, as Catholics, welcome truth from what source soever it may come; that we accept it even before hand; and that we have not the least particle of fear as to any imaginary (but impossible) antagonism between true dogma and true science. If, indeed, there be one thing more than another for which the sons of St. Ignatius are famous, it is their devotion to science, and their brilliant success in its pursuit. They have certainly, in this respect, been "most potent."

The *Index Niagarensis* appears under the less classical and less euphonious name of *Niagara Index*, but in better shape and on better paper; we wish we could also say in new type; for it is a good paper, and deserves a good dress.

The *Philomathean* (Univ. of City of N. Y.) has from its start been an able and entertaining journal, and now (to judge from its November number) is taking with considerable success the *smart and witty* line. That it should succeed in this without descending to vulgarity, is one of the best proofs possible that its editors are gentlemen.

The *Georgetown College Journal*, for December, has an interesting article on "The Spanish Inquisition," which we fancy (and almost hope) will lead to further ventilation of the subject.
The McKendree Repository is a very old acquaintance, who once more presents himself to our notice, improved in every respect except that of type. There is a straightforward religious tone about this paper which we like.

The Olivet Olio is the last of our exchanges which we shall mention. It has done a wonderful thing; having actually merged its existence in that of an advertising sheet published in the town of Olivet, and called the "Music Folio." So far from increasing its interest or strengthening its position thereby, we think it has greatly injured itself in both respects. "A. B. Brown & Co." will doubtless sell more music in consequence of the amalgamation, but it is a terrible drop for the College paper. Business speculations and College literature have, or ought to have nothing in common. Money, in a very few cases, be made by the publication of College papers, but it is not made for individual profit, in any case; and we think the college press should condemn, with one voice the prostitution of a college journal to the uses of a firm of "Music Publishers and General Dealers," like "A. B. Brown & Co."

WELL! Another Christmas has come and gone; and here we are again for another five months at college. Most of us have been home to meet our friends, where and with whom we have enjoyed the holidays, and whence we have returned filled with a new zeal for study, and with a determination to begin the new year with some improvement, if possible, upon the old. Some of our students, however, whose parents live at a distance from Santa Clara, were compelled to remain in the College during the short Xmas vacation. These, while they had a brief respite from labor, could not of course enjoy the same happiness as those who met their friends; yet we venture to say they enjoyed their holidays quite as well as could be expected under the circumstances. With good Fathers Kenna and Dossola as masters of the sports, they contrived to pass away the time quite pleasantly. There was one thing, however, which prevented them from having a time quite as ordinary. Shortly before the close of last half-session, some evilly inclin-youths, stimulated either by the spirit of vandalism or by that of thoughtless mischief, (we hope the latter) went through the yard, breaking lamps, windows, and everything that could be broken. This continued for several evenings, until every lamp on one side of the yard, and twenty or thirty windows in the theatre, were broken. On this account the President, very justly, we think, refused to give the usual "Christmas Tree" party, and hence one of the chief amusements was wanting. Those who perpetrated the silly acts to which we have referred may now see the results that follow such conduct when practised here. It could have been no pleasure to them thus wilfully to break and destroy the College property; and the damage done the Fathers as individual men (supposing that to have been the object in view) was absurdly small; so that the only practical effect of this malicious prank was to debar others from the pleasures which they were about to enjoy. We hope these remarks may tend to step all such nonsense for the future.

With the old year sundry old faces have dropped out from our ranks. Some of them we may hope to see again among us at no distant day, but others
have gone never to return. New boys have arrived in their places, however; and school has opened with prospects as flattering as ever before.

Among the friendly faces that have gone from our gaze, we note with especial regret that of Mr. T. J. Durbin, one of our fellow Editors. Mr. Durbin had been afflicted with rheumatism for some time past, having more than once been so severely attacked as to be unable to move about. He had managed, hitherto, to weather through the comparatively short "cold spells," which we had to endure; but the apparently indefinite continuance of the present long-protracted spell has made it advisable for him to return home. The removal of Mr. Durbin just at this time, has been particularly unfortunate, as he was a member of the graduating class. We are all sorry to lose you Tom, and hope you may be able, even yet, to return and do honor to yourself and to the class of '75.

What can the Clerk of the Weather mean? Here, in this mild and pleasant climate of California, where anything will grow, from the hardy fur and pine down to the bananas and all the fruits and cereals that lie between, to visit us with four or five weeks of such winterly weather as the present, is enough to exhaust the resources of the best apothecary-shop in existence. Our good Infirmanian, Brother Boggio, and his assistants, are nearly wasted away to skeletons, what with trotting around to wait on those boys that are in bed, and giving out increased doses of cough medicine to those who are yet on their legs. Even the Faculty themselves are not free from the common disorder, and the Board of Editors of The Owl are all going about the yard wheezing and coughing like superannuated steam engines, with "comforters," towels and handkerchiefs about their necks. If this kind of weather does not stop soon—and there seems to be little prospect that it will—the College will have to make a special purchase of a few tons weight of drugs, and furnish a large additional contingent of infirmanians to attend to the increasing number of coughing boys. By the bye, there is an old and venerated authority which teaches us that "Punch cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic."

May we venture respectfully to suggest that remedy to our Infirmanian? It would meet, we believe, with pretty general acceptance.

The following charade has been handed to us by one of the students:—

"I am composed of letters io,
Composed of earthly things:
My whole though sought with many pains,
True merit only brings,
My 2, 9, 6, placed with my 7,
Mean something, you will see,
Which 10, 1, 5's and 4, 9, 8's
Rush into with much glee.
In other times men searched amain
From morning until even,
In hopes of finding treasures hid
In a 10, 3, 5, and 7.

Answer.—A Gold Medal."
**Our Societies.**

Most of the College Societies have reorganized since the Xmas Holidays, and *The Owl* being somewhat late this month we are enabled to chronicle their doings.

The two Sodalities, Senior and Junior, have their ranks filled with a goodly number of students, and seem to be in a thriving condition. Their officers are elected at the beginning of the session to serve the entire year.

The following officers have been elected in the "Blessed Berchman's Sanctuary Society," for the half session:—President, Rev. Mr. Calzia, S. J.; Vice President, C. Ebner; Secretary, J. Olcese; Treasurer, V. Vidaurreta; Censor, F. Ebner; Vestry Prefect, Jno. Meyer.

The Philalethics, since the resignation of their President, Professor Dance, seem to be "lying supinely on their backs," waiting for a president to fill the vacancy. On account of the fullness of the College the time of each one of the Faculty is so taken up that it will be hard to find anyone who can take charge of the Society.

The Philhistorians have elected the following officers for the ensuing five months:—Vice President, J. L. Hudner, (reelected); Recording Secretary, P. W. Sato; Cor. Secretary, C. M. McClatchy; Treasurer, J. A. Aguirre, (reelected); Librarian, S. Franklin; Censor, Geo. B. Gray.

The Philhistorians, we are glad to note, are in a thriving condition, with quite a large membership, among whom are some very creditable speakers.

The Senior Dramatic Society is still on hand, although its strength has been somewhat reduced by the removal of some of its members from the College, the remainder however still hold together, and seem ready to pursue their exercises with their accustomed vigor.

They have elected, as their corps of officers for the ensuing half-session, the following:—Vice President, N. F. Brisac; Secretary, T. F. Morrison; Treasurer, H. M. Hughes; Stage Manager, Rev. Mr. Raggio, S. J.; Costumer, P. Mallon; Prompter, P. J. Colombet; Censor, M. Callaghan.

The Junior Dramatic Society have reorganized, but owing to the transfer of some of their members from the Second to the First Division, they will be compelled to change almost their entire list of officers. Hence the names of those newly appointed will not appear until our next issue.

Base-Ball seems to be on the decline in the College, owing probably to the State of the weather. Jumping and foot-ball are at present the most popular athletic sports; especially the latter, which is joined in by both Divisions with much glee. There is one base-ball club, however, which has managed to keep in existence, viz., the "Originals." This club has elected the following officers:—President, Rev. Mr. Driscoll, S. J.; Vice President, R. Soto; Secretary, C. McClatchy; Treasurer, J. A. Aguirre; Censor, P. C. Smith; Capt. 1st Nine, T. F. Morrison; Capt. 2d Nine, G. B. Gray. They have been out for practice several times, and certainly play well. There are, however,
other clubs in Santa José and Santa Clara, which are determined to make the "Originals" work, to maintain their position as the Champion Ball Players of the County.

There are no base-ball clubs yet organized in the 2d Division. It seems to have totally died out there, since the change made in the two Divisions. By this change so many of the best players were transferred to the First Division, that scarcely any one was left to organize a club. Foot-ball and marbles seem to be the sole amusements of the younger boys.

At a meeting of the Board of Editors of The Owl, Mr. T. F. Morrison was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Durbin. We are glad to welcome the author of the somewhat famous (?) ode on one of our articles of diet. The author of so meritorious a piece, will no doubt do us great honor in a literary point of view. Let us have something from your pen soon, Tom.

The mention of the Board of Editors reminds us of a matter on which every member of that board feels somewhat acutely. We refer to the exceptionally inferior style in which our last issue was presented to the public. It has been already explained that that issue (and consequently the present also) would be unavoidably late in making its appearance, owing to the publication of the paper called Our Little Orphans; and now we cannot help feeling that some apology is also due to our readers for the errata and other defects of that same December issue—which, just because it was late, was naturally hurried, and because hurried, was imperfect. Care will be taken that nothing of the kind may occur again.

List of College Exchanges,

RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

MAGAZINES.

Cornell Review, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Alumnae Quarterly, Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
The Blue, Christ's Hospital, London, England.
Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
Lafayette Monthly, Lafayette College, Easton, Penn.
Yale Literary Magazine, Yale College, Newhaven, Conn.
Alabama University Monthly, Univ. of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Union College Magazine, Union Coll. Schenectady, N. Y.
**JOURNALS.**

*Acta Columbiana*, Columbia College, N.Y.

*Hesperian Student*, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.

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

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

*College Olio*, Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio.

*Madisonensis*, Madison Univ., Hamilton, N. Y.

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

*Wittenberger*, Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.


*Trinity Tablet*, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

*Scholastic*, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.

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

*Denison Collegian*, Denison Univ., Granville, Ohio.

*Bowdoin Orient*, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.

*College Argus*, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

*Annalist*, Albion College, Albion, Michigan.

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

*Berkeleyan*, Univ. of California, Berkeley, Cal.

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

*University Missourian*, State Univ., Columbia, Mo.


*Triad*, Upper Iowa Univ., Fayette, Iowa.

*Transcript*, Ohio Wesleyan Univ. & Ohio Wesleyan Female Coll., Delaware, O.

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

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

*College Message*, St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

*Iowa Classic*, Iowa Wesleyan Univ. Mount Pleasant, Iowa.


*College News Letter*, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.

*Spectator*, St. Laurent College, Montreal, Canada.

*College Courier*, Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill.

*Niagara Index*, Seminary of our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Co., N.Y.

*Chronicle*, North Western College, Naperville, Ill.

*University Review*, Univ. of Wooster, Wooster, O.

*Central Collegian*, Central College, Fayette, Mo.

*Volante*, Univ. of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

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

*Aurora*, Albert College, Belleville, Ontario.

*Ewing Review*, Ewing College, Ewing, Ill.

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


*Mckendree Repository*, McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

*College Mercury*, Racine College, Racine, Wisconsin.

*Oberlin College Review*, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

*Raven*, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana.

*University Reporter*, Iowa State Univ., Iowa City, Iowa.
CLASS in Sacred History—“Mr. P., what kind of a nurse did Pharaoh’s daughter send for, when she found Moses in the bulrushes?”

Innocent Mr. P. (promptly)—“A wet nurse, sir.”—Transcript.

We have witnessed for years growing up in this land a habit of disregard for the fundamental law, of irreverence for constitutional authority, of contempt for legal restraints, of disrespect for the sanctity of the ministers and ministry of justice; and at the same time we have witnessed the growth of a spirit of servile submission to personal assumption, of unmanly obedience to the authority of brute force, of adulation of mere power and wealth, and a tendency generally to condone corruption and villainy in high places, all of which points the way to Cæsarianism and prepares the place for a Cæsar. This cannot be controverted—San Francisco Guardian.

It is not enough that Bismarck should order the arrest, fine and imprisonment of women. In Baden the children have been forbidden to become members of the Society of the Childhood of Jesus! The local authorities, to be sure that the prohibition was being obeyed, had a number of little girls recently brought before them, and by harangues more calculated to terrify than convince, impressed upon them the heinousness of disobeying the law, and then dismissed them graciously, with some small pieces of money. The children hastened to the priest’s house, to deposit their little largess in the treasury of the society. It would be unreasonable to suppose that these children are not being brought up in the way they should go.—Catholic Sentinel.

On a very pretty girl saying to Leigh Hunt, “I am very sad, you see,” he replied, “Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish sect; you are very fair, I see.”—California Farmer.

An Alsatian woman goes to confess: “Father, I have committed a great sin.” “Well.” “I dare not say it, it is so grievous.” “Come, come, courage!” “I have married a Prussian.” “Keep him, my daughter. That’s your penance.”—Id.

The following queer sentence originated, like many other odd things, in one of our monthly magazines:

“Sator arepo tenet opera rotas.”

1. This spells backwards and forwards the same.
2. Then taking all the first letters of each word, spells the first word.
3. Then taking all the second letters of each word, spells the second word.
4. Then all the third, and so on through the fourth and fifth.
5. Then commencing with the last letter of each word, spells the last.
6. Then the next to the last of each word, and so on through.—University Press.

A. Nice Party.—Lord Byron gives this account of a party with Sheridan: It was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogether, then inarticulate, then drunk.—Universe.

Professor (exhibiting a piece of steel)—Gentlemen, this is a cold punch, and—

Student (sotto voice)—Show us a hot one.—Trinity Tablet.

A breezy girl—the windlass.—Chronicle, (Univ. Mich.)
One day, & $\beta \pi$
A valiant Freshman tried;
He turned his pockets, piped his eye,
And Deschner's counter spied.
"Mein Herr, a $\pi$ both fresh and $\nu$
And a glass of $\beta$ beer;
Then figure what $i \nu$
And bring your figures here.—Cornell Review.

[If our Santa Clara Grecists would comprehend the foregoing, they must revert to the old-fashioned Protestant English pronunciation of Greek. "Aita, Baita, Pee" won't do.—Eds. "Owl."]

Mark Twain thus prescribes for an aspirant for literary fame:

"Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brain. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you ought to eat—at least not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about a fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middle-sized whales."—Alumnae Quarterly.

"Did you visit Rome in your travels?" asked a gentleman, in the interval of a waltz, of his partner, who had just returned from doing the continent of Europe. "Rome? Rome?" replied the young lady, in a hesitating voice, "let me see. Did we go to Rome? Oh, yes. That is where we saw a woman shaving a dog on the steps of a church."—Id.

They had an old-fashioned row at Dartmouth on Thursday evening. In Wentworth Hall, in one of the dormitories, room a number of sophomores and juniors, and the former have been making considerable noise in the hall of late, for the purpose of annoying the juniors. The latter generally have succeeded in quieting the disturbance, but on Tuesday evening about 9 o'clock, the sophomore class, with a few seniors, marched with drum and fife to the building, entered and began their noise. The juniors made a rush to clean out the sophomores, but the fight was a tough one. In less than five minutes every shirt was stripped, noses were bruised, eyes blackened, etc. Some were pitching men down stairs, others hitting right and left. The fight lasted two hours, when it was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of some members of the Faculty. The fife and drumsticks remain in the janitor's possession, but the drum had disappeared, nobody knew where. —University Press.

A colored preacher down South took for his text the words, "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God;" which he divided into three parts as follows: "First, skin worms; second, what they done; third, what the man seen after he was eat up."—Ewing Review.

The man who thought 'Psyche' "was the drunkest way to spell fish," graduated at an Eastern College.—Acta Columbiana.
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<td>Credits for the month of November as read on Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1874.</td>
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<td><strong>Christian Doctrine.</strong></td>
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<td>1st Class—H. Bowie 72, J. Callaghan 87, J. Hudner 90, J. Machado 100, L. Palmer 96, R. Soto 100, T. Tully 70, J. T. Walsh 100, B. Yorba 100.</td>
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<td>2d Class—J. Aguirre 70, C. Barker 85, R. Brenham 72, W. S. Davis 72, J. Franklin 100, L. Harrison 93, G. Loweree 100, O. Oreña 82, J. Ryland 85, J. Smith 100, W. Smith 88, P. Soto 72.</td>
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<td>3d Class—B. Chretien 75, M. Donahue 70, Th. Dowell 90, F. Ebner 70, F. Harrison 75, W. Harrison 70, J. Montgomery 100, C. Quilty 100, R. Sheridan 100, R. Spence 90, X. Yorba 90.</td>
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<td>5th Class—First Division—C. Arguello 75, A. Bowe 75, G. Ebner 100, D. Gagnon, 80, L. Gagnon 90, H. Gillmore 70, Jno. Harrington 75, E. Holden 100, W. Hopkins 89, E. Lamolle 85, J. Moore 100, A. Pacheco 100, F. Ryland 100, V. Sanchez 100, A. Spence 75, J. Timco 75, W. Tobin 75, W. Irwin 80, J. Bennet 85, H. Farmer 100, J. Conmy 85, C. C. Murphy 75.</td>
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<td>Second Division—W. Byron 75, P. Concannon 70, J. Dean 72, J. Fenton 70, F. Galindo 90, W. Gilbert 100, L. Gallagher 70, H. Jeantrout 74, P. Narvaez 80, R. Pico 100, E. Wingard 71.</td>
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<td>6th Class—H. Arguello 70, W. Barron 100, C. Enright 75, Jno. Ford 70, J. Killian 70, S. Murphy 78, D. Spence 80, A. Tostade 70, Juan Volio 100.</td>
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<td><strong>Logic and Metaphysic.</strong></td>
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<td>Ch. Ebner 70, W. T. Gray 80.</td>
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<td><strong>Natural Philosophy.</strong></td>
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<td>V. M. Clement 70, C. Ebner 75, W. Gray 90, T. Morrison 82, R. Soto 72, T. Tully 70, J. Walsh 85.</td>
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<td><strong>Elementary Chemistry.</strong></td>
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<td>V. Clement 75, W. Gray 78, R. Brisac 73, C. Ebner 72, R. Soto 70.</td>
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<td><strong>Mathematics.</strong></td>
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<td>1st Class—N. F. Brisac 95, J. T. Walsh 95.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d Class—V. Clement 84, R. Soto 94, B. Yorba 75.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th Class—J. R. Arguello 75, R. Brenham 95, W. Davis 85, J. Herrmann 80, J. Smith 70, P. Soto 78, L. McArthur 88.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th Class—F. Cavagnaro 72, M. Donahue 85, R. Enright 79, L. Ghirardelli 80, A. McCona 76, W. Schofield 87.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Greek.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Class—W. T. Gray 80.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d Class—T. Morrison 70, J. T. Walsh 70.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d Class—R. Soto 100.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th Class—R. Arguello 75, R. Brenham 90, W. Davis 85, J. Herrmann 80, J. Smith 70, P. Soto 78, L. McArthur 88.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th Class—F. Cavagnaro 72, M. Donahue 85, R. Enright 79, L. Ghirardelli 80, A. McCona 76, W. Schofield 87.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Latin.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Class—W. Gray 80, T. Morrison 80.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d Class—R. Soto 70.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d Class—J. Herrmann 90, J. Smith 96, B. Yorba 100, L. McArthur 96, P. Soto 80.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th Class—J. R. Arguello 75, R. Brenham 100, W. Davis 109, O. Gresham 70, J. J. Kelly 79, C. Quilty 100, Th. Tully 85.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th Class—N. Bush 80, F. Cavagnaro 76, M. Donahue 80, T. Dowell 100, H. Freudenthal 77, F. Galindo 75, L. Ghirardelli 80, J. J. Montgomery 76, C. Ortiz 78, R. Sheridan 90, E. Welti 97.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**Table of Honor.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rhetoric</th>
<th>1st Class: J. Herrmann 73, Th. Tully 77, J. Walsh 78, R. Yorba 78</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2d Class: W. Davis 94, J. Franklin 90, L. Harrison 70, J. Ryland 90, J. Smith 94</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Grammar</th>
<th>1st Class: J. Chretien 85, T. Dowell 90, F. Harrison 83, A. McCone 90, J. J. Montgomery 90, C. Quilty 87, R. Sheridan 75, W. Schofield 78, E. Stanton 73, X. Yorba 70</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2d Class: W. Davis 94, J. Franklin 90, L. Harrison 79, J. Ryland 90, J. Smith 94</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Arithmetic | 1st Class: R. Arguello 75, M. Donahue 74, T. Dowell 90, J. Franklin 83, H. Freudenthal 75, W. Furman 75, J. L. Foster 70, W. Harrison 70, H. Hughes 72, A. Lowe-
|            | ree 73, J. J. Montgomery 84, O. Orosa 75, W. Schofield 90, W. Sears 74, R. Sher-
|            |idan 87, C. E. Stanton 78, J. Woodworth 72, C. Wetti 73, X. Yorba 80 |
|            | 2d Class: C. Barker 70, B. Brisac 80, J. Chretien 76, R. Chin 78, J. Franklin 98, H. Freudenthal 100, W. Harrison 72, J. Hudner 100, A. Lowe-
|            | ree 73, C. Quilty 100, A. Shafer 75, J. Tully 100, C. Quilty 87 |
|            | 3d Class: J. Arguello 72, T. Belloc 90, J. Bransch 70, J. Cahill 70, G. Ebner 70, L. Gal-
|            | lagher 72, E. Holden 70, W. Irwin 92, E. Lamolle 85, J. Moore 95, A. Spence 78, J. Pue-
|            | ra 70, J. B. Proctor 80, D. Quilty 70, G. Schofield 79, J. Tully 100, C. Quilty 87 |
|            | 3d Class: C. Arguello 72, T. Belloc 90, J. Bransch 70, J. Cahill 70, G. Ebner 70, L. Gal-
|            | lagher 72, E. Holden 70, W. Irwin 92, E. Lamolle 85, J. Moore 95, A. Spence 78, J. Pue-
|            | ra 70, J. B. Proctor 80, D. Quilty 70, G. Schofield 79, J. Tully 100, C. Quilty 87 |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Book-Keeping</th>
<th>1st Class: A. Aguirre 75, V. Clement 100, W. Davis 90, W. Furman 85, C. McClatchy 92, J. F. Smith 90, C. Wetti 85, X. Yorba 90</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
|              | 2d Class: C. Barker 70, B. Brisac 80, J. Chretien 76, T. Dowell 75, F. Ebner 80, J. Enright 78, J. Franklin 98, H. Freudenthal 100, W. Harrison 72, J. Hud-
|              | ner 100, H. Hughes 70, F. Lacoste 71, A. Lowerre 90, C. Miles 73, J. J. Montgomery 90, J. Olesse 84, O. Orosa 73, L. Palmer 90, L. Partidge 72, W. Sears 90, F. Scully 70, R. Sheridan 85, R. Spence 81, A. Stanton 90, T. Tully 100, C. Quilty 100 |
### Table of Honor.

#### READING AND SPELLING.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3rd Class</td>
<td>A. Abila 90, W. Barron 70, W. Byron 75, J. Ford 75, F. Gambert 70, W. Gilbert 85, E. Holdan 80, J. Jeantrout 85, E. Lamolle 75, R. Pico 90, F. Murphy 70, V. Sanchez 80, R. Trenouth 75, E. Welti 75, M. Ylisaliturri 75.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th Class</td>
<td>R. Dean 70, J. Killiom 80, H. Krahenberg 70, J. Volio 70.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### ELOCUTION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>J. Callaghan 70, J. T. Walsh 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th Class</td>
<td>D. Harvey 75, McKinnon 70, G. Meehan 75, J. M. Murphy 75, J. Oicles 85, J. Perrier 70, W. Proctor 80, C. Volio 70.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th Class</td>
<td>A. Bowie 70, A. McCusker 70, H. Farmer 90, D. Quilty 70.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### PENMANSHIP.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>J. Auzerais 70, J. Bernal 70, T. Dowell 73, J. Day 73, S. Franklin 78, J. Herrmann 71, J. Lopez 70, W. Proctor 75, J. Yorba 75.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### DRAWING:


#### PIANO.

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

#### BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

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

#### VIOLIN.

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

#### VOCAL MUSIC.

J. W. Ryland 75, W. Seers 70, E. Holdan 70, P. Mallon 75.

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