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THE OWL.

Vol. X. SEPTEMBER, 1875. No. 1.

MONKS AND MONASTICISM.

(H. M. HUGHES, 18: Rhetoric.)

The title of this paper of mine may, perhaps, give rise to a suspicion in the reader's mind that I am either a candidate for the monastery, or still worse, a monk in disguise. It may not, therefore, be wholly superfluous to declare that I am neither the one nor the other, and that in the feeble defense I have undertaken of the monastic orders I have been prompted solely by the love of fairness, and by those principles of liberty which we Americans all have at heart. It is the fashion now-a-days, not merely throughout the wide extent of the recently born German empire and the mushroom kingdom of Italy, but even in free England and free America, and wherever indeed the English language is spoken, and Gladstonian ideas penetrate, to approve of the persecution of the Catholic Church, the suppression of monastic establishments, the expulsion and banishment of monks and nuns. And yet impartial history teaches us that mankind is greatly indebted to the monks for the signal services rendered by them not to religion only, but to literature and to the arts and sciences.

When the sword ruled the world, and the pen lay forgotten, letters found a sure asylum in the monasteries. But for the much despised monks, valuable manuscripts would have been forgotten and lost, libraries would not have been formed, sciences would not have been studied, arts would not have been practised. The monks opened schools everywhere, and imparted gratuitous instruction to numberless throngs of students. Not satisfied with this laborious task, they also wrote numerous books which still claim the admiration of the learned. Surrounded by savage tribes, they labored zea-
lessly to humanize them, and to make them gentle, docile and solid Christians. They cultivated waste grounds, reclaimed lands from the sea, drained swamps, and opened up roads through parts of the country as yet unpierced by pagan Rome. The revival of letters and the spread of civilization have now-a-days somewhat modified their external occupations, but they still continue their beneficent ministrations in one form or another, with unaltered zeal.

Now these are undeniable facts, which naturally commend the doers of so much good to the gratitude of mankind; but the rising materialistic school of the present day does not view the monastic orders in this light; and some even affirm that the monks lead idle lives, and consequently should be exterminated.

This is a grave assertion; but I will suppose that those who bring forward such a charge are consistent; and in that case it will seem right in their eyes to apply the principle of extermination, not to the monks only, but to all who lead idle lives. Should this be done, however, no one can foresee what would be the consequences. I come from a part of the country where the gentle sex is fairly represented, and where many of the ladies, the young especially, pass most of their time in the rocking chair, either gossiping with each other, or skimming through novels. I do not know whether it be or be not so elsewhere; but the principle of extermination would fall heavily on my town, that is certain. There would be mourning in every family and a funeral every hour of the day.

But are the monks idle? I answer flatly, they are not.

"But they are never seen working; they do not run stamping mills; whoever saw a monk rail-road conductor? They do not join fire companies, or drive omnibuses, or lay out vineyards, or put up fences. That is what we call working."

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I call that working too; but there is another kind of work, not at all inferior to that, the work of the soul, of the mind, of the heart; and consequently, besides the physical, we may have also a mental activity. Some of the monks, that is the contemplative orders, do not, it is true, engage in bodily exercise, do not till the ground, do not plant trees; but they devote themselves exclusively to the service of God. From early morn till late in the night, when others may be lost in the endless meanderings of a round dance in the ball room, or may be sipping the poisoned cup, the monks rise to chant the holy office, and to meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary, and the passion of our Lord. Whilst others may be offering incense at the shrine of pleasure and voluptuousness, their orisons are wafted on seraphs' wings to the throne of the Almighty.

I could say more, but I am afraid of running my discourse into a kind of written sermon; and as I am no preacher I will stop.

But the adversaries of the monks do not stop; for many insist that whether idle or not, in any case their lives are useless to others. Now I contend that those who make this
charge practise the false maxim of rendering evil for good. The monks spend their lives in praying for their erring brethren, in mortifying their bodies to atone for the sinful indulgences of others; they beseech God to be merciful, and not to vent on them His just anger. Even Sodom would have been spared if five righteous men had been found in it. And all the thanks that the good men receive for so many generous favors, may be summed up in the imputation that their lives are useless to others.

There is another point of attack; the "no-monk crusaders" further object that the monks possess large property. Why is there anything wrong in that? Do we grudge our millionaires their riches, so long as they be lawfully acquired? How did the monks come into possession of their property? By the voluntary donations of opulent and pious persons, who might have spent their money in rioting and other criminal excesses, but who preferred to bestow it on religious communities, in order that the religious might be able to minister to the poor gratis, and that the donors might have a special share in the benefit of their prayers. Were not these donors free to dispose of their money as they liked best, and was not their end a laudable one?

These donations were increased by the sums of money which each religious gave upon entering the order. Was not he also free in the disposal of his money?

"But the lands of the monks are unproductive." So think some of our would-be political economists, because the monks do not engage in trade, buy up stocks, etc. But should these objectors divest themselves of their prejudices and investigate the matter candidly and thoroughly, they would learn that monastic lands are generally very productive, and moreover that they are beneficial to many people, in many ways. The monks cultivate their own lands themselves, converting swamps and waste grounds into fertile fields. They are satisfied with humble apparel and scanty fare. The surplus goes to the poor.

In various old countries the benefit which was done in this way before the dissolution of the monasteries becomes very evident by contrast with the state of those countries at the present time. It would be tedious to go through the list of such countries. That of which the condition is most easily appreciable by readers of The Owl, and which at the same time affords, perhaps, the most salient example of what I am saying, is our mother country, England. Before the days of bad Queen Bess, and her father of polygamous memory, the English poor were supported almost entirely by the kind and brotherly charity of the monks and nuns; charity which was offered freely and gladly, and, if needful, bountifully—as from one member of Christ's Body to another; charity which it was esteemed a privilege to shew, and no humiliation to accept. With the plunder of monastic houses by which the apostasy of those unhappy days was marked, there came also such great destitution among the poor whom the monks had sup-
ported that it speedily became necessary to establish the burdensome and oppressive "poor laws" by which England has been troubled ever since, and which notwithstanding that they create the heaviest tax paid by the English people, are so far from producing good-will among those who receive relief, that there is perhaps nothing which irritates the English poor to so great an extent. "Charity," this Act of Parliament relief certainly is not. It is at once compulsory upon the giver and humiliating to the receiver. Only the bare fact—and not always that—remains, that the starving do receive bread. Can we say that the monks, whose loving charity rendered such miserable laws unnecessary, were—even in a material point of view—useless? Can we say that the hands which night and morning administered such noble charity were idle?

In making so much of a point like this, I am undoubtedly taking low ground. Of this I am well aware. But that is attributable solely to the low character of the objection which I have to answer. The spirit of utilitarianism seems to possess the world, and it is sometimes convenient to fight utilitarians with their own weapons, which in the present case are certainly very effective against them.

How, for instance, could the crime and poverty of the masses which populate our dense cities be successfully opposed by a single priest here, a solitary preacher there, a charitable lady somewhere else? The effort would be, as it has been, hopeless. But set the monastic orders to work—let the Christian Brothers open their capacious halls for the rescue of the hundreds and thousands of boys who would otherwise remain the slaves of ignorance and guilt—let the various educational sisterhoods do the same good work for the girls—let the Sisterhoods of Charity and Mercy engage in their holy labors on behalf of the poor and sick—let the eloquence of the Paulist or Oratorian Fathers be wisely brought to bear upon the careless Christian or hardened sinner—and even the most confirmed utilitarian, the most inveterate opponent of monasticism, will soon be forced to confess that there not only was, but is some use in the religious orders, after all.

Yes; it is undeniable! Even the nineteenth century, with all its boasted progress, so far from putting monasticism out of date; only furnishes new work for the ever ready and untiring hands of the much abused monks and nuns. And if we want to find crucial instances of the supreme and most suicidal folly, committed on a national scale, we have only to turn to the columns of our daily papers, and read therein how Italy and Germany are robbing, and persecuting the best, the truest, the noblest of their citizens—those of whose services they have now-a-days the most pressing need—the good religious.

America, thank God—now as ever the land of the free—not only refrains from such senseless persecution herself but welcomes the exiles with outstretched arms, conscious that no better or more desirable immigrants could present themselves, and wish-
ing the "liberality" of which she boasts to be the liberality of deeds and not of words only.

This has been strikingly illustrated of late, on two recent occasions, in our own State: firstly in the case of the Franciscan Fathers, expelled from Guatemala without the shadow of a reason by the "liberal" tyrant, Barrios; and secondly in that of the Sisters of Charity, hunted out of Mexico by another notorious "liberal," President Lerdo de Tejada. Both these bands of holy exiles were received by the people of San Francisco, and of the State of California generally, with a noble and true-hearted hospitality which honored alike its givers and receivers.

And if further proof were needed of the high estimate which California places upon the services of the religious, it might be sought and found in the well deserved respect and honor which attend the Society of Jesus. Recognising the high value of the labors of that Society, as in many other ways so especially in the department of education, the Californian public gives practical evidence of such recognition by sending its rising generation in ever increasing numbers, to such a college as our own.

I cannot but feel therefore that, as regards the majority of my California readers, an apology for monks and monasticism is almost superfluous. I have them on my side of the question already. But people are not so enlightened in all parts of the Union; and there is moreover a large minority among ourselves, over whom Puritanical ideas of intolerance still reign supreme. It may be well therefore that the subject should be reviewed from time to time, even in the curiosry manner in which I have now ventured to review it. For although I know well that I have left many good things unsaid which might have been said, and have not even made the most of such arguments as I have advanced, I am inclined to think—and I hope my readers will herein agree with me—that any discussion of the matter, provided only that charity and common sense are brought to bear upon it, is calculated to do good. I leave its further development to abler pens.
SKYWARD rose the college towers, in the pleasant morning sheen,
And the buzz of boyish voices sounded gaily on the green.
Some the merry games were urging; some were strolling through the glade;
But, apart from all their comrades, five held converse 'neath the shade;
And they talked as youths are wont, when thus they gather side by side,
On their hopes of future greatness, on their dreams of joy and pride.

One whose mien was cold and changeless, on whose cheek no color
Thus related to his comrades all the hopes that led him on.
Armed with high judicial power, he would win this world’s renown,
And in justice and uprightness strive to earn a heavenly crown;
He would see the slaves of Mammon crushed by Law’s avenging arm,
And the hosts of holy Concord should the powers of Strife disarm.

Next, with palpitating bosoms, stood the listening throng, to hear
From “the idol of the play-ground” all the hopes his heart held dear.
Well they knew that in his actions nought but right would he essay,
By this maxim guided ever, "Do your duty and obey."
And with fervor in his features he addressed the little band
That, with looks composed yet eager, stood around on either hand.
In return for all the favors he’d received from other’s love,
He would guide God’s erring children to the path that leads above;
He would teach them faith and virtue and their youthful hearts imbue
With a love divine and fervent, that life’s cares could ne’er subdue.

Then a youth inclined to pleasure, who no storm had ever braved,
Told the story of the future that his heart so fondly craved.
In the ranks of wealth and fortune he would cast his happy fate,
And from out the fair and brilliant choose the fairest for his mate.
Next a self-conceited student, who could think of nought but praise, 
In a proud and pompous manner gave his dreams of future days: 
He would be the wide world’s hero, known and praised in every clime; 
And his fame should stalk, immortal, through the corridors of Time.

Then the fifth, a youthful Hotspur, prone to strife and quick of ire, 
Bold and venturesome in spirit, as his noble soldier sire. 
With a stern and fearless aspect, flashing eye and glowing cheek, 
Told the boys that pressed around him of the height he yearned to seek; 
On the field of bloody battle, ‘neath a lurid sulphurous sky, 
He would lead his gallant troopers, then to win or there to die; 
He would bear his country’s banner ‘gainst the foe that dared to stand 
On the soil, so pure and glorious, of his sacred fatherland; 
And, fair freedom’s ensign waving o’er the tyrant’s routed hordes, 
He would own, with glad submission, that the glory was the Lord’s.

Thus they built their lordly castles in imagination’s clouds; 
Thus they wove the golden vestments that would serve them but for shrouds: 
And the picture of the future, as they saw it in their dreams, 
Bore no trace of any shadow, to o’ercloud its sunny gleams.

But the years of youth are fleeting; soon they vanish, one by one; 
And the happy boyish dreamers all, as men, their course have run: 
Each his every muscle straining still has failed to reach the goal 
That in days long since departed was the longing of his soul.

There’s the Judge! He struggled bravely; yet he never won the fame 
That he wished, in those old day-dreams, might be woven round his name. 
Day by day he did his duty: day by day with might he strove: 
In default of earthly guerdon, has he won the prize above?

Then the Missioner’s high wishes—were not they at least, attained? 
Not on earth; for he was martyred ere one convert he had gained: 
But the heavenly crown he sought for, and the never-fading palm, 
Those are his, and his forever, in the land of sinless calm. 
Man’s poor aid is never needed by the Lord of earth and sky; 
And He pays with bliss eternal those alike who work or die.

Next comes he whose silly fancies pointed to a wealthy bride: 
First the wealth and then the maiden vanished like the ebbing tide:
Golden Dreams: A Poem.

For a scanty living striving, still and still he strove to rise;
Vainly!—Yet that earthly struggle taught him to be heavenly-wise;
Taught him how all hopes sublunar, gay and brilliant though they seem,
Mock the hand that tries to grasp them, vanish like an empty dream.

Yet again did disappointment overtake the visions fair
Which the fourth was wont to cherish, when his heart was free from care,
Human praise he made his idol, human scorn his lot o'ercast;
But he drank at wisdom's fountain, ere the discipline was past:
In the thorny path of hardship well and steadfastly he trod;
And the name by man forgotten was enregistered by God.

With the darkling wave of trouble that o'erswept his native land.
Came the fifth brave youth to aid her, heart and soul, and voice and band!
But he rode not as the leader of an onward-rushing host;
For the patriots were flying, when he perished at his post.
There he lay, unknown, unhonored, in the ruck of meaner dead;
And his brave old name was numbered with the names of those that fled.

Mark how oft the hopes we cherish ere our life has reached its prime,
Melt away like fleeting phantoms, 'neath the potent wand of Time.
Mark how all the golden day-dreams that our boyhood's fancy sees,
Vanish like the fabled produce of the old Plutonian trees;
Fade ere grasped; or, grasped and tasted, turn to ashes in the mouth,
Mocking him who faints with hunger, or whose soul is parched with drouth.

Yet one hope the Christian man sees, with such wondrous beauty rife
That before it pale all fancies of this chequered earthly life;
Yet one dream, untinged by sorrow, of a rest from pain and toil,
Of a day that knows no morrow, of a love that nought can soil.
And if—earthly dreamings ended—we but bow to God's sweet will,
He Who erst from heaven descended, will that heavenly dream fulfil.
THE USES OF OBSTACLES.

(By N. Emo.)

"I CANNOT endure this endless opposition to my plans, this repeated frustration of all my most cherished desires. Whatever project I undertake, whatever idea I propose to carry out, is doomed to become the subject of a thousand annoying contradictions."

Such is the language of those, who, living as they do in a land of exile and sorrow, wish nevertheless to be free from trouble, unruffled by vexation, invulnerable by the afflictions of life. Such men, unconscious of the great treasure they possess in those very annoyances which they so loudly lament, regard as an evil that which, if rightly employed, is capable of proving a source of abundant blessings.

But how, they will exclaim, is it possible to draw profit from mere, undisguised obstacles? The means of achieving this end are to meet those obstacles manfully, to struggle against them perseveringly, and, with the assistance of Heaven, to overcome them completely. To follow this line of conduct will, to be sure, be a matter of some difficulty; especially to those upon Nature has bestowed an over sensitive disposition, and a heart liable to be cast down at the bare apprehension of embarrassment. In order, therefore, that we may feel more strength and fortitude to meet an occurrence so common in human life, it will not be amiss to examine some of the chief advantages arising from opposition to the fulfilment of our views, and to set them before our eyes as so many incitements to courage and constancy.

In the first place, then, there accrues to us from this source an increase of strength, of skill, and of experience. We may assume, as a familiar illustration of this assertion, the case of a pugilist or a fencer. If, being himself experienced in his art, he meet with no adversary capable of putting his skill or strength to the test, he will gain but little by having to contend with his inferiors; and so if we, in our daily life, find everything pleasant and convenient—if we encounter no difficulty or contradiction—we shall but little augment our moral strength, and add little or nothing to our store of experience. But the man who has encountered and overcome obstacles, feels his vigor of soul increase, learns how to meet adversity with an unshrinking
10 The Uses of Obstacles. [Sept.

heart, and culls sweet flowers even from the thorns and briars that gird his path.

Nor is this the only profit we derive from adversity. For, whether we view the matter in a worldly or in a spiritual light, we must be convinced that nothing tends more to make us worthy of the victor's crown, than a courageous resistance to opposition. Where would be the glory of Washington, where the renown of the American Republic, were it not for the immortal struggle, which won for our country the noble privilege of independence? How much less resplendently would the gems sparkle upon the brows of the martyred saints, had there been no such things as the tyrant's sword and the executioner's knife? "Happy," they exclaim, "thrice happy fire of persecution, how brilliant is the diadem with which thou hast decked our brows, how unspeakable the happiness, which, by destroying the life of our perishable bodies, thou hast procured for our immortal souls!" No doubt they would have led virtuous lives, had they been suffered to serve the Lord in peace and tranquility; but He Himself, loving their pure souls, and wishing to increase their eternal reward, placed trials and difficulties in their way—loaded them with sufferings, temptations, and persecutions. Happy shall we be if we turn to the same advantage the obstacles which may fall to our earthly lot.

But since we are more forcibly moved by those things that are, as it were, within our grasp, than by those that are seen in a remote, though certain, futurity—we may find another motive for courage in the happiness and joy which pervade the soul and the heart after the achievement of some heroic deed. Which warrior, think you, rejoices the more heartily, which feels the greater satisfaction in the work he has done,—he who has fought long and valiantly upon the tented field for the support of his country's honor and rights, or he who has merely driven his unresisted sword into the back of the flying foe? When does the young student walk with the most manly bearing—when does his heart, conscious of a diligent discharge of his duty, lend most light and sunshine to his countenance—after the golden badge of conscious industry has been pinned to his breast, or after he has unfairly received a reward, which he knows to have been unmerited by his sloth and negligence? Yes, things have been so disposed by a Just Providence, that we can then only heartily rejoice, when we feel that our task has cost us the sweat of our brows, the vigorous exertion of our energies.

Holy Church, speaking of that prime obstacle to our happiness, the transgression of the Lord's first precept to man, exclaims: "O felix culpa, quae tantum meruit habere Redemptorem!" So may we justly cry out, "O blessed obstacles and hindrances, which bring us such an abundance of benefits, such sublime glory, such sweet, unalloyed felicity."
VILLAE NOSTRAE* LAUDES.

(Prosopopoeia.)

Hoc me quietam Varsius in loco
Inter vetustas condidit ilicce,
Quae candidum depicta laetis
Collibus inserui colorem.

Non me nitenti marmore fulgidam,
Sectove saxo, neve laterculis
Ac calce struxit, sed rubente
Compositam voluit cupresso.

Contenta cur non sorte fruar mea?
Nam me elegantès pinnulae et optimalae
Ornant fenestrae, et pulchra toto
Corpore conveniensque forma.

In fronte pratum ridet, et ardua
Surgunt virentum culmina montium:
Me collis a tergo peraltus
Protegit, et nemorum recessus.

Circa sinistram pampineos mihi
Profert racemos vinea nobilis:
At dextra lustranti remotos
Monstrat agros, liquidumque pontum.

Verum quid isthaec commemorem, domus
Praestantioris conscia gloriae,
Quae tot virorum destinatum
Sideribus numerum recondo?

* "Our Villa,"—or, to speak more correctly, the Fathers' Villa—is a kind of mountain seat, to which the Fathers and Scholastics retire during a part of the Long Vacation, and at which new and commodious buildings have recently been erected by Father Varsi (Varsius) for their use. Bearing in mind that it is the Villa itself which speaks, throughout the Ode, we cannot but give it credit for the discernment and good feeling—which above that of ordinary villas—which its concluding stanza evinces.—[Eds Owl.]
Correspondence.

A VACATION RAMBLE.

Santa Clara College, August 9, 1875.

DEAR MR. OWL:—Knowing well your recurrent hunger for literary food at the beginning of every session, and knowing also the general scarcity of such food at that particular time, I assume that you will be glad to assimilate even such comparatively flavorless scraps as I may be able to furnish—mere gleanings though they be, gathered from coast, mountain and forest, in a recreative ramble.

And let me premise that, just as the man who sits down to write a good fairy tale, carefully eschews all thought of attaching a moral thereto, so I, when I do take a ramble, which is not very often, make it a principle to avoid doing anything useful or learning anything scientific. If the useful or scientific come in at all, as they may occasionally, most assuredly they come uninvited; and inasmuch as science, if unwooed, is quite as likely as any other maiden to remain unwon, you need scarcely expect to catch a glimpse of her on these pages. You are welcome, therefore, should you be in a scientific or utilitarian mood, to tear them up, if you like—or let the devil take them with the rest of the rubbish—I have often seen him roaming about your office, seeking what he might devour). But, if on the other hand, you should see fit to honor them with insertion in your erudite and—pardon me—somewhat solemn journal, why then I shall begin to feel myself on a higher plane of moral altitude. Leaving the useful and the scientific behind, I shall have achieved, or shall fancy that I have achieved the far loftier eminence (for a contributor to a monthly magazine) of agreeability. I hope the subsequent verdict of your readers will not be such as to dispel the fancy.

Well; escaping from the flat, dusty, commonplace valley of Santa Clara, and literally as well as metaphorically shaking its dust off my feet as I did so, I reached San Francisco and the Front street wharf much too soon for the Saucelito boat.

And what a nuisance it was! What can a man do to amuse himself or benefit his fellow creatures, whilst he is waiting on a wharf in a wind? Enough has been written, as it seems to me, and more than enough, on the disadvantages of being too late.
(and no doubt there are disadvantages about being "too" anything); but how rarely does one see or hear the wise man cautioning his young hearers against being too soon, or warning them of the many evils which result therefrom! Enormous indeed would seem the sum total, could it be reckon-ed up with any approximation to correctness, of the precious time fruitlessly wasted by those who yield habitually to the baneful temptation of being too soon. Could the waiting-rooms at the various railway-stations, could the ante-rooms of public-offices, could the luxurious parlors devoted by dentists and M. D.'s to the detention of those numerous victims who arrive too soon,—could these places and such as these be magically endowed with speech, melancholy indeed would be their narratives of the blessings and advantages lost through the needless and culpable waste of time resulting from that pernicious habit. I feel entitled to say thus much without rendering myself liable to the charge of egotism; because the very fault of which I speak was the fault which I myself committed, and which in my case as in many others brought its own punishment along with it.

One incident occurred during my period of purgatory upon the wharf, which I will not say relieved but certainly diversified the time, and which cannot but touch the hearts of your readers, as it did those of the bystanders, with a deep though melancholy interest. Sorrow in the midst of joy, pain in the midst of merriment; death in the midst of life!—such is man's fate, so ordered by the infinite wisdom of an all-seeing and all-merciful Creator! Look at that man-of-war's boat pulling landward from the bay! Why is that English lieutenant on the wharf watching it so eagerly? Why does his gaze draw with it that of the ever increasing group of wharf-loiterers; and why that earnest, excited look upon all their faces? Ah, I see now! They are towing something, the greater part of which is beneath the water; but enough is visible, as the boat draws nearer, to show that it is the stiffened corpse of a human being. An English sailor, they tell me, has fallen overboard in the night from yonder gun-boat, and been drowned, and they have only just recovered his body. Here it comes! They are going to haul it up on the wharf and place it in the coffin which has but just arrived, by the lieutenant's order, for that purpose. Did you ever see the corpse of a drowned man? The muscular and once brown hands are now as white as those of a leper; the face is livid and swollen; the garments which cling round the body are covered with mud and slime; every limb is as rigid as iron; and one arm is straightened stiffly down the left side, while the other—the right—is clasped over the heart, as though the dying man's last thoughts had been of her whom he loved, and whose likeness it may be, he was pressing thereto in death, yea and after death. It may or it may not be so: these are secrets into which the living are not so intrusive as to pry. The most reverent and the kindest course is that which the officer takes, as he orders the men to lay the corpse gently in the coffin, all
dripping as it is, to place the coffin in the hearse, and to follow it immediately to the grave. Uncovered heads, if you please, gentlemen, and reverent hearts! We are in the presence of a great judgment of God; and therefore let us pray for the departed and for ourselves in the sweet and touching words which are the first to rise to every Catholic lip, and which are all the more acceptable to our Divine Redeemer because they involve the intercession of His blessed Mother. "Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum! Benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus! Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus nunc et in horá mortis nostrae."

The English boats returned to their ship—the ruddy, good-natured faces of the men setting my fancy to the somewhat vague task of guessing from what county this or that jolly "John Bull" was likely to have come—and the waste of time upon the windy wharf began once more. What to do, was the question. Ah, there is "Uncle Ben," the worthy and obliging wharf-master! He can tell me something, most likely, about the places to which I am going and the way to get there; and, in particular, whether there is any way, and if so what, by which I can accomplish a visit to that literally outlandish place—for it runs straight out into the Pacific Ocean all alone, forming, I believe, the westernmost point of California—Point Reyes.

I try him; but Uncle Ben, obliging and full of information as he is, doesn't know. I determine, anyhow, to chance it. I am a "man by himself," pretty well accustomed to knocking about the world; and should the worst come, I have always a stout pair of legs under me. But suddenly an idea strikes my uncle. "This luggage," says he, pointing to a pile near us, "belongs to some parties bound for that very spot. See here," added he, calling my attention to the address on a trunk,—"Point Reyes Lighthouse. They can tell you all about it." "Where are they," said I, "and what do they look like?" "Two dogs, a boy, and a man," said Uncle Ben: "I mean two boys, a man and a dog. No, that's not it, precisely: two men, I think there were, one small boy and one large dog. They were here not long ago. You look out for them." I did so, and in time found them. Only one man, one boy, and one dog were going; but all three were very pleasant and friendly, particularly the last; and I soon ascertained from the gentleman, who proved to be the First Assistant at the Lighthouse, that there was not only no way of getting there, but no hotel to sleep at when I should arrive. These little objections, however, might easily, so he said, be overcome. A way had been specially paved for him, beforehand; and he thought it might be broad enough for me also: in short, he would make it so: if I trusted to him he would get me there somehow or other, beyond a peradventure. These terms were no sooner stated than thankfully accepted. "All right," said I; "I'm your man." And we became "two men, a boy and a dog" forthwith; answering to which roll-call we proceeded
hilariously and colloquially upon our road.

Olema was of course our first point of destination; and I had expected to go there by stage, not having yet realized the fact of the opening, a few months back, of the Saucelito and Tomales Railway, the cars of which we found ready to receive us when we landed at Saucelito. The trip was simply charming. Never has it been my lot to travel by a more picturesque or striking line. For ladies who may desire to enjoy the characteristic forest and mountain scenery of California without being stifled with dust, or jolted into feminine jellies on a mountain stage, this railway must certainly possess great attractions; and my only wonder was that the patronage it received was insufficient to warrant the despatch of more than one passenger train per diem. We seemed to make as many twists and turns round and about the semi-perpendicular mountains, as the serpent made about the tree, when he tempted Eve; each turn—of our railway serpent—showing the lovely scenery from a different point of view. We slipped along narrow ledges that bordered upon precipices of shivery depth; we crawled slowly and with the utmost caution over the fairy scaffolding that raised our track from the abyss beneath us, and that seemed to rise in successive stories through mid-air, as though Oberon might have built it for Titania's chariot, to the support of which it seemed bare­ly equal; we slid gracefully down into narrow canons through which gurgled musical trout streams, where-in cranes stood fishing upon one leg and eyed us critically as we passed; the dark pines and tall red-woods, alive with colonies of striped squirrels and resonant with the blows of giant wood-peckers, closed sombrely over our heads; and then suddenly we were out in the light again, and the sun was shining, and the wind blowing, and the scene changing every minute, as though Dame Nature had provided a Diorama of California for our special delectation without extra charge. And so indeed she had; and I advise you, Mr. Owl, or any of your sapient family who may have a couple of days to spare at any time, to go and see it. The mere fact of fine scenery, whether of mountain or forest or both, is of course nothing remarkable in a country like California; but there is surely a peculiar charm in the ease and rapidity with which we are wafted through it on this lovely line of railway; nor can there be a doubt that the attraction of the scenery itself is vastly increased by the versatility of the views so rapidly presented, and the striking contrasts afforded thereby.

The line is narrow-gauge, the width of the carriages being sufficient for three people only; but the individual passenger has just as much space and comfort as on the broad-gauge lines; and the fact that the carriages were light did not seem to me to derogate in any way from their safety. For traffic over such a line light carriages are indeed a necessity; and seeing the caution exercised in ticklish places by those in charge of the train, and its comparatively slow rate of speed, it never occurred to me to feel nervous, as some others
did, on the score of a train having once been blown over into the water during a hurricane. This fact, which would seem to have really happened soon after the opening of the line, has done a great deal of unnecessary injury to its reputation. I believe it is just as safe and well-managed a line as any one need want.

"Accidents will happen," as the proverb says, "even in the best regulated families;" but it does not require the mantle of Dr. Cumming, to venture on the prophecy that that particular accident will never happen again.

Well; all things bright must fade, and all things pretty vanish; and so we found ourselves ere long at Olema Station, whence a dusty stage ride of two miles brought us to the little country town of that name, and to supper, and to bed. Therein for the present, Mr. Owl, you will I am sure be considerate enough to leave me; for I am tired—and so, perhaps are you.

If you care to have more of my adventures, next month, say the word. Otherwise I shall fall back into the obscurity which is so congenial to my feelings, and in recurring to which I shall then have your tacit support.

With all good wishes for your prosperity during the coming session, I am, Dear Mr. Owl,

Yours (literally) "to command,"

HENRY DANCE.
FATHERS is an unkind sort of men that have little boys that that they mak to larn to read an spel when the boys don't want to.

My father is one of the cruelist of all fathers, cause he made me larn to spel in a very short time; and this is how he done it.

Mother guv me a spelling lesson, to larn by hart. It was a short tail called "The Ape and the Ant;" and I sot a hole weak with that tail in my hand, looking out of winder at the butterflies, and wishing I was one of them, 'cause butterflies is flies as has no ants to care about; but mother she kep' one i on to her work, and one i on to me, and every now and then she called out, "Johnnie!"

Then I would look very hard at the book, and move my lips very fast, and cry out, "A P E, ant," "and A N T, ape." "That's not rite," says mother, and tole me the rite way; but I forgot each tim: so at the end of the week she says to father, "That boy wont larn to spel: I wish you'd mak him." So father says, "Johnnie, what does A P E spell?" and I says ant, as u shall. "What does A N T spel," he asked, and I replies, "Ape." "Now, Johnnie," said father, "you have been all the week larning to spel Ape and Ant; and since you can't git them an mals into your head, they shall go into your stomick." And what do you think he done? Why he just tore the ape and the ant out of the book, and made them up into paper pills, for me to swallow! I crid very hard. "Oh, father," I said, "they will be sure to disagree with me; and if you go for to mak me swallow all the an mals I can't spel, I shall be a compleet No A's Ark soon." "Yes," says father, "and if you cant spel by the time you have all the an mals down, I will send down Sem, Cham and Japhet to take care of them for you."

That is why I says father is the cruelist of all fathers.

But I never had to swallow no more; for I larnt to spel in a very
short time after that; but I’ve been a mis rebel boy ever since, cause I can’t hear of apes and ants but the taste of them paper pills comes into my mouth, and my school-mates have somehow heerd of those an mals, and when they wants to plague me they says, “Johnnie, how do the ape and the ant feel?” and that makes me feel awful bad, and my hart seems to come rite into my mouth and kinder choke me, and I goes away into some corner all by myself, and has a good cry: and I wish I was dead, I do, or could turn myself inside out, as I’ve rid of sarpints and lobsters doing, and come out in a new skin; ’cause if I could only come out in that style, no body would no I was Johnnie Smith, the boy that swallowed the ape and the ant.

This is the end of my tail; but I will jist hang a more ale on to it, like as some boys hang a tin kettle on to the tails of their dorgs, to make them more remarkable.

This is my more ale. If any fathers reads this story, I beg they wont make any more boys swallow any more apes and ants, ’cause it makes them feel so awful bad.

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THE GLORIOUS MARK: A STORY AT SECOND HAND.

(Related by Franky Brown.)

“MY dear little friends,” said Father Paul, addressing his beloved Owlets, “I will tell you something to-day of our ancestors in the Faith, the brave Catholic hearts of the first ages. I spoke to you yesterday of that splendid Church in Rome called St. Mary’s of the Angels, and I am sure you are anxious to hear more of its history.

“In Rome there stood for many centuries a magnificent edifice called the Baths of Diocletian, from the monster of iniquity for whom it was erected. After several centuries it fell partially into ruin, and remained in that state until Michael Angelo, by order of Pope Pius IV., transformed the grand ruins into a church.

“A wonderful destiny,’ you exclaim, ‘for that tyrant’s palace of pleasure!’

“Yes, wonderful; but most just and appropriate; for if you examine
closely the bricks used in it, you will find many of them bearing the deep impress of a cross; and you will at once incline to say that the laborers who made and placed those bricks were Christians. So they were; nay, even the architect himself became a follower of Christ; and forty thousand Christians of all ranks were forced to labor as slaves on that stupendous building. There patricians, senators, philosophers, bondsmen freed by the lover of regeneration, pontiffs and priests labored, suffered and died, during the seven years employed in its erection. No less than forty thousand Christians were condemned to this work, and before those sorrowful years passed, thirty thousand of this heroic band had perished, whilst the remaining ten thousand three hundred and one were, at the end of that time led out on the Appian road and put to death for the name of Christ.

"In their sorrow, those heroic hearts found a consolation in imprinting the sign of their redemption upon their work. It was a beautiful act—a truly Christian act; and how eloquently do those cross-marked bricks exhort us, in this dark day for our Mother Church, to constancy in the faith of our elder brothers, those grand Romans of old, who preferred to lose friends, riches, fame—all—rather than to displease God by the least infidelity to their sublime vocation."

Father Owl, you do not give me space for more of Father Paul's remarks. I only wish you could hear him when he speaks of that Church of St. Mary of the Angels, "every brick of which is a relic of the brave martyrs."
In the January and February numbers of this magazine may be found a story entitled "Sainte Susette," to which the subjoined tale, published in the *Daily Evening Bulletin* of July 12, and credited by that paper to *Chambers' Journal*, bears a curious resemblance. The fact that our story preceded the other by several months, will make it sufficiently clear that the charge of plagiarism cannot be laid at our door; and the circulation of *The Owl* in Europe is not so extensive as to make it a likely supposition that the writer in *Chambers* took his idea from us. The coincidence is the more remarkable inasmuch as "Sainte Susette" was not a pure fiction, but was based on facts which occurred to persons known to the author; and we think few will deny, who take the trouble to make the comparison that the story built upon those facts by our contributor, is at once more artistic and more interesting than

MISS BURKE—MY CURIOUS COMPANION.

"Wanted, by a young married lady, a companion to reside with her during her husband's absence in India. A liberal salary will be given, with every home comfort, to anyone suitable. Apply personally, if possible, at No. 240 Upper Berkeley street, W."

The foregoing advertisement was dispatched by me after considerable cogitation, and I awaited the result of it with some anxiety.

My husband, Major Conyers, had been suddenly ordered to India, and having no sister or any available cousin whom I could invite to stay with me during his absence, I thought a companion was the best thing with which to provide myself; accordingly, I indited my small paragraph, which I had the satisfaction of seeing placed in a very conspicuous part of the paper on the morning after I sent it. I lived in London, consequently felt certain that the personal interview would be easily managed; but I had committed an error in not naming a particular hour, as, from eleven in the forenoon until quite late in the day the applications for a personal interview with my unfortunate self never ceased. The first arrival was a very handsomely dressed lady of about fifty, who came, evidently quite prepared to enter upon her duties at once, and quite overpowered me with a series of questions and statements without giving me the faintest chance of making inquiries myself. She had lived with Lady This and the Hon. Mrs. That, and one and all had treated her like a sister—she felt certain I should do the same—indeed, she quite knew me already. Home comforts were exactly what she cared for; as to salary, it was no object to her—a hundred a year was all she asked, though dear lady Golding had said she was never to take less than two.

"I am afraid," I put in at this juncture, "that even one hundred is beyond what I intend to give, and I live so quietly"—
"We won't quarrel about salary," interrupted my would-be companion; "and as to quietness, it is just what I want."

A peal at the door-bell emboldened me to still greater determination, so I replied very resolutely for me: "I do not think we should suit; I am sorry you have had the trouble of coming."

"So am I," she rejoined dryly; "but one ought not to trust to advertisements."

Hardly noticing my "good morning," she got up and flounced down stairs, evidently in great wrath at her rejection.

"Another lady to see you, ma'am," announced my parlor maid.

A very quiet, sweet looking, little person came forward, and at first I fancied I had found a suitable companion. But alas! her story was a sad one, and there were reasons which rendered it impossible for me to avail myself of her society. She was married, her husband was a hopeless invalid, and they were very poor. She had not been educated highly enough to be a governess, and when she saw my advertisement, she fancied if the salary was good, she might be my companion by day, and return at night to her own home, which was at no great distance from my house. She looked so thin and so ill that I was almost tempted to make some arrangement with her, but as I intended leaving town occasionally, second thoughts showed me it was out of the question. Besides, I could not have borne to think that while she was with me, she would always be in agony to be with her husband—which, had I engaged her, would most naturally have followed. I told her so as kindly as possible, and, after making her take a glass of wine and some cake—which latter I saw her furtively convey to her pocket, for her sick husband, I supposed—she gave me her direction and took her departure. I afterwards went to see her, and her tale was sadly verified. But to proceed.

My next visitor was a most pert damsel without any pretensions to being a lady, who informed me that her pa was dead, and as there were so many of them at home, her ma wanted her to do for herself. I had not much difficulty in dismissing her. And of the legions that followed, I cannot attempt a detailed description. By the afternoon I was thoroughly exhausted, and had made up my mind to see no more, when just as it was getting dusk, my maid came up to the drawing-room and informed me that such a nice looking lady was in the dining-room; quite the nicest that had been yet.

"Ask her to come up stairs, then, Ellis; but do not admit anyone else," I replied; and the next instant the drawing-room door was thrown open by Ellis, and "Miss Burke" announced.

She was dressed in mourning, and even in the dim light, was, I could see, a pale-faced, rather handsome girl, of apparently about four-and-twenty. Her height was over the average, but seemed greater from her extreme thinness, which struck me as almost startling.

"Good evening," she said in a low and pleasant voice, "I am afraid I am
very late; it was so kind of you to see me."

"It is late," I assented, "but that does not matter."

"Thank you," responded my visitor, "I came about your advertisement—I say you wanted a companion, and I am anxious to get a situation of that kind."

"I have had so many applications to-day," I answered, for the want of something better to say.

"Ah! I can quite fancy it," returned Miss Burke, "I fear I am too late."

"No," I replied, "I have seen no one yet to suit me."

"If you would only try me, I should do my utmost to please you," she said, almost pleadingly. "I have already been a companion, and I can give you references which may induce you to think of me;" and Miss Burke opened a small velvet bag, which, until then, I had not perceived, and placed in my hands a monogrammed and coroneted letter, addressed to herself, purporting to come from a Lady Montacute, whose companion she had been for two years, and who expressed herself in the warmest terms, assuring Miss Burke whenever she returned from the continent, whether she was just then going, that it would give her the greatest pleasure to answer any inquiries in her favor; in the meantime Lady Montacute authorized her to make whatever use she chose of the letter now sent, ending by saying she was certain, whenever she went, Miss Burke must be a favorite and an acquisition.

Then followed a letter from a Rev. Mr. White, from a remote rectory in Cumberland, stating that he had known Miss Emily Burke from her childhood, and could certify that she was not only desirable in all respects, but a most amiable and talented young lady, whose family were both well known and highly respected. Nothing could be more satisfactory; and after reading the two missives carefully by the light of the fire, I raised my eyes towards my visitor, whom I found regarding me in the most eager manner imaginable.

"They are most kind letters," I said, "and as far as references go, I am sure I could not do better. Your duties would be very light—it is really only for the sake of companionship that I require any one, as I do everything for myself, but I have been very lonely since my husband went away."

"I can imagine it," responded Miss Burke, sympathizingly, "I should do my utmost to cheer you."

"You are very kind to say so," I answered. "Should we agree as to terms when could you come?"

"To-morrow, if you will permit me," replied Miss Burke. "I am in lodgings, and the expense of them is so great, that I should only be too glad to give them up—I am very poor," she added in a low tone.

I was sorry for the poor girl; and feeling I had been as prudent as possible in perusing her references, and trusting a good deal to her air of quiet respectability, I proceeded to state my terms which were eagerly accepted. After a little conversation all was settled, and my companion promised to make her appearance before luncheon on the following day. For the rest of that evening I was
unusually meditative; I was pleased, and yet not pleased. She was not altogether my beau-ideal of a companion. Although lady-like, and with undeniable references, there was a certain awkwardness in her manner.

Her room was to be on the same floor with my own; and on the following morning I went in a short time before she arrived to see that everything was ready for her. It was October, and the weather was chilly, so I desired that she should have a fire, as I fancied, coming from wretched lodgings, it might be a sort of welcome to her. At 1 o'clock she arrived, bringing with her a small black box as her sole luggage, which Ellis and the housemaid, between them, carried directly to her room, whither she followed them almost immediately, to take off her things. I accompanied her and remained for a few minutes, telling her to join me in the drawing-room, lunch being ready.

She presently appeared, very much altered by the removal of her bonnet. She wore her hair in a crop fashion I detested; and her figure, without the cloak was only redeemed from awkwardness by the well-made black dress, which evidently had been the work of a first-rate modiste. She wore no ornaments except a plain gold ring on the little finger of the left hand, which I noticed was particularly large. I ceased to criticise her after we had been together for a little. She was so pleasant, so chatty, and yet so quiet withal, that ere evening came I had begun to congratulate myself on my own perspicacity in having engaged her, and was fully prepared to indorse Lady Montacute's opinion, that she was sure not only to be a favorite but an acquisition.

A fortnight slipped quietly away, and in my weekly budget to my husband I gave most charming accounts of my companion, which our every day intercourse seemed fully to confirm. But about the third week, a something I could not explain made me take a dislike to her. I had not been very well, and her kindness had been unremitting; consequently, I felt almost angry with myself for indulging in a feeling which I could not help acknowledging was both unreasonable and childish.

But it gained ground in spite of myself; and one night as I was standing by the looking-glass in my bedroom, which was in the shadow, I caught sight of Miss Burke, who was leaning on the mantel-piece in the full light of the gas, which burned on either side of it, regarding me with a stealthy and searching glance, which I instantly observed, but had sufficient sense to take no notice of. The expression of her large black eyes haunted me for days, and caused me to say good night to her on the landing, and in addition, to lock my door, a precaution I had never before thought of taking.

One night shortly afterwards, I awoke, fancying I heard a movement outside my door. My room was perfectly dark and I was convinced some noise had awakened me. I listened intently, almost too terrified to breathe, until I heard most distinctly the handle of my door cautiously turned. An almost deathlike horror
seized me, and for an instant I was absolutely rigid with terror; but the spell was broken by another audible effort to open the door, and the hall clock striking three, which made me spring up in bed, seize the matches, and, with trembling fingers, attempt two or three times to strike a light.

At length I was successful, and the welcome blaze of the gas which I lit gave me courage to call out loudly, "Who is there?" But no answer came. I pulled my bell vigorously, and in a few minutes I heard steps approaching, and Ellis' welcome voice asked if I were ill.

"No, Ellis, not ill," I said, "but terrified!" as I unlocked the door and admitted her. "Some one tried my door not five minutes ago."

"Tried your door, ma'am? surely not!" ejaculated Ellis.

"Yes Ellis; I am certain of it, and it has given me such a shock. I cannot be left alone again."

"What is the matter, dearest Mrs. Conyers?" exclaimed Miss Burke, who appeared in my room just as I had made the last remark to Ellis.

"I have been frightened," I answered: "but do not disturb yourself, Miss Burke; it was probably nothing."

"It could not have been anything, or I must have heard it," she said, half to me and half to Ellis.

"Pray do not trouble yourself," I responded; "I am only sorry you got up at all."

She said for a few minutes, but getting no encouragement to remain, returned to her own room, assuring me if she heard a sound she would be with me in a moment.

The instant she was safely gone, I turned to Ellis, desiring her in the first place to close and lock the door; and in the second, to prepare to remain with me until the morning; for I was so unhinged by the circumstance, trifling though it was, that to be left to myself was entirely out of the question.

Ellis had been with me ever since my marriage, now three years, and had been well known to my husband's family all her life, consequently, I felt I might trust her, so I said: "Ellis, I have my own suspicions; but we must do nothing until we are sure. Meanwhile, you must have a bed made up in this room, and we must watch".—

"Miss Burke?" whispered Ellis.

"Yes," I replied, "it was she who tried my door."

"Well, ma'am," confided Ellis, "I have been downright afraid of her this sometime back—civil spoken though she is. But what could she want at your door?"

"That I do not know; but we may find out."

By dint of a blanket off my bed, and sandy shawls, Ellis was made comfortable for the rest of the night on the sofa, and I returned to bed, not to sleep, for I was thoroughly upset, but to lie and wonder how I was ever to get through the ten months that still remained of my husband's absence.

Tired and unnerved, I met Miss Burke at breakfast, and we spent our morning in a very silent fashion. I wrote to my husband, whilst she walked restlessly about the drawing room, constantly asking me how I was, an inquiry for which I was not
so grateful as I might have done under other circumstances. Lunch came, and afterwards Miss Burke, who was usually very unwilling to go out, asked me if I could spare her for the afternoon, as she wanted to go to see a sick friend.

"Certainly," I replied, glad to get rid of her. About four o'clock I lay down on the sofa in the inner drawing room, and must have fallen asleep, for I heard no one enter the room, but I awoke with the consciousness that some one was leaning over me with their face in close proximity to my own. I felt rather than saw them; so close were they to me that their lips seemed almost touching my own, and as I sprang up I came into violent collision with—my companion.

"Miss Burke!" I exclaimed, indignantly, but I could say nothing more, for, after all, the crime of leaning over me was not of a deadly nature, though coupling it instantly did, with my previous suspicions, I felt not only extremely angry, but considerably alarmed.

"I was afraid you were ill, dear Mrs. Conyers. I do hope I have not displeased you" she proceeded in a deprecating tone. "I did not mean to offend you."

"It is of no consequence," I answered, rising from the sofa; "but please do not do so again. I am nervous and easily startled."

The circumstance was then tacitly dismissed, and we got through the evening pretty fairly. I rather looked forward to a safe night for, I knew Ellis's bed was in readiness for her. I said good night a little earlier than usual to Miss Burke, but did not inform her that I had indited an epistle to her friend, the Rev. Mr. White, to ask for further particulars concerning her antecedents.

I heard her come up to her room, and when her door closed a feeling of compassion came over me, for I fancied I had unjustly suspected her, and been very cold in my manner, which she had evidently felt. Ellis came after I was in bed, and in a short time I had oral evidence that she was slumbering. It made me feel secure at all events, though I was certain I should dream of all kinds of unearthly things if the snoring kept on all night. Nothing happened to alarm us, and next morning, in a subdued and anxious voice, Miss Burke hoped that I had not been disturbed, and that Ellis had kept me from feeling nervous—this last remark very reproachfully.

About twelve o'clock, when we were sitting in the drawing room, Ellis came up and told me that a gentleman wished to see me on business, but would not give his name. "Probably about some subscription," I remarked; "perhaps I had better see what he wants."

Without a suspicion of what awaited me, I went down stairs, and on entering the dining-room encountered a short and rather red-faced man, who, bowing profoundly, asked if I was Mrs. Conyers. On my replying in the affirmative, he continued, "May I ask what establishment you keep?"

I must have looked astonished, as he explained: "I am a detective police officer, madam, and my busi-
ness here will, I am afraid, be an unpleasant one."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, "in what way?"

"From information I have received, I believe you have a person under your roof who is wanted on a serious charge. I must ask your permission to summon everyone in the house into this room. I have taken precautions to prevent any one leaving it, and if you will kindly accede to my wishes, I shall get over a painful duty as quickly as possible."

If my lips had been capable of utterance, the words they would have framed would have been "Miss Burke," but I said nothing. I merely rang the bell which Ellis answered so promptly, I felt certain that she must have been behind the door, ready to protect me in case of an emergency.

"Summon my servants, Ellis," I said, "and— and— ask Miss Burke to come down stairs." It was almost like a dream to me, seeing my four domestics walk in; and then, suspecting nothing, came Miss Burke.

"Got you at last, sir!" cried the detective, making an agile dart towards my companion.

"Not without some trouble," coolly responded his prisoner, whose courage was apparently quite equal to the occasion. In my wildest moments I had never dreamed of such a denouement, and the discovery perfectly paralyzed me with horror. It was too dreadful to realize that I had harbored a wretch of a man in woman’s clothing, not only in my house, but in the capacity of my companion! In less time than I can describe it, the detective and his prisoner had departed; it was quietly and quickly managed; and though a detailed account of it did appear in the papers, my name was, happily for me, not allowed to transpire publicly.

The pseudo Miss Burke turned out to be a notorious young man, or I may say lad, of the name of Browning, who, having embezzled large sums, as well as stolen a quantity of magnificent jewelry, had been unable, owing to the precaution taken to prevent his doing so, to leave London, or to dispose of his stolen property. Through the agency of a female friend, he had adopted his disguise, and my unlucky advertisement had suggested to him the idea of insuring his own safety, should I be credulous enough to take him upon the recommendations, which, I need hardly say, had emanated from his own pen. Not only had he thought of his personal security, but that of the stolen goods, which, in the shape of diamonds and bank-notes, were found securely stowed away in the little black box, which I had thought contained the worldly possessions of my poverty-stricken companion. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years.

My husband’s return was hastened by the illness which the dreadful affair cost me. Since then, he and I have never been separated. However, should I ever be unavoidably left alone again, my past experience has decided me on one point—never to advertise; or to trust to written references, or the result may be—A Curious Companion.
Yes; that is the word for it. Among the many new styles of criticism which the present rapid development of college literature brings, like scum, to the surface, “the inane style” is undoubtedly the most appropriate name for that to which we are about to refer. Were there anything like point or force in the critiques of these inane men, we might without the least impropriety lengthen their predicate by one letter, and call them insane. But for such a title they and their productions are altogether too weak. We are prepared to grant them the title “idiotic,” if they petition for it; but until then we will be strictly “parliamentary” in our language, and confine ourselves to the epithet already selected, the fitness of which “nobody,” we should think “can deny.”

The great principle which pervades these “inanities” is that they never contain anything to the point. Their variety is great in other respects; but this one thing may be predicated of them all in common, and may be said to constitute their differentia. Now this irrelevancy, when obtruded in hostile fashion upon any journal the name of which may chance to lend itself readily to such tactics, usually takes the form of labored sarcasm upon that name. When our own remarks, for instance, have been styled “doleful hootings” as they recently were by the “inane man” of the College Spectator, it is supposed that a sufficiently smart thing has been said to render anything in the shape of argument superfluous. When, again, another “parturient mountain” of a journal has delivered itself of the tiny witicism that THE OWL ought to be called “the Howl,” we are expected to sink into the earth under the superincumbent weight of such sarcasm. And if we must nail up a third rat to our barn door, as an additional warning, and by way of making our case totus teres atque rotundus, why there is the University Review, of Wooster, O., which cannot restrain its indignation at what it calls our “alarming statement” that the office of regular Reviewers of the literature of the country should not be undertaken by college journalists, and consequently that the name “Review” is somewhat infelicitous for a college paper. The Univ. Review does certainly begin by a faint attempt at an argument. It is forced to concede that it is not a Review at all, in the only sense in which the English language applies that word to a periodical paper, viz., that of “a periodical pamphlet containing examinations or analyses of new publications.”—(Webster.) It falls back, however, on the “first intention” of the verb “to review”—which is, as every one knows, “to see again,” and perpetrates the fallacy of applying the word in its first intention where its second intention only is legitimately applicable. Of course the Univ. Review knows nothing about the doctrine of “first and second intentions” of words. It is honestly ignorant; not wilfully fallacious. We readily concede that much. But, having thus shewn its ignorance, it becomes innately mad with us; and for want of knowing what better to say or do, alleges the wholly irre-
levant facts that an owl is "a nocturnal carnivorous bird"—etc., etc,—that to 
owl means "to go prying about"—that owlet means "a little owl," owl-eyed, 
"having eyes like an owl," and owlish, "resembling an owl," all which infor-
mation our contemporary laboriously extracts from Webster, as though he 
had hit upon a literary "bonanza" unknown to the world before. The cut-
ting part of the matter he intends to be this:—that since we, The Owl of Cal-
ifornia, do not answer to any of the species named by Webster, we cannot be 
an Owl at all, and our name must therefore be inappropriate! Q E. D. If 
this be not insanity, in the strictest sense of the word, it is hard to say what is.

Berkeley.

And yet, so delighted is our Berkeley neighbor at the hostile animus which 
it evinces towards ourselves, that he fairly flings his hat into the air and cries 
"Hooray!" But for this little circumstance we should probably not have 
designed to notice the inane Woosterian at all. We did, however, make an 
honest attempt, in our May and June numbers, to induce the Berkeleyan to 
shake hands; and we must say it is slightly disappointing to find half a column 
of its July issue devoted to a renewal of the war, and that in so puerile a man-
ner. Did that particular half-column escape the notice of our quondam friend 
and fellow-student, the new Editor in Chief? Or did he write it himself whilst 
under the influence of nightmare, or did the devil carry it off by mistake? 
How was it Ryland? Of course, if you want war you can have it; but we 
believe you agree with us that peace would be more sensible, and that 
genlemen should agree to differ in opinion without quarreling over their 
differences.

College Regulations.

The Oberlin Review gives us the following novelty in this department. The 
regulations referred to have been made for the benefit (?) of the Illinois Indus-
trial University, and are extracted from the pages of its organ, the Illini. 
We feel indebted to the Review for bringing them before our notice.

Whereas, We believe that the practice of self-government will greatly benefit 
the students of the University; and

Whereas, The experience of the last two years has encouraged us to entrust still fur-
ther this authority to the students; therefore,

1. Resolved, That we, The Regent and Faculty of the Illinois Industrial University, 
do hereby authorize the students acting in General Assembly, to adopt such a Constitution 
and Laws as they may deem necessary to carry on their government, such Constitu-
tion and Laws being subject to the approval of the Regent and Faculty.

2. Resolved, That the Student's Government may provide for the trial of students for 
any violation of the good order of the University, or for any offences against the Constitu-
tion and Laws adopted by the students, and may impose and collect reasonable fines 
therefor: but no suspension or expulsion of any student from the University shall be 
ordered without a vote of the Faculty. The Faculty also retains the authority to take 
cognizance of any cases of misdoings brought to their notice. The Faculty also retain 
the right to resume the authority hereby granted, whenever the students' Government 
shall fail properly to perform its functions or to maintain good order.

Preamble.—The Regent and Faculty of the Illinois Industrial University, having 
been charged by the Trustees with the responsibility of the internal management and 
government of the Institution, and the said Regent and Faculty believing that the inter-
ests of the Institution and its students may be best promoted by delegating the powers 
of self-government to the students, have granted them the authority to organize and ad-
minister the same.
Hence, we, the students in General Assembly convened, do ordain and establish the following Constitution:

The Constitution provides for a General Assembly, consisting of the whole body of students, and meeting once a term for the election of officers. All Legislative power is vested in a Senate composed of twenty-one students, whose term of office is one year, seven being chosen each term. The executive power is vested in a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, marshal, and as many deputy marshals as may be deemed necessary, who hold office during one college term. The judicial power is entrusted to a Supreme Court, presided over by a Chief Justice, and two associates appointed by the president of the General Assembly and confirmed by the Senate and such other courts as the Senate may establish. A prosecuting attorney is also chosen each term. This is a "mixed college," and the ladies have four members of the Senate. Dr. J. M. Gregory is President and Regent.

Doubtless the next power given to the students will be that of instructing the Faculty in the various branches of a liberal education. The more ignorant of the undergraduates will naturally occupy the principal chairs. The career of a University so managed will be worth studying; we anxiously hope, therefore, that the "Ilmin" to which we shall send a copy of our present issue, will honor us by exchanging. It will be among the most acceptable of

Our Table Guests,

respecting whom, numerous as they are from the accumulations of the Long Vacation, we have less, perhaps, than usual, to say. Most of them are so full of the details of their respective College Commencements as to contain comparatively little else; and the "Commencement" subject is of so interminable a nature that it must surely have received its name from that fact—on the principle of aposiopesis. We are quite too timid to tackle it; preferring to slip out of the difficulty by calling attention to the opinions of the Cornell Era and the Berkeleyan on the a priori question whether or not Commencements, as at present managed, are desirable. See a clipping on that subject, under "Noted and Quoted."

The Georgia University Magazine has a pleasantly written sketch of the history of Chemistry, by Professor White; who cannot however, resist indulging in that inevitable fling at "scholasticism," by which an author is supposed to ingratiate himself with the nineteenth century, and which always reminds us of the donkey that kicked the prostrate lion. We are glad to see this magazine giving more space to common sense articles than heretofore, and less to comic or sensational trifles. It is because we wish to see it prosper, and maintain a literary tone worthy of its University, that we say this. Therefore let our brother editors of the G. U. M take the remark in good part.

The Blue gives us an amusing "Peep at Siam" and its white elephants—which are not white. There is much to like in this magazine; but we cannot help repeating what we said in substance on a former occasion. It wants a department in which the Editors shall have room to utter their own sentiments, in a chatty way, on "things in general." It has no editorial individuality—at least none that is cognizable. We Americans have no opportunity of making the literary acquaintance of Christ's Hospital by means of a magazine so conducted.

The Bowdoin Orient for July contains a poem of some length which was delivered by Mr. Longfellow at the "Semi-Centennial Reunion of the Bow-
doin Class of 1875,” on the 7th of that month. Whenever Mr. Longfellow writes, we think it more becoming to admire than to criticize; and we honestly do admire this poem—though without growing at all enthusiastic over it. The Orient has received praise of late from several college journals; and we do not say—for we wish to speak candidly—that the praise has been undeserved: but the quality whereby this Bowdoin paper has attracted our special attention is, we regret to state, that of inane impertinence—just the very kind of impertinence whereof we have spoken above, that, namely, which shows itself in dull but impudent attempts to be sarcastic upon our name. Really these “inane” men ought to feel grateful to us for naming our magazine as we have; for had we but taken a commonplace title, such as “Collegian” or “Spectator,” they would have been quite at a loss what to say about us. Reasonable criticism of the ordinary kind is evidently beyond their capacity; and yet that is what the wretched youths would have had to attempt.

At Lafayette they are thinking of changing the Monthly to a semi-monthly, and giving it the form of a paper instead of that of a magazine. The same tendency seems to exist in one or two other colleges; and in the case of the Brunonian the change has been already made, seemingly to “Brown’s” satisfaction. There is no doubt that each college must consult its own special requirements, in such a matter. It would never do to dogmatize absolutely on the point. We may be allowed, however, as representatives of the oldest college magazine on the Pacific Coast, to bear testimony that the magazine form suits us, and that we should be very sorry to see it changed; regarding it, on many accounts, as far superior to any other. We hope, with the Lafayette editors, that should a semi-monthly paper be started in their college at all, it will be in addition to and not in displacement of their present monthly magazine. There are too few, not too many magazines in the college literature of the country; and we believe that the strength of that literature depends, to a great extent, upon their maintenance and multiplication.

The Hamilton Literary Monthly has a thoughtfully written article, somewhat Gladstonian in style and subject, on “The Hades of Homer,” which we have read with interest; nor is that the only good thing which it contains. We believe that Hamilton has done and is doing its part towards the improvement of college literature: and we therefore always welcome the Monthly with pleasure.

The Iowa Classic has never yet, we believe, been mentioned by us, although an old and constant guest at our table. The fact is that there is very little to say about it, except that it is very business-like, very local, and occasionally very methodistical; and where there is neither praise nor blame to administer, a critic is apt to be silent. We value the Classic, however, as giving us a reflex of the interior of a denominational university of some importance, of which we should otherwise know nothing. And we believe in denominational universities.
Vacation over.

Vacation is over, and we have once more returned to College. It is certainly a trying thing for boys to leave their pleasant homes, and kind friends, and multiform recreations, to resume their studies; but there is, on the other hand, one joy which only the opening of a scholastic session can afford; and that is the happy reunion of brother collegians. How much, during those first few days, is said! How many adventures are related! How many descriptions given of trips to the coast or to the mountains, of fishing or hunting excursions! Each student has a long story to relate; in short were we to swell in bulk so far as to allow of our chronicling but half the amusing adventures of the different students, the readers of The Owl would be apt to conclude that two months' sleep had largely contributed to the corpulency of that sapient bird. Suffice it then to say that from what we have heard we think all the students made the best of their vacation.

Absence of Old Friends.

Looking around us, we cannot but grieve at the absence of many dear old schoolmates. To all those who have left their Alma Mater, to struggle with the difficulties of life, we heartily wish success. We hope to hear from them now and then, so that we may be able, through the "Personal" Department of The Owl, to inform their old schoolmates of their whereabouts.

Commencement Exercises.

The Commencement Exercises of this College were held on the 7th and 8th of June last; that is to say, soon after the issue of our last number. On the former of these evenings, the doors were no sooner opened than crowds of people began to ascend the stairs leading to the Exhibition Hall; and not half an hour had elapsed before the building was filled to its utmost capacity.

The first thing on the programme was the overture "Poet and Peasant," by the String Band. It was well received by the audience, but we think it would have sounded better had the melody been a little louder and the accompaniment a little softer. This was followed by a neat little prologue, in heroic couplets, written and spoken by Mr. Jno. W. Ryland; after which the Brass Band played selections from "Il Poliuto." Mr. Henry Hughes, who was next introduced, discoursed in a very interesting and attractive style, on "Monks and Monasticism." This gentleman's easy and unaffected attitude on the stage is very pleasing, and we are satisfied that if he cultivates his elocutionary talent, he will, in the course of a few years, become a really good orator.

Next came a song by Mesters Willie and McCune Shawhan, whose sweet and well managed voices, won for them the admiration of the whole audience. Mr. Wm. Davis was then introduced, and in a very creditable manner delivered a poem entitled, "Leo and Attila." The Brass Band having played a selection from Bdisario, Mr. James Franklin delivered an oration on "Tax-
ation of Religious and Educational Institutions." Both the oration itself and the way in which it was delivered were deserving of praise. After this, Mr. Chas. Ebner entertained the audience by a solo on the piano entitled, "Trompettes de la Guerre," Mr. J. T. Walsh, who was next introduced, delivered a very pretty poem in Trochaic verse, entitled "Golden Dreams." The band having played a selection from "Ernani Involami," the exercises were concluded by a dialogue entitled "Friendship's Test," written in iambic verse for the Junior Dramatic Society, by W. Davis. We congratulate the young author on his production, for it was not without merit. The cast of characters was very good, and they were all well sustained. L. Palmer, J. F. Smith, W. Schofield, W. Shawhan, D. Harvey and H. Farmer, deserve special mention, as having acted their respective parts in a pleasing and easy manner which reflected much credit both upon themselves and upon the President of their Society who had so carefully drilled them. Thus ended the first evening of the Twenty fourth Annual Commencement of Santa Clara College; and if we may judge from the pleased expressions noticeable upon the faces of the audience, we think we shall be safe in concluding that all left the Hall highly pleased with the Exercises.

The next day was a very lively one. The garden was filled with visitors, friends of the institution—among whom were several reporters and many of the parents of the students—all seemingly enjoying themselves. At about one o'clock the Refectory doors were thrown open, and before fifteen minutes had elapsed the tables at the upper end of the Refectory were surrounded by guests, those at the other end being occupied by the students. It was certainly a pretty sight to see the heavily but elegantly laden tables, beautifully decorated as they were with bouquets and fancy dishes, which however yielded the place of honor to the more substantial viands, such as turkeys, chickens, roast-beef, mutton, et hoc genus omne. The Refectory itself was also elegantly decorated. Its white walls were draped here and there with the "Stars and Stripes;" its pillars were skilfully covered with winding garlands of evergreens and flowers.

We do not wish to go into detail, but let us say in brief that the banquet was regal in all respects: and the guests, who were all gentlemen of distinction, evidently enjoyed it—thanks to the Rev. Father Varsi, who so ably entertained them. At the conclusion of the dinner many toasts were drunk, and appropriate answers made; some of the speeches were even eloquent. If, however, we may be allowed to express our private and confidential opinion, it is that there were too many speeches, and that some of them were too long. Quite late in the afternoon the guests adjourned, spending the remainder of the day either in the play-ground or in the Fathers' Garden, conversing with each other, or cracking jokes with the students—in fact having a good time generally—until evening came, when all proceeded to the Hall, which they found already crowded by the general public. At about half past seven the Brass Band began to play the overture of "Elisa E. Claudio," the last note of which had hardly died away, when Mr. T. Morrison was introduced to the audience as the lecturer, and Messrs W. Gray and Chas Ebner as his assistants. The subject of the lecture was "Glimpses at the Insects, through the Photo-electric Microscope." A more interesting subject could not have been chosen; and the clear and concise manner in which Mr. Morrison explained every thing, made it seem still more attractive. In the first part of the lecture Mr. Morrison explained the structure of the microscope which he was going to use in projecting the different lights upon the screen, and he then went on to divide the microscopic insects into their respective classes,—specimens of each class being projected as the lecture proceeded. The lecturer then retir-
ed for a time, and Master R. Lawrie then entertained the audience by playing, in a very masterly style, a somewhat difficult violin solo from "Robert le Diable." The way in which this young gentleman surmounts instrumental difficulties is truly astonishing; and we doubt not that if he continues to practise with his present zeal, he will ere long be quite a master. After this the distribution of the regular prizes, to the Junior Students, took place. We were next favored by Mr. F. Ebner, who played a selection from Belisario on the guitar. Mr. Morrison now resumed his lecture, informing the audience that as he had already completed his enumeration of the various classes of the microscopic world, he would now enter into more minute particulars relative to each class. This was the most interesting part of the lecture; for though all the projections were of the most minute parts of the most minute insects, yet when projected on the screen they appeared like the disjecta membra of huge monsters. The lecturer concluded by calling the attention of the audience to the infinite wisdom of the Almighty, which was so plainly visible even in the most minute insect, and amid enthusiastic applause from the audience, retired. The band again played some operatic selections, after which the Distribution of Prizes to the Senior Students took place. This required some time; and when the last name had been read, the Brass Band played an eclectic Fantasia from several Operas, which was well received by the appreciative audience. The last part of the literary programme was now at hand. It consisted of a farce, written for the Junior Dramatic Society by J. F. Smith, and entitled "Fun at School." Considering the painful nature of the farce, we must acknowledge that it was well played; Messrs H. Hughes, B. Brisac and F. Harrison deserving especial mention. As to the piece itself, however, we must honestly say that we think it was too farcical to be laughable, and moreover that plots of that kind are too stale to be attractive now, if they ever were so. At the conclusion of the farce the curtain was dropped, and the stage prepared for the Conferring of Degrees, during which preparation the band played the "May Waltz." The curtain was then raised. In the back part of the stage were seated the Faculty, and, on double rows of chairs on either side, the students who had received the Regular Prizes. The extra prizes and diplomas were then awarded as follows:—

Two gold medals, given by the College (one for the Seniors, the other for the Juniors) to the student who, throughout the year, had obtained an average of eighty credits monthly, both in Conduct and in Diligence.

Among the Senior students there were no fewer than twenty-three competitors; and the medal (drawn by lot) was awarded to Mr. Joseph Wolter. Our limited space will not allow us to give the names of the other competitors.

Among the Juniors there were seven competitors, and the medal (also drawn for by lot) was awarded to Henry Wilcox.

The Prizes offered by friends of the College were awarded as follows:—

To N. F. Brisac, for the best essay on the "Atomic Theory and its Relations with the Natural Sciences," a gold medal, the gift of Wm. Burling, Esq., of San Francisco. Competitor deserving mention, W. T. Gray.

To J. T. Walsh, for the best essay on "Steam-Boilers—their strength and causes of explosion," a gold medal, the gift of Col. Peter Donahue, of San Francisco. Competitors deserving mention, J. Herrmann, R. Soto and T. Tully.


To Fred A. Harrison, for the best historical sketch of "Santa Clara Col.
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To Jno. L. Foster, for the best solution of three problems in the highest Arithmetic Class, a gold medal, the gift of Lucien B. Burling, Esq., of San Francisco. Competitor deserving mention, C. E. Stanton.

All these medals were very costly, and the beauty of the different designs—appropriately engraved for the respective subjects to which they were allotted—could not be excelled.

The Conferring of Degrees came next. The President of the College, Rev. Father Varsi, rose from his seat, and conferred the following Degrees:—On Messrs. Wm. T. Gray and Thos. F. Morrison, the Degree of Bachelor of Arts; and on Messrs. Norline F. Brisac and Chas. F. Ebner, the Degree of Bachelor of Science.

The only ceremony now remaining was the farewell address, which was delivered by Mr. W. T. Gray. He arose and, on behalf of his fellow-graduates, bade an affectionate farewell, first to the Faculty and then to the students. The address was short but to the point, and set forth plainly, but in an affecting manner, the regret of the speaker at the thought of his leaving his Alma Mater. At the conclusion of the Valedictory the audience dispersed and the students retired to their dormitories, filled with joy at the thought that on the morrow they would begin to breathe the air of home.

**College Improvements.**

Our worthy President has availed himself of the opportunity afforded him by the long Vacation, to make many improvements. Not to speak of the new flooring put down in several places, we notice the provision of a spacious trunk room for the Seniors; besides this the old flights of stairs leading to the different study-halls have been torn down, and large and elegant ones have been erected in their stead, in more convenient positions; new seats have been placed under the shade trees for the Juniors; two new class-rooms have been fitted up; the old Philhistorian Hall has been turned into a recreation room for the Seniors; and the large hall opposite to that of the Philalethics is being fitted up for the Philhistorian Debating Society. When completed it will be, so far as we can judge, quite as large and as handsome as the Philalethic Hall. We have heard that the Society is to defray part of the expenses. This we think is quite reasonable. Awake, therefore, ye Philhistorians—and ye also who intend to join the Society; levy an assessment, open a subscription list, besist yourselves, and get your hall completed as soon as possible; and then you will not only enjoy it sooner, but have more time in which to enjoy it.

**Requiescat in Pace!**

It is our sad duty to announce the sudden death of our young fellow-student, Paul de Tourniel. While fishing from a raft at Saucelito, on the 5th of July last, he lost his balance, fell into the water, and being unable to swim, was drowned. His brother (who is much younger) was with him but could render no assistance. The cries of both for help were no sooner uttered than all within hearing ran to their assistance; but it was too late: Paul was no longer among the living. Although quite young, he had made good progress in his studies, and indeed was considered one of the brightest among the Juniors. He was moreover a general favorite; and we are sure that his old companions will not forget him in their prayers. May he rest in peace!
Future Editors of the "Owl."

The "Owl" Association has not as yet held its annual meeting; hence we, of last year's Board of Editors, are obliged to edit the magazine this month, but ere the next number is issued, the editors for the term 1875-76 will have been elected. There is this year quite a respectable number of students who are competent to manage The Owl, it is therefore extremely uncertain who the new editors may be; and it may be well to remind the members of the Association that they should lay aside all feelings of partiality, and vote for those only whom they think fully competent and likely to attend conscientiously to their respective duties. The Owl is our magazine and our property, fellow-students; and hence we must strive to have it well managed. Let us resolve to take a little more interest in it than most of us have heretofore done. Let us give it both literary and pecuniary help. By writing articles for its columns, we shall at once improve ourselves and extend literary aid to our magazine. By inducing our parents and friends to subscribe to it, we shall afford it pecuniary support—a kind of support which must be afforded, if we would secure its continued prosperity. To the future Editors also we will proffer a few words of advice, out of the store of our experience. As soon as they take possession of the editorial chairs, let them roll up their sleeves and go to work in earnest. They will have time for everything, but let them make sure that the time they will employ nominally for The Owl be not wasted on other things. Let them endeavor to raise the tone of the Magazine every month. Let them not only imitate in the future anything we may have done well in the past, but let them also correct all that we have done ill; and we feel sure that when their term shall have expired, they will find an ample reward for their trouble in the satisfaction of seeing the improvements they will have made. "Excelsior," should always be the editorial motto.

The Keely Motor.

This invention has created so much excitement in the East that even California has been affected by the contagion. We do not pretend to know much about this new motor, but, thanks to the Scientific American, we have learned enough to arrive at a conclusion. The Scientific American is a journal which few papers of its kind can equal. It is a strong advocate of the cause of science, and we believe it to be upright and impartial in the expression of its opinions. Now when a paper of this kind undertakes to prove an invention worthless, it knows beforehand that it risks the loss of its reputation and prosperity should the invention be successful. But in the present case the Scientific American not only condemns Keely's invention, but censures all the prominent scientific and practical men who have espoused the Keely cause. Hence we may arrive at something like a presumption that the Keely Motor will prove a failure; and this though we doubt not that Mr. Keely himself honestly believes all he says. Some of the statements, however, concerning the power of this "cold vapor" are certainly absurd. We will take a few only of those quoted in the fourth number of the twenty-third volume of the Scientific American.

"An ordinary steamship could be run so fast that it would be split in two."

"I have found this vapor capable of exerting power infinitely."

This, of course, cannot be true; for the power in question must, from its nature, exist in, and be produced from matter, and as matter is finite, it ne-
cessarily follows that power existing therein, and produced therefrom, must be finite.

"I once drove an engine of forty-horse power eight hundred revolutions a minute, with less than a thimbleful of water, and kept it running fifteen days with the same water."

This is the nearest approach of which we have ever heard to perpetual motion. Moreover, we question very much whether an engine of forty-horse power has ever been so perfectly constructed that it could run at the rate of eight hundred revolutions a minute. Will the Editor of the Scientific American enlighten us on this point?

"A bucket of water has enough of this vapor to produce a power sufficient to move the world out of its course."

Really? How thankful then, should we all be, that we are still living to hear of such wonders! But what if Mr. Keely in some moment of mental aberration, should happen to catch sight of a bucket of water and should turn it incontinently into this powerful vapor? How could we expect to escape the general destruction? Let us hope that Mr. Keely will always be able to refrain from making the experiment; for we fear its disastrous consequences—might not even spoil the bucket?

In No. 7, Vol. xxxiii. of the Scientific American, may be found a communication addressed by Mr. Wm. Patton, of Harrisburgh, Pa., to that journal, wherein he claims to have made a discovery similar to Mr. Keely's. We recommend our readers to procure that number, if they wish to get a clear idea of the Keely novelty. Let us say in conclusion that we think Mr. Patton "strikes the right nail on the head," when he says, "this little operation should be conducted privately, before you exhibit the generator to the uninitiated."

Thanks.

The "Father's Garden" looks especially beautiful at this season, with its evergreen trees and fresh lawns, its bright flower beds, and overhanging vines; and its aspect is much enlivened by the numerous caged birds which line the paths, and which carol unceasingly from sun-rise till sun-set. Among the recent additions to this ornithological collection, we notice a beautiful Louisiana Cardinal Bird, presented by Professor J. A. Waddell; and a young but promising mocking-bird, presented by Mr. Jas. A. Aguirre (a student). To both these gentlemen the College tenders its sincere thanks.

Gone East.

Mr. B. Calzia, S.J., one of our Professors, left our midst on the 13th of last month. He has gone to Woodstock where he will finish his studies and then be ordained to the priesthood. He carried away with him the sincere regrets and good wishes of all the students as well as those of his fellow Professors.

Coming West.

Father Edmund J. Young, S.J, who has been away from this College for over four years, is now daily expected from the East. We rejoice especially at the thought that he is returning to remain with us permanently. Father Young is a man who wins the affection of all who know him; and we feel
confident that he will be welcomed with enthusiasm.

Since the above was in type, Father Young, we are happy to say, has arrived. He reached the College on the evening of the 25th of August, and was most warmly welcomed by the Faculty. We saw very little of him that evening, for he was monopolized by the Fathers. The next day, however, a holiday was granted by our kind President, in honor of his arrival; and at one o’clock the students all assembled under the verandah, and as Father Young, accompanied by Father Varsi, entered the hall, the Brass Band played a march, and Father Young was obliged to stop. A few other pieces were then played, and when the serenade was over, three cheers were given with such “vim” that one could easily see that the welcome therein expressed came not from the boys lips only but from their hearts. Father Young responded to the reception in a short but neat little speech, saying that he was most happy to return to Santa Clara College. We are sure that he cannot be more happy to return than we to receive him. The health which our dear preceptor enjoys is perfect, and we earnestly hope that it will continue to be so.

**Societies.**

The following Societies and Clubs have reorganized, and the following appointments of offices have been handed to us for publication:—

**Sodality of the Immaculate Conception.**—Rev. J. Pinasco, S.J., Director; J. Machado, Prefect, (reelected); J. A. Aguirre, 1st. Assistant; J. L. Hudner, 2d Assistant; R. Soto, Secretary; Jas. T. Walsh, Treasurer; J. S. Franklin, Censor, (reelected).

**Blessed Berchman’s Sanctuary Society.**—Jas. F. Smith, President; E. Pierson, Secretary; J. M. Donahue, Treasurer; E. McLaughlin, Censor; A. Sanchez, 1st Vestry Prefect; G. Ebner, 2d Vestry Prefect.

**Philalethic Literary Society.**—Professor H. Dance, President, (unanimously reelected); W. T. Gray, Vice President, (reelected); Jas. T. Walsh, Corresponding Secretary; John L. Foster, Treasurer; Jas. A. Kearney, Librarian; H. M. Hughes, Censor, (reelected).

**Philhonian Debating Society.**—Rev. J. Pinasco, S. J., President; L. T. Palmer, Vice President; J. T. Ryland, Recording Secretary; L. Harrison, Cor. Sec.; V. Clement, Treasurer; R. Brenham, Librarian; W. S. Davis, Assist. Librarian; P. L. Mallon, Censor; H. F. Spencer, Assist. Censor.

**Cecilian Philharmonic Society.**—Rev. Jos. Caredda, S. J., President; A. F. Sauffrignon, Vice President; F. A. Harrison, Secretary; L. Harrison, Treasurer; P. L. Mallon, Censor; Geo. B. Gray, Music Keeper.

**Senior Dramatic Society.**—W. T. Gray, Vice President; H. M. Hughes, Secretary; Jno. L. Foster, Treasurer; Peter S. Mallon, Costumer; Mr. Raggio, S.J., Stage Manager; R. Enright, Prompter; J. D. Machado, Censor.

**Junior Dramatic Society.**—J. M. Donahue, Vice President; A. Steffan, Secretary; H. Gilmor, Treasurer; A. Becker, Censor; A Muller, Librarian; J. Shawhan, Prompter; J. Yoell, Costumer; McC. Shawhan, Stage Manager.

**Original Base Ball Club.**—J. D. Machado, Vice President; J. A. Aguirre, Secretary; H. M. Hughes, Treasurer; J. A. Kearney, Censor; R. Soto, Capt. 1st Nine; G. B. Gray, Capt. 2d Nine.

**Athletic B. B. C.**—Fred Burling, Vice President; R. De la Vega, Secretary; E. Lamolle, Treasurer; A. Becker, Censor; G. Seifert, Capt. 1st Nine.

**Eureka B. B. C.**—L. Ghirardelli, Vice President; H. Gilmor, Secretary; J. M. Donahue, Treasurer; B. Ashley, Censor; A. Peplow, Capt. 1st Nine.
Exchanges


Personal Items.

To this department we call the attention of all our old students, for it is our wish to publish some personals every month hereafter, if possible, and we must necessarily depend upon them for information. As things now stand it is most difficult to collect matter for this department: our friends will therefore aid us considerably by giving us all the news concerning the students, that they can collect.

Jno. M. Burnett, A.M., '59, is in San Francisco. He is District Attorney in that City, and is doing remarkably well. He has a large circle of friends, and is indeed one of the most prominent men of the City.

Thos. Bergin, A.M., '65, is also in San Francisco, and is practising law with great success. Most people acknowledge him to be one of the most profound lawyers of the San Francisco Bar.

Ryland Wallace, (Dick's brother, and our old schoolmate) is now a student of California University. We had the pleasure of meeting him during Vacation. Ryland is doing well in his studies, and, we believe, expects to graduate at the end of this term. He is Editor in Chief of the Berkeleyan. We feel confident that with an old friend like Ryland at the head, we shall be able to establish pleasanter relations with that journal. It is not likely that the principles of The Owl and the Berkeleyan will ever become identical; but why cannot editorial controversies—if they must come—be conducted with the mutual courtesy of gentlemen.

T. Jeff. White, '68, was, on the 1st of July last, joined in the bonds of matrimony, to Miss Annie Green, of St. Louis, Mo. The nuptial ceremony which took place at the residence of his relative, Col. E. J. E. Kewen, of Los Angeles, was probably the most magnificent ever witnessed in that part of California. Mr. White is now residing at Los Angeles, and is prospering
in every way. His home, which is known as “Casa Linda,” is acknowledged to be one of the finest places in Los Angeles, is now brightened by an ornament which renders it still more elegant. We are positive that he has not forgotten us; nor, we can assure him, have we forgotten him. We wish him success in all his undertakings, and happiness both now and hereafter.

Hon. J. Breen, S. B., ’62, resides at Hollister. He is one of the most popular men of that place. We have heard that he intends to go into the legislature next winter, and if so, of course he will go: for his popularity is so great that no one in that section of the country cares to oppose him for office, even on the opposite ticket. His nomination, in fact, is always equivalent to his election.

D. G. Sullivan, A. B., ’72, better known by the simple and touching appellation of “Dee Gee” only, is residing on, and conducting his father’s large farm. We have not had the pleasure of seeing you since you graduated, Dan. What can be the matter with you? Have you already forgotten us? If so, we must say that your memory is not as good as ours. Come and see us! We wish to ascertain how many decimals of an inch your moustache has grown during the past year, and to talk over bygone days.

Santa Clara College was well represented in this neighborhood on the “4th of July” last. Three of our graduates took part in the literary ceremonies of that day, Mr. Wm. B. Murphy A. B., ’69, was chosen Orator of the Day by the citizens of Santa Clara. He performed his task in a masterly way, and was applauded by all who heard him, in a most enthusiastic manner. Jas. H. Campbell, A. M., ’72, assistant District Attorney of San José, was Reader of the “Declaration,” at the celebration held by the San Joséans. It is almost needless to say that the reading was good, for all who know our friend James acknowledge him a first class reader. The Orator of the Day at San José, was Jno. T. Malone, A. M., ’72, Attorney, Court Commissioner, etc., of the same City. We wish we had room enough to give John all the praise and congratulation he deserves for the way in which he spoke. We always knew him to be a fine speaker, but on that day he really surpassed himself. He entered so heartily into the sentiment of what he said, and declaimed with so much spirit and eloquence, that his hearers actually trembled with patriotic enthusiasm. His Oration was so much admired that numerous gentlemen of the City, requested the San José Mercury to publish it in full—which that journal did. By the bye, before we leave you, John, let us say that we would like to hear, from yourself, whether you still entertain the purpose of which you spoke to us about two months ago with respect to the “Alumni Association.” If so, why not go to work as soon as possible, and put it into execution. If you wish any assistance that we can give, just let us know, and we shall help you with a will; for The Owl wishes and intends to become the organ of that Association.

M. J. Walsh, A. M., ’73, is now in Virginia City, Nev. He is employed in the “Consolidated Virginia” Assay Office. Matt has a good situation and deserves it. He is a “natural-born” chemist, and we doubt not that before long he will be a formidable rival of the best assayer of Virginia City. We heard a few days since that he had been very ill, but are happy to be able to say that he is now much better and is improving every day. As soon as you have time, Matt, take a trip this way for the benefit of your health. It will do you good, and at the same time will afford us the pleasure of seeing you.
The *Cornell Era* comes out with an editorial for the abolition of Commencement speaking. We most heartily concur: for though we are young in years, and supposed to be in an enterprising part of the country, we are nevertheless bored by that fossilized custom which we have reason to believe disgraces as often as it graces the dignity of an institution. As the *Era* says: "It is a sort of show which is eminently suited to a public school, but hardly to an institution which professes to be a University."

The students of various and leading institutions are beginning to move in this matter and we hope that our own will, ere long, ask for a change to something more interesting and profitable. The request of the Senior Class of Michigan University, that some distinguished man be invited to deliver an address instead of the regular commencement exercises, is worthy of consideration.—*Berkeleyan.*

On the same memorable day Napoleon declared war against Prussia, and the Pope ratified the infallibility dogma, two events *similar in nature.*—*Univ. Reporter.*

The Castalian spelling bee turned out to be a hum-bug.—*Univ. Press.*

That was a natural mistake which the First Year youth made, when he translated "*P. Scipio aequesri genere natus,*" "P. Scipio was born at a horse race."—*Volante.*

Elder sister (condescendingly)—"See, Ethel, you had better come and walk in my shadow. It will be cooler for you." Younger sister (who resents patronage)—"You are very good, Maud: but I have a shadow of my own, thank you."—*Globe Democrat.*

A very good way to kill time, in winter, is to sleigh it.—*Packer Quarterly.*

We have hitherto in our extracts from other papers given credit merely to "*Ex.*" but, after thinking upon the subject, we have determined to do otherwise. When another paper clips an article from us and makes no acknowledgement of it, or at most marks it—*Ex.,* we feel as though we had been robbed; but when we see an article copied and credited to the *University Record,* we are glad to see it thus appreciated, and look upon it as borrowed property which is cheerfully lent. Hence we have determined to "do unto others as we would" etc. Hereafter we shall give credit to the paper from which the extract originally came.—*Univ. Record.*

[How gratifying to see the wicked man thus turning away from his wickedness, and doing that which is lawful and right! Our contemporary has evidently "got religion" at last. We wonder whether it was our own preaching that converted him. If not, it might have been; for we have advocated the doctrine of honest credit long and persistently, both in principle and practice.—*Eds. Owl.*]

Prof. (kindly), "What's the matter, Mr. ——? You look unwell." Lugubrious Soph. (with a volume of "Christian Martyrs" in his hand,) "My breakfast was burned at the stake; that's what's the martyr of me. —*Del. Col. Advance.*

A celebrated wit once said of his debts that it was neither his interest to pay the principal, nor his principal to pay the interest.—*A. N. Reporter.*
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