10-1875

The Owl, vol. 10, no. 2

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THE OWL

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT;

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

SANTA CLARA, CAL.
PUBLISHED BY THE OWL ASSOCIATION, AND PRINTED
AT THE COLLEGE PRESS.

1875
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“FREEDOM!”—I proclaim it to the birds of the air, to the beasts of the field, to the fishes of the sea, to all creatures, animate or inanimate; and the eagles dash away from me in fright; the lions look me in the face with stolid indifference, and turn aside to hide themselves in the recesses of the forest; the elephants stalk majestically by, regardless of my words; the fishes seek, in silence, the deepest abysses of the ocean: none of them can understand what I say to them. Freedom is their natural inheritance: it is like the light of the sun, which, shining as it does, over all creation, is enjoyed by all without a thought of its value. Thus do all these creatures enjoy their freedom. To them it is a word void of sense.

But when I mention it to man, he stops before me, and listens. At the word “freedom,” his eyes flash, his countenance seems inspired, his heart beats with unwonted vigor, his whole frame thrills with unspeakable emotion: he seems to rise above himself, and to become as it were a new being, under the magic power of that simple name. Nay sometimes he is altogether carried away by the enthusiasm thus excited; he exults in the possession of such a treasure; his heart is filled with the hope of its constant enjoyment: and he not infrequently contravenes even his own rational nature, in his mad attempts to acquire what he considers its full advantages.

Freedom is a state in which men are exempt from the undue power or control of others, but are restrained by wise and necessary laws. It does not mean licentiousness, as many seem to think; for licentiousness has always been one of the principal causes of the fall of free states. It does not mean insubordination, into which men are very liable to fall, and which is the very thing that is always perverting the blessings of freedom. Young
men who grow up with this false idea of freedom, become disobedient to their parents, to their superiors, to their preceptors and masters. They do not, in short, recognize any one as superior to them; and accordingly they pay little or no regard to laws, whether civil or religious. Freedom is to them one and the self same thing with independence, insubordination, self will. They forget that freedom, like happiness, for which all were created, can only be enjoyed within the bounds of reason. They do not know, or at least do not seem to know that blessings, whether natural or acquired, continue to be beneficial to man, only so long as they are directed by reason. Man’s corrupt nature perverts or may pervert everything; and unless he be guided by his superior part, and act according to its dictates, he cannot enjoy the blessings bestowed upon him.

National freedom is a blessing of human institution: it has therefore, and it ought to have, wise and prudent laws to direct and govern it. I do not mean laws imposed upon a nation by a tyrannical legislature, or by an absolute despot. I mean such laws as those which now characterize every free state; the laws which were laid down at the first establishment of popular government, whether in this or in that country; the laws imposed from time to time by a lawfully appointed legislature, whenever the necessity for such may arise. I mean also those laws of justice and of prudence which are common to all nations: and the laws of the Gospel.

Christians, therefore, besides the laws of their respective countries, have those of their holy religion, which will teach them that freedom has its limits, that it ought not to be converted into insubordination, and that masters, superiors, parents, laws ought to be respected by all.

These laws, as I have already said, do not take away or diminish a man’s freedom. On the contrary, they are the very things that constitute freedom. Without them there can be no freedom at all. As a student I love freedom; and as a citizen I love the freedom which our Constitution grants to all; but the freedom that I love is a well regulated freedom. I love the rules of the College, and respect the laws of the State, no less than I do freedom itself; for those are the safeguards which insure collegiate order, the ramparts which defend national liberty. Should these ramparts ever give way, not only the nation’s freedom but our individual freedom also will suffer.

This we know too well by sad experience. Both in ancient as well as in modern history we find that as soon as nations throw off the wholesome restraint of laws wisely imposed upon them for the common good, liberty expires. What destroyed the republics of Athens, of Rome, of Venice, of Genoa, and of numberless other states and cities, but licentiousness, and a contempt for the laws? And they have lost not only their liberty, but their prosperity, their happiness, their fame.

If our own republic should ever fall, what cause will future historians assign for its collapse? They will say,—

“The Republic of the U. S. of
America eclipsed the most famous republics of ancient Greece and Rome; it was so prosperous that in a very short period it had become the seat of a world wide commerce, of great manufactures, of the most astounding inventions and discoveries; it was rich and respected, and its citizens were both wealthy and happy; but after an existence of two or three hundred years it fell. The cause of its destruction was the same that has ruined so many other republics, viz.: a contempt for the laws of the State, a disregard for those of God, and the abuse of liberty."

The restraint of law is therefore absolutely necessary to preserve liberty. National liberty, like everything else of human institution, naturally tends to its own destruction. Just as the weights of a clock move invariably downwards, and unless they be wound up again, will soon cease to perform their office: or as a house, unless it be from time to time repaired, will not last long; so a free government, if it be not kept up by salutary laws, if it be not careful to enforce their observance, and if it be not from time brought back, like a rewound clock or a thoroughly repaired house, to its primitive purity and vigor, will doubtless fall.

To many of our best and most thoughtful citizens it seems as if our time for rewinding and repairing had come. Can we deny that they have good *priµµà facie* reason for so thinking? If we cannot, then let each one of us, as a responsible unit in the grand total of freemen who constitute this republic, bestir himself, and do his part towards the sustenance and perpetuation of that just and well ordered liberty which has hitherto been our country's boast.
THE classic stream that round famed Mantua flows,
Whose murmurs sweet the Augustan bard inspired,
No longer now that thrilling music knows
Whose lively strains the poet's fancy fired.

No longer rise the sylvan notes of yore;
All lonely stands the swain's abandoned cot:
The Mincio dashes on with sullen roar,
And war's dread echoes on its waves are brought.

A barb'rous horde, in northern forests reared,
Scatters destruction o'er the Lombard plains:
All desolated lie the fields, and seared
With smoking ruins those once bright domains.

Of savage men the still more savage chief
With bloody hand the avenging sword waves high:
No Roman legions haste to bring relief;
"Attila comes!" men, panic stricken, cry.

"He feeds on carnage; his delight is war;
On human blood he gloats with savage joy:
Red run the ensanguined streams, yet craves he more.
And millions slain such craving fail to cloy!"

On sweeps that band of wild relentless horse,
Like a dark cloud across the wintry sky;
The whilome kings who dared oppose his course,
Now at his feet like crouching cowards lie.
Their pride all tamed, they work his slightest aim;  
They court his smile, they tremble at his frown.  
With terror-stricken voices they proclaim,  
That all must bow before the conquering Hun.

*His* thoughts on holy Rome are ever bent;  
In her heart's blood his savage hordes must bathe:  
With big oaths swears he never to relent  
Ere fairly he redeem his plighted faith.

That fiendish threat the northern breeze wafts on  
To Rome, unconscious of impending ills:  
And into wild confusion all are thrown.  
“*Attila comes!*”—this shout the still air thrills.

And as each mouth takes up the awful cry  
Louder to swell, and louder, on the air:  
From hill to hill the dismal echoes fly,  
In one sad chorus joining of—*despair!*

No armed host has Rome at her command,  
Wherewith to drive those wolves from out her fold.  
No brave undaunted hero forth doth stand  
To save the state or perish, as of old.

Thus shorn of human aid in this her woe,  
When thunders roll and lightning flashes by,  
To whom but to Christ’s vicar can she go?  
The flock for safety to the shepherd fly.

“*O shepherd, drive the hungry wolf away*  
That from his northern forest hither strays,  
Upon thy helpless southern flock to prey!”  
And readily the shepherd good obeys.

*No bright cuirass, no javelin, sword, or spear,  
No pageantry of war, but cross in hand  
He sallies forth, before the foe t’ appear,  
And of his presence rid the groaning land.*
Another David, forth he goes, to fight
This new Goliath, our new Israel's fear,
Before whose frown the boldest shrink in fright,
Whose piercing eye no hostile king can bear.

With firm undaunted step he wends his way
Right through the midst of that wild Tartar horde:
Each withering glance he bears without dismay:
Arm'd as he is with power from the Lord.

Adown those bristling ranks of pikes and spears
His firm but lowly steps he seeks to guide—
Heeding not laughter, caring naught for jeers—
To where the monarch sits in haughty pride.

With brand in hand, in shining armor dressed,
The savage chieftain held his regal state:
Like some wild lion caged, that could not rest,
Foaming with rage he strove the Pope to await.

Before the foe that sought his country's blood,
Defenseless and alone, yet not depressed,
Stood silent there the holy priest of God,
His fearless nature in his mien confest.

With lip upcurled in proud disdain, the king
Surveyed the man before him. Proud he spoke:
"The pledge of Rome's submission dost thou bring?
Is she obliged to bow beneath Illy yoke?

"Roman thy mission! Stand'st thou silent there,
O'erpowered by a look? What dost thou seek?
Hast come to beg that I thy country spare?
I warn thee, man, brave not my wrath! Now speak!"

"In the name of Him whose scourge thou art, O king
"I order thee to sheathe thy murderous sword
"Lest on thy guilty soul thou straightway bring
"The righteous vengeance of thine angered Lord."
"With but one breath He can destroy thy host;  
As when of old the Assyrians' pride He broke:
"Beware, O king, beware!—or thou art lost.  
"Obey!—or fall beneath His lightning stroke.

"Take thou my warning!  Heed _thyself_, and turn  
"Thy fierce barbarians from the holy sod:
"So mayst thou escape the fires that ever burn;  
"So mayst thou soothe thy justly angered God."

No soul, ere this, had dared to face the king,  
So wild his frenzy was, and uncontrolled.
His Huns, all breathless, thought to see him spring,  
Like frantic beast, upon the stranger bold.

Not so!  That mild firm eye, that priestly mien,  
That reverend brow, that calm majestic voice—  
Unlike all else the king had heard or seen—  
Had touched his heart of hearts, and fixed his choice.

All broken was the chieftain's savage pride;  
His blood-stained sword was by the Cross o'ercome;  
Back to their darksome woods the Tartars hied;  
And holy Leo sought his flock at Rome.
THE DEVIL v. THE ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS.

(By Ignatianus.)

A REMARKABLE, and at the same time instructive, fact is narrated in the Chronicles of the Franciscan Order, which strikingly illustrates the malignant and deep-seated hatred of Satan and his fellows towards the Religious Orders—those well-cultivated and beautiful gardens of the Church, wherein her most rare and priceless plants grow, bud, blossom and bear fruit.

Not long after the illustrious St. Francis of Assisiium had laid the foundation of his world-renowned Order, which, young as it was, had already assumed imposing proportions, he deemed it opportune to call together the most distinguished of its members, for the purpose of holding, what was then called, a general Chapter, but in our day and in our country would more probably be designated a Convention.

To accommodate the Brethren, who, agreeably to the invitation of their holy founder had assembled to the number of five thousand, somewhat, we may fancy, after the manner of those half military, half religious gatherings which, in the palmy days of the Crusades, enlivened the hallowed scenery of Palestine, cells of bulrushes were constructed in the open fields; anon stretching, in long lines, where the Tigris and Euphrates pour forth their ancient floods; anon reposing in picturesque loveliness hard by where the Hebrew tribes in the olden time adored their gold-wrought calf—while he of "the slow tongue," on Sinai's hoary top, held long and solemn converse with Jehovah—and anon nestling in silent grandeur where Carmel, holiest of "the snowy Lebanonian line," rears aloft his convent-crowned summit, to meet the embraces of the clouds.

From the fact that the cells were constructed out of bulrushes, the assembled Chapter received the characteristic appellation of the "Bulrush Chapter."

It is said that the spirit of fervor and of penance then flourished among the assembled Brethren to such a degree that many of them wore sharp, iron girdles, and pointed coats-of-mail next the skin; and these instruments of self-torture piercing their flesh (certainly not less sensitive to
pain than that of our sensualists
and pleasure-hunters of to-day) brought on severe maladies, which weakened their bodies so much as to unfit them for the more important duties of their calling.

St. Francis, apprized of these proceedings, commanded all the Brethren who had penitential instruments of the above description, to bring them to him without delay: "For," said he, "we ought not so to maltreat and macerate our bodies as to render ourselves unfit for the performance of the better works—such as are, undoubtedly, the corporal and spiritual works of mercy." It is almost needless to add that this most prudent order was faithfully obeyed by his submissive children, who brought to him their instruments of self-immolation to the number of five hundred.

All this, however, is but a preliminary digression. Our reference to the "Bulrush Chapter" has this connexion with what follows, and no other, viz., that while this Chapter was in session, St. Francis was favored by Heaven with one of those supernatural revelations of what was passing at a distance, and in the "world unseen," which the omnipotent has both the power, and the right, under the new no less than under the old dispensation, of granting to whom and at what time He will.

Perhaps—if we may be allowed to digress once more—His Divine Majesty would do well, before venturing on the exercise of this power and this right, to consult the coryphæuses of the Rationalistic school as to the propriety and opportuneness of such a course! It is true we have no record of His having done so in the past; but the more than parental patronage and guardianship under which those gentlemen have condescended to take the "ordinary course" of mundane events seems to demand imperatively that He do so in the future. Otherwise there is every reason to fear that, indignant at such unpardonable neglect, these benignant patrons of the works of God may withdraw their solicitous tutelage; to the no small loss, nay utter ruin of terrestrial affairs!

But to return to our subject.

In a region situate between Portuncula and Assisium, two comparatively unimportant towns of Umbria, the Saint saw in spirit, eighteen thousand devils assembled by divine permission, for the express purpose of planning the overthrow of his rising Institute. This assembled multitude of erst bright angels was turbulent and boisterous in the extreme, as such a motley gathering might reasonably be expected to be; resembling, perhaps, a well stocked rookery, or, to borrow a similitude from a more kindred assemblage, a select rout of Parisian communists.

After the consultation had waxed long, and yet withal to little purpose, the presiding arch-fiend of that sacred and surpassingly venerable fraternity, more shrewd than his fellows, thus spoke: "Know-nothings* that you are, and veritable ignoramuses in the

* [If in addressing the opponents of the true faith, the oratorical fiend used this expression, he was certainly prophetic in his selection of words.—Eds. Owl.]
‘destructive craft’! Well may ye grow warm, and boil, over your futile plans! See ye not that the present is no meet time to attack this new Order of valiant men? Let us bide a more propitious hour; and meanwhile we shall ply our machinations in congenial darkness, and in cunning trebly masked. For the present, ours be the insidious task of introducing into the Order noble and rich young men, filled with the ‘spirit of the world,’ whose piety shall be little, but their talents great; as well as old men puffed up with vain learning and self-sufficiency, who will seek for honor and respect, and take to themselves numerous privileges. Rest assured that such will not fail to be well received, both in order to swell the number of names in the rising Institute, and to enhance its external glory. When its convents are well crowded with such inmates, we may, with sweet assurance of certain success (if Supernal Power interfere not) unmask our batteries against the enemy, and wage open and relentless warfare.

And if this plan of mine need support, I appeal to the dreadful havoc, the entire destruction wrought by a mode of proceeding similar to the one recommended, in the case of the once nobly virtuous, chivalric and unconquerable Templars. Have they not long since degenerated from their purity of manners and rigor of discipline, so as to become what we would have made them in the beginning—a source of shame, of ignominy, and of reproach? Nor did the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem entirely escape the contagion of that pride, avarice, and loose morality of the Moslems, which proved so fatal to their brethren, the Templars. Woe to us should the Religious Orders continue to maintain their primitive fervor, and ever cultivate the rigid morals inculcated and practised by Him Whom serve and obey we would not, yet obey and serve we must! It is our highest interest to prevent such a consummation; else our earthly kingdom totters to its speedy fall—its complete overthrow is sure to follow-soon.”

The doughty orator here concluded his envenomed speech; and, with grim satisfaction depicted on their hideous visages, St. Francis beheld the pandemonium disperse, and the imps betake themselves which way their chiefs assigned.

But the heroic Saint, thus divinely instructed as to what was to happen in future years, prayed long and well to the Supreme Disposer, for the Order he had brought forth in so many labors; nor was his prayer spurned, since he received a benign promise that his glorious Order should last to the world’s supreme day.
A DREAM.

(By J. J. C.)

At stilly eve when Nature courts repose
And wearied men from toil and labor rest,
Soothed by the pattering rain, as I suppose;
Or by the labors of the day oppressed,
I sank to sleep; and rose, methought, a guest
In mystic Dreamland where the poppies bloom
And spread their odors through the sleepy gloom.

In spirit with my guide I wander on,
Until I see a garden bright with flowers
And dewy lawns; where, ever and anon,
The murmurs of the streamlet in the bowers
Are answered from the elm, aloft that towers,
Whose rustling leaves tossed by the gentle wind
Utter soft music, soothing to the mind.

The blushing rose, the lily pure and white,
The humble violet, perfume the air:
And modest jasmines, shrinking from the sight,
Peep from their leafy darkness here and there,
Whilst tuneful birds excite the soul to prayer;
And gleams of golden sunlight cheer the bowers,
And sportive zephyrs gambol 'mid the flowers.

But lo, the scene hath changed! The storm hath come,
The pelting rain, the lightning's blinding flash.
Ah! Must the smiling garden then succumb
Beneath the terrors of the tempest's lash?
And shall the whirlwind, in its frenzy, crash
Yon towering elm that reigns, the garden's pride?
Must all be trampled neath the storm-king's stride?
No! All at once the hurricane hath ceased;
The heavy, thunderous clouds have cleared away;
The garden's pristine beauty is increased;
The storm-tossed flowers once again look gay;
The golden elm, uninjured in the fray,
Stands more majestic than it stood before;
And gentle winds succeed the tempest's roar.

Astonished at the strangeness of the sight,
I gaze, and seek to know what magic wand
Has saved the garden from the storm-king's might,
Making it lovelier far than human hand
Could do. "Tis sure," methinks, "a fairy land,
Whose happy bowers can never meet the fate
Which, cestes, all things earthly doth await."

To me so musing, thus my dream-land friend:
"The garden that thou seest is the Church,
Which hell's fierce powers in vain attempt to rend:
Radiant she rises, free from soil or smirch,
Leaving the baffled demons in the lurch.
So wills high Heaven!"—My visitor was gone,
And wakeful sunbeams in my chamber shone.

A SKETCH OF A HOLY LIFE.

(B. A. Yorba, late 1st Rhetoric.)

THE Venerable Mère Dévost was born on the 3d of August, 1803, at the small town of Comines, in the north of France.

Her parents who were models of piety and always associated with holy persons, brought their child up very piously, and their efforts were seconded by the great care of her godmother, one of the kindest and most charitable of women. Thus the little girl, even from her early days, began
to show that spirit of recollection, devotion and charity for which in after years she became so distinguished.

One of her greatest pleasures was to pray before the Blessed Sacrament, which she did with the greatest devotion and zeal.

Although the youngest of five children, she acted almost like a mother to the rest of the family, establishing herself as the general peacemaker and settler of all disputes and quarrels between them. And many times, too, she showed her willingness to suffer for them; for though she was often reproved by her parents for faults which her brothers had committed; she invariably bore these reproofs without uttering a word in her own defence. Her manners, in fact, were at all times more like those of a prudent and thoughtful woman than those of the child she was.

But when the little Augustine Eulalie, (for such was her Christian name) received her First Communion, her heart was so full of joy that she did not know what to do; and henceforth she began to practise every Christian virtue with greater zeal than ever. And again, as her childhood faded away into the past, and she began to walk forth as a woman, with firm and steady step, her virtues grew stronger, and her love for the poor and the fatherless more ardent. All that was in her power to help them she did; going to the homes of every poor family within reach, and carrying with her succour of all kinds.

Soon she began to collect all the poor and idle children whom she happened to meet, and having, with the help of other charitable persons, procured sufficient funds whereby to open a school, she there taught them the elements of their faith, at the same time assisting them to procure those material necessaries of life without the provision of which her spiritual works of mercy towards them would have seemed but an empty show.

Her love for Jesus was so great that whenever the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, her face lighted up with joy, and her devotion became so earnest, that she seemed to be looking at her Lord, as though He were present not under veils merely, but visibly crucified before her on the summit of Mount Calvary. Her whole life was given to devotion and to the succour of her "dear poor"; and many and many a time might she have been seen amidst a great multitude of little children, teaching them the way to heaven, and placing before them the reward which the just and good obtain from the Almighty.

She seemed, indeed, to be dead to all earthly things; for while yet in the prime of youth she ever preferred silence and solitude to all company except that of the orphans or the poor.

It was at the age of sixteen that she first visited the house of the Sisters of Charity; and so delighted was she with their mode of life, that she soon after entreated the Superior of the Hospital to grant her admission into their holy and charitable Order. Her parents, in order to test her, lest she might not like her vocation afterwards, delayed giving their consent for some time; but finding that her
A Sketch of a Holy Life.

Oct.

desire grew stronger every day, and that nothing could deter her from the vocation which she had decided to follow, they at last permitted her to do as she pleased. At the age of eighteen, therefore, she joyfully embraced the habit of the Community which she so much admired, and began her novitiate.

From the day when she first entered upon this charitable life, she followed and obeyed its rules with the utmost strictness, not forgetting to practice all the virtues which had characterized her childhood. No one ever surpassed her in humility, obedience, or self-denial. She was always wishing for the hardest labor and the worst food, and leaving the best for the other novices. Her manners were like her deeds, modest and simple; nor were her lips ever stained by an unkind word or an angry answer. If she ever happened to say even a hasty word she quickly fell on her knees and begged pardon; for which and for all her other virtues, the highest encomium ever, perhaps, bestowed on a novice, was given her by the Superior, who, when she was to receive the last sacred vows, asked this grace, “For one in whom she could detect neither fault nor even imperfection.”

The whole life of the Mère Dévos was one continued sacrifice for the poor and helpless. She endured all her troubles (which were many) with the greatest patience, always thinking of the sufferings of Christ, and bearing them for His sake.

The Superior having been attacked by a malignant disease, she was ordered to take the administration of the hospital, and at the same time was appointed distributor of money and food to the poor, by a charitable society which had been organized through her petitions. Although her troubles were very great in the hospital, yet she attended to all her duties there, and also distributed the customary money and food to her “dear poor.” This caused one of the sisters to remark that “she could not imagine how she could suffer so many hardships for the poor;” to which the Mère Dévos modestly replied, “Child that you are! What does it signify what we have to suffer, provided the good work be accomplished?”

Her troubles became still greater when the “House of Mercy” became separated from the Hospital, and she was appointed Superior. She would not have accepted such an honor, had not her obedience compelled her to do it; and her memorable words on that occasion were, “The only thing that comforts me is that there will be a great deal to suffer.”

Under her care all things were kept in order; and her kindness soon won the hearts of all the sisters, who shed many a tear whenever she was called away, as was often the case, to other parts.

After she had been Superior of the House of Mercy for some time, she was appointed to fill another and higher place; but she was so much attached to her old position that it was with real and great sorrow she left it—a sorrow which she felt not so much on her own account as on that of her Sisters, who could not restrain their tears at losing such a mother;
mother, indeed, not to them only, but to all the poor.

On this occasion she gave a good example at once of her love of poverty and of her self-abnegation. A sister who wished to arrange her travelling bag for the journey, opened it for that purpose and found not a single thing in it. She therefore collected some few things which are generally thought indispensable for a journey, and placed them in it; but after the Venerable Mother's departure, they were found replaced in the spot whence they had been taken. And if anything was ever given to her, she would either refuse to accept it, or, if she did so, it was given to the poor. So she was entirely poor.

Her whole life, indeed, was one of charity to the poor and love for God; and we see her although weighed down by her old age and great trouble, yet always obedient, whether in one place or in another. She even extended her teachings and her charity to the orphans of Spain. And wherever she happened to be, we find her the same; always humble, always self-sacrificing, and a mother to all; for every one came to her for advice, or to receive consolation in some trouble, and all looked upon her as a "gift from God." When told that she should not sacrifice herself so freely, she used to answer, "It is the will of God, and heaven is the price."

There was nothing that she did which did not tend to this end; for the words of our Lord, "Whoever will be my disciple must deny himself, take up his cross and follow me," seemed to be always in her mind; until at length, after fifty-six years of suffering and self-denial, she gave up her soul into the hands of her Maker.

Her pure spirit left the body so gently that she seemed to be sleeping rather than dead. As God used His disciples of old to instruct not His chosen people only, but even the Gentiles in the true faith, so also through the Venerable Mère Dévôs He gave an example of piety, not to the Sisters of Charity alone, but even to people in the world, to show how one can attend to one's affairs, and still be united to God, and how, by leading a simple life whilst in the body, the soul can attain the great end for which she was created; namely to win—after undergoing some trials in this world—the glory which God has prepared for her in the world to come.
Once more, Mr. Owl, I take up my pen to address you; and this time with somewhat more confidence than before, inasmuch as I am acting in obedience to your own special (and of course sapient) mandate; though I could certainly have wished that the numerous family of learned owls and merry owlets who roost in your venerable college and give you the honored title of "Father," had furnished you—as it seems to me they are in duty bound to do—with your quantum suff. of literary proven­
der; in which case you would doubt­less have relieved me from my somewhat rash promise to write again. Since you need me, however—ad­sum!

I left you last month, or rather you left me, in bed at Olema with the boy, dog and man of whom I spoke; though not—allow me to say—in the same bed. The same hospitable roof covered us, however; and the same landlord charged us moderately enough, next morning, for very fair accommodation.

After a good breakfast we set sail in what was called the "Point Reyes stage" towards the Point, though without any prospect of actually fetching it. This is a stage which "keeps the word of promise to the ear, but breaks it to the hope;" for it disembarks the hungry and disappointed voyager at a different kind of point altogether, viz., a point eleven miles short of his destination, and where there are no houses but a school-house which (the day being Sunday) was not open, and which would not in any case have been a very attractive stopping place for a man who was running away from school, as I then was.

Hope glimmered all around me, however through the ordinarily opaque forms of certain sturdy farmers butchers and dairymen, of whom there was a considerable muster just then and just there, on account of the mail­bags we had brought with us, and which were made to disgorge their contents forthwith; one of the crowd being summarily appointed fugleman, and entrusted with the duty of exam­ining the letters (externally, that is) and calling out the names of the writers—if I may venture to coin a word that briefly expresses my meaning.

The First Assistant of the Light­house, Mr. Hobbose, who was
first (and best) assistant also, began to introduce me to these gentlemen, "quite promiscuous," and soon arranged with one of them to drive us some miles further on our road.

The first thing necessary, however, was to go to the dairy ranch of one Mr. Heinrich Clausen, or rather, I believe, of Mrs. Clausen, his mother, where we were all hospitably entertained with luncheon, coffee, and the best of milk and butter from the dairy close at hand.

Mr. Clausen is a Swede, and manages his dairies in a somewhat different style from the rest of the ranchmen, after the custom, I was told, of his native country: keeping the vessels which contain the milk surrounded with cold water, a constant supply of which is maintained from springs in the neighborhood. This, it is contended by the Swedish faction, makes the cream rise better and keeps it sweeter. The other side deny the advantages thus claimed and say that the ordinary plan works best. Who shall decide when dairymen disagree? Not I: though I may perhaps be allowed to observe, on the general principles of common sense, which I assume to be applicable to cream as well as to other things, that the men who have practical experience of the cold water plan, in their own dairies, ought to understand its pros and cons better than the outside world.

But let me get out of this "milky way," and descending once more to sublunary things, appease my hunger at Mrs Clausen's hospital board, be attended by the ruddiest and, for aught I know, the prettiest of Swedish maidens, and then—as a little friend of mine would say, who gets rather "mixed up" in her management of English—"take my department" once more for Point Reyes.

This I did—still ably supported by my "First Assistant"—in the waggon of Mr. Keyser, a Schleswig-Holstein gentleman from the neighborhood of Düppel, who most kindly volunteered to drive us not merely to his own ranch, which was three or four miles short of the perpetually receding "Point," but actually to the Point itself; merely attaching the condition sine qua non that we should stop at his house, make the acquaintance of his wife, and imbibe some more "refreshments." We carried out our part of the bargain with much pleasure, especially so far as it concerned our introduction to Mrs Keyser, and then Mr. K. proceeded most good naturedly to perform his.

Those who have heard as many arguments about as many things as I have, will understand the satisfaction which we now experienced at having dropped, upon a gentleman who came to the Point with us at once, as Mr. Keyser did. That was what we called business. We thought it shewed both keenness of intellect and a fine moral sense; that, in short, it "did equal honor to his head and heart." Other men might doubtless have come to the point with us before; but then there had been no capital P, to their point, as there was to Mr. Keyser's; and I can assure you, Mr. Owl, trivial as that circumstance may seem in the eyes of your printer's devil, that it made a considerable difference to us.

Arrived at "the Point," we bade
adieu to our kind conductor, and entered the Lighthouse Residence, wherein accommodation for the night was kindly and hospitably afforded me.

I had expected, from so prominent a "point" as Point Reyes, to have a magnificent view of the whole coast, north and south, for an indefinite distance; which had been one of the main reasons for my pilgrimage thither; but the fog which had been gradually closing over us all the afternoon, put such a thing entirely out of the question. I went down to the Lighthouse, however, to see the two Assistants "light up," (which they did, with the most precise punctuality, at the very instant of sunset), and had an opportunity of observing the very peculiar effect of the rays of light shooting out, as though from an enormous star, athwart the solid bank of fog that lay beneath them, the construction of this particular lantern helping that effect in a remarkable way. To watch these rays, as they travelled so regularly and systematically out to sea on their mission of friendly warning, and to glance at the same time at one's own immediate surroundings, precipitous lichen-covered cliffs, dense masses of rolling fog, and where those masses lifted a little, the foam of the breakers beneath,—all shewn by the light, and only by the light, of the warning lantern—was a novel and pleasant occupation, though, I admit, a somewhat chilly one; and having indulged in it for what seemed to me a reasonable time, I bade my friends the Assistants good night, and retired to the Lighthouse Residence and to bed.

The next morning shewed, by a denser fog than ever, the futility of my visit at this time; for I could see next to nothing of the grand cliff and coast scenery around me; and to wait for the fog to clear, might have been, as likely as not, to wait a fortnight. Thanking my new friends therefore for their kind reception and numerous courtesies, I took advantage of an opportunity which presented itself, to ride back to Olema in the waggon of an obliging "ranchero" who was going thither that afternoon, and at about 6 P.M., found myself once more in the dusty little town which I had left the previous day.

I might interest some of your readers, perhaps, by pausing to describe the dairy ranches around the "Punta de los Reyes"—so called, I venture to guess, in honor of the Three Kings of the East, because discovered on the Feast of the Epiphany, by the good Spanish monks who first christened the country. But most people would probably prefer eating the fine butter produced on these ranches to hearing the details of its production; so I will merely say that my drive back, which took me through much inland scenery and, for several miles along the very edge of Tomales Bay, was one of the pleasantest incidents of the trip.

I pass over an incidental excursion to Baulinas and thence by a most picturesque stage route, to my starting point at Saucelito, which latter place I reached just in time to catch the Olema and Tomales train, and so enjoy a run over that beautiful line once more. At Olema I picked up a valise which I had left there, and went on with the train to Tomales,
skirting the opposite side of Tomales Bay to that which I had visited in my drive with the ranchero; and the railway ride between Olema and Tomales showed me that I had not yet exhausted the attractions of that charming line. We were riding either over the salt water on piles, the rows of which seemed interminable, or at the very edge thereof, almost in the waves the whole time; and the outlook was agreeable all the way, the approach to Tomales being made through a remarkably picturesque combination of hill and creek, which last kept gradually lessening in size as we receded from the Bay. The interest of the journey was thus kept up till the very last.

At the very last, however, it ended; as “last” things are apt to do. The immediate vicinity of Tomales Station is marked by a profusion of black mud; and the little town itself did not look sufficiently attractive to warrant one’s entering it. I therefore jumped into the Coast Stage which was awaiting me, and wherein I was the only passenger; and here my misery began. “Bodega Corner” was the objective point at which we aimed, and thitherward we bumped over abominable roads fetlock deep in dust and most injudiciously interspersed with boulders, up one ugly hill-side and down another, then up an uglier yet, then down a still more ugly, till these material ups and downs began to remind me, as perhaps Providence intended they should do, of the moral changes—so often for the worse—which human life presents to us; and I strove to realize, so far as a man half choked with dust and nearly bumped to pieces can realize anything, how those unhappy men must feel whose life’s journey seemed at all like this of mine.

I have been making an abortive attempt at moralizing, but here I stick. The “stage” of human life, trying as its passengers may find it during the journey, at least takes takes them to heaven, (that is, unless it misses its way altogether) whereas between our goal, Bodega Corner, and heaven there is not sufficient similarity whereon to ground even the shadow of a shade of an analogy; and if we suppose B. C. to represent Another Place, with which it may probably have more in common, why that trips me up in my moralization, “right there.” I will merely remark therefore that the road to Bodega, Bodega itself, and the road to Duncan’s Mills therefrom, are all three just as ugly and disagreeable as they know how to be—which is saying a great deal; nor is it till the traveller reaches Duncan’s that his itinerary equanimity returns. There one is all right again. The hotel is excellently conducted, the landlady, Mrs. Beacom, clean, motherly and obliging, the meals and other accommodations good, and the charges moderate. Add to these that the country around is highly attractive, both to the artist and the sportsman, and you will tell me, and tell me truly, that I have reached a very agreeable stopping-point, at which you hope I remained a week. Well; I didn’t. After a long ramble among the hills that crown the beautiful stream called Russian River—in which ramble I was accompanied by an active and obliging resident called
(by me) Potier, who carried my stick for me when I didn't want to use it, pointed out short cuts, showed me where to go nutting, and made himself very agreeable generally. I thought I knew enough of the locality to justify me in proceeding on my way. Sending on my valise therefore to Fisherman's Bay (about thirty miles further up the coast), I determined to walk on till I joined it; and avoiding a final interview with my friend Potier, who was a fine, large Newfoundland dog, and who would certainly have accompanied me if he had been aware of my intention, I crossed Russian River in the ferry, and took the coast road to Timber Cove, on foot.

In this bit of pedestrianism lay the most enjoyable part of my whole trip. My walk was over a new road, only just made and not as yet opened for traffic—exactly the kind of road I would have chosen before leaving home, had I been requested by some kind fairy to describe, for instantaneous construction by her friendly wand, just what I wished. It is a ledge barely eight feet wide, cut along the sides of jutting and receding cliffs, and averages perhaps a height of eight hundred feet from the sea. The coves are many and varied in shape, and the capes and promontories and little detached rocks and islands numberless; not to speak of the scores of freaks, so to call them, of fair Dame Nature, to which no geographical name can be given, but which are charmingly lovely to an enthusiast in scenery like myself, and which make such a man linger for many a half-hour, recumbent in contemplative admiration, with his legs dangling over the edge of a cliff, when he might have been using those legs to forward him on his road. Glad indeed was I that I had not restricted my legs, that day, to any such prosaic use. A horse's—or a donkey's—legs would do for that. I consider that mine were much better employed in dangling, whilst their owner enjoyed at his leisure the beauties of sea and sky, of cliff and breaker, of mountain, and even of forest; for there were several places at which all these varied beauties would delight the eye at once. Foreseeing the probability of this or of something like it, I had taken the precaution to start early, so as to allow of such loitering; and consequently felt no twinges of conscience in "loafing" thus idly along.

Half the charm of the journey would certainly have been lost, had I been hurried over the ground on a stage. How could I have stopped, for instance, when that colony of tawny sea-lions began barking at me from the rocks below, to hear and to answer their salutations? I could not have done it. I must have slighted them and passed them by; and the beautifully poised pebble with which I saluted the nose of that big fellow who looked so remarkably like General Butler, would never have been thrown. Even the sea-gulls, in whose friendly screams I can never help delighting, and whose peculiar flight I love so much to watch, would have been defrauded of their due share of attention. Old friends indeed were they, in the abstract if not in the concrete; for sea-gull **is** a form of animal life to which from my
youth upward I have always attached the pleasantest associations, and which whenever I come across it, forcibly reminds me of home. I had a tame sea-gull once, at Dover, who used to consider himself absolute master of the garden and all the worms therein; and who would put the cat to ignominious flight if she ever dared to assert a claim (as she sometimes did) to his plate of fish. The fierceness, indeed, with which he dug his strong beak into that whilome republican cat, soon taught her the old catechism lesson which young people now-a-days seem so little inclined to favor, viz:—"to order herself lowly and reverently to her betters:" and do you know, Mr. Owl, I sometimes think we humans need the sea-gull discipline, or some substitute therefor, almost as much as she did.

I have been digressing, however, for which I have no room; and now that I return to my subject I find that I have no room for that either. The fact is that though I am not half "through" with my Vacation Ramble, about which and the various incidents therewith connected, I could rattle on indefinitely, my immediate object has been accomplished. I meant to have a chat of definite length and purpose, with you and your kind readers; and that length I have now reached.

I may observe, in concluding, that my plan was to follow the coast northward as far as Navarra Ridge, and thence to strike inland to Clear Lake and the Geysers, returning to San Francisco by the Cloverdale Railway. This plan I strictly carried out; deriving much benefit both mental and bodily therefrom. But as to twaddling any more about the matter in your honored pages, why—I say it with all respect, and under the protection of inverted commas—"I wun't do 'ut!"

I remain, dear Mr. Owl,

Faithfully yours,

HENRY DANCE.
WHEN Antiochus captured Jerusalem, he determined not only to abolish therein the law of God, and prohibit all the sacred customs of the Jews, but also to introduce among the chosen people of God, the laws and customs of his false religion and to set up idols in the very temple of God. He did so; but not without much opposition from the Jews, many of whom he put to death. Among them none however deserve greater veneration than the mother of the Maccabees and her seven sons; who preferred to die most cruel deaths rather than defile themselves by breaking the law of Moses. He ordered a statue of Jupiter to be placed in the Temple and commanded the Jews to eat the flesh of swine, which meat according to the law of Moses was unclean, and forbidden under pain of sin. The heroic mother and her sons imitated the glorious example set them by the priest Eleazar, who had refused to obey the tyrant's unholy command; and, like him, they suffered a glorious martyrdom. Antiochus commanded his guards to bring the faithful mother and her children before him; and immediately upon their appearance, bade them eat the prohibited meat; but as they stoutly refused to violate the law of God, he had them severely scourged. After this, the enraged monster had frying-pans heated, and in one of them placed the tongue which had been cut out of the head of the oldest boy, who had answered him in a noble manner. The ends of his hands also, and his feet, were cut off, and the skin torn from his head; and in this suffering condition he was thrown into a red hot frying-pan, wherein he was slowly broiled to death in the presence of his mother and his brothers, who ceased not to pray to God to grant him grace to bear his awful sufferings. He remained true till death; and he is now a glorious martyr in heaven. The mother and her children never quailed. Each boy offered himself to undergo the same terrific tortures, rather than taste one little morsel of the unclean meat. Each one spoke like a hero. "O wicked man," said the second, "you take this present life away from us;
but the King of Heaven will raise us up to eternal life. He sees us suffering death rather than break one of His laws.” When Antiochus beheld six of the boys die so heroically, and saw that they were the conquerors and he the conquered, he turned to the youngest, who was yet untouched, and speaking very kindly, promised him riches and honors if he would but forsake the law of Moses. He also called the mother, and addressed her in the same strain; urging her to advise her son to yield. The blessed mother replied that she would urge him to do his duty. Then turning to her son she said, “My son, have pity on thy mother! I beg thee to look upon heaven and earth, and upon all things in the vast universe: remember that God made all these things out of nothing; and this thought will give thee strength to bear torments as bravely as thy brothers have done, so that I may for ever enjoy both them and thee.”

Her noble boy, animated to still greater courage by these words, turned to the tyrant and upbraided him for his wickedness. This enraged him yet more; so that he ordered his satellites to inflict even greater tortures upon this youth than the others had suffered; and when the soul of the martyr had fled to its Creator, the mother, who had stood by encouraging her offspring to combat, was then put to death. The historian Josephus says this blessed woman’s name was Solomone, and that the children were called respectively Maccabeus, Aber, Machir, Judas, Achas, Aruth, and Jacob.

As I am but a boy it would not be wise in me to make any reflections on the sublime death of this holy family. I will rest content with giving you the facts as Father Paul related them to us Owlets.

And now, if you have patience enough to spare me a few moments more, I will also tell you of

ST. SYMPHOROSA AND HER SEVEN SONS.

ST. Symphorosa suffered A.D. 137, under Adrian, by whose order she and her children were put to death. Like the Jewish mother of whom I have written above, she had seven sons. Adrian, having received information that they were concealed at Trivoli, ordered them to be brought before him in Rome, in order to answer the heinous charge of being Christians. When they appeared before the Emperor, he used much art and many fine words, to persuade this Christian mother to sacrifice to the gods, and on her refusal to do so, threatened to sacrifice herself. St. Symphorosa answered him so well that he became furious, and ordered her to be first scourged and then hung up by the hair of the head, which was accordingly done. But how vain are the efforts of men against those whom God supports!—for even whilst hanging in the air and suffering she called out to her children, reminding them that their father and her brother had been martyrs; and that it would be a shame if their mother should be
able to suffer more than they could endure. She told them that the torments were more terrible in appearance than in reality. She bade them raise their minds to Heaven, and contemplate the glory, the eternal glory that they would purchase by dying for the love of Jesus Christ. In vain did the executioner strive to silence her; this was only done when he put her to death.

The next day her sons were led

out, tied to stakes, and put to death by various torments. In the cases of the Jewish mother, the account of whose passion is written above, and that of St. Felicitas which follows, their children preceded them; but it was God's will that St. Symphorosa should set the example to her children; and indeed it was fitting that she who taught them how to live should also teach them how to die.

ST. FELICITAS AND HER SEVEN SONS.

(J. H. Yoell, 5th English.)

In the reign of Marcus Aurelius, there lived at Rome a holy widow named Felicitas, who by her prayers, pious conversation, and good example, converted many Pagans to the faith of Christ. This lady had seven sons who were worthy to be children of such a good mother. Not only did she do her part, instructing them by word and deed in every Christian virtue, but they also were prompt to do theirs; for they were both docile in learning and quick in practising her heavenly lessons. Persons of such virtue could not pass unnoticed by the enemies of the faith of Jesus Christ. The Pagan Priests saw with hatred and anger, the many conversions wrought by this Christian widow, and complained of her and her children to Publius, the Prefect of Rome, alleging that the angry gods could not be pacified unless the Christians were compelled to offer sacrifice to them. Publius addressed many gentle words and flattering praises to Felicitas, telling her that he hoped that she would freely sacrifice to the gods and not compel him to force her and her sons to do so. To all these words she answered, "Your praises and flatteries do not win me; nor do your threats terrify me." The Prefect said, "Unhappy and miserable woman! Is it possible that you are weary of life, and so desirous of death that you will not permit even your children to live, but force me to destroy them by most cruel torments?" "My children," replied the Christian mother, "would die an everlasting death, were they to offer sacrifice to your gods; but as they acknowledge and adore Jesus Christ they shall live eternally with Him." On the following day the mother and sons were summoned to the temple of Mars, where prisoners were brought for trial. The judge again used both flatteries and promises, in order to shake the constancy of Felicitas, but
in vain: she spurned his deceitful words, and turning to her children said, "My sons, raise your minds to heaven, where Jesus Christ, with all his saints awaits you. Fight like men; remain constant and faithful in the service of the true God, Christ Jesus." For this noble exhortation she received a severe beating, by order of the Prefect, who, seeing that he could not overcome the mother, turned his attention to the sons. He called the eldest, Januarius by name, and spoke very kindly to him, but neither could the sweet words of the tyrant win the noble youth's confidence, nor could his threats force him to deny the faith of Christ. In words worthy of the son of St. Felicitas, he answered the tyrant thus:—"I confide in my Lord Jesus Christ, who will save me from such great impiety." The enraged Prefect then ordered him to be stripped and most cruelly beaten. This scene was enacted six times with the remaining brothers, all of whom were first scourged and then cast into prison. When the Emperor heard of the constancy of this heroic band, he ordered that they should all be put to death, but by different kinds of torture, hoping thus to overcome some one of them. Januarius was scourged to death. Felix and Philip were beaten with large rubs until they were dead. Silvanus was thrown down from a high rock. Alexander, Vialis, and Martialis were beheaded. St. Felicitas, who had encouraged them by her words and strengthened them by her prayers, was then cast into prison, where she was left four months, at the expiration of which time, by order of the Emperor, she was beheaded. Thus she was martyred eight times; and I believe she suffered less at her own death than she did at that of each of her sons. She was a noble woman and true Christian, who suffered death for the same Christian faith that we profess this very day. And I pray God to give us strength, so that we may follow faithfully the path of Catholic truth; and that if the occasion come, we, like this great Christian mother and her sons, may lay down our lives rather than do ought in word or deed to violate it.
Marriage.

We have received more than once a copy of a journal called the *Matrimonial Swindler*, which is devoted (so it says) "to the interests of love, courtship and marriage"; and though we have refrained hitherto, for good and sufficient reasons, from complimenting that journal as it deserves, we will relieve ourselves to-day from our self-imposed restriction, and will say boldly that no young man or woman, except an editor in the course of his editorial duty, ought to touch it with anything but tongs. The mischief such publications may do amongst young fools, is incalculable; and if Thomas Carlyle's *dictum* that "the population of the United Kingdom consists of so many millions—mostly fools," be in any degree applicable to the people of the United States, we fear that the field of mischief open to the *Matrimonial Swindler* is likely to be considerable. Its object is to set young people corresponding who know nothing of each other; and all parents who may wish their sons and daughters to form objectionable acquaintances of the opposite sex, will doubtless make a point of ordering it; especially as they have the editor's assertion that it is "conducted upon strictly honorable principles." Here is an extract from the number recently sent us:

533 I WOULD like to correspond with some man who wants a wife. I am not handsome, in fact I am below the medium in height, and I have what is called a pug nose, 23 years of age, am a blonde, etc., etc.

This advertisement the editor doubtless thinks likely to attract some of our Santa Clara students. His expectations may be well founded: it is satisfactory, to try, of course, to be made acquainted with the precise age of the "blonde's" pug-nose; and our college Micawbers, who are always waiting for something to turn up, may find this answer their purpose.

Another lady who has the three-fold object of "amusement, improvement, and perhaps matrimony," is scarcely available for any other students of this college than the members of our Editorial Board—as she expresses so decided a preference for "editors, physicians and lawyers," as to discourage the rest of the male world altogether.

Yet another is of a wholly different way of thinking; for she says with the most cutting satire, "I want an honorable, honest gentleman for a husband. No lawyer, doctor or politician need apply." But then, again, she is a trifle old for a student's wife. There is always a hitch somewhere, you see.

A young lady of dark hair and eyes, and with many other advantages—al-
together, indeed, a highly suitable wife for a student at a Jesuit College—has the one insuperable drawback of being "a good classical scholar." Deliver us from her!

In the exercise of our editorial responsibility we have thought it well to limit our extracts to those given above. Dollars, done up in packets of $5,000.00 or $10,000.00 each, roll about pretty freely among the ladies' advertisements; but whether they are made of gold, paper, or what is still more probable, air, we will not take upon us to decide.

We have spoken somewhat lightly on this subject; for its ridiculous side is, prima facie, the most conspicuous, and besides, it is scarcely our business, as students, to go into such a matter aut seriuosum. Let no one imagine, however, that we are not fully convinced of the manifold harm which such a publication must necessarily do.

Divorce.

ABSOLUTE Divorces obtained from Courts of different States; for desertion, etc. No publicity required. No charge until divorce granted. Address,——.

This kind of thing naturally comes next to the foregoing; and with this also we have been pestered several times. If it seems unlikely that many of our students should want to marry, it may seem still more unlikely that there should be within the walls of our Catholic college, or even among the readers of The Owl, many candidates for divorce. And this the would-be advertiser is thoughtful enough to bear in mind, and to put forward as a ground for leniency on our part as to charges:——

"Insert the advertisement as set up," above in your paper, for six months, sending the first number containing same, with your bill for half of whole amount and I will remit by next mail.

"In making your price for my advertisement, you should bear in mind that the article I advertise may not be required by any of your readers, therefore the price should be very low.

"The amount of bill for remaining three months I will remit at the expiration of the first three, thus making the whole amount in advance."

We wish we could only be sure that "the article he advertises" was not required at all by the readers or non-readers of anything. The two most gigantic evils of the day are probably the legalized sndering of those whom God has joined together "till death do them part," and the godless education of the young. Indeed the two things are more closely connected than may at first sight appear; for the relaxation of the marriage bond is also the relaxation of the family bond; and when these are relaxed, how can we expect that parents should wish their children to be brought up in the fear and love of God? There is nothing in this country but the Catholic Church that will or can seriously oppose either evil; but the opposition of the Church to both is resolute and serious. Hence much of the hostility with which she is confronted.

We are not seeking, however, to discuss the principle of the divorce law. That law is a melancholy fact. Yet we may be excused for telling the advertisers of such an "article" as divorce, that when they send their noxious advertisements to Catholic editors, and students of a Catholic college, they send "to the wrong shop." And we take the liberty of adding that they shew just the least possible deficiency (to put it mildly) of good taste when they do so.
Sudden Death.

We shall surprise many—nay, probably all—of our readers by this announcement; for, singular as it may seem, the death which we have to announce is no other than our own. We are in the best of health and vigor at this moment; we were never, in short, better: and yet we here and now—almost as much to our own surprise as to that of any one else—look death deliberately in the face, and without shrinking, prognosticate his immediate action. We shall not make a long business of the matter. Details as to the why and how of our sudden demise, have more interest for our immediate friends within the college walls, than for those outside them. All we need say is that when last month, in our Idle Notes, we offered our fatherly advice to the incoming Board of Editors, we had not the slightest idea that anything would occur to prevent the election of that Board. On the contrary, we were most willing and anxious to resign our chairs to them. Since then, however, we have been led—how reluctantly we can scarcely say—to realize the advisability of bringing our Magazine to a close with the present number.

We cannot do this without offering our sincere thanks to the Faculty of the College, and especially to its President, for the fostering care and kindness which they have extended to The Owl, from its first inception to the present time; and particularly for the liberality with which they have placed the College Press at our disposal.

A Valedictory.

Nor can we retire behind the curtain of life's stage without thanking our numerous college contemporaries for the pleasure which their perusal has afforded us, and for the appreciative kindness which most of them have shown us. From Catholic journals this was to be expected; but it will always be a pleasurable remembrance to us that we have received almost equal kindness from those of adverse sentiments, both in religion and philosophy, to our own. Of course a few blows have been given and taken by us as by all others; but they have left no ill feeling on our minds: and we desire, now that the moment of parting has come, to offer the "hand-shake" of friendship to all our Exchanges, without exception—Nor will our interest in them cease with our owlish life. Should a chance number of any one of them ever reach Santa Clara College, addressed to "The Ghost of the Owl," be sure that sapient shadow will peruse it with gratitude and satisfaction.

Our Subscribers.

It is scarcely needful—and yet we think it better—to say to our subscribers that under the unexpected circumstances of this "sudden death" of ours, it becomes a duty, which of course we shall promptly perform, to return them the amount of their subscriptions for the unexpired portion of their subscriptive year. And in so doing, or rather in so saying, we beg to express our gratitude for the kind support which they have given us in the past, and to wish them, in the future, as much prosperity as that which they have contributed to create for us.

Our Advertisers.

These gentlemen, too, deserve and shall have from the management of The Owl, the kindest and most respectful farewell which we can give them. They have stood by us faithfully and perseveringly, for months, and many of them for years past; and the revenue derived from their advertisements has
proved as profitable to us as (we trust) the advertisements have to them. Every editor knows how great a help advertisements are; and college editors have quite as good reason to be aware of this fact as their outside brethren. We have always considered the fact of a man's advertising in The Owl as a proof of his tradesmanlike excellence; and we have found ourselves practically justified in this belief, when transacting business with any of our advertisers. Let the students of this College bear in mind, if they are at any time in doubt about whom to patronize, that the tradesmen who so long and courteously supported their college magazine have an a priori claim on their custom, which ought to be favorably considered; as we doubt not it will be.

Our Wealth.

One of the most satisfactory things we have to say in this “Last Dying Speech” of ours, is that The Owl has not been a failure in a pecuniary sense any more than in a literary one. To our success in the latter respect we may fearlessly call the great body of our contemporaries as witnesses; and our success in the former needs no other proof than the matter of fact statement that after payment of all our debts we have between three and four hundred dollars of surplus gold left, wherewith to erect our tombstone; which is to take the form of

An “Owl” Prize, Annually, For Ever.

The Magazine is and always has been the exclusive property of the Students of this College. It has endeavored, and, we think we may say, with a fair degree of success, to give them an adequate representation in the literary and collegiate world; and having, so far done its work and played its part, that which remains of it after death is just as much theirs as its life was theirs. Now the interest on three or four hundred dollars, at ten per cent—an amount readily obtainable—will of course produce a perennial annual income of $30.00 or $40.00, wherewith a handsome gold medal, or a set of valuable books, may annually be provided as an Extra Prize. And we venture to think that this will be a form of Memorial which will not only meet the general approval of the Students of the College, but will also serve as a more pleasant and more lasting remembrance of the success of their college magazine, than any other which could be devised.

In cases of this kind it is never very judicious to fetter too closely the action of those who may come after us; and we therefore regard it as better to leave the selection of the subject or subjects of competition to the President of the College for the time being. It may happen that having selected a particular line of competition, he may see fit to adhere to that line throughout; or, again, circumstances may arise to induce him to vary it. Details like these both may and ought to be left to him; for all, we are fully assured, must be satisfied that he knows and will know best about them. We hope therefore that he will kindly sanction this arrangement, and undertake this charge.

And now we have but the one final word to say; and we say it with friendship and good will to all, whether within or without these walls,—the old, old word which, though easily spoken, is yet so hard to speak—FAREWELL!
Professor Manning’s Concert.

We had the pleasure of attending a concert given at San José on the evening of August 24, under the direction of Mr. Manning, Professor of the Violin at this College. A select and numerous audience greeted him on this his first appearance; and we think all were highly pleased with the entertainment. The Professor was assisted by Mrs Chas Washeim, Professor H. L. Schemmel, Professor H. M. Cutler, and the “Handel and Haydn Society” of San José. Of course the chief attraction lay in the violin solos of Professor Manning. These were well selected and rendered in a masterly and artistic style. Especially can we praise his rendition of those difficult pieces “Le Petit Tambour,” Grand Fantasie, “Corradino,” and Selections from “Martha.” He was ably accompanied by Professors Schemmel and Cutler, well known pianists, whose parts though difficult and classical were exceedingly well rendered. Mrs. Washeim did not, however, meet the full expectation of the audience. She has done much better on former occasions. The Chorus by the Handel and Haydn Society, under the direction of Professor Elwood, was very fine. All their pieces, indeed, were both well selected and well sung, though Mrs. Elwoods solos were hardly up to the standard of the chorus. Taking all things into consideration, we think Professor Manning has reason to feel pleased both with his reception and with the manner in which his concert passed off.

Base-Ball.

One of the most exciting and at the same time interesting games of Baseball which Santa Clara has seen for some time, was played on the Santa Clara Plaza, Saturday, Sept. 11, between the Unknowns of the town of Santa Clara and the Originals of the College. The boys went out with slighter hope of success than usual, owing to the fact that the strength of the Unknowns had, a short time before, been augmented by the accession to their ranks of a number of the best players among our old Alumni. The representatives of the College were nevertheless determined to do their best. At the beginning of the game the Unknowns were extremely confident of success; and the slow pitching of our old friend, Alfredo Arguello, certainly made sad havoc with our boys. In the first inning the Originals were whitewashed, while the Unknowns scored two. In the second inning Geo. Gray managed to get around with a “slide” at home base, leaving the score at the end of the inning, Originals 1, Unknowns 4. In the next inning, however, the Originals began to get warmed up, and from that time on were ahead, until the ninth, when, in consequence of some terribly wild throwing, the Unknowns caught them up. The Originals had an inning yet, however, in which to retrieve themselves, and came to the bat with good hope, but at the same time with no little fear. The excitement was intense; and the friends of the
College boys looked on with all the interest imaginable. Machado managed
to get around, after two or three pretty close shaves, and saved the game.

Among the players those whom we thought deserving of especial mention
were (on the part of the Unknowns) J. Corpestein, for excellent fielding to
First base; Mendenhall, for catching; and Morrison, on second Base; and
(on the side of the Originals) Machado, Left Field; Wolter, Catcher; and
Soto, as usual, for Pitching.

The Umpire gave general satisfaction, and filled his position, a decidedly
difficult one, in a very gentlemanly and agreeable manner. The only fault
which we noticed was that his decisions were rendered in a tone hardly loud
enough to be heard by all concerned.

The score stands as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ORIGINALS.</th>
<th>UNKNOWNS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. O.</td>
<td>R. O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Kearney, 2 b</td>
<td>2 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Soto, Captain, p</td>
<td>3 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Wolter, c</td>
<td>1 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Enright, c f</td>
<td>3 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Machado, 1 f</td>
<td>4 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Gray, s s</td>
<td>3 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Aguirre, 1 b</td>
<td>1 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Foster, r f</td>
<td>O 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Moore, 3 b</td>
<td>2 4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Innings......</th>
<th>1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Originals......</td>
<td>0 1 5 4 3 0 1 2</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unknowns......</td>
<td>2 2 4 1 1 2 4 4</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Umpire:—C. C. Moore, of Occidental B.B.C.

A MATCH game of Base Ball, of which the following is the score, was play­ed on the College grounds, resulting in a victory for the Athletics.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ATHLETICS.</th>
<th>PICKED 9 FROM 2D. DIVISION.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. O.</td>
<td>R. O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Delavega, p</td>
<td>4 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Machado, 2 b</td>
<td>2 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Seifert, c</td>
<td>3 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Bonglet, 1 b</td>
<td>0 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Ratcliff, s s</td>
<td>1 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Larnolle, c f</td>
<td>4 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Ashley, 3 b</td>
<td>3 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. Cedron, s f</td>
<td>3 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Derby, r f</td>
<td>4 1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Total 24 27 | Total 12 27 |

Umpire:—H. Hughes.
Scorers:—W. T. Tobin, and F. Gambert.
Societies and Clubs.

The following appointments of officers have been made.

"Sodality of the Holy Angels."—Rev. J. Isolabella, S.J., Director; Jas. F. Smith, Prefect; H. Gilmor, First Assistant; M. Donahue, Second Assistant; M. Power, Secretary; E. Wingard, Treasurer; C. Ebnor, Librarian; G. McKenzie, Censor; J. Yoei, Sacristan.

"Silver Star Base-Ball Club."—Mr. Raggio, S.J., President; G. McKenzie, Vice President; Jas. F. Smith, Secretary; J. Pacheco, Capt. 1st. Nine.

The following resolutions passed at a recent meeting of the Philhistorian Debating Society, have been handed to us for publication:

Santa Clara College,
Philhistorian Hall, Sept. 1, 1875.

WHEREAS—The Rev. J. Pinasco, S.J., has been appointed by the Faculty of the College to the Presidency of another Society, which has necessitated his leaving this Society; be it therefore

Resolved—That the thanks of the Philhistorians be presented to Rev. J. Pinasco, S.J., for the manner in which he has performed the arduous and important duties assigned to him as President of this Society.

Resolved—That we shall always think of him as one who has endeared himself to all with whom he has come in contact.

Be it further

Resolved—That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the Rev. Father Pinasco, S.J., and also that they be published in The Owl.


Requiescat in Pace.

Many who have attended College here, and many more who are or have been residents in Santa Clara, will remember Marcello, the old, decrepit Indian Chief. After a long life of hardship and suffering, such as only those can know who see their possessions vanish, and their nation dwindle and die before their eyes, he breathed his last, a few days ago, at an age supposed to be considerably over one hundred. Old Marcello was, in bygone days, the Chief of the Indians in this neighborhood, and, having been a Catholic from his earliest years, had the will as well as the power to do good service for the missionary Fathers. The old Mission Church of Santa Clara, built when Marcello was in the prime of power and vigor, and when his word was law with all the red men around here, is a monument at once of his zeal for Christ and of the muscular strength of his right arm; for he was accustomed to beat his Indian workmen pretty severely if they refused or neglected to carry out his orders as magister operum. The greater his zeal, indeed, the heavier fell his blows; and as he was very zealous, we fancy the peons must have had a lively time of it.
Most of us, no doubt, are familiar with his aged figure as an object inseparably associated with this College, to the premises of which he was always, by the special order of the Fathers, allowed free access, and wherein he was always treated with the respect and kindness due to one who had done so much for the promotion of the Christian faith. Accommodation for the night was always afforded him when he wished it; but retaining his Indian habits to the last, he could seldom be persuaded to sleep in a room. A blanket and the open air suited him better. "I seem to feel," said he, "when I turn my eyes towards the sky, that God is looking down upon me and saying Marcello,—[here he would make the sign of the cross, as a priest does when imparting the blessing at Mass]—I bless thee!"

On one occasion, being as disinclined as usual to sleep in a room, he rolled himself up in his blanket, and lay down on a wood-pile in the back yard, where he slept until dark; when one of the Fathers noticing him, awoke him, and told him that he had better get up or the fierce watch-dogs would soon catch and eat him. "Oh," answered Marcello, "I do not care! Dogs do not eat the soul." He thought but little of the comfort or safety of his body. Then, as ever, his soul was his chief care. Although unable to read, and in many other respects very ignorant, he would nevertheless appear at the Church every Feast Day and every Sunday, for Confession and Communion. During the last few years he has been very deaf and blind; and has consequently incurred much risk, at various times, of being run over by railroad trains. Mrs Fenton, a worthy Catholic lady who has a ranch near Santa Clara, was accustomed to afford him an asylum on her property, where he had a cabin of his own and a patch of ground at which he would now and then work; and in passing to and fro between this cabin and the College, he would often have to cross the railroad track. His prayers will now repay her for charity.

He had unlimited faith in God, and died, as he had lived, a good Catholic Christian.
We were heartily gratified the other day on receiving a letter from our friend Jas. F. Dunne, '73. With the letter Jem sent us his picture, which plainly shows that country air does not disagree with him. He is now at San Felipe, superintending his cattle ranch, and (we are happy to hear) doing a good business. On a close examination of Jemmy's picture under a strong magnifier, we discovered a diminutive cancellous growth, on each side of his face—a growth, in short, of that mysterious something to which, when regarded in its duality, the name of side-boards is commonly applied. We congratulate you, old fellow on your crop, for it is certainly a good one, considering the dryness of the season. From the tone of your letter we conclude that you are anxious to see old college friends, and we earnestly hope therefore that you will soon decide to pay us a visit. All here would be happy to see you.

R. Cochran, '70, is in Virginia City. He was formerly employed in the office of the "Ophir" mine, but has resigned his situation there, and is now attending to his own mining interests. Nick is doing well, and we wish him all the further success he can desire.

Thos. Morrison, A. B., of '75, is at present residing at his home in San José where he intends to remain a few months longer, before entering into business in San Francisco. Tom paid us a visit a few days ago, and we were quite happy to see his cheerful countenance.

James Kenna, '71, is in San Francisco, now; and is in the Hibernia Bank. We hear with pleasure that Jim is doing well, both in business and in health.

N. F. Brisac, S.B., '75, paid us a visit not long since previous to his departure for Germany, where he intends to go to finish his studies in mining engineering. Bris has a natural talent for chemistry, mineralogy, mathematics, and in fact for all those branches of science which are necessary to make a good mining engineer; and therefore we feel certain that he will succeed in his European studies. He left San Francisco by steamer, via Panama, on the 15th ultimo. We certainly miss your familiar face, "Bris," and cannot help regretting that you have gone so far away from us. We hope, however, that you will keep your promise, and correspond with us occasionally. May Fortune speed you on your voyage!

John L. Carrigan, S.B., '73, is at present in New York.

H. B. Peyton, S.B., '73, is still in Santa Cruz, occupied in superintending the construction of a railroad. Let us hear from you, Hermann.

W. S. Hereford, S.B., '73, is still attending the Medical Institute of Philadelphia, and is, we are happy to say, succeeding admirably in his studies.

L. M. Pinard, S.B., '73, is engaged as book-keeper, in Spring's large mercantile house in San José.
Our old friend Richard Wallace, ’76, is now engaged in a bank in San Francisco. We have no doubt he will succeed in that line of work; for Dick’s business qualities are certainly above the average.

A. Y. de Ygual, ’78, dropped into our sanctum a few days ago. He has just returned from a trip to New York, Chicago, and all the principal Eastern cities, which he visited for the purpose of transacting business. He is still engaged in the cigar trade, and has enlarged his factory to a great extent. His cigars are really genuine; for he makes them of Havannah tobacco; to procure which he goes to Cuba every year. He left us some samples which we must say were certainly fine. We recommend our friends to see him, if they wish to be well served in the cigar line.

W. T. Gray, A.B., ’75, is not satisfied with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, but wishes to get his A.M. With this purpose Bill returned to College this Session, and is now among us again; and quite glad are we to have him as a companion and schoolmate for another year. We know he will study hard; and hence we are morally certain that he will gain his point. We heartily wish him the success which he deserves; and so, we are sure, will all his old schoolmates who see this paragraph.

Chas. Ebner, S.B. ’75, is now engaged in business in San Francisco. We can see from the way he goes into things, that he does not intend to lose any time. That’s right, Charley!

---

[From a recently published collection of verses called “Songs of Singularity or Lays of the Eccentric,” by the “London Hermit” (whom he may be) we quote the following; of which we make a gratuitous present to those numerous gentlemen who write papers like the “Fonetik Nus,” and who are always sending in circulars, which we always burn. It will doubtless help the phonographic cause greatly.—Eds. Owl.]

**A PHONETIC PROTEST.**

O! whi shood bardz—a sorring raice,
Be bound bi authograffik rools?
Kan trammelz bee az mutch in plaiss
Wyth menn ov jenyus as wyih phoolz?

Oh, whi shood thoze, nooz skil inn wurdz
Duth moov the hart, and tsharm the mynde,
Hoo longue to warble phree az burdz
In spellyngz chaynz thair pinyonz bynde?
It iz nott thatt I kannott spel
Kwite orthodockallie hwen I chooz;
Ile nudertaik too ryte az wel
Az enny mann thatt waxz in shooz;

But Ime det.-erminn’d too unlynke
The bondz thatt gaul mi fyerie sole,
And soarr like eegul, nair to synk
Untyl I reach mi hiest gole.

Whenn yung and in-oscent I lernte
Spellyng soe mutch, I ophten cride,
And wists old Mayvor’s boocs ware birnt,
Vize’s and Karpentir’s besyde.

Ho, swete revenj—ha! Myster Kane,
Yu off chastyzde and kawilde mee dunse,
'Tis nhow mi tiri phor gyvvyng payn,
Reed thiss—yule havv a phitt at wunce.

Aul skoolz, all teecherz I defi,
Thayre vewz and myne did nevver talli,
And bohldlie poot the kwschten—"hwi
Kahnt peeple spel fonetickally?"

Whi, hwy, I asc, sutch vallew sett
On pewrli arbitrairi phormz?
And trembl when sum martinnette
In lernedd fewry strutz and stormz?

It wazzn’t soh in erlyre daze,
When Chawisir too wurdz az thay kaimz,
And hwen thair wair a duzzin waize
Ov spellyng eevnm Shaixpeir’s nayme.

Besighdz, varietie hath charm,
And thauts, lyke mnn, shood chainge thair dres,
Noh libbertey trew menn kan harme,
But ohnli tierantz will distrresse.

Thenn raze the standvard ov revohlte,
Yee ard’nt voh’riz ov the mewze,
And leev eech unen yten’d dohlte
Stil gruv’ling ‘neeth grammatikk screwze.

O-wiff yu nu the sweete delyte
The mo-suunutterabl joi,
In sutcha stile az thiss too ryte,
Yewr spellyngboox yu-dawldestroi!

Butt iff yuh stil alleejance giv
To Doctor John’sn az bephor,
I knever, hwhyle on erth I lyv,
Wil spel korekli enny moar!
THE OWL,
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
MENTAL IMPROVEMENT,
EDITED BY
THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

VOL. V.

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